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The prohibition party has received a campaign fund \$25,000. The new party is rapidly getting down to business.

A liberal circulation of the new city directory among the reading rooms, boards of trade, and hotels of the country, would be the best advertising this city could have. Send out ten thousand copies in this way, and an effect would be produced that could be had in no other way, for twice the expense.

There can be but little doubt that Gen. Sheridan is near the door of death. The intrepid soldier has fought for life as he fought for national union, but his present enemy seems to be one that cannot be conquered by human tactics. The grand old soldier must lay his arms down, as others have done before him, and like them, he goes to the future life, leaving a fragrant memory throughout a nation which he did so much to save.

The Capital, this morning, attempts to belittle the probable influence of the prohibition party in the coming campaign. It declares there will be a greater decline in its vote this year than that of last. This is not the talk of wisdom. It is never policy to understate the strength of an antagonist. It is generally conceded, and no doubt truthfully, that the prohibition vote was sufficient to, and did defeat James G. Blaine in 1884. It is true that the mugwump vote may possibly be annihilated this year, but it is not certain that it will return to the republican party in either New York or New Jersey, which may now be considered as the pivotal states. It will be divided between the three leading parties.

The Prohibition party has nominated Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey, for president, and John A. Brooks of Kansas City, Mo., for vice president. It could not have nominated a better or stronger ticket. Fisk was a Union General, Brooks was a confederate. Fisk is a Methodist, Brooks is a Christian, as was Garfield, and an eminent and eloquent minister of that denomination. The prohibition party is vastly stronger than it was in 1884. It is useless to ignore it as a political factor. It will more than hold the balance in two doubtful states at least, New Jersey and New York. The most certain result will be to cause both those states to go democratic. It will also help the loss of Illinois and Wisconsin, if not Michigan, and turn those states to the democracy. A similar, but less telling influence will be felt in the southern states. To some extent democratic votes will go to the prohibition party, but not as in close states, in sufficient numbers to change results. Gen. Fisk formerly lived in Missouri, and both in that state and in Illinois has many warm friends among republicans. The platform endorses woman suffrage, and is very like the republican on the tariff.

Judge Adams gives young John Sullivan a hearty rebuke, and does it most graciously. John may live to thank him for it some day, if he has the capacity to take it to heart.

The prohibition party is now appropriately called the third party. The labor reform parties are so divided that they could only be designated by fractions, they having four different presidential candidates. Perhaps Belva Lockwood ought to be considered as a whole team.

Some of our friends talk a good deal about getting back to the old Jacksonian democracy, but they don't do it. The pet of the white house, during at least a good part of Jackson's administration, was a pet coon, but coons are not now pets with the democracy.

Mr. Josiah Jordan, of the Kansas State Journal, gave the News a call to-day. Mr. Jordan has had long experience as a teacher, and is well known in the county as a successful one. He has also had more or less connection with newspaper work. He will come before the republican county convention as a candidate for county superintendent of schools, for which his experience has admirably fitted him.

Judge Gresham is forging to the front in a most admirable manner. It is barely possible that a nomination for the presidency so wise as that of Judge Gresham and William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, for vice-president, might save the party. It may be considered imperative that some action be taken to counteract the influence in New York and New Jersey, of Gen. Fisk nominated by the prohibitionists. This might possibly be accomplished by the nomination of either Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, or William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey.

C. H. Taylor (colored) made a speech at the democratic convention at Wichita, in which he said: "We have in Wyandotte county 300 negroes who can read and write who are democrats." It didn't suit his purpose to tell who it was that placed the 300 et al. not only in position that they may acquire such intelligence, but to also enjoy its benefits. But it's no matter; everybody knows. —Wichita Eagle.

We would like to know if the Eagle thinks that they "who placed the colored votes in position etc.," thereby brought them body and soul, or did such placing in position simply to restore them to independent manhood?

Waller's American Citizen is out for J. H. Fought for the state senate. He would make a good senator, as we have before said, and the people would not go amiss if they were to nominate him. He has no superior.

A part of the machinery for the sugar mill has arrived, the pumps being among the machinery received. The pans have been shipped from New Orleans and the balance of the machinery will arrive in a short time. The large boilers are being made by the Topeka boiler works. The work on the buildings is progressing as rapidly as it is possible for it to do.

Marshall's band never made as fine an appearance as it did in the parade yesterday. Everybody commented about it, and everybody expressed the highest admiration for "Topeka's pride." There were forty-one pieces in the band yesterday—more than were ever out before.

The catalogue of the State University for the year 1887-8 has just made its appearance. Some notable changes in the Faculty are announced: Prof. E. L. Nichols, of the chair of Physics, resigned last summer to accept a similar position in Cornell University. Professor L. I. Blake succeeds him, with W. S. Franklin, a Kansas boy, and graduate (class of 1887), of the University, as assistant. Charles G. Danlap, of Johns Hopkins University, succeeds W. B. Brownell as assistant in English, E. C. Murphy, of Cornell University, is assistant in Engineering; Miss Aloida L. Morrow is announced as Lady Dean and Professor of Spanish.

The work in Civil Engineering is extended, and a full course leading to the degree C. E. established. An excellent beginning is also made in Electrical Engineering under the direction of Prof. Blake. To the young men of Kansas this affords the advantages of training in a most practical line of engineering, of great and growing importance, not given elsewhere west of St. Louis.

Two lists of Preparatory High Schools are given, the one containing those schools whose course of study is sufficient to admit to the Freshman class without condition; the other, those which, in some respects, lack the full preparation. A new departure in the matter of entrance examinations is presented as follows: "Candidates for admission may divide the examination between two years, or between June and September of the same year."

The number of students enrolled during the year is 433, of whom 177 are ladies. In view of the fact that the requirements for admission to the University are advanced and the examinations made more careful and searching year by year, the record of attendance has been surprisingly maintained. The numbers for the last three years (1887-8 included) have been respectively, 419, 489, 483. The friends of the University—and this means the entire State—are to be congratulated, for these figures indicate the confidence of the people in the institution and management, and a consequent increasing constituency.

"The Debate on the Tariff."

The Kansas City Times has just published a neat pamphlet entitled "The Debate on the Tariff," which contains President Cleveland's message to Congress, Mr. Blaine's criticism on the message and all the principle speeches delivered this session for and against the Mill's Tariff Bill. As a campaign document it is invaluable.

We are glad to see the Capital fall into line in favor of Judge Gresham.

Blaine is quite proficient in getting up letters of mark, and they are sure to be followed by lively skirmishing.

Henry George has been expelled. It is well to have parasites throw off.

Despite the fire, the June issue of The American Magazine is an exceptionally brilliant number. The illustrations and letter-press are excellent, and the contents varied and entertaining. Among the notable features is an interesting and finely illustrated paper on "Our Defenses from an Army Standpoint," by Gen. O. O. Howard; Mrs. Gen. John A. Logan contributes a graceful article on "The Art of Entertaining," a subject she is well qualified by experience to handle; and George Edgar Montgomery has a charming paper on "Dickens on the American Stage," that will be read with much interest by the great army of the distinguished novelist's friends. This article is illustrated by portraits of leading actors, showing their conception of Dickens' character. The month furnishes Zitiella Cocks with the text for a pretty poem, "June," "Barbados: The Elbow Island," is described in an illustrated paper by Dr. William F. Hutchinson.

The June St. Nicholas has a very strong leading article, entitled "A Great Show," by Professor Alfred Church, describing the Circus Maximus at Rome. It is finely illustrated by E. H. Blashfield. Thomas Nelson Page continues the excellent serial, "Two Little Confederates," and Celia Thaxter contributes a charming children's story, "Caterina and her Fate," by E. Cavazza, is an old Sicilian legend put into verse, and richly illustrated by R. B. Birch.

Louise Chandler Moulton writes a full but simple memorial of "Louisa May Alcott," containing extracts from her letters to the editor of St. Nicholas; and the article is illustrated by a new picture of Miss Alcott, which is much more pleasing than any before published, and also by a picture of her adopted daughter [the child of her sister "Amy"], Lula Nieriker.

In "The Men who Died," Ruth Hays tells of a little negro boy's wish on Decoration Day to do honor to the dead soldiers, and Kemble has fittingly embodied the hero.

"Dogs of Noted Americans," Part 1, contains accounts by Gertrude Van R. Wickham of the dogs belonging to Garfield, Lee, Eggleston, Whittier, Miss Woolson, and Mrs. Burnett. The pictures, from photographs, are full of character. Miss Magruder continues the child-sketches from George Eliot, by the first of two papers devoted to "Tom and Maggie Tulliver," of the "Mill on the Floss." There is an account of a mite of pony, "A Namesake" of Jumbo, by T. D. Wright. Miss Comins gives another "Picture for Little German Readers," and J. G. Francis has excavated a choice "Azteca Fragment," as full of character as the others of the series. "Drill," the serial by John Preston True, is intensely interesting and ought not to be missed by any boy, old or young. "Housekeeping Song No. 4," is also presented; and "The Interrupted Little Boy" is a delightful sketch short but pithy.

Among the lighter features, are contributions by Amelle Rives, Emilie Poulsson, Margaret Johnson, Estelle Thomson, Julia P. Ballard, Alfred Brennan, and C. W. Miller.

It was a very sad case the death of J. W. Priddy's little daughter, Ada May aged eleven years. She was well on Monday and at school; on Tuesday she was taken suddenly ill of inflammation of the stomach and died on Wednesday. Funeral services were held this morning from her late bright home at 1108 Quincy street the Revs. F. S. McCabe and G. W. Bean officiating. The sympathies of many friends go out to the afflicted family.

A curious electrical display occurred in an alley back of Kansas avenue, near the Union Pacific station, Wednesday afternoon. A stay wire connected with a tree in the alley began burning, and for some time emitted a long steady flame that was an object of considerable curiosity. When it burned out quite a deep scar was left in the trunk.

After the parade had returned from the cemetery Wednesday evening, Miss Annie Payne of North Topeka while attempting to cross Kansas avenue near Sixth street was run down by a milk wagon one front wheel which passed over her, after she had been struck and felled to the pavement by the horse. She was rescued and conveyed to Crosby's store where it was found her injuries were not serious. She was then driven home in a carriage.

