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SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

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NO. 49

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.
Or Two Copies \$1.00.

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Make a note of this.
Of late a great variety of so-called farm journals have appeared, each having an ax of its own to grind. Some are backed by patent medicine companies, and others by manufacturers of farm machinery. None of these can be considered legitimate agricultural papers. They will be taken for what they are worth by careful advertisers, while there are plenty of genuine farm journals.

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25,000 Subscribers.
That's the figure we aim at for the next three months. That will be double the circulation of any other Kansas paper and more, too. But we can fetch it. We ask every real estate agent to help. Every stock breeder. Every fruit grower. Every poultry raiser. Every farmer. Every live Kansas man. All can make it profitable to themselves by writing us for terms to agents.

No bills are ever presented for subscriptions to this paper. If you get it don't send it back thinking you will be called on to pay for it. It has been paid for you or you will not be certain to get many copies.

Get up a club of ten subscribers for the remainder of this year till January, 1, 1887, at 25 cents each. It will help on our 25,000.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Ice Cream: Scald one quart of milk, and thicken with three tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, dissolved in milk. Flavor and sweeten to taste, and strain through a sieve; when cool, add one pint of cream, then freeze. The more it is paddled, the smoother it will be.

Asparagus, Italian Fashion: Take some asparagus, break them in pieces, then boil them soft, and drain the water off; take a little oil, water and vinegar, let it boil, season it with pepper and salt; throw it in the asparagus, and thicken with the white of two eggs beaten to a froth.

Slight rents in gloves can be repaired by drawing the edges together with the fingers and applying a piece of court plaster the same color as the glove. A drop of sweet oil and soot or ink mixed applied to the stained places of black gloves, will remedy the defect.

Lamb stewed with Green Peas: Cut the scrag or breast of lamb in pieces and put into a stew pan with just enough water to cover it. Cover it closely and let it stew for 20 minutes. Take off the scum; add a tablespoonful of salt and a quart of shelled peas; cover and let them stew for half an hour; mix a tablespoonful of flour and butter and stir in and let it simmer 10 minutes; then serve. If you mix the flour with cream it makes it better. Veal is nice cooked in the same way, with half a dozen small new potatoes added with the peas.

Strawberry Shortcake: Into 1 quart of flour, put 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder and 1 of salt; sift all together; add to this $\frac{1}{2}$ of a teaspoon of butter and cut it through the flour with a knife; wet this up with cream that has been on ice, if you have it, or else with rich, ice-cold milk; mold together, handling as little as possible, and roll out in cakes half an inch thick. Bake in jelly-cake tins, or cut out with a biscuit cutter.—This last is a very nice way to serve it, but is troublesome to prepare.—When done, split; butter them with the sweetest of butter, and put the ripest fruit between them, sweetening them plentifully. A layer of berries may be put on the top of the cakes, and you may pour cream over all.

NUT CAKE.
One cup butter, two cups sugar, four eggs, one cup milk two teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted through with three cups flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups shag-bark meats. Frost the top, and before marking it off put rows of English walnut meats—broken in halves—across on every slice.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.
One pint of buckwheat, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint each of Indian meal and wheat flour in which are put three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a tablespoonful of brown sugar and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls of salt. When ready to bake add one pint of cold water, or enough to form a batter; stir as little as possible and bake immediately on a hot griddle.

ROASTED PORK.
Separate each loin of the joint and make an incision into thick part of the meat in which to place the stuffing, made as follows: Mix one cup of

bread crumbs with 1 chopped onion, pepper, salt, sage or summer savory and $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cup of hot water. Press into the meat, sew the edges together to keep it in place, bake in a quick oven.

TAPIoca CREAM.
Wash thoroughly 4-tablespoonfuls of tapioca and let it stand over night in an earthen bowl, with one cup of cold water. In the morning, drain off the water and put the tapioca into a double boiler with one quart of milk; let it cook until it is clear, and then stir in the yolks of 4 eggs, thoroughly beaten, with one cup of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt. Stir this mixture constantly until it thickens like soft custard. Season with a teaspoonful of lemon extract and serve perfectly cold.

How to Cook Spinach.
Spinach cooked plain appears to be generally preferred at English tables, and being well washed and put in a colander to drain, the rest of the business is simple enough. Coarse stalks and stems and half-dead leaves should be removed as it is picked over before washing. Spinach that is a little seedy will cook well if care is taken to pull off the leaves separately with the tender tops and throw away the hollow stem, or greater part of it. Some people cook it without water, but the result is a strong-flavored dish. A smallish allowance of salt and a very small quantity of soda is preferable; say, for a peck of spinach, a piece of soda not larger than a bean or pea. If you have rain water at command, you should not use soda at all, for the alkali is intended merely to soften the water, and much of it will destroy the goodness of the vegetable. Cram it down in the pot and put the lid on and make it boil quickly. Press it down and turn it over two or three times, and keep it boiling fast for fully ten minutes, and then take out a little on a fork and see if it is done. If the stalks are tender and the leaves of a rich deep green, it may be considered done. Turn it into a colander and set this aside to drain. This is somewhat slow business, but you must not press it until much of the water has run away naturally. When pretty well drained press gently, so as to make it sufficiently dry that no water will drain from it in the dish. Turn the spinach into it, and at once rub in a lump of butter, dust lightly with white pepper, and then cut it across and across with a knife, put on the cover, and put it on the hot plate or in the oven, until wanted. It may be cooked a quarter of an hour in advance without any harm. It should be served as hot as possible, and be of a rich deep green color and delightfully fragrant.

Telegraphers' Paralysis and Telegraphers' Mistakes.

Telegraphers' paralysis is an ailment the most dreaded of all by telegraphers. It comes on very suddenly sometimes. On the night of the election, when the returns came pouring in, one of the best men in the New York office was struck and compelled to give up. There is hardly an operator of any experience in that city that has not had a touch of it. Many telegraphers, after serving for years, are forced to throw up their positions on account of this form of paralysis. Apart from the evil effects, physically speaking, arising from the ailment, operators trace many mistakes they make in sending messages, to the same source. The slightest pressure on the key will oftentimes produce other than the letter the operator wishes to indicate. Mistakes are often the cause of much annoyance, and frequently loss, in a pecuniary way, as many operators can attest to their sorrow, as they are held responsible for mistakes. When an operator is attacked he soon finds that his keen sense of touch has disappeared. N. Y. Telegram.

A teacher in one of our schools inquired the other day if any of her scholars could give the definition of the word "dandy." This seemed a puzzler till a little boy near the front held up his hand and said: "I know what a dandy it is." "And what is it?" "He is a boy what kitheth the girlth."—Brooklyn Gazette.

Barley is excellent for beginning to fatten cattle, as there is less danger they will cloy on it than on corn.—N. E. Farmer.