Would the Democrat like the city printing at half legal rates if it could get it? Well that is a conundrum.

Have we a boulder among us? Not intended as a leading question.

Sam Steel stole Mary Jones, and the union was good metal.

Lincoln Post Flambeau club yesterday ordered new uniforms of the firm of George W. Simmons & Co., through J. P. Farnsworth of this city, their western agent.

Some one having started a rumor that Josiah Jordan has entered into some kind of a political combination, he takes occasion to deny it.

One of our North side young men who came home from the excursion to Leavenworth quite full, instead of going to bed, put his umbrella to bed and stood himself up in a corner and slept until morning.

Jonathan Thomas yesterday commenced an action in the district court against S. P. Thompson, administrator of the estate of John N. Thompson et al., to recover judgment on mechanic's lien for \$463, interest.

Colonel Thomas W. Higginson will lecture next Monday evening before the literary societies of the State university. It is proposed if possible, to secure a lecture from him at Topeka while he is in Kansas. Colonel Higginson was one of the active early friends of Kansas, and in his visits to the territory became familiar with affairs and with the leading men of the times. He is one of the most distinguished lecturers and literary men of the country, and an address from him on what he remembers of Kansas as thirty years ago, would be a rare treat for Kansas people of all classes.

The boys of the fire department No. 1 desire to extend their thanks to the kind ladies of the Relief corps, who helped them to decorate the chemical and hose carts on Decoration day, also to the teachers of the Grant street school, who furnished flowers, and to the other kind ladies of North Topeka who lent their assistance in decorating the department on Decorating day.

Mrs. Ophelia Smith, a colored woman of the North side, fell on a sidewalk yesterday afternoon, on a street, between Jackson and Van Buren streets, sustaining serious injuries.

E. A. Baldwin, who has been one of the boys at fire station No. 1, for over three years, resigned this morning. He will stay on the North side until next week, when he will leave for Kansas City. It is reported that he goes down to that city to get him a wife. Mr. Baldwin has a large number of friends on the North side who wish him good luck wherever he may go.

A boy named Travis living near the Reform school had a narrow escape from serious injury Wednesday night while riding at a fast canter down Gordon street. The horse slipped and fell over on his side on a portion, and almost on the whole, of the rider's body. The boy picked himself up rather doubtful as to whether he was dead or alive, but on examination discovered that he was intact and not a bone broken.

Perry Davis assaulted Jesse Wilkerson, and Justice Saylor said it was worth \$18.55. A Perry Davis Pain Killer sold by Druggists comes cheaper.

The colored Kickers had a meeting in Lawrence yesterday. They would not let Elder Griffin kick.

Every member of the city council who persists in paying out for city printing, to any paper, four times as much as is necessary, should be held strictly accountable to the people who have it to pay in the end.

Miss Charlie Laurent, who, since her return from Paris, where she was pursuing her art studies, has been accompanying her sister, Mrs. J. B. Ballard, left recently for Red Bluff, California, where she expects to open a studio.

Kansas avenue north is getting into good shape. The street paving is done, except along a portion of the street railway and workmen are finishing that. The sidewalks are in woful condition and should receive attention at once.

Oklahoma is a good burying ground and funerals are very short.

There are some dangerous places in the city.

LOVE DOES NOT GROW OLD.

When I was twenty she was ten,
Within my arms I held her then—
She was a child—it was not wrong;
Since then seems not so very long.

Now she is twenty—to be bolder
I ought, since I am so much older—
And yet I feel somewhat afraid
Of thoughts that come in one decade.

Candy and dolls I used to bring,
And get a kiss for everything;
And yet for naught would I turn back
This havoc of the almanac.

As childish gifts are out of place,
I watch the roses on her face;
"So you remember?" "Yes," said she,
"That you were then so kind to me."

At once I grew discreetly wise.
Some words I spoke lit up her eyes,
I put them bravely. Well, what then?
Within my arms she drops again!
—London *Pictorial*.

The Widow's Pumpkins.

It was a brilliant October morning, the grass all sparkling with frost, the trees waving their red jeweled arms to the sunshine, and Eliakim Ellis was driving serenely down Hay Hill.

"I ain't a poet," thought he, "but if I was I could write a lot of rhymes about this. Why, it's poetry all the way through. And—oh? how?—what? Who's that?"

It was the Widow Hopsy Hall, standing at the door of her little one-story house and beckoning with her long, lean arms toward him. The farmer drew his rein.

"Hold on, Sorrell!" he apostrophized his steed. "You ain't never in a hurry when I want you to be, so I calkulate you can stand still a bit now. Wal, Miss Hall, what can I dew for ye this morning?"

"I've got some pumpkins that I want to sell," said the Widow Hopsy. "Dreadful likely ones."

"Pumpkins?" echoed Eliakim. "Why, bless your soul, Miss Hall, pumpkins is a dreg in the market just now. The pumpkin crop has turned out powerful good, thank Providence, and our folks is feedin' 'em to the crows."

A shadow of dire disappointment crept over the old woman's face, as she stood there, unconsciously picturesque, against the curly hop-tendrils and crimson woodbine leaves that garlanded the doorway. The tears came into her dim eyes.

"Then I may as well give it up," said she, in accents of despair. "For I hain't nothing else to sell; and Belindy had set such store on my comin' down this autumn afore cold weather set in."

"Eh?" said Mr. Ellis, good-naturedly. "You was a goin' down to Belindy's, eh?"

"I can't go without no money," said the Widow Hopsy Hall. "And I was sort of calculatin' on them pumpkins. The corn hasn't amounted to nothin', and the wensels has tuk all the poultry, and the dried berries mildewed that last dog days' weather, and the carpet weavin' business is awful dull; so what be I to do?"

"Can't ye put off your visit?" said Eliakim, thoughtfully flicking the top off a cluster of saucy ox-eyed daisies that grew close to his wagon wheels. "Belindy's little boy's got the croup," said Mrs. Hall, lugubriously. "And her husband has fell off a scaffold and broke his leg. And if ever I'm wanted there, it's now."

"I swan!" ejaculated honest Eliakim, as he realized what the double meaning of poverty and misfortune was. "Fetch me them pumpkins; I'll buy 'em, anyhow."

"I'll let you have the lot for a dollar," said the Widow Hopsy, wistfully. "They're just out in the corner lot."

"Ain't gathered, eh?"

"Bless me! who've I got to gather 'em?" reproachfully retorted Mrs. Hall. "And not a soul about the place, and me with that crick in my back."

Eliakim Ellis' heart smote him. Who was he, to complain of a little extra trouble, when the Widow Hopsy was so much worse off than himself?

So he alighted and led Sorrell laboriously down the stony cart track toward the cornfield, where, amid the harvested shocks, gleamed the ruddy gold of pumpkins innumerable.

"Pumpkins!" screamed Mrs. Ellis, when her husband drove into the doorway at noon. "Pumpkins! Why, Eliakim Ellis, what on earth are you bringin' pumpkins here for? Ain't we got the barn chambers full, and the lots full, and the very cattle won't eat 'em? Be you clean gone crazy?"

Mrs. Ellis was a high-cheeked-boned female, with projecting front teeth and hard greenish eyes, like badly colored marbles. She was one of those who worshipped gain as the fire-worshippers fell down before the sun. "Money is money!" was her favorite axiom. And Eliakim felt his heart sink within him as he faced her stern, uncompromising gaze.

"They're jest a few—" he began. "A few!" shrilly echoed his wife. "The waggin is heaped full! And we're throwin' 'em away every day! That's jest a man's calculatin'!"

"Jest a few," said Eliakim, hitching desperately on the first section of his speech, "that I've brung down here to sell for Mrs. Hall. There ain't much market up that-a-way, you know, Loisy."

"And," he added to himself, goodness knows how glad I'd be to sell 'em if I had the chance! I ain't sellin' 'em now!"

"Mrs. Ellis gave a prodigious sniff. "Don't you fetch that there truck

inside of the dooryard, 'Liakim!" said she. "Jest dump 'em on the roadside and let the neighbors' hogs eat 'em up as quick as they can!"

But Mr. Ellis took advantage of a tin-peddler coming along on the other side of the street and engaging his helpmate's attention, to smuggle in the load of pumpkins.

"I won't waste 'em anyway," said he. "If anybody's hogs is to eat 'em, it may as well be mine."

That afternoon, when he came into supper, a thing happened which had never before befallen him in his married life.

He found the tea-kettle cold, the graham gems unbaked, the table unspread, his wife crying piteously.

"Eh!" said Eliakim, blankly. "What in all creation's the matter now? You ain't sick, be you, Loisy?"

"Yes, I be!" sobbed Mrs. Ellis. "Heartsick, 'Liakim. Oh, what hev I done? I've sold them old gray pants o' yours to the tin peddler, and never remembered how I'd put that there hundred-dollar coupon bond you gave me to keep, in the pocket, because I calculated no burglars would take a pair o' ragged old pants. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

For one minute Eliakim Ellis stood silent. A hundred dollars was a hundred dollars to this hard-working man, who could only save and scrape by lillies.

But he looked at Louisa's pale, woe-begone face, and his great, tender heart rose up within him like the billows of the sea.

"Don't fret, Loisy, my gal," he said, cheerfully. "It was only an accident. 'Tain't wuth frettin' about." And he bent down and kissed her forehead—a rare occurrence in their undemonstrative household. "We'll go to work and make it up as fast as possible, my dear."

"Oh, 'Liakim," sobbed the poor wife, "I don't deserve you should be so good to me. I'm a cross, scoldin' creature, and—"

"Tut, tut, tut," good humoredly interrupted her husband. "Guess I ain't goin' to hev my wife abused in this a-way."

"And I'm sorry I spoke so short about them pumpkins," added Louisa, dolefully.

Mr. Ellis whistled under his breath. He was almost disposed now to regret that he had paid out that dollar for the Widow Hopsy's pumpkins.

"However, it's done," he said to himself, "and it can't be undone. Loisy'd best be left in the dark, I guess about it."

He was alertly kindling the fire, while Mrs. Ellis moved sadly about making preparations for the evening meal, when there was a lively tattoo, played by a very energetic pair of knuckles on the door out side.

"Come in!" shouted he.

And who should make his appearance but the tin-peddler himself.

"Hellow, squire!" said he. "Guess there's been a mistake somewhere. I ain't buyin' up government coupon bonds. I'm in the tin trade. I found this 'ere in your old pockets. So I allowed it was best to bring it back right away."

He held out the folded slip of parchment. Eliakim looked oddly at it.

"Fetch on Diogenes and his lantern!" said he. "I calc'late here's the honest man at last!"

"Get out!" said the peddler. "I don't want none of your four-syllabled fun poked at me. But I tell you what I dew want. Them there pumpkins that you was cartin' in when I exchanged a sauce pan and two dippers for them gray pants with your good lady, I'll give you five cents apiece for 'em."

"Done!" cried Farmer Ellis, joyfully.

"There's to be a big dinner up to Staples Hill," went on the tin-peddler. "And they're goin' to bake two hundred pumpkin pies, and all the pork and beans that's to be had. And there's goin' to be a corner in pumpkins. I've got my wagon out here, so I guess we'll load up right away."

And thus the hundred-dollar coupon bond was returned, all safe and sound, by the tin-peddler, who was as honest as he was shrewd, and the Widow Hopsy Hall's pumpkins were satisfactorily marketed. So much so, indeed, that Eliakim even purchased out of the profits a snuff-colored merino gown, which he left at the widow's door the very next time he drove past.

"It's a pity she can't share more o' the good luck," said he.

Mrs. Hall found the gown, neatly wrapped in paper, at the door when she came home from cranberrying in the swamp, and she never knew where it came from. But she made it up, and wore it to her daughter Belinda's in the city.

But honest Eliakim has not yet told Louisa, his wife, that he bought Widow Hopsy's pumpkins, and paid a dollar for them in good, hard cash.

"It ain't best to tell women everything!" said he. —Helen Forrest Graves.

Phrenological Item.

Mrs. Randall Bragg is not the best educated woman in Austin, but that does not in the least hinder her from expressing herself fully on any topic, no matter what it may be. She was having her head examined by a phrenologist.

"You have philoprogenitiveness strongly developed."

"You bet I have. Nobody ever said anything mean about me but I was sure to get even with them sooner or later. That's just the kind of a woman I am. You've hit it, first pop!" —Texas *Siftings*.

BILL NYE ON ELECTRICITY.

HE INSPECTS THE MOST MARVELOUS INVENTION OF THE AGE.

Something Quite New in the Way of a Door—But It Is Quite Complicated—Various Uses to Which This Apparatus May Be Put—Handy for the Police and Hotels—Its Great Versatility Its Great Drawback.

Little did B. Franklin wot that some day the little start he made when he baited his pin hook with a good conductor and tapped the low-browed and bellowing nimbus with his buoyant kite, and the pickle jar of electricity thus crudely acquired, would be the egg from which inventors and scientists would hatch out a system which could not only encircle the globe with messages swifter than the flight of Phœbus, but that anon the light of day would be filtered through a cloud of cables loaded with destruction sufficient for a whole army, and the air be filled with death-dealing, dangling wires.

Little did he know that he was bottling the genie which would one day pull out the stopper with its teeth and grow till it overspread the sky, planted its bare, bleak poles along every highway, carrying day messages by night and night messages when it got ready, darkening the air with its rusty wings—provided, of course, that the genie wear wings—and with the harsh, metallic, gouldish laughter of a signal-key, with one foot on the neck of the sender and one on the neck of the recipient, with one hand on the throat of the convention and the other in the pockets of the world, defy aggregated humanity to do its worst and command all civilization in terse, well-chosen terms, to either fish, cut bait or go ashore.

Could Benjamin have known all this at the time, possibly he might have considered it wisdom to go in when it rained.

I am not an old fogey, though I may have that appearance, and I rejoice to see the world move on. One by one I have laid aside my own encumbering prejudices in order to keep up with the procession. Have I not gradually adopted everything that would in any way enhance my opportunities for advancement, even through tedious evolution, from the paper collar up to the finger bowl, eyether and nyether?

This should convince the reader that I am not seeking to clog the wheels of progress. I simply look with apprehension upon any great centralization of wealth or power in the hands of any one man who not only does as he pleases with said wealth and power, but who, as I am informed, does not read my timely suggestions as to how he shall use them.

To return, however, to the subject of electricity. I have recently sought to fathom the style and motif of a new system which is to be introduced into private residences, hotels and Police Headquarters. In private houses it will be used as a burglar's welcome. In hotels it will take the mental strain off the bellboy, relieving him also of a portion of his burdensome salary at the same time. In the Police Department it will do almost everything but eat peanuts from the corner stands.

The system is on exhibition in a large room downtown, with the signals or boxes on one side and the annunciator or central station on the other. By walking from one to the other, a distance in all of thirty or forty miles, I was enabled to get a slight idea of the principle.

It is certainly a very intelligent system. I never felt my own inferiority any more than I did in the presence of this wonderful invention. It will do almost anything, it seemed to me, and the main drawback seems to be its great versatility, for it thereby becomes so complex that in order to become at all intimate with it a policeman ought to put in two years at Yale and at least a year at Leipsic. An extended course of study would thus perfect him in this line, but he would not then be content to act as a policeman. He would want to be a scientist, with dandruff on his coat collar and a far-away look.

Then, again, take the hotel scheme, for instance. We go to a dial which is marked Room 32. There we find that by treating it in a certain way it will announce to the clerk that Room 32 wants a fire, ice-water, pens, ink, paper, lemons, towels, fire-escape, Milwaukee Sec, pillow-shams, N. Y. World, menu, Croton frappe, carriage, laundry, physician, sleeping-car ticket, berth-mark for same, Halford sauce, hot flat-iron for ironing trousers, baggage, blotter, tidy for chair, or any of those things. In fact I have not given half the list on this barometer because I could not remember them, though I may have added others which were not on the indicator. The message arrives at the office, but the clerk is engaged in conversation with a lady. He does not jump when the alarm sounds, but continues the dialogue. Another guest wires the office that he would like a copy of the *Congressional Record*. The message is filed away automatically, and the thrilling conversation goes on. Then No. 73 asks to have his mail sent up. No. 25 wants to know what time the bus leaves the house for the train going East, and whether that train will connect at Alliance, O., with a tide-water train for Cleveland in time to catch the Lake Shore train which will bring him into New York at 7:30, and whether all those trains are reported on time or not, and if not will the office kindly state why? Other guests also manifest

a morbid curiosity through their transmitters, but the clerk does not get excited, for he knows that all those remarks are filed away in the large black-walnut box at the back of the office. When he gets ready, provided he has been through a course of study in his brand of business, he takes one room at a time, and addressing a pale young "Banister Polisher" by the name of "Front," he begins to scatter information, baggage, towels, morning papers, time-tables, &c., all over the house. It is also supposed to be a great time-saver. For instance, No. 80 wants to know the correct time. He moves an indicator around like the combination on a safe, reads a few pages of instructions, and then pushes a button, perhaps. Instead of ringing for a boy and waiting for him some time, then asking him to obtain the correct time at the office, and come back with the information, conversing with various people on the way back, and expecting compensation for it, the guest can ask the office and receive an answer without getting out of bed. You leave a call for a certain hour, and at that time your own private gong will make it so disagreeable for you that you will be glad to rise. Again, if you wish to know the amount of your bill, you go through certain exercises with the large barometer in your room; and, supposing you have been at the house two days and have had a fire in your room three times, and your bill is therefore \$132.18, the answer will come back and be announced on your gong as follows: One, pause, three, pause, two, pause, one, pause, eight. When there is a cipher in the amount I do not know what the method is, but by using due care in making up the bill this need not occur.

For police and fire purposes, the system shows a wonderful degree of intelligence, not only as a speedy method of conveying calls for the Fire Department, Health Department, Department of Street Cleaning, Department of Interior and Good of the Order, but it has perfected a method of transmitting emergency calls so that no citizen—no matter how poor or unknown—need go without an emergency. The citizen has only to turn the crank of the little iron marten-house till the gong ceases to ring, then push on the "Citizens' button," and he can have fun with most any emergency he likes. Should he decide, however, to shrink from the emergency before it arrives, he can go away from there or secrete himself and watch the surprise of the ambulance driver or the Fire Department when no mangled remains or forked fire fiend is found in that region.

This system is also supposed to keep its eye peeled for policemen and inform the central station where the patrolman is all the time; also as to his temperature, pulse, perspiration and breath. It keeps a record of this at the main office on a ticker of its own, and the information may be published in the society columns of the paper in the morning. It enables a citizen to use his own discretion about sounding an alarm. He has only to be a citizen. He need not be a taxpayer or a vox populi. Should he be a citizen or declare his intention to become such, or even though he be a voter only, without any notion of ever being a citizen, he can help himself to the Fire Department or anything else by ringing up the central station.

Electricity and Spiritualism have arrived at that stage of perfection where a coil of copper wire and a can of credulity will accomplish a great deal. The time is coming when even greater wonders will be worked, and with electric wires, the rapid transit trains and the English sparrows under the ground, the dawn of a better and brighter day will be ushered in. The car-driver and the truckman shall lie down together, Boston will not rise up against London, he that heretofore slag shall go forth no more for to slug, and men shall learn scrapping no more. —Bill Nye, in *New York World*.

The Convenient Telephone.

One has to go to other cities in order to thoroughly appreciate the revolution brought about by the use of the telephone. In cities like Cleveland, Detroit and Rochester all the well-to-do people have telephones in dwellings, and the useful instruments are made to serve instead of letters, visits, and the employment of messengers. The ladies use them quite as much in the routine of household life as our down-town men do in business. After breakfast in the morning a provincial lady who has a telephone is apt to closet herself with it for a half an hour or more, during which time she finds out what the grocer has that is good to offer, sends her order, connects with the butcher, and tells him what she wants; rings up her dressmaker and has a delightful chat over trimmings and flounces, and then calls up on one after another in her circle of lady friends, and gossips with each and all precisely as she would if she were making a social round in her carriage later in the day. The average New Yorker has scarcely any conception of the usefulness of a telephone as it is employed in other cities. —New York *Sun*.