Brooms and Broom Corn Culture.
Any ingenious boy may easily learn to make a very good and durable broom, without any further instruction than an old, worn out broom. All the needed machinery may be extemporized on almost any farm. If fathers would encourage the boys in some such enterprise, it would give them more encouragement to remain on the farm, and to become better farmers. In the making of brooms, only one of two things need be purchased. These are twine or broom wire, and perhaps, unless you conclude to learn by using second-hand handles, which, by a little sandpapering, will often answer well. To tie the brush, the twine or wire must be drawn tight, which may be done by first softening the brush stems in water, and by winding the wire or twine around a stick, 10 or 12 inches long, and by placing this under the feet, the brush and handle on a table, or suitable horse, it may be drawn with the hands tight as needed. A needle for sewing or tacking the brush may be extemporized by tacking a wire from an old umbrella cutting it to length, and sharpening the end on a grindstone, using the hole in the other end as an eye for the twine. Take the old broom to pieces, carefully noting how it was made, and make the new one in the same manner. After a little practice you may be able to make a broom equal to the average broom in market, and then you will be in position to earn pocket money for yourself. I know of individuals who commenced in this way who earned quite a pretty little sum making their brooms during their leisure time. The culture of broom corn is simple, requiring about the same care as Indian corn, and may be planted in the same field. A row or two can be planted at one side of the field, putting the rows about the same distance apart, and the hills two to two and one half feet apart. It is well to manure in the hill with some fertilizer. The planting is best delayed till after corn planting, as it is more sensitive to the cold, and needs good growing weather and cultivating when quite small to encourage its early growth. The after culture is merely to keep up a healthy growth and clear of weeds. When it comes into blossom fully, the heads should be broken down within about a foot of the stalk. This is done to keep the brush straight, and encourage early maturity. It should be cut and housed before hard frosts. Cut with 10 or 12 inches of stem, and keep straight and one way; carry it to the barn or shed, and spread it thinly on open racks, or frames. When well dried it should be divided of its seed, and the cleaned brush tied in small bundles, to await making up. Different modes are adopted by different individuals to clean the brush. If only a small quantity is grown, an old tow hatchel can be used to clean off the seed, or a board set edgewise, between which and a short piece of board, edged with a piece of sheet-iron, held in the hand, the brush is passed, or some other device; but where large quantities are produced, some machinery, like a grain-threshing machine, is used. In order that success may attend the ripening of broom corn in New England, early and continuous growth must be encouraged, which may be accomplished by careful, thorough culture. The seed is held in esteem as feed for stock, when ground, mixed with other grain.

Bonnet Versus Flour.
It is a question whether the flour barrel or the spring bonnet has "the call" in household discussions. Many old and inexperienced observers stake their money on the "S. B.," while to a casual onlooker the "F. B." would seem to be of greater importance. It was just after the sermon, and they were wending their way home in a soothed and peaceful frame of mind. "Oh, Job, did you see that delightful new bonnet of Mrs. Arbutus? I think I want something like that." "Like that?" exclaimed Mr. Shuttle. "That? Why, it's the worst phantasy in rag roses I ever saw." "Now, Job, you know better. That bonnet is a complete symphony in harmonious tones, an effect that is perfectly bewitching, and I'll have one like it if I have to scrape the slivers off the inside of the flour barrel for the next loaf of bread."—Hartford Post.

The King of Greece has conferred upon Dr. Maria H. Henry, of New York, the gold cross of the Royal Order of the Savior for his distinguished services in the cause of science.

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Or longer if desired. This is first-class land, well watered, under good cultivation, beautifully located, well adapted for small fruit farms, and I will make a profitable home of your own. Call on or correspond with

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W. H. Moody Shaving, shampooing and hair-cutting in first class style. 427 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.	Barber North Topeka.
GEO. DOWNING Gold, Silver, Edge Cabinet Photographs for \$2.50 per doz. until further notice. 197 Kansas Avenue, Over Brooms, South Topeka.	Photographer. South Topeka.
D. C. Hewitt When you have any blacksmithing or wagon work you want done I will pay you to go to my shop where you will get the best of work at the lowest possible price.	BLACKSMITH.

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My Superior Pedigree Field SEEDS, the choicest new and standard varieties at lowest prices. Such as the Celebrated Champion White Pearl Corn, (of which I am the originator,) at \$2.00 per bushel. Genuine J. S. Learning Corn \$1.50. Pride of the North \$1.80. French Imperial Spring Wheat \$1.45. Welcome Oats \$1.25. Mansury Barley \$1.25. Dark Red Potatoes \$1.50. Also from Corn, Sugar Cane, Buckwheat, Melon, Pumpkin, Squash, seed, etc., in large variety. Seeds warranted. Stock pure. Write for what you want, and I will quote you low prices. Address, J. C. Southern, Seed Grower, Hicent, Ill.

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Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The TOWER'S SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" Slicker and take no other. If your stockkeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND" Slicker, send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 21 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

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Believe that if a man has dealt squarely with his fellow-men his patrons are his best advertisers. I invite all to make inquiry of the character of my seeds among over a million of farmers, gardeners and planters who have used them during the past thirty years. Raising a large portion of the seed sold, (few seedsmen raise the seed they sell) I was the first seedman in the United States to warrant (as per catalogue) their purity and freshness. My rare, valuable and flower seed catalogue for 1886 will be sent FREE to all who write for it. Among an immense variety, my friends will find in it (and in none other) a new Drumhead Cabbage, just about as early as Henderson's, but nearly twice as large!

James J. H. Gregory, Fairbanks, Mass.

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No. 1 Farm Wagon, \$23.50
Every Buggy sold by the middle man has several dollars added to the First Price. We have no agents, but for twelve years have dealt with the consumer. We ship anywhere, with privilege of examining before buying. We pay freight charges both ways if not satisfactory. Warrant everything for 2 years. One price only. Platform Spring Wagon at \$35 is same as others sell at \$55. Farm Wagon \$10. Top Buggies at \$90, fine as usually sold for \$125. Our Harness are all No. 1 Oak Leather, single \$10 to \$25. 64-page Illustrated Catalogue free. Address, W. B. PRATT, Secretary, Elkhart, Indiana.

Who Wants a Prize?

To any one sending us ten subscribers for three months, at 15 cents each, with \$1.50, we will send the Clipper, price 90c. Or, for eight subscribers and \$1.20 we will send the Boy's Own, price 65c. Or, for nine subscribers and \$1.35 we will send the Jenny Lind, price 75c. Or, for fourteen subscribers and \$2.10, we will send the Columbia, price \$1.30. These knives are unexcelled. Well finished and blades of tried steel they can be relied on to retain a clean cutting edge.

THE BOYS OWN.
JENNY LIND.
COLUMBIA.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Mar. 13, 1886.

The hens that lay eggs are young and healthy, and will lay in winter freely if well taken care of. In most flocks one-fourth of the hens are non-producers. With a little watching the bright, young likely-to-lay hens can be easily selected, and the worthless ones marketed. Thus the food is not wasted, and the force of egg layers is solidified, as it were, and put into trim for active work. This is another of the secrets of winter egg-laying—getting the hens that lay eggs and disposing of those that not only do not but will until next summer. It is easy to make the mistake of condemning hens that with proper care will begin to lay at once, but old hens, that is, those over two years of age, whether fat or lean, and young, half-grown, pullets, will not be likely to lay till spring. It will not pay to keep them unless they may be needed as setters. As winter egg-layers they are almost sure to prove unprofitable.

How Many Hours for Sleep?

There is an old saying that has frightened a great many people from taking the rest that nature demanded for them. "Nine hours are enough for a fool." They may be; and not too many for a wise man who feels that he needs them. Goethe, when performing his most prodigious literary feats, felt that he needed nine hours; what is better, he took them. We presume it is conceded by all thoughtful persons that the brain in very young children, say 3 or 4 years of age, requires all of 12 hours in rest, or sleep. This period is shortened gradually until, at 14 years of age, the boy is found to need only 10 hours. When fully grown and a healthy condition, the man may find a night of 8 hours sufficient to repair the exhaustion of the day and new-create him for the morrow. But if he discovers that he needs more sleep he should take it. There is surely something wrong about him; perhaps a forgotten waste must be repaired. His sleep, evidently, has not been coming up; and until it has and he can spring to his work with an exhilaration for it, he should sensibly conclude to let his instinct control him and stay in bed.