It was not for Herself.

Esmerelda Longocoffin—"I am looking for a book."

Clerk—"What sort of a book do you wish?"

"Give me some kind of a novel, but it must have a good, moral tone."

"Is it for yourself, Miss Esmerelda?"

"Oh, no, of course not. I want it for my grandmother." —Texas *Siftings*.

POINTS OF HUMOR.

A show spoken of as "a rare entertainment" proved to be a performance not well done. —New Orleans *Picayune*.

The largest green-house in the world is situated in Boston. In fact the city itself has long been the center of haughty culture.

An order, which a little girl presented a Lewiston, Me., druggist, the other day, read: "Mister Druggist: Please send ipecac enough to throw up a 4-year-old girl."

The juryman who sleeps through the whole trial and awakes and listens to the charge of the judge is the safe man of the twelve. He knows something; the eleven are only fuddled with the evidence. —Martha's Vineyard *Herald*.

Woman (to tramp): "Now that you've had a good dinner, can't you do something for it?" Tramp: "Well, I dunno. I want to do what's right. If you've got any letters to mail I'll drop 'em in to the lamp-post for you. I'm a square man, madam." —New York *Sun*.

A Boston girl was telling a lady of an accident that happened to a school-mate on the street. "Her left crural appendage was fractured," said she, "and she was carried on a perambulating couch to an equine salivator." The hospital surgeons at the Hub threaten to strike.

"Are you one of the new letter-carriers?" inquired the housewife. "Yes, ma'am." "Well I just want you to give me the right letters hereafter. The last one was for the next-door neighbor. It was interesting but she made an awful time because I read it." —Hartford *Post*.

A Promising Outlook—Striker (to wife): "Well, what success?" Wife: "Very good. John, Mrs. Smith will give me a week's wash to-morrow, and she thinks she can find some plain sewing for me to do." Striker (enthusiastically): "Splendid! We'll make the company get down on its knees yet." —Life.

"Would you like me to get you some mourning samples?" asked the widow's best friend a few hours after her affliction. "Mourning? What do I want mourning for? Henry's life was insured for \$50,000, and I'm no hypocrite. Get me a red tailor-made Jersey and an absinthe skirt." —New York *Sun*.

Tramp: "Excuse me, sir; will you please put up the price of a drink?" Gentleman: "Certainly, my good fellow; I'm just going in here after one myself and you can join me." Tramp: "You are very kind, but if it's all the same to you I'd prefer the money. You see, I've got a regular place where I know the booze, and it makes me nervous to sample strange liquor." —Washington *Critic*.

One of the hardest things in the world is to condole with anybody in a misfortune or a bereavement. If it were not that the matter is generally serious, a great many funny stories could be printed about the condolence people offer to the bereaved. But up at Sacramento some time ago a hard working Irishman fell out of a four-story window and broke his neck. His wife was, of course, in great distress. After the funeral a neighbor called to offer her sympathy and condolence. "It was a very sad thing, indeed it was. To die like that—to fall out of a fourth-story window." "And was it as bad as that?" asked the visitor. "Sure, an' I heard it was only a third-story window." —San Francisco *Chronicle*.

'Quit Your Foolin'.'

Girls is queer! I use to think Emmy didn't care for me. For whenever I would try to see Any lovin' arts, to see How she'd take 'em—sweet or sour— Always saucy-like, says she: "Quit your foolin'!"

Once, agoin' home from church, Just to find if it would work, Round her waist I slipped my arm— My! you'd ought to see her jerk. Spunky! Well, she acted so— And she snapped me up as perk— "Quit your foolin'!"

Girls is queer! She only laughed— Cheek all dimplin'. "John, says she, 'Foolin' men, that never gets Real in earnest, ain't for me.' Wasn't that cute? I took the hint An' a chair, an' staid, an' we Quit our foolin'."

Would Not Conform.

Teacher in the backwoods of Kentucky (to boy)—Why don't your father put pantalons on you instead of allowing you to come here with nothing on but that long shirt?"

Boy—"Lows ter git me some britches when the weather gets cold."

"But you need them now."

"Pap! Iows I don't."

"It's a disgrace."

"Pap! Iows that he didn't w'ar nuthin' but a shirt tell he wuz putty high grown."

"What does your mother say?"

"She 'lows that ef I had britches I'd w'ar the knees out."

"Well if you don't come with pants on to-morrow, you shall not stay here."

"Don't reckon I'll come back no mo' then; fur that's whut a teacher said last year an' pap he wouldn't let me go back. Pap 'lows that he had been livin' here too long fur new folks tar come along an' interfere with his errairs. 'Lows that ef folks hatter change ther clothes jes ter git er little edycation that he didn't want none. Wall, good-bye!" —Arkansas *Traveler*.

FARM TOPICS.

THE BUTTS OF CORNSTALKS.

Unless feed is very scarce it is not best to compel cattle to eat the butt ends of cornstalks. They can only be starved to it, and that will not pay so well as throwing these unused portions of the feed out of the mangers, to be used as bedding. They are excellent for this purpose, absorbing liquid manure that must otherwise be wasted and lost.

DESTROYING CURRANT WORMS.

The currant and gooseberry leaf worms hatch out about as soon as the leaves begin to put out. They can be found at first on the under side of the leaves, and a very little hellebore powdered and sifted on them will save subsequent trouble. If the fruit grower waits until they begin their ravages he cannot destroy them without subjecting his currant bushes to damage that a little forethought now will prevent.

MOSS IN MEADOWS.

If the meadow becomes filled with moss it is a certain sign of cold, wet soil beneath. Moss cannot displace the cultivated grasses where the ground is suitable for the latter, though it will thrive where they will not. Merely dragging such pieces with a common forty-tooth drag and sowing grass seed will sometimes renew them, but it will be far more effective if the surface is covered with manure in the fall and then dragged toward spring, to mix the particles of manure with the surface soil.

COWS THIN IN FLESH.

It is hard to say what a farmer shall do with a cow that is poor when she drops her calf. If he sells her, probably it is the best he can do for his own pocket, though it must worry any man who has a conscience to so impose on a customer. A really good cow will never at any time be fat; but neither should she be allowed to get downright poor. Her milk will be deficient in both quantity and quality all the season if this is the case. The flesh which indicates fair thrift also shows good feeding capacity, without which no cow is worth much.

TIMOTHY SOD ROOTS EATEN.

There are complaints in many places this spring that the roots of timothy sod are eaten just below the crown. The grass appears mostly loose and is easily raked up. This is done by the grub which is apt to infect old timothy meadows. It takes three years for it to come to maturity, and its greatest injury is usually done the last year. Sometimes when the soil is wet rolling the field will press the grass roots down and make them take new hold. Generally, however, when a field gets in this shape the best thing to do is to plow it up and reseed with clover or timothy or both.

CARE WITH WHEAT SCREENINGS.

Years ago we learned that it was poor policy to feed wheat screenings to laying hens. The weed seeds that poultry will thus eat do more injury than the wheat gives benefit. But these shrunken grains of wheat should also be withheld from all animals bearing young. Cows and mares fed with ground wheat screenings may abort from the poison of ergot which it often contains. Where rye is mixed with wheat while growing, as it frequently is, the smaller grains of the rye generally fall into the screening box. Besides this, ergot sometimes attacks the grains of wheat, causing them to shrink in size.

WASHING SHEEP A BARRAGE.

The old practice of washing sheep to cleanse their wool is going out of fashion, at least with any sheep accounted valuable. It does not pay to imperil one's own health by standing in cold water, besides that of the sheep, to perform an operation of very doubtful benefit. Chilling the sheep gives them cold, and thus impairs the quality of the fleece more than getting out a little dirt benefits it. Usually by shearing time wool has become as dirty as before. It certainly needs a good deal of cleansing before it is fit for use. If the flock master has no sheep too valuable to subject to this harsh treatment, he should lose no time in selling his present stock and getting some.

TEACHING TURKEYS TO FORAGE.

Turkeys are very tender when young, and easily injured by tramping through wet grass. The old hen turkey has no discretion in this business and makes a bad mother while the chicks are young. The common hen has less disposition to ramble. If the hen turkey with her brood are confined at night, fed in the morning and not turned out until the grass is dry, the mother will soon lead her charge into pastures where grasshoppers, crickets and other small stuff will furnish them abundant food. Turkeys thus managed will attain much larger size by November than those kept in confinement, however liberally fed. There is something about the food the turkeys find themselves that agrees with them better than the grain or meal rations that the poultryer can provide.

LOW HEADED APPLE TREES.

Nearly all old apple trees are too high headed. The idea of their planters and early trainers seems to have been that it would not do to let branches hang so low that the largest horse could not plow or cultivate close to them without injury. The consequence is, the stems mostly run up seven or eight feet without a limb, and most of the fruit, exposed to winds, is blown off and spoiled for marketing. If not, it is extremely difficult and even dangerous to gather it by ladders. The way the business is managed now is to train low—keep the branches so that when loaded they will almost touch the ground. Keep the surface under the tree well mulched with manure, and this will

suppress most of the grass that would otherwise creep in. Many of the apples thus grown can be picked from the ground or by low step-ladders set under the trees.

DEMAND FOR EARLY GRAPES.

In setting out grape vines earliness is with most people the chief requisite demanded. The two varieties earliest introduced to cultivation, the Catawba and Isabella, were each too late for profitable growing except in favored localities. Experience with those whose grapes were only half ripe when frost cut them off has naturally made people cautious. Aside from this the demand for new grapes at first is one that scarcely respects their quality. The Champion grape, though a poor one, and scarcely eatable after others come, always sells well for a few days, but its season is a very short one. There are now many far better grapes nearly as early. Among these the best are Morris Early black, Brighton and Delaware red and Niagara white. If late-keeping varieties are wanted, Wilder and Barry black and the Salem and Agawam red of the Rogers hybrids will fill the bill. These are all earlier than either the Catawba or Isabella, but have thicker skins, and are therefore good keepers, though both Catawba and Isabella may be kept until January or later in good condition for use, if well ripened before being put up. Only fully ripened grapes will keep well.

THE SNOWY TREE CRICKET.

Many fruit growers do not know that crickets are enemies. It is these lively insects which cut off leaves, stems and blossoms of the grape, girdle the stems of raspberries and cause twig blight in apple, quince and other fruit trees. The only kind of insect known to prey on this destroyer is a variety of wasp, which lays its egg in the cricket, after first disabling it, and then leaves it to be devoured by its progeny, while still alive. The habits of this wasp known as Apicalis Spheex, were described by Willard I. Devereaux of Clyde, N. Y., at a recent meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society. Mr. Devereaux found the cricket catcher made a home for its young in the hollow stalks of wild lettuce, and probably of other weeds. It pierces the cricket with its sting in such a way as to paralyze the nerve centers without destroying life. The egg of the cricket catcher is deposited in the live cricket, and it is then carried to the hollow stalk, where successive crickets are deposited for additional food. From twelve to thirty crickets are found in each larva, usually about twenty. Probably one thousand or more crickets are annually destroyed by each female Spheex. It is worth while for fruit growers to grow some hollow stemmed plants to furnish a harbor for this useful friend to breed her young. Look carefully, even at hollow weeds that have remained through the winter, before plowing them under or burning them.—*American Cultivator.*

Genius.

Far out at sea—the sun was high,
While veered the wind and flapped the sail;
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale.
Far out at sea.
The little wanderer, who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew,
Settled awhile upon the mast,
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue
Far out at sea.
Above, there gleamed the boundless sky;
Beneath, the boundless ocean blue;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit life of this vast scene,
Far out at sea.
The tiny soul that soared away,
Seeking the clouds on fragile wings,
Lured by the brighter, purer ray
Which hove's ecstatic mirage brings
Far out at sea.
Away he sped, with shimmering glee,
Scarce seen, now lost, yet onward borne!
Night comes with woad and rain, and he
No more will dance before the morn
Far out at sea.
He dies, unlike his mates, I ween,
Perhaps not sooner or worse crossed,
And he hath felt and known and seen
A larger life and hope, though lost
Far out at sea.
—Richard Hengist Horne.

They Never Like To Talk Shop.

Extended observation has served to develop the fact to a writer on social matters that an editor prefers not to spend his few social hours in talking about the daily news. It is too much like "talking shop." Yet three-fourths of the people he meets in society persist in entertaining him by asking his views about public matters which he has already discussed in type to his heart's content and more. Very true. The newspaper man seems to have no rights which they should respect. He is always supposed to be on the look-out for something to write about. The idea that he is a liking for social enjoyment, desire to enjoy his home and a taste perhaps for music or reading or some other mental pleasure apart from the every day grind, never occurs to this class of individuals. A lady who met Whitelaw Reid of the New York Tribune at a fashionable reception in that city broke into smiles and effusively asked: "Ah, taking notes for your paper, I presume, Mr. Reid?" and that represents about the idea of the sort of persons referred to have concerning newspaper men in general.—*Tray Times.*

The fact that a gold mine has been discovered up in the wilds of Canada will not induce the Canucks to put up the bars against our bankers.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

It is better to use brick as paving material than to carry it in the hat.—*Lincoln Journal.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

PEANUT CANDY.

Remove the shells and brown skins from the nuts. Then boil two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, a piece of butter the size of a small egg, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil until nearly brittle; then place the peanuts in a buttered pan, pour the candy over them, and cut into squares or bars.

OMELET.

Beat the whites and yolks of eight eggs separately until light, then beat together and add one tablespoonful of cream; put a piece of butter the size of an egg in a frying-pan, and when boiling hot pour in the omelet, shake slowly till it begins to stiffen, then let it brown; fold double and serve hot.

FISH CHOWDER.

Take any large fish and cut it in thin slices, lay some slices of fat bacon at the bottom of the pot, and then a layer of fish, onions, cracker dust, red and black pepper, salt and butter; then more layers until all the fish shall have been used. Cover the whole with water, and cook until well done.

CHEESE SOUFFLE.

Beat two eggs very lightly and mix with them a seasoning of salt, pepper and cayenne, three tablespoonfuls of milk and two ounces of grated cheese. Beat the mixture thoroughly, then pour into the tin and bake in a brisk oven. Sometimes a teaspoonful of finely minced onion is added, and by some is considered a decided improvement.

INDIAN MEAL GREL.

Make a thin paste of one teaspoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of best cornmeal and a little water. Stir this into a quart of boiling water, or milk and water in equal proportions, as preferred; cook until the meal has set, stirring constantly, then turn into a double boiler and simmer for 1½ or two hours. Season with salt, and strain. If too thick, thin with milk or cream.

CLAM PATTIES.

Chop the clams fine, put them in a saucepan with a little milk and a portion of their own liquor, and stir in the yolk of an egg; season with pepper and salt to taste. When they are scalded add a tablespoonful of butter mixed with a little flour, let it simmer until the flour is cooked, then remove. Have ready some puff paste or other rich crust with which line patty pans, fill them with the clams, make a ring of the paste to partially cover them, and bake in a quick oven.

ORANGE COOKIES.

Into two tablespoonfuls of butter rub one large cup of brown sugar and two quarts of flour. Season with a great deal of orange peel, well grated, and mix with enough molasses to roll thin. Cut in fancy shapes and bake in a quick oven.

SALMON CROQUETTES.

Boil half a pint of milk, thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and let it become cold. Mince a pound can of salmon or one pound of fresh salmon. When very fine add a saltspoonful of white pepper. Moisten the minced salmon with the boiled milk, work to a paste, and add bread crumbs if too thin. When wanted, shape into cakes, rolls or cones, dip in egg and crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

FRUIT CAKE.

Five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two cups of flour, one teaspoon each of citron, currants and raisins.

PICKLED OYSTERS.

Rinse the oysters in their liquor, strain it upon them, and let them come to a boil, and take them out of the liquor to cool. Prepare cider vinegar by boiling it with peppers, a little salt, mace, olives and nutmeg, and when cold pour it over the oysters, and keep them in a covered stone jar.

Examples to Avoid.

In the words of the poet, "the lives of great men oft remind us we can make our own sublime," but of late we are reminded by the doings of great men that they may as carelessly trifle with their lease of life as ordinary folk. In the early part of April, ex-Senator Couklung was for many days making a close fight with death, and finally succumbed to inflammation of the ear resulting from exposure to the blizzard of March 12th. He was a robust man, rather beyond the prime of life who doubtless exulted in the vigorous long walk he took in the face of the storm, but it was a very incautious and impolitic thing for him to do, putting him on a par with those people who are not credited with sense enough to go in when it rains. From across the sea the cable brings the news of the death of Matthew Arnold, an English poet at the age of sixty-six from disease of the heart. He was aware of his weak heart, having been cautioned by his physician not to indulge in any sudden or severe exertion, but in a too happy mood and feeling his oats as it were, he ran and jumped a fence and soon fell dead. It is quite probable that had he been content to live an old man, he might have lived ten years longer. Very few are built on the one horse chaise principle and those of us who would live long and prosper would do well to learn our limitations and live within them.

Another recent ill-fated example of recklessness was exhibited by ex-Governor Dorsheimer who, tempted by the balmy weather of Savannah, Ga., about the first of April, went driving without an overcoat and was taken with pneumonia and died in a few days. Thus quickly was the life snuffed out of a man of robust body, large frame and vigorous constitution, though at the time a little below par from overwork.—*Dr. Foote's Healthy Monthly.*

A B-a-d Man.

He called himself Rattlesnake Bill, and he looked as if he might be a bad man to handle. He was up for drunkenness.

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" asked the Austin justice before whom he was being tried.

"You don't try a man before the inquests are held, do you? Don't you take me around first to the undertaker's shop to identify the remains? That is what I have been accustomed to do in Colorado. I am always asked to identify my corpses."

"What remains? What inquest?" asked the recorder.

"The mangled corpses of the policemen who tried to arrest me," said the desperado.

"You are laboring under some hallucination, my friend," remarked the recorder. "You didn't kill any policeman last night."

"Then he isn't dead yet. Take me to the hospital where his life is ebbing away. In Colorado I'm known as the Jumpin' Jimblecute that chews up railroad iron, and they allers take me to the bedside of the dying policeman who has tried to arrest me, so that he can identify me as the cyclone that devastated him. Have you taken the ante mortem of the policeman I partially destroyed last night?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the justice, "you were arrested and brought to the lock up by a little stick of a tailor who couldn't sleep on account of the racket you made."

"So I was arrested by a civilian, was I? O, well, that's all right. At first I was afraid I had disgraced myself. I was afraid I had allowed a squad of policemen to take me. Any citizen can arrest me with impunity. Civilians are beneath my resentment. A civilian can kick the Ghoul from Ghoulville who picks pieces of men from beneath his teeth after he has breakfasted, and I'll not lay my hands on him. You can't make me fight an ordinary citizen. It's officers of the law I'm after. When I want a fight I want some two or three policemen to tackle me as an inducement. It takes five able-bodied policemen to make it interesting enough for me to let myself out. I never fish for sardines. In Colorado they usually bring out a battery on me and a company of infantry, and then the carnage begins, but here in Texas, as long as you keep your police force out of my way when I am drunk, they are safe. If a squad of policemen had tried to arrest me last night they would now be nestling in some silent tomb, but when a civilian, and particularly, a tailor, comes at me, I weaken right off. Let me off this time; judge; I want to leave town right away. I want to offer myself to the State of Missouri to clean out those Bald Knobbers and White Caps. I'm the kind of man they need."

His honor refused to relent, and now the Jumpin' Jimblecute and Ghoul from Ghoulville is chopping down weeds with a hoe in the streets of Austin.—*Texas Siftings.*

Costly Attention To A Tramp.

One night last September a half blind tramp named Barney Morgan, was picked up on one of the streets of Bangor by the police and taken to the station. The next day he was arranged in the municipal court on the charge of being a tramp, and was bound over to the February term. The grand jury did not indict Morgan, and he was discharged.

It was thought that this community was rid of Barney when he gathered himself one morning and quietly left town. Nothing was heard of him till to-day, when a Chicago officer, Joseph T. Fenn, arrived in town with Barney, much to the surprise of the officers here.