Ripe tomatoes will remove stains from white cloth, also from hands.

Cold starch is much improved if made with a soap-suds of white toilet soap.

A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid materially in the bleaching process.

Milk which is changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use in cooking by stirring in a little soda.

To remove machine oil, wash the spots in cold water, using soap; must be done before wet in any thing else.

A transparent mullage of great tenacity may be made by mixing rice flour with cold water and letting it gently simmer over the fire.

To make starch polish, take two ounces of spermaceti, two of white wax, and melt them together with gentle heat; add one teaspoonful to one pint of starch.

To keep the hands soft, mix honey, almond meal and olive oil into a paste; use after washing with soap. Castile soap is best for use; it will cure a scratch or cut, and prevent any spot.

When color on a fabric has been destroyed, sponge it with acid ammonia, after which an application of chloroform will restore the original color.

If the teeth are black, take equal parts of cream-tartar and salt; pulverize them finely, and mix well; then wash your teeth in the morning, and rub them with this powder. Afterward keep your stomach free from ferid gases.

Clarified fat is a great economy in cooking. It may be used in making plain pastry and even apple dumplings. The same fat may be used for different cookings. One lot may be used 20 or 30 times simply by adding a little more fat when it becomes weak.

The editor of the Orange County Farmer saw in a farm house in a closet adjoining the kitchen, about 75 empty bottles which had at one time contained patent medicine of various sorts. The medicine had all been swallowed by the farmer's wife, who told him that she was constantly ailing. It was a surprise to the editor that the lady still lived.

A tallow candle of piece of tallow wrapped in tissue-paper and laid among furs or other garments will prevent the ravages of moth. It is also a preventive of the Buffalo bug.

Twenty Years Ago.

"Twenty years ago to day," said friend B. F. Smith, of the south Lawrence nurseries, "I gave up a \$2,000 a year situation on a great railroad in Illinois, to become a fruit and plant grower. In those twenty years I have grown and sold thousands of bushels of strawberries raspberries and several millions of plants. Some of the men that have been in my employ, and learned the business from me, are now among the largest strawberry-growers in the west. One of them, then a raw Englishman from London, is now a famous berry-grower in Missouri, who also was the originator of a strawberry that is quoted in nearly every nurseryman's collection of fruits from Maine to Oregon. Another young man who learned the value of strawberries while associated with me is now the owner of an eighty-acre farm in Tennessee, all in strawberries."

"The highest price I ever received for strawberries," said Brother Smith, "was \$45 for seventy-two quarts, my first picking in the spring of 1873. My second picking, 120 quarts, five crates, sold for \$60. The present Commissioner of Agriculture, at that time at the head of a commission house in St. Louis, sold the berries. The lowest price I ever received was in Lawrence last season."

"Last year," said he, "I sent out of Lawrence nearly a half-million of strawberry and raspberry plants. My largest order came from Newton, Kansas. The order was for 75,000 plants."

A Literary Curiosity.

The Glass of Time in the First and Second Ages. Divinely Handled by Thomas Peyton, of Lincoln Lane, Gent. Seen and Allowed. London. Printed by Bernard Alsop for Lawrence Chapman, and are to be sold at his Shop over against St. Dunstons Church, in Fleet Street. The volume, Long Prime's type, bound in fine cloth, gilt top, beveled boards. Price 50 cents. The quaint poem, of the title page of which is a century earlier than Paradise Lost, and is intrinsically probable that it would have fallen under the eye of Milton; in any case there are striking points of resemblance between the two poems, a d many have supposed Milton's striking points to have been inspired by the former. Only two copies of the work are known to be in existence previous to the issue of the present edition, one being in the Bodleian Museum, the other in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The copy in the Bodleian Museum was purchased at a noted sale of old books in 1819, by Lord Russell, who notes upon a blank leaf that it cost him 21l. 10s. 6d. at 10l. 10s. 6d. Some years ago a gentleman of Virginia, Mr. J. L. Peyton, sprung from the old English family of that name, made an accurate transcript of the copy in the Bodleian Museum, preserving even the quaint spelling, punctuation, capitalizing, and italicizing of the original. This transcript is printed without alteration, with the exception of a few corrections, which are given in the margin, and in every way a literary curiosity. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York.

Alden's Library Magazine, which is generally acknowledged to be the most enterprising and most valuable of the eclectic monthlies, and quite beyond all rivalry in its class, is for \$1.50 a year or 15 cents a copy, presents the following attractive contents in its March number: Leasing a Pictorial Nuisance, by Frederic Harrison; The Tyrants of Britain, Gaul and Spain, by Edward Atkinson; On the Progress of a Modern Arcadian, by Mrs. E. M. Nichol; Myths and Mythologies, by Andrew Lang; Myths and Their Origins, by R. S. Lyall; The Care of Pictures and Prints, by P. G. Hamerton; Tea Culture and Tea Drinking in E. A. J. Junken van Nieuwegein; On the Features of Reading, by Sir John Lubbock; Ireland and the Victoria Colony, by A. V. Dicey; Single copies of the magazine are sold at 15 cents, though the type is large and the amount of matter given is nearly equal to that of 32 monthly. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, N. Y.

—Horace Greeley never learned, with all his acquirements and vast stock of miscellaneous information, to pronounce the name of the newspaper he had founded and felt so proud of. He invariably called it to his dying day the *Tri-Union*.

—It is stated that the average salary of the Congregational ministers of Connecticut is about \$1,300. The lowest is about \$400 and the highest \$6,000. Only about fifty receive as much as \$2,000. —N. Y. Examiner.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury said, in a recent address, that, while scientists were great sticklers for revealed knowledge or proven facts only, they were forever prophesying the end of the Church. He begged them, therefore, to be consistent and prophesy only what they had found out.

—Little Pauline had been reproved for some misconduct and was sitting on a small chair by the window, looking very disconsolate. "Halloo!" said papa, chancing to come in as two big tears were about ready to fall. "Look at Pauline! Why, what is going to happen?" "It has happened," said Pauline, solemnly. —Harper's Bazar.

—"Ah!" said Sarcasmos to his fellow boarder who was shoving his head into his mouth with his knife, "you must be descended from either the Athenians or the Spartans." "You flatter me," blushing responded the putative barbarian. "What makes you think I had such distinguished ancestors?" "Because the use of the fork at table was unknown to the ancient Greeks." —N. Y. Journal.

—Not long ago a lady who had just returned from Europe was asked by a friend if she had seen the lion of St. Mark. "O, yes," she replied, "we arrived just in time to see the noble creature fed." The late Dr. Beadle, of Philadelphia, must have encountered the same lady. He spoke of the beauty of the Dardanelles, and she replied, "O, yes, I know them well. They are intimate friends of mine." —N. Y. Sun.

—A man having built a large house was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His Irish steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it. "And what," said he, smiling, "what shall I do with the earth I dig up from it?" To which the steward, with great gravity, replied: "Have the pit made large enough to hold it all." —N. Y. Independent.

—Young Featherly, who was dining with the family, was unimpressed in his attention to the eldest daughter. "I don't see that sister is eatin' any salt," he ventured watchful Bobby. "Never mind what your sister is eating, Bobby," interposed the father in alarm. "Little boys should be seen, not heard," said Bobby. "cos ma told her last night that everything that Mr. Featherly said to her must be taken with a grain of salt." —N. Y.

THE BEE HIVE.

Mysteries of a Bee-Hive.

A lifetime may be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a beehive and still half the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, while the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear yellow syrup, without a trace of sugar in it. Upon straining however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid lump of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of iodine of silver on the excited collodion plate and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler has inclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, while others have been exposed to the light. The invariable results have been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallizes, while that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of saccharine food presented to them; and if light were allowed access to the sirup it would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive. We will also state that whoever may attempt getting up a hive of any merit they must observe the one thing needful, that of perfect darkness within the hive, if they expect to succeed. The nearer the natural laws are observed by man in the management of bees the better will be the results and more certain will be his success. —Ex.

The Labors of the Busy Bee.

The bee has long been a type of the industrious worker, but there are few people who know how much labor the sweet hoard of the hive represents. Each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower tubes, each of which contains a portion of sugar not exceeding the five hundredth part of a grain. Some patient aparian enthusiast, who has watched their movements, concludes that the proboscis of the bee must therefore be inserted into 500 clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents 2,500,000 clover tubes sucked by bees. —Nebraska Farmer.

California is the greatest bee State. In four counties there are 500 bee farms, and the annual product of these farms is between four and five million pounds of honey. From New York State to Colorado, also, there are thousands of bee farms where the owners give their whole time to the care of the honey gatherers. The production of honey is enormous, but the demand has not been supplied.

Bee Notes for March.

The experience of many beekeepers, not all novices, is that while they can get their bees through the winter well, the early spring is the most trying time. The life of the worker bee is short at best, and the great proportion of those that go into winter quarters die before the season is half over. New brood must be reared to maintain the strength of the colonies. It is often fatal to success to start colonies at work rearing brood too soon, which is done when they are placed too early upon the stand before the weather remains continuously propitious. It is better to wait. Colonies coming through the winter very strong may be trusted out earlier than weaker ones. Warm weather will excite the bees to activity; if this occurs unusually early, the colonies should be kept as quiet as possible. When the red buds of the Soft Maple put forth, the bees, as a rule, may be safely released from their imprisonment. Queens are liable to disease and death, and it happens that sometimes a colony is without a queen. In such a case it may well be united with a weak one that has a queen, if both, after close examination, prove healthy. If honey is exhausted, feed; and if it well to place fine, unbolted rye flour where it is accessible to the bees. They will use it in place of pollen, if few flowers are open or weather rough. —American Agriculturist for March.

Kerosene will soften leather hardened by water.

much easier prevented than cured. A dust-bath should always be provided for the laying hens; and as a last caution always be regular and punctual in all the details of the care of poultry as well as with their feed.

With this kind of care they are bound to return a good profit.—Spencer in Poultry Yard.

STOCK AND DAIRY.

Over stocking is a common source of loss. Too much stock is always a loss. Fewer animals and better care pay best.

The proper time to market lambs is when they will dress from 25 to 30 lbs and if of right breed and well fed that weight ought to be obtained when 60 days old, if not earlier.

The more attention and care that can be bestowed upon animals, with a view to their comfort, the more will they be of service and a source of profit to their owners.

If any animal has a rye beard or chaff in its eye, a sore and simple way of removing it is, to dip the finger into honey, open the animal's eye and touch the foreign substance which will adhere to the finger.

An overfat animal unless for the butcher, is not desirable in all cases. Fat animals are poor breeders, as a rule, though there are exceptions, but exercise and surrounding conditions affect the animal, and render it suitable or unsuitable according to the objects desired to be obtained.

Is a cow or an ox bloated or "hoven" badly? Pierce the hide and paunch with a penknife where the two adhere on the left side, halfway between the hip and ribs. If the gas does not escape rapidly enough, insert a quill. The orifice will heal at once.

If farmers who have never tried it will cut their own corn fodder and straw finely for their cattle, they will be surprised to notice their cattle, how much better the stock will eat them, and how much further the same amount of fodder will go than when fed whole. A little sprinkling of meal does not injure it in the least.

It does not follow that because a sow is in farrow that therefore she should be kept hog fat. Fat is not alone a source of heat, it is the occasion of fever, and fever means irritation and weakness, hence we find so many pigs dying in coming, and being laid upon or killed by the dams. Breeding sows must be kept in good heart, have plenty of exercise and a variety of food, to be a success.

It is stated that French farmers have succeeded in preserving ensilage for green soiling in the open air. It consists of stacking exclusively green fodder on a bed of rough stones, on a dry place, and covering the mass with a weight of a ton or a ton and a half to the yard. In so doing, it will be remembered the outer crust, of varying thickness, is unfit for food, and of course in this open air-system the crust is much thicker.

Western farmers complain severely of the heavy decline in prices of beef cattle. Some beeves bought a year ago and fed with corn all the time bring less per pound now than then. One cause of this excessive supply is the forcing on the market of large herds pastured in Indian reservations. Another cause is the extra abundance of hog products caused by fears of hog cholera. Both these causes are temporary.

Professor Morrow says: "Our practice is to have the calves dropped at all seasons, the hot months being the least desirable, but for rearing on skim milk the preference is given to those dropped in the Autumn. With comfortable quarters these will make almost or quite as much growth when young as those dropped in the spring. They can be weaned at the time when they can go on grass, and will come to the second winter robust and in shape for the change to dry feed. Spring-dropped calves must go into winter quarters soon after weaning."

If it can be by any possibility be avoided hogs should never be fed on the ground when it is soft. It makes a material difference in the health and vigor of every animal, whether its food be pure, or adulterated with the filth of its own droppings. Many seem to think that it makes no difference; that a hog can digest and make flesh out of one thing as well as out of another; that foul and filthy slush and dung and urine are all alike, but there is where they make one great mistake. If our hogs must be fed corn by all means give it them pure and unadulterated. As well give them oleomargarine at once, as corn in such foul sauce.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

Oleomargarine is not profitable in cooking—it lays down solid.—N. E. Farmer.

Golden Pudding. Bread crumbs, marmalade, brown sugar and suet, of each, one quarter of a pound. Beat two eggs and mix the ingredients well together. Steam in a basin for two hours and a half.—The Housewife.

The following is given by "one who has tried it" as a cure for neuralgia. Dip a few tobacco leaves in hot water, and bandage them over the painful part. The pain will soon be removed, and a few applications will cure it.—Toledo Blade.

The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they wear. The dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads. Do not sweep carpets oftener than is necessary. A broom wears them very much. When a carpet is faded, strong salt and water will often restore the brightness of the color.—N. Y. Tribune.

A house furnisher says that in carpets of all kinds the preference is given to small patterns. Large designs are almost entirely a thing of the past. The demand for light colors, and for dark, is about equal, the choice depending altogether upon the furnishing and decoration of the room, upon its use and the amount of service it is likely to have.

The quince, to be successfully grown, wants a good soil and location. Instead of being stuck into some fence corner and left to the ravages of insects, put it in a good soil that will mature a paying crop of corn or potatoes. It will do well in a dry soil if well worked. It succeeds in a moist soil, but dreads wet feet.—N. Y. Herald.

A horticulturist says that grape trellises made entirely of slats are not desirable, as the tendrils can not clasp the wood. While brush supports the vines nicely, it does not last long, and is inconvenient to pick from. The best trellises are made of large, wire eight inches apart, stretched horizontally from post to post. The tendrils clasp the wires readily.