It seems Barney made his way west after he left town, and one cold night was picked up in the streets of Chicago and taken to the detention house for shelter. How he reached Chicago is a wonder, for he had no money, and is so blind that he can barely distinguish daylight from darkness.

He was kept in the hospital for a few days until the court official ascertained where he came from, and then, as customary in that part of the country, he issued a warrant for his return to Bangor, with an enormous bill of expense attached to him.

He told the Chicago officers he came here from Bangor, and some of his underclothing bore the tag of a Bangor dry goods dealer.

Mr. Fenn says it is the custom in Chicago to return all wanderers to the place they came from, and if the expenses are not paid or the the unfortunate cared for to leave them inside of the town limit. He carries an order of Cook county (Illinois) court to return Barney to Bangor. When Barney was arrested here he said that he hailed from St. Johns, but nobody knows where he came from or anything about him. He is not a native of this city. The overseers of the poor of this city had case after case of tramp poor this winter, and this seems like the last show for them. They are puzzled what to do about the matter. The man is at the jail, where he is being cared for while the case is being decided. It is a most singular one, and legal luminaries are now working on it.

Tramps have often been given tickets to return to their homes by officials here, but they have never had one of these poor fellows returned from so great a distance as the west, accompanied by an officer.—*Eastern Argus.*

NOVEL METHOD OF FISHING.

How Northwestern Indians Catch Trout and Salmon—Diving for Fish.

The two Indians were going to show us their method of catching trout and salmon. The stream runs between steep mountains, is rocky and the current quite swift. The water was ice cold and clear as crystal. It was alive with small trout, and the big holes were well filled with salmon, or salmon trout, ranging from five to twelve pounds. How I did ache for my split bamboo, which I had foolishly left down in the valley. These fish, from the smallest to the largest, would take the fly of any kind of bait readily. Steiger proved this by losing fly nooks to two of the big fellows, but he captured a nice lot of the smaller ones, ranging from half a pound down. He stopped when he had enough, but I verily believe that 500 could easily be taken in a day by the industrious and unscrupulous trout hog. The Indians were fishing for themselves and, of course, we could not prevent them from using their regular methods of taking all the fish in their power, which they salt and dry or future use. While not sportsmanlike, it was decidedly interesting.

They first selected a suitable hole with fish enough to be an object. In this case it was about 200 yards long, thirty feet wide, and varying in depth to ten feet. At the bottom lazily swimming around were a number of big fish. From a sack Johnnie produced two light gill-nets, which were stretched across the stream about forty yards apart. Then he produced the tips of a spear, which were bound to a strong yellow pole. These tips when thrust into a fish come off the pole, but are held by buckskin strips. Now we are ready for business. Rocks are thrown into the water and the startled fish dart about, and in a moment the floats of a net are jerked violently under the water. The fish writhes and twists, tangling himself up hopelessly, and is soon taken out by his dusky captors. Sometimes a heavy fish would break the net and escape, but not often. After a number had been caught this way the frightened fish hid under the rocks and sulked. Then the spears came in to play, several being taken. On receiving the barbs they would struggle violently, and being hauled out by main strength and awkwardness would make a good fight.

Most of the big fish had now taken refuge under large rocks in the deepest part, and were clear out of sight. Then one of the Indians stripped off and with a small net eighteen inches in diameter, in the mouth of which was bent a willow pole, making it resemble the ordinary landing net, he slipped quietly into the almost freezing cold water and disappeared under a large rock. I held my breath in amazement, and after he had been under nearly a minute, I concluded he had drowned. But, no; away down a dark mass came slowly out and quickly arose to the surface. With a snort his head popped up, while in the net under his arm a 12-pound fish was struggling. He crawled out shivering and after a sun-bath was ready for another plunge. Along the bank for thirty feet was a shelving rock under which several fish had taken refuge. Propelling himself along for fashion, the Indian cleared it at one dive, catching one fish and driving out the rest.

Thus they kept at work until after about three hours' work, not a fish was left in the hole that would weigh as much as a pound. They caught about four hundred pounds of these fish on this trip. During the height of the fishing season the Indians from the reservation visit this stream by tribes, and for miles entirely clear the river of fish. They are also quite expert with hook and line, using venison for bait. Mr. Steiger presented one of them with a number of handsome fly hooks. He looked at them in a comical way, then took out his knife and deliberately trimmed the fly off, saying that he "didn't care for any of these x-fangled fixin's, venison was good enough for him for bait."—*Forest and Stream.*

Sudden Demonstration.

A piece of crape fluttered from the headpiece of the drawbridge over the Rancocas river at Honesport, as the west-bound train for Philadelphia approached, and the drawtender, George Hoyle, who for a score of years has lived in the little house besides the bridge with his wife, was absent from his post.

"That's a strange signal to have on the draw," said the engineer. Wonder what's the matter?"

Just then the train came to a halt at the edge of the bridge, and from his little house staggered George Hoyle, the drawtender, the tears coursing down his weather-beaten cheeks, and his voice choked with emotion that he could hardly speak.

"What's the matter, George?" asked the engineer in a kindly voice, as he noticed the draw-tender's agitation.

"The matter?" said Hoyle, with a sob that shook his frame. Well, I'm in hard luck. My wife dropped dead a few minutes ago while I stood joking with her at the door, waiting for the west-bound train to signal for the bridge. I heard the train coming, but I couldn't leave her at such a time, so I just picked up a bit of crape and got some one to hang it out, so you would know there was something wrong."

Just then the train started, and many were the expressions of sympathy among the passengers for the poor drawtender, who has been a faithful employ for many years.—*New York Herald.*

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

June 2, 1888.

The Place and the Man.

It is a trite saying that the place should seek the man, and not the man the place. It is unfortunately so trite that it is hardly ever heeded, and yet it has as grave significance as the hand-writing on the wall. America is an experiment as yet. The eyes of the world are upon this country. The grey-haired monarchs shake their heads ominously and say, "It will fail, the people cannot be intrusted with the affairs of government. They are too fickle, too false, too ignorant, too base to govern. They must be ruled with absolute sovereignty."

We of America ring out the answer, "No. The government of the people, by the people is the only true government. It must succeed, if only because right must ever prevail." But unless we heed some of the many warnings that are ours, in spite of our protests the government shall fall, and it will be because of its corruption.

The best men must be the choice of the people for every office in the land from the lowest to the highest, and when chosen to such offices, though they shrink from taking the places, must do so, as they would manfully do their duty. It is their sacred privilege to direct the affair of the nation and it must be so regarded. It is a pitiful state of affairs when the glory or the gold attached to an office makes a man seek it. Sadder yet, when his fellows allow him to attain it, satisfied by the privilege allowed them, thrown out as scraps to appease their anger at acts of injustice and fraud.

It is woeful to contemplate as a truth that the best men are unwilling to accept such trusts because of what it means. A clean record defiled, a pure character stained and a noble man degraded to baseness. It is this that the campaign fight means to-day, and it is little to be wondered at that men shrink from this. To run the campaign gauntlet men must be brave and staunch at heart, strong in body, and powerful in intellect, or they and those near them will go down in the hateful maelstrom. Many pause, hesitating to run the risk, and many more, unscrupulous men who have nothing to lose and everything to gain, are eager to attempt the race and leave no stone unturned to win. If the first class of men are not protected and sustained, and given the places for which they are fit, and the second class are not restrained and kept from being governors where they should be governed, the downfall of government which we all honor and love is inevitable.

The year has come again when the choice of a man to hold the highest place in the nation's gift, must be made. That choice demands the calm, cool, careful decision of the whole people. It is not to fill an office with the man who demands it, but to search through the length and breadth of the continent for a typical American, who is fitted for the great trust, that the nation must repose in him. The time is ripe for action. Grave questions present themselves, serious problems await solution, and the safety of our country demands the truest, best man for the place, and he should be sought out. This does not apply alone to the presidency of this country, but eminently to the vice-presidency, to each member of Congress, the Governor, and every minor officer in the State, the county and the town. The exigency is great. The people must awake to the demand of the times, and careful guard the offices in their gift from all unworthy demagogues, while they encourage the good and the fit to fill the places their qualifications demand them to take. In this way only is the safety, the peace and prosperity of our government assured, and only thus is the lie proven to those who insist that a monarchy is the only lasting form of government.

Judge Martin and Gov. Glick have the hatchet. The next thing John Martin should do, is to unearth the orange hammer.

All the fools in south will probably not die off until the whole of the present generation are under the green sod. There are still enough of them left to appear more ridiculous than serious. These displays of idiocy are so timed as to emphasize their foolishness. Right now on the verge of a presidential campaign, a confederate monument is dedicated at Jackson, Miss., to which no one need object. But along with it, a silver crown is presented indirectly through his daughter to Jeff. Davis, whom the Lord has permitted to live so long to endure the mortification of his life failure. Of course advantage will be taken of this idiotic proceeding, harmless as it may be.

Wednesday was Memorial day. We place garlands on the graves of the American soldiers—the blue and the gray. On the blue in honor of a sacrifice for the Union. On the gray in remembrance that the cause for which he died, the imagined right to dismember a great nation, died and is buried with him, and that hereafter we are one people, united and free, with all bitterness laid beneath the blossoms with which memorial day garlands the cemeteries of the entire nation. Let it be done reverently, dispassionately, and in the spirit of harmony and restored charity and brotherly love.

Keep in view, in securing your family reading, your wants and the influence upon your family of the literature you introduce. Do not be awayed by any illusory hope of gaining affluence through the operation of "luck" in drawing cheap truck through chance schemes. Buy the class of reading your judgment sanction. Keep your family pure. Take your best county paper, and a standard paper like the Kansas City Journal and the heads and hearts of your family will be benefited and never hurt.

The managers of the Buffalo International Exposition are in correspondence with representative firms of every important industry in America, to secure exhibits. Manufacturers and others desiring space in the exposition should correspond at once with the Secretary. The exposition will be held from September 4th to 14th, and no entries will be accepted after.

Illinois Republicans will find plenty of work during the campaign, if they expect to defeat grand old Gen. John M. Palmer, the democratic candidate for governor. If the party would always make as worthy nominations, it would not take long to establish the party in the confidence of the people. But unfortunately they do not.