Raised Doughnuts: One cup of yeast, one quart of milk, three cups of sugar, five eggs, a good sized piece of butter and flour enough to make stiff. Mix it at noon and let it rise until eight o'clock in the evening, when mold and let it rise until morning. After cutting them out let them rise again, then fry. Raised doughnuts are very nice, and this will be found a reliable recipe.—Detroit Post.

One of the best manures for the garden is made by mixing two bushels of fine bone with a wagon load of stable manure. The bone makes the manure heat more quickly, and the manure softens or dissolves the particles of bone.

During severe cold weather the hog is more susceptible to cold than any other animal on the farm.—Troy Times.

Clay soils are apt to become hard through the successive tillage of hoed crops. Plant a green crop and plow it under.

It is safe to infer that fruit trees need manuring if the annual growth is short and stunted. Thrifty trees make a growth of at least a foot.

Rice is one of the best substances for fattening fowls quickly. Boiled and mixed with ground oats and corn meal it cannot be excelled.—Prairie Farmer.

It has been found that a good remedy for cabbage worms, to be sprinkled on the heads, is made by dissolving a tablespoonful of saltpeter in twelve quarts of water.—N. Y. Herald.

There is no abatement in the craze for rugs, big and little, foreign and domestic, cheap and costly, and be it understood, no fashionable house nowadays is complete without several.—N. Y. Mail.

It has been discovered, recently by medical men that "lump-jaw," as it is called, or lumps found on the jaws of cattle, are sometimes caused by decayed teeth. It is not known how much they suffer from the toothache.

Tapioea pudding: One cupful of tapioea soaked in water over night, one cup of sugar, one and a half pints of milk, five eggs; beat all together, pour into a pudding dish, break butter in small pieces on the surface and bake thirty minutes.—The Housewife.

Soapsuds applied to gooseberry or to current bushes will kill moss growing on them. The application may be made at any time, but better when no leaves are on. Several applications may be required, but as the suds is an excellent fertilizer the trouble will be more than compensated for by the increased growth.—Detroit Post.

Quinces can be raised as readily as apples or pears. But the ground where they are growing needs to be kept from grass and weeds; and it is an excellent practice to spread ashes of any sort and lime around the trees, and dig such fertilizing material into the soil. Quinces sell as high as ten dollars a barrel, and they have always been high.—Chicago Tribune.

Bread cake: Two cupfuls of light bread dough, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of milk, in which has been dissolved a very little soda, half a grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one cupful of raisins, floured; stir well together, adding lard lastly. Let rise half an hour and bake in a moderate oven. This is easily made and healthier for children than rich cake.—Boston Budget.

The man who keeps an ox until it pines with old age is a double loser by so doing. It invariably costs more in food and care to maintain an old animal than a young one. As the vigor of life falls, digestion is less perfect and assimilation slower and more difficult, and the waste is greater. As the decline goes on, more and more food is required to produce milk or meat. Old animals can be seldom fattened at a profit where it requires so much more time and food to do it.—N. E. Farmer.

A naturalist has discovered that one of the curiosities of natural history is that a woman says "shoe" to frighten a chicken and "boo" to a goose.

The first wedding in America was that of Edward Wilson and Susannah White at Plymouth in 1621.—Boston Journal.

—It is better not to trust to onion seed two years old.—Cleveland Leader.

—The higher the ground intended for grape planting the better.—Rural New Yorker.

—The Farm Journal advises that we keep cribbing horses loose in stables without mangers. Let them eat off the floor.

—Make up your mind that every acre you cultivate the coming season shall be made to do its very best.—Troy Times.

—Molasses Cookies: One teaspoonful lard, two cupfuls molasses, one cupful brown sugar, one cupful hot water, two tablespoonfuls soda, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ginger. Mix soft and bake quick. A hot oven is necessary to bake a good cookie.—Detroit Post.

—A herd of cows having only a very pure, soft water to drink were seriously affected with the disease called bone brittleness; when the disease was cured with hard water (lime) the disease disappeared, but only to reappear when the cattle were put back on the soft water again. Prof. Caldwell mentions the above in the New York Tribune.

—Pear trees seldom need trimming after they go to bearing, except cutting out dead wood, if there is any. The best condition for a pear orchard is to keep the land in sod and never to plow it, but not allow the grass to grow with it two or three feet of the trunk of the trees. Keep the circle mulched with manure, leaves or stones. Manure the land liberally once in three or four years.

—Prepare the land for strawberries as soon as the weather opens. Work it well and make it fine, set out the plants early so as to get the benefit of the early rains. A plentiful supply of superphosphate and muriate of potash should be given to the plants by sowing it broadcast over the land before setting them. Work the plants well, keep out intruding weeds, and also grasses, and do not allow any blossoms to fruit. Runners should also be kept away.—Albany Journal.

—Pigeons are more profitable than may be supposed, as they of eat hatch and raise as many as ten pairs of squabs in a year. No one should expect them to pay a profit unless a suitable poultry loft has been provided for them. Hundreds of squabs and adults are yearly destroyed without the knowledge of the keeper by such midnight marauders. The hawks also destroy the old birds during the day, but the owl is the principal enemy.—Boston Herald.

—The revival of the polka-dot suggests to some people that the world of fashion is in its dot-age.—Yonkers Gazette.

—"Gossiping," says an exchange, "in some persons is nothing less than a disease." Sort of rumormongering, we suppose.—Boston Courier.

—Oh, George, I'm ashamed of you rubbing your lips like that after that dear little girl has given you so sweet a kiss! "I'm not rubbing it off, nurse. I'm rubbing it in."—Life.

—Belmont, N. H., boasts of a woman who chops with her husband. That's new. There have been reports of women mopping the floor with their husbands.—Philadelphia Call.

—"Mamma," said Johnnie, who had just been reading the war news, "I am afraid we are short of sauce for supper. Hadn't you better call out the preserves?" —N. Y. Independent.

—An English paper, describing the American cowboy, says: "Let us take the life of a cowboy about the first of April." Our transatlantic friend will have to draw his weepers from the pen to do this.—Boston Transcript.

—They had been married six weeks, and she said: "Now don't go stay out late, but come home soon to our little wife, tiffy!" They had been married six years, and she said: "If you go out to-night, Smith, I'm going to lock up the house and go over and sleep at mother's." —Boston Gazette.

—Two little boys talking: "Say, Johnnie, would you strike a woman?" "No, sir; you bet I wouldn't. No man would unless he was a coward." "Well, I would. I'd strike my own mother." "What for, you wicked, wicked boy?" "I'd strike her for a nickel to buy a kite-string with." —Exchange.

—A certain distinguished Cincinnati says the proper way to kiss a girl is to plant it in the middle of her head and shut her fingers down on it for safe keeping. It may not be as sweet as the real yum-yum variety, but it certainly takes the palm over all the ordinary brands.—Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.

—An old stockman gives, as his opinion, that cattle never become fat enough on grass to injure their breeding qualities.

—One who retains the "sweet tooth" of his childhood will find this to his liking: Make a banana pie with a lower crust only; bake the crust first, then fill it with sliced bananas and powdered sugar; the fruit will soften sufficiently in a few moments. Cover the top with whipped cream and eat at once.—Detroit Post.

—Chrysanthemums are to the fall garden what hyacinths and tulips are to the spring garden—respectively the last and earliest of the season. Chrysanthemums are better known as artemisia. The kind of later introduction, from Japan and China and seedlings of them, are extremely showy and beautiful.—Exchange.

—A tree overloaded with fruit, Mr. Barry says, can neither perfect the fruit nor ripen its wood properly, and in a severe climate is quite likely to succumb to a degree of cold which, under proper treatment, it could have resisted. The grape is very sensitive in this respect. It is safe to say that millions of trees are annually ruined in this country by over crops.—Cincinnati Times.

—Colonel William Kent, of Concord, N. H., ninety-two years of age, and a brother of the late Governor Edward Kent, of Maine, is of the opinion, says the Concord People, that the oldest man he is the only person now living who heard Daniel Webster's first public address, made in Concord July 4, 1806, at the old North Church, then the only church in town.

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Those who have used the Boss Zink and Leather Pads and Ankle Boots say they are the best and cheapest, because most durable. They will last a life time. Sold by Harness makers on 60 days trial. DEXTER CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

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Spring Hats and Millinery just received at Mrs. Metcalfe's, 239 Kan Ave.

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Coal! Coal!
Attention Farmers.

I am selling the best Cherokee coal for \$4.00, Osage \$3.00, and Scranton \$2.50 per ton. Call on me at the corner of Sixth and R. R. st. or write to me at the place and company see me. W. C. AMISH.

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WANTED Ladies and Gentlemen to take night work at their homes. \$10 to \$25 a day easily made. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Steady Employment Furnished. Address with Stamp CHOW'S, 212 E. 24th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE OCEAN CATTLE TRADE.

Reasons Why the Dead Meat Trade Should Be Preferred.

Putting other considerations aside, there is one reason, and that a very strong one, why all humane people should wish to see the importation of live cattle from distant countries replaced by the dead meat trade. This is, the horrible sufferings too often endured by the miserable animals during heavy weather. A gentleman who has just landed at Liverpool from New York gives his experience of what happened en route "in a well-ordered steamship." She had on deck when leaving port one hundred and thirty-two fine steers; only sixty-seven of these were landed alive. All the rest perished in a succession of gales, being rolled about the deck with every lurch of the ship. The flimsy sleds which had been constructed for their protection were soon washed away, and then ensued a most horrible scene. "Their heads were broken off at the root, and you could see them hanging from the knees were raw, their legs broken and their sides gored as they tumbled against the iron winches and bulwarks of the ship. For a whole week this went on, and to make matters worse, sometimes an entire day elapsed without food or water being given to the poor creatures. The Captain and crew did all in their power to mitigate their sufferings, but the raging sea was more merciful still when it swept away the wounded and put them out of pain. Owing, too, to the great weight of the animals, they gradually battered wide gaps in the ship's bulwarks as they dashed from side to side, and through one of these openings the leeward side of the ship was drenched. Whether cattle should be allowed to be carried on deck in trans-Atlantic steamers during winter seems open to grave question, but there can be no question at all about the imperativeness of securing them as to prevent their becoming shuttlecocks whenever stormy weather sets in." *London Globe.*

Smart and Dull Boys.

Go into the school-room and mark there the difference between that pseudo genius which has no industry and the careful diligence that has no genius. The clever boy, with dash, originality, brilliant capacity of all kinds, and inherent idleness, makes magnificent spurs and takes dazzling leaps into the enchanted regions of success. He can do what he will, and no grapes need be sour for him if only he will give himself the trouble to jump. But the mischief of it is just this: He does not give himself the trouble save by fits and starts. He prefers the business of amusement to that of learning, and between baseball and Horace prefers the former and lets the latter slide. Hence on examination days he fails, while the dull dogs whom he has despised—the boys without genius who have stuck to it—get all the prizes and carry off the honors so well within his reach. In process of time those dull dogs come to the front in other things beside school prizes, while the brilliant genius who could but would not trails behind as a failure, all men wondering why. With his power he could have done any thing, they say. So he could, and so he would, had he had just that one bit of useful ballast we called industry. *N. Y. Herald.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

In 1802 Daniel Webster was a schoolmaster in Fryeburg, Me., and was paid a salary of \$350 a year.

Mr. Garland is a Roman Catholic, the second to occupy the place of Attorney-General of the United States—*Washington Post.*

The poet Mr. Paul J. Hayne is six feet high and so his friends call him "the Longfellow of the South." *Chicago Herald.*

An invitation to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe to appear at the Copyright League entertainments brings the answer that she is now seventy-three years of age and too feeble to appear in public. *N. Y. Tribune.*

Sexton, the billiardist, is a man of grave and thoughtful mien. He is said to be economical, and has saved no inconsiderable sum of money out of his winnings with the cue. His other ventures have also prospered. *Philadelphia Times.*

Mr. John Jacob Astor has presented to the Astor Library, in New York, three manuscripts which are probably the oldest classical works to be found in any collection in this country. They include Hesiod's "Works and Days," "Aesop's Fables" and Lucian's "Pharsalia," and were formerly a part of the private library of Pius VI, who occupied the Vatican from 1775 to 1788. *N. Y. Sun.*

The recent trial of blind Tom for idiosyncrasy at Columbus, Ga., was a friendly proceeding, which accomplished its purpose in placing him under the legal guardianship of Gen. Bethune, who was his owner in the days of slavery. Efforts were being made to get hold of the man on purpose. Tom is no

The widow of the late President Barrios has one of the finest houses in New York. It is on Fifth avenue and cost \$300,000. *N. Y. Sun.*

Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes has, at her own expense, purchased and equipped a house in a Southern city, where colored girls may be taught house service. *Cleveland Leader.*

Miss Edith Wright, of Philadelphia, has built several rows of cottages for workmen at Point Breeze, and she manages her own business without masculine help. *Philadelphia Call.*

Moses Dow, the founder of the *Waverly Magazine*, is still living, though old and very feeble. He is a genial man, but greatly infatuated with Spiritualism. Hardly any of the matter printed in the magazine is paid for, and its profits are said to be \$50,000 a year. *Boston Budget.*

Elihu B. Washburne, Hamilton Fish, William M. Everts and James G. Blaine are the only living ex-United States Secretaries of State. Mr. Frelinghuysen is the first Secretary of State who has died since William H. Seward, who passed away at Auburn thirteen years ago. *Chicago Journal.*

SNIPES IN WYOMING.

The Kind of Game Found in the Far West—Hunting for Tenderfoot.

There are a good many kinds of game in Wyoming. Prominent in the list are antelope, deer, elk, sage hens, bear, inquisitive buffalo, illusive Indians, curvy cowboys, philanthropic rattlesnakes and confiding tenderfoot.

The cowboys hunt all the different varieties of game mentioned with great success, but the emerald-hued tenderfoot is their meat. They would rather bag one tenderfoot than a dozen grizzlies or a brace of Indians. The danger is vastly less, and there is heaps more of fun.

As for the tenderfoot, he would rather be chased all day, and even caught and bitten, by an antelope than be corralled for an hour by a cowboy on the war-path. The danger to the tenderfoot lies in the fact that while there is something fierce and blood-curdling in the angry glances of the antelope, the cowboy is as mild-mannered and sweet-voiced as a summer's breeze. The tenderfoot may escape the rattlesnake, and even by great dexterity elude the cowboy, only to be gathered in by the antelope. When the tenderfoot sportsman leaves the train at Cheyenne or Rawlins, disguised as a walking arsenal, he is at once spotted and marked down by some friendly cowboy for a "sniping" expedition.

"Didn't know you had snipes out here," says the tenderfoot. "I'm going in for grizzlies, buffalo and that sort of thing." "Any fellow can out-wrestle a grizzly, or knock over a deer or buffalo," responds the cowboy; "but if you want sport that is sport, you just want to go 'sniping.' It takes a rustler from Kansas to get snipe out here. Game? That's no name for it!"