This week the prohibition party will bring out its presidential ticket, and the democrats will do the same next week. There will be only eight or ten parties running presidential tickets this year, unless some new fever in that line breaks out.

Fortify yourself against the campaign liar, who will soon be round seeking whom he may mislead.

To the republican party—Nominate James G. Blaine and die.

Cheap Excursions.

The Union Pacific will make a rate on one limited first-class fare for the round trip, from all stations to the following points:
National Republican Convention at Chicago, Good, going June 16th to 19th and returning till June 25th.
National Democratic Convention at St. Louis, Good, going June 2d to 5th and returning till June 11th.
Meeting Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias at Cincinnati Ohio, Good, going June 8th to 13th returning till June 19th.
Dunkards Meeting at North Manchester, Ind. Good, going May 17th to 24th and returning until June 2th.
These rates are open to all.
Secure your tickets of F. A. Louis, City Ticket Agent 525 Kansas Avenue, or of J. F. Gwin at depot.

The reading public has reason to be disgusted with any medicine which claims to cure everything, from a corn to consumption. Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria is simply what its name imports. If you have Malaria in your system, a few doses will destroy it immediately. So far as now known it is the only antidote for this poison. Sold by Druggists.

—There is food for reflection in the fact that we have made 929 treaties with the Indians and broken almost every one.

Two petitions representing the signatures of 270,000 men and women of Denmark have been presented to the Danish government, protesting against the state regulation of vice.

In the General Conference Dr. Wilder offered a resolution providing for a general election in 1890, to test the question of woman's admission to General Conference. It was voted down.

Liquor is said to have been the cause of the recent death of Henry C. Spaulding, the inventor of "Spaulding's Glue." At one time he was worth \$80,000, but his death bed was in an almshouse.

Norway is becoming aroused on the subject of the better protection of women. A petition has lately been forwarded to King Oscar, praying that steps be taken to prevent the circulation of immoral writing and pictures.

Dispatches state that parties in St. Louis are forming a Limberger cheese trust. There is one thing certain, it will never be investigated.—Capital.
Just so. Every one will keep his nose out of other people's business for once.

Crop reports from a number of states show a general backwardness in growing crops, on account of the unseasonable spring weather that has so far prevailed. Considerable damage from chinch-bugs, Hessian fly and cut-worms, is also referred to.

In all the discussion about the Negro Problem in the South, Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, has hitherto maintained silence. But he has now written for the Forum an article, which will appear in the June number, wherein he gives a resume of the experience of South Carolina when the State Government was in the control of the Negroes. It is a frank and strong statement of the Southern convictions about Negro supremacy in politics.

The war now raging upon the saloon everywhere, can have but one result. With or without a prohibition political party, the public saloon must go. It has become a great and obnoxious power, so great as to awaken general apprehension. The saloon has controlled our politics for years, and strange as it may sound, it has had great influence in our churches. Its very aggressiveness has become alarming until a wide spread sentiment exists against it. To what extent the temperance and prohibition agitation of the last few years has worked this change, it is not easy to determine. A more stringent regulation, and even the utter suppression of the saloon is now advocated by many who are not in sympathy with the principle of prohibition and total abstinence. Their senses have doubtless been greatly quickened by agitation, and influences have been felt that they would not generally admit.

Senator Ingalls's son Ralph made a short speech at Wichita during the convention last week in which he said that the names of John Brown, Jim Lane and John J. Ingalls would stand out more prominently than all others when the history of Kansas is written. It would have shown better taste if Ralph had kept his mouth shut.—Manhattan Nationalist.

That is our opinion too. Young Ingalls certainly displayed a freshness characteristic of the family. While the Gazette admires Senator Ingalls for the enemies he has made made for his oft demonstrated abilities, we think the above compliment coming from his son is one that he will hardly appreciate.—St. Mary's Gazette.

Pass the young man along. A good lesson in modesty and decency will be healthy for the young fellow.

Paramore Bros., real estate agents, are making plans to put up a handsome three story brick block on the site now occupied by their office on Kansas avenue.

Part of the machinery for the sugar mill has arrived, and the management feel assured the factory will be ready by the time the sorghum crop is fit to use.

North Side Improvements.
Mr. T. M. Forbes is building a new and handsome residence on lots No. 161 and 163, on Paramore street, in Paramore's addition.

W. S. Eastman has staked out for a fine building, on lots No. 162 and 164, on Monroe street in Paramore's addition.

Henry Leese is repairing his residence, and building a new barn, on the corner of Paramore and Madison street. It will add greatly to the looks of his property.

J. W. Paramore's house on Monroe St. is nearly completed. It will be a handsome residence.

Sylvester Taylor is building a two story residence on Taylor street, near the Rock Island round house, that will cost about \$2,000.

TOPEKA.

The Marvelous Growth of the Capital City.

The coming cities in the west will be the manufacturing cities, and the cities that lead in this will lead in all other respects. Upon this fact we base our hopes of Topeka.

Manufacturing is in its infancy in the west, and it is true also of Topeka. What we already have is but a foreshadow of what we are sure to have in the near future. According to the state statistician, Topeka ranks first among the manufacturing cities of Kansas, and is barely surpassed by Kansas City. Scarcely a day passes but that some new industry, large or small, is located here to swell our already long list.

The new enterprises started here last year would swell a volume. They are all substantial enterprises and our business men have invested large in them because profit seems to be inevitable. Eastern manufacturers have located here because after looking at all the larger cities of the state, they have become convinced that Topeka is the most convenient point, has the best location and more promising facilities for manufacturing than any city in Kansas.

The west intends to do the manufacturing for the west, and although it has been claimed that factories could never be maintained on the boundless prairies of the west, we intend to prove by deeds the utter falsity of this idea. We can compete with the pauper labor of the east and we don't need any protective tariff to help us. We are perfectly willing to match western pluck and energy against any other advantage that the east may possess.

In the Santa Fe shops are employed thousands of the best paid and most competent mechanics. Cars and coaches of every description are built by the company, and they have found that they can build a better car in every particular, for less money, than they can be bought from any of the eastern manufacturers. The locomotives turned out from the shops in this city cannot be surpassed by those manufactured any place in the world. Experts testify that the Santa Fe locomotives built in this city are finest made.

We have the cotton mill, which will be in operation in the course of a month, and which will be the largest establishment of the kind in the west. This industry will employ over 200 persons. Our sugar mill will be the largest one outside of the state of Louisiana. It has been demonstrated that sugar making can be made a profitable industry, and the success of this enterprise is not questioned by anyone acquainted with the facts. Then, there is our tool factory and many others, all located here within a year, and employing hundreds of men. Last year fifteen manufacturing concerns were located here, and their capital aggregates \$1,800,000.

Within one year the business done by our manufacturing concerns has more than doubled, and the same increase will continue this year if it is not exceeded.

It will be but a short time before the Topeka Wheel Factory and Malleable Iron works, will commence the manufacture of the "Topeka wheel," a patent obtained by a Topeka man. This wheel is so superior in its construction that it will certainly soon supersede all other wheels and do much towards advertising Topeka. This company has \$100,000 capital and their plant will be on a large scale. Two hundred men will be employed at once in the shops.

Topeka has four foundry and machine shops, employing 250 men; two packing houses doing a large, profitable and growing business. Besides these we have a canning factory, a cracker factory, a starch factory, a canning factory, a vinegar factory, a large wholesale candy factory, ten cigar factories, cornice and metal factory, paving and roofing works, steam power works, a large boiler factory, a tent and awning factory, a linseed oil factory, three electric light plants, and numberless other industries, whose products in 1887 amounted to nearly \$15,000,000.

Our publishing houses are on a large scale not exceeded by St. Louis and Chicago. We have four establishments alone employing over 500 men, whose superior skill cannot be equaled anywhere. The work done by these houses is a credit to themselves and to the city and state.

Our milling and flouring industry is our pride, and while it might be classed under this head we will not do so, but will treat of it exclusively in a future article.

Coal of the best quality is found in large quantities near Topeka, and this is an advantage always considered in the establishment of manufacturing industries. Our railway facilities are not surpassed by any city in the west, and Topeka is a natural distributing point for a large scope of territory, and that is an advantage of great importance. To sum the matter up in a few words, Topeka has every advantage that should make it the great manufacturing center of the growing west, and has nothing to hinder it from becoming such.

ST. JACOBS OIL FOR NEURALGIA.

The German Scholar, Dr. RICHARD OBERLÄNDER, LEIPZIG, Germany, Secretary Ethnological Museum, F. S. U. G. A., M. G. S., Author and Savant, wrote over his autograph, here shown, as follows:

"I tried St. Jacobs Oil and was entirely cured of Neuralgic pains."

— CURES —
RHEUMATISM and LUMBAGO.

— SOLD BY —
Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

BOUTELL'S PRINCESS TEA

Is not packed in tin cans, but in miniature Tea chests lined with tea lead constructed after Chinese methods for preserving strength and flavor.

NORRIS & GREEN.
Kansas Avenue - North Topeka.

Lieutenant Reed, an army officer from Fort Riley was in the city yesterday conferring with Detective King and Marshal Allen in reference to several cases of desertion from the fort. A half dozen privates are said to have skipped the post and come in this general direction. The officer left on the midnight train for Fort Riley. It is believed that the deserters are in Fort Scott.

It is reported on the north side that Fred Pensky, will, as soon as work commences on the new bridge across the Kaw, build a new four story hotel fronting 100 feet east on Kansas avenue and 125 feet south on the river.

We do not know that J. H. Fought is candidate for state senator, but if the people will elect him they will do well.

Mrs. A. J. Carruthers of Salina, county superintendent, was a visitor at the capital yesterday. She is one of the most intelligent ladies in the state, and she is every way capable of filling the important office for which her friends will urge her.

There is no call for an extension of the right of suffrage that is not in some way based on intelligence. One of the greatest of past mistakes was the opening the doors wide to ignorant male suffrage.

Professor Snow, of the State University Lawrence, is investigating the Kansas chinch bugs.