In the end the tenderfoot, who wants to see "all there is to it," gladly accepts.

Then the cowboy, with a party of his friends, takes the tenderfoot under his kindly care. They outfit him with either a broken-down or a bucking broncho, and astonish him with the formation that he must leave all his artillery behind. They know a trick snipe with guns that the only way they allow him to take is whisky, which they generously insist on helping him carry—at his expense. After a long, hard trip through sand and sagebrush, they pause at nightfall at the mouth of a gloomy canyon, or possibly in the edge of a wood—although timber in most parts of Wyoming is as hard to capture as a grizzly or a paying goldmine. They dismount and prepare a primitive camp for the night. Then they take a weary, devious tramp to the spot where the snipe are said to be plenty. It is now dark as a pocket. There is a lantern in the outfit, or else torch is provided. A manly brag is produced, and the mouth of it is fastened open by the insertion of an improvised hoop.

"What does all this mean? How in thunder are you going to catch your snipe?" asks the tenderfoot.

"Snipe are just like fish and moths and such," says the cowboy; "the light attracts them. It's about time for us to take a rise, and then they will fly straight for this 'here' blaze. Now you just stand here and hold the torch and when you hear 'em coming in, you just clap your bag over 'em, and there they are."

"But who's to stay here with me? Where are you all going?" asks the tenderfoot, as all the others show evident intentions of going ahead.

"He doesn't want to stay here afraid to be alone, but he feels he is afraid to be alone," says the cowboy. "You just stand here and hold the torch and when you hear 'em coming in, you just clap your bag over 'em, and there they are."

"Oh, two would scare off the birds; so we just scatter along, and when our bags are all full we come back over the trail. We'll be here before you get your bag crowded, unless you are spry or 'most new men."

Then they go on, and soon he can hear no sound of them, no matter how hard he strains both his ears. Presently he does hear the wail of coyotes that he mistakes for wolves drawing nearer and nearer, till his hair rises and his back-bone feels like an icicle.

Like an inspiration it suddenly occurs to him to take a good stiff drink to brace himself up, only to make the agreeable discovery that the cowboys have even forgotten to leave even his own private flask. The situation is not of a character.

He holds bag and torch until cold or fear, or common-sense—causes him to drop it. The snipe do not appear—neither do his friends. He is unarmed. He knows no more which way to go than the man in the moon. He shouts, but receives no answer. There are wild beasts prowling about, he knows, but whether terror has caused him to exaggerate the danger, or ignorance, he fully and comprehensively appreciates how many kinds of blanked fool a tenderfoot is who goes "sniping" with a cowboy.

Usually he escapes alive. Sometimes the party returns for him about midnight. More often he is left to find his own way back to camp by even light, and if he gets lost, the outfit turns out and finally rounds him up.

"Sniping" in Wyoming is rare sport for the cowboys. If you are a tenderfoot, and think of going there, cut this out and show it to the first cowboy that invites you to hunt that sort of game in that sort of way. *Winthrop, in Puck.*

A San Antonio darkey was on trial for stealing money from a house on Soledad street. Julian Van Slyck, the attorney for the prisoner, in his address to the jury, said: "Gentlemen, my client is a poor man. He was driven by hunger and want to take the small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy bread, for it is in evidence that he did not take the pocket-book containing three hundred dollars that was in the professional thief he would have certainly taken the pocket-book." The eloquent attorney for the accused was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his client. "Why do you weep?" asked Judge Noonan, who was on the bench. "Because I didn't see dat ar pocket-book in de bureau drawer," was the reply. *Texas Siftings.*

A QUEER OPERATION.

How a New York Man Managed a Jack-screw in His Mouth.

A slender man of quiet and respectable appearance, sitting in a Sixth avenue elevated train, last evening, drew from his inner coat pocket a narrow steel rod about six inches in length. The rod was flat and the width of an ordinary lead-pencil. At one end there was a small slot in it. So curious an implement and the preoccupied manner of the man attracted the attention of the other passengers in the car. A lady opposite, accompanied by a little boy, glanced with alarm toward the conductor, who was intently watching the man, as the latter put the slot end of the steel rod in his mouth. The man shut his teeth together and his face underwent a series of contortions as he worked his hand with a motion as if he were tightening up a loose nut on a bolt. The lady became so agitated that she left her seat and took one nearer the door.

"You needn't be frightened, marm," said the conductor. "I guess that's only the crank man with the iron jaw."

"What in the world's the matter with him?" asked the lady.

"I guess he is only tightening up his jaw, marm," replied the conductor, consolingly.

The man had now finished the operation, and he restored the steel rod to his pocket. Then he took out a memorandum-book and made some entries in it carefully, and, having finished these entries, he remarked to his neighbor in the adjoining seat, as he closed the book:

"Science does remarkable things in these days." The neighbor nodded.

"Now, I don't suppose you would have the least idea that I have a jack-screw between two of my teeth."

"A jack-screw?" inquired his neighbor.

"Yes," returned the man, smiling. "I'm undergoing a dental operation. One of my teeth had been extracted, and one of those adjoining it began to grow over in the vacant space. It was a good tooth, and I didn't want it pulled, but the dentist couldn't get it out of its place, until he put a jack-screw in there. So he made one. It is a screw in the shape of an inch long, but it is on the same principle as the other jack-screws—just like those used in jiffing up Cooper Institute, only on a small scale, you see."

"Is there no danger of its slipping out?"

"Oh, not at all, my dear sir. It is a very ingenious little contrivance. The whole thing is made of gold and the nut by which it is turned is next to the face; you saw me turn it just now? Well, I turn it once around every twenty-four hours, and that turn is equal to about a two hundred and fiftieth part of an inch. Then, you see, I make a memorandum of each turn. Generally I turn it twice a day, but only once away round each time. I expect that it will take two or three weeks to straighten the tooth."

"Is it uncomfortable? No, not especially. A little unpleasant when I am turning it. Makes me grit my teeth some, but I soon get used to having it there. The only objection is that gold is a little too soft a metal where there is so much pressure brought to bear. You see, the screw is a very slender wire and the thread on it is very delicate, though it feels as though the whole thing was a foot long and as big as those used under a building. A day or two after I began to use it the thread snapped under the strain. Then I thought there was a dynamite cartridge in my mouth and the whole top of my head was coming off. But it didn't hurt me. The dentist is going to make one of platinum in place of this. This is my opinion. Good night," and the man with the jack-screw between his teeth left the train. *N. Y. Tribune.*

A Wonderful Fish.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner writes from Lake View, Ore.:

"A wonderful fish is becoming numerous in Goose Lake. It has the merriment in its name. It is the power to fill itself with air until it becomes very much like a round ball. On evenings about sundown they may be seen playing on the surface of the water. They will swell up by taking in the air, and the wind will blow them over the lake. They reflect all the colors of the rainbow, and when sporting over the lake are a grand sight. A hunter several weeks ago saw a crane swallow one of these fish when in its normal condition, but before the crane had got more than fifty feet up above the lake the fish had taken in enough air to explode the crane, which, at the sound of a report like that of a gun, flew all at atoms, and the fish came lightly down on the water, no worse off for the short ride in the air. The fish is a great curiosity, never having been found, I believe, in other waters." The last statement is authentic.

The Growth of Berlin.

According to a table published in the annual report of 1884 of the Estate Agents' Association of Berlin, the growth of the German capital during the past twenty-four years has been remarkable, and is not equalled by that of any other European city. Indeed, there are but few, if any, cities of the New World able to show a similar record. On December 31, 1860, Berlin had a population of 493,400 souls; at the end of 1884 it had risen to 1,262,965, increase 150 per cent. The number of sites covered by buildings on October 1, 1860, was 9,462; at the corresponding date in 1884, 19,140; increase 100 per cent. The number of tenements at the end of 1884 (the figures of 1884 not being yet available) 265,138; increase in twenty years, nearly 200 per cent. The insured value of the buildings of Berlin was on December 31, 1880, \$2,448,000; on December 31, 1884, \$11,086,000; increase, close on 350 per cent. The annual rent paid for tenements let on December 31, 1880, amounted to \$2,160,000; on December 31, 1884, \$8,820,000; increase, 311 per cent.

HUMOROUS.

A man in New Mexico caught the bronchos riding a pony. He first caught the broncho. *Chicago Current.*

"What pains a father more than the cry of his infant child?" asks some one. We don't know unless it is the cry of his infant twins. *Norristown Herald.*

"Get anything in your purse?" asked Mr. Ball of his wife, as they sat down in the street car. "Yes, dear, lining," she replied, sweetly, and Mr. Ball paid the fare. *Merchant Traveler.*

"It is really wonderful to see how well the men keep step." He: "Bah, that is nothing! When I was a soldier I used to keep step better than all the rest put together." *La Vedette.*

"Run for the doctor, quick! Help! Help!" cried a man, who had a nickel-plate. "I've swallowed a nickel-plate!" exclaimed Mrs. Schumann. "You make so much fuss as if it was a twenty-dollar gold piece. Be calm, Rebecca," replied Mose. *Texas Siftings.*

The following passage between bench and bar occurred in a certain court the other day at the end of a lengthened wrangle: My Lord: "Well, Mr., if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman, I am sure I can't teach you." Counsel: "That is so, my Lord."

The celebrated Signora Howlinski was in the midst of her solo in the Houston Opera House, when little Volodya Fizzlet, referring to the director of the orchestra, asked: "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?" "He is not hitting at her; keep quiet." "Well, then, what does she hold for?" *Exchange.*

The Egg of Columbus. "Who was Columbus?" asked a teacher of his class, in one of the public schools of Austin. "Columbus was a bird," replied a little girl. The whole class laughed vociferously, and the teacher asked the little girl what she meant by such a silly answer. She explained, shedding bitter tears, that she had read in the book of an older sister a piece of poetry about the egg of Columbus, and as only birds lay eggs she supposed Columbus was some sort of a bird. *Texas Siftings.*

Johnny (who is spending the afternoon at the Smiths).—My mother says she'd like to look like you, Mrs. Smith. Mrs. S. (who is extremely plain, but not entirely aware of it).—Like me, my dear? I take that as a compliment, indeed, from so very pretty a lady as your mamma. You're quite sure it was I, Johnny, that she meant?

Johnny (accepting another).—Oh, yes, ma. She said that if she could have your health and strength she believed she'd as lief look as you do. *Farmer's Bazar.*

"What do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of here?" snapped a young lady at the conductor of an overcrowded cable car. "A good deal like crushed sugar, miss," said the bell-ringer. And the young lady hung on to a strap and rode four miles further with the smile of an angel. *San Francisco.*

"Jabez," said his wife sharply, "that new man you hired last week is down with the look-jaw. Now I want to know if that's anything ketchin'?"

And Jabez looked at her with tears in his eyes and said, in mournful tones: "Oh, no. No. No. Alas, no; 'tain't ketchin'." And he says, although she don't believe it, that he doesn't know what made her so outrageously mad about it. *Boston Transcript.*

"I saw you nodding in church this morning," Crimmonbeak said at him between the courses at Sunday's dinner. "Well, suppose you did," replied he. "It was while the collection was being taken, too," replied his wife. "And what were you doing?" "I was giving my mite. I contributed a penny."

"Well, isn't a nod as good as assent, any day?" Mrs. Crimmonbeak caused the pickles and everything sharp—but Crimmonbeak—to be removed from the table. *Yonkers Statesman.*

A French magazine has an article telling how George Washington shot the apple off his son's head at command of the tyrant. The scene is located near St. Louis. *Chicago Times.*

Young ladies who will not marry when they have a chance Miss it. *Exchange.* No doubt of it. But what are they to do? When one accepts an offer she generally Mrs. it, too. *Boston Post.*

They were talking of weighing at a friend's house the other night. Turning to a bright little son of his host I said: "Charley, how much do you weigh?" "I'm about eighty-five pounds now, but when I get mad I weigh a ton." *N. Y. Star.*

A gentleman who usually wore bushy whiskers almost as white as snow had his beard cut off. When he entered the house his little three-year-old grandchild exclaimed: "Why, grandpa, whose head have you got on?" *Golden Days.*

"Are you going out to the theater to-night?" asked one lawyer of another. "No," was the reply, "I have a retainer to keep me at home."

"Did you see the retainer?" "May I ask what the retainer is?" "You may—it is my wife." *N. Y. Herald.*

Little Tim—Good night, mamma. Mamma—Why, you must not go to bed yet. You have not had your supper. Little Tim—Oh, no; I'm not going to bed. I thought you were, Mamma—Go play, child. This is my new Mother Hubbard. *Philadelphia Call.*

English tourist—"Why is it, can you tell me, that your American keepers always put pink mullin over their pictures?" The productions of our chrome manufacturers are so exceedingly natural that we are obliged to take some means to prevent the mosquitoes from biting them. *Harvard Lampoon.*

"Buckle my shoe, Egbert, dear," said a Chicago belle to her near-sighted fiancée. Egbert went down on his knees like a true knight, but as he had lost his eye-glass, his vision was a little uncertain. "Is this your foot, darling, any day?" "You bet," she said, he inquired.

"Aw, pawdon, I—I thought it was the lounge." Egbert is now disengaged. *Texas Siftings.*

Daniel Stewart, of Allegheny City, Pa., says he is the oldest brother of General Stewart, the hero of Abu Klea and Shabakat Wells. *Chicago Inter Ocean.*

New York school teacher—"Which is the highest mountain in the State?" Boy—"Sing Sing." Teacher—"Why?" Boy—"Father went up a year ago, and hasn't come down yet." *Boston Beacon.*

Denny, answer me now; what was the name of the little boy who was playing widd out in the yard this morning?" "Donohue." "Well, I want you to be findin' out who; I won't have yez playin' widd any an' ivybody's children." *Merchant Traveler.*

Vas Fooled. Hans fell in love with a shrewd little maid, and every night by her window he stood, and there was a booty sharamade. He voked out der whole neighborhood, but finally he tried once to rouse. But maid out her sheep so pewtichen: He vas play on der front of dot house, and she shleep on der little pack knochen. *Carl Prezel.*

"Pa," said a young Danbury boy to his father, "where are you going?" "To a hog-guessing match, my son."

"What do the hogs guess about, pa?" was the next query. "Little boys should be seen and not heard," said the father, in an impressive voice. *Danbury News.*

Miss Mary A. Fletcher, who died in Burlington, Vt., recently, bequeathed all her property, amounting to nearly \$200,000, to the Mary Fletcher Hospital, save a few personal belongings, including a net of \$10,000 to her faithful servant, Michael Kelly.

Osman Digma's original name was Alphonse Vint, he being a full-blooded Frenchman. He was at one time sold as a slave to Mohammed Ahmed el Mehdi, but quickly rose in that prophetic favor and became his son-in-law. He is now about fifty-three years old.

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