"The Deedrick Skule of Fifty Years Ago" will be given in the Grand opera house Saturday night, June 2, by the Congregational church society.

The Sunday Ledger is a new story paper just issued by the Ledger company Colonel George W. Reed business manager.

A mad dog always creates a good deal of excitement but fortunately very few dogs go mad.

Western Kansas is blooming like a rose and eastern Kansas is blooming like Jacobs gourd.

The June number of the Eclectic offers many features of interest which should engage the attention of all thinking readers. The opening paper by Prince Kropotkin, the nihilist and socialist, under the title of "The Breakdown of the Industrial System," examines into the industrial evils of the day and indulges in a glowing anticipation of the benefits of socialism to the poor man. There is an exceedingly interesting paper on the "Central African Question," which explains many points obscure to the ordinary reader. The Anglo-American Copyright Question, which has absorbed so much attention for several years, is very ably discussed from the English standpoint. Miss Christina's "Recollection of Charles Dickens" will be read with great interest, as they give many fresh and entertaining facts concerning one of the few writers about whom and of whom readers never tire. Mr. John Addington Symonds is represented by a brilliant and suggestive essay on "Caricature, the Fantastic the Grotesque, in which he discusses the laws which govern the legitimate use of caricature. Mr. Maccoll's very thoughtful study of "Islam and Christianity" contrasts some of the recent secular essays which have appeared on this subject in the English magazine. Prof. Richard Proctor talks about the "Everlasting Hills, and though geology is not his specialty, he shows he is master of it sufficiently to be a most entertaining writer. Oscar Browning's article on "The Art of George Eliot" is written in both a critical and appreciative spirit. The sketches of Matthew Arnold, from the Athenaeum, Spectator, and Academy, will be read with great interest. There are several poems, among which may be mentioned Swinburne's "The Tyneside Widow" a little gem of simple and homely pathos, showing the poet in a new light; and Alfred Austin's "A March Minstrel." Published by E. R. Pelton 25 Bond Street New York. Terms \$5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, \$1. Eclectic and any \$4 Magazine, \$5.

The Democrat gives a large amount of taffy to the Post and its editor. The Post it is in order to state, is the weekly organ of one faction of the labor party. With the Democrat, this is, of course, a strategical move, and according to our political ethics, quite pardonable. The so-called labor movement, it is supposed, will be an aid to the democratic party, as the prohibition party movement will be, hence it is a thing to be coached, and humored.

While there are many fundamental principles of the labor reform movement, considered as a whole, to be heartily commended, there is yet so much in their connection that is crude, undeveloped and impractical, and withal so completely in the hands of leaders without a true moral conception of duty, that no possibility of early results can be said to exist. But this would not be discouraging, if one could see any true educational process going on. But there is very little indeed that is assuming shape. At present all seems to be disintegration. The movement is divided into a dozen factions, and among them all there is not one that is inspired by a high moral motive. The only approach to it may be found in one feature of the new prohibition party, which in some states, Kansas among them, aims to incorporate a recognition of this question.

Recurring to the original thought, we illustrate the point made. The Democrat commends the Post of this city, the labor organ. Its purpose is a selfish one, a readiness to increase disaffection, and to create a diversion in the interest of its own party. The real truth is that the Post, instead of doing the cause of the working man the least good, is like too many other so-called labor reform movements, simply dragging the laborer down, and injuring his cause.

The very first requisite for labor reform is to build up and strengthen the laborer morally. Above all things it is absolutely demanded that nothing shall be said or done to weaken him. Now the Post, and almost without exception, the labor reform, anti-monopoly and other similar papers do not have the slightest comprehension of this idea. Only a few weeks ago the Post published several columns, and repeated the offense against decency, week after week, of such scandalous and prurient matter as no other paper in this city, at least would think of doing.

Most of United, or labor Union, or labor reform papers are of the same class. Instead of endorsing total abstinence, not to say advocating prohibition, they are filled with apologies for drinking, attacks upon prohibition and homilies upon the virtue of beer and the need of stimulants. Instead of teaching christianity, they tacitly and some of them openly revile it. Instead of recognizing the Sabbath, they desecrate it with games and carousals. Instead of giving their readers pure, wholesome reading, they give sensational, inflammatory, prurient, filthy mental food.

Such policy does not commend itself it need not be said, to the religious community. It antagonizes even these of no religious profession. It offends common morality. It estops any outflow of general sympathy where it is most needed.

Judge John Martin seems to be almost the unanimous choice of the democrats, as their candidate for governor. He is one of their best men, and will honor the party.

When it comes to that order of business it will take just about as long to nominate Grover Cleveland for a second term, as it did another convention to do the same for Gen. Grant.

The death of Gen. Sheridan will take from us another of the most marked characters of the war of the rebellion. Gen. Sherman, alone, perhaps will be the only one left of those who stood in the very front rank.

Four years ago Kansas had only six representatives, delegates and others, at the Pittsburg Prohibition party convention. This week at the Indianapolis convention there are not less than sixty. And yet, there is not now so much reason for a third party in this state, as there appeared to be at that time.

Appointments of Bishop Thomas for the Month of June.

June 3—A. M. and P. M., Arkansas City.
June 4—Monday, P. M., Winfield.
June 5—Tuesday P. M., Topeka.
June 10—Sunday A. M. and P. M., Fort Scott.
June 11—Monday P. M., Pittsburg.
June 12—Tuesday P. M., Columbus.
June 13—Wednesday P. M., Baxter Springs.
June 14—Thursday P. M., Galena.
June 15—Friday P. M., Paola.
June 17—Sunday A. M., Topeka.
June 24—Sunday A. M., Marysville.
June 25—Monday P. M., Reedsville.
June 26—Tuesday P. M., Irving.
June 27—Wednesday P. M., Junction City.
June 28—Thursday P. M., Salina.
July 1—Sunday A. M., Topeka.

Miss Josie Davis had a narrow escape from death last week; she was troubled with canker in her mouth when some one recommended sulphate of zinc which she applied and afterwards rinsed her mouth out with water thereby distributing the poison through the system. Prompt action on the part of her family and the efforts of Dr. Burgen saved her life although for a time it was despaired of.

Considerable excitement was worked up this afternoon about two o'clock when the composition in big heaters of the asphalt Co. took fire on the corner of Laurent and the avenue. There was no little blaze and huge volumes of smoke as if half the town was on fire. The boys took out the chemical engine and a good guard lest some of the neighboring buildings might take fire, but ended in smoke, excitement and a big crowd.

The alarm of fire last evening came from Tenth and Monroe, and was caused by the burning of a small shed of little consequence.

The Barber asphalt company will today about finish the contract for paving in North Topeka.

Easy Way Out.

D. C. McClafferty, better known as "Peg Leg," was fined \$100 and costs and sentenced to 90 days in jail for selling intoxicating liquors in violation of the laws of the United States, by Judge Foster in the United States district court.

"Peg Leg" has been the keeper of a stand at the corner of Third street and Kansas avenue, where he sold only those drinks that do not sting like an adder, ostensibly, but, in fact, supplied his trade with whisky whenever he thought his customer was safe and would not give the snap away.

He has indicted in the federal court and pleaded guilty. Sentence was suspended because he was a cripple ex-soldier and on his promise to go hence and sin no more.

Last night "Peg Leg" furnished some of his trade with a quantity of ardent. The parties who consumed it engaged in a row in which one of them was "done up."

Knowing no easier way to get even, he reported the sale to the city authorities, who being familiar with the status of his case in Judge Foster's court, informed the Judge how "Peg Leg" had violated his promise, whereupon the judge caused him to be brought before him with the result already told.

Radges' new business directory shows that the city of Topeka has 101 lawyers, 108 real estate agents, 71 physician, 115 grocers, 27 druggists, 25 dry goods dealers, 22 dress makers, 55 meat market, 13 millinery establishments, 20 livery and feed stables, 26 loan agents, 21 loan, trust and investment companies, 9 architects, 10 bakers, 11 banks, 33 barber shops, 8 billiard halls, 23 blacksmith shops, 22 boarding houses, 10 book and stationery stores, 17 boot and shoe dealers, 4 candy manufacturers, 20 contractors, and builders, 9 cigar dealers, 6 cigars factories, 4 wholesale cigar houses, 20 clothing establishments, 22 coal dealers, 25 confectionery establishments, 11 dentists, 10 furniture dealers, 5 gas fitters, 13 hardware establishments, 5 harness factories, 8 dealers in furnishing goods, 18 hotels, 30 insurance agents, 6 laundries, 15 lunch rooms, 8 tailors, 9 newsdealers, 12 sign painters, 9 photographers, 8 plumbers, 15 printing establishments, 26 restaurants, 12 secondhand stores, 6 undertakers, 11 watchmakers and jewelers.

Six handsome houses are going up on the Howard addition north of the Rock Island round house that will cost from \$800 to \$1,500 each.

J. Q. A. Peyton was in Silver Lake yesterday superintending some improvements in his store, to be occupied by Petro Bros. on June 1. The storeroom is one of the largest and handiest outside the city limits, being 120x90 feet in dimensions.

The Ingleside lawn party netted the ladies \$176 over and above all expenses, which was a most gratifying result.

Boston Corbett Escapes.

Boston Corbett, the notorious slayer of John Wilkes Booth, President Lincoln's assassin, who had been an inmate of the state insane asylum a little more than a year made his escape from the asylum Saturday morning about 8 o'clock. Corbett and a number of inmates were taking their usual morning walk Corbett dropped a short distance behind the others, and coming up to a visitor's horse hitched to a fence, he sprang upon the horse and before the attendant knew any thing about it Corbett was bounding away. He has been unusually violent lately, and had threatened to take the life of Governor Martin, the state officers, who he thinks are responsible for his being placed in the asylum. Word was sent at once to the Governor to watch out, the superintendent thinking it possible that Corbett would start for the state house at once. He did not put in an appearance, however, and is still at large. It is thought that probably he has gone west with the intention of reaching his farm in Cloud county, which he claims is now occupied by people who are his enemies, and whom he has threatened to kill. A number of men were out hunting for Corbett all day yesterday and scoured the county in every direction, but they were unable to get any trace of him.

Corbett rode off a medium light bay pony which had been left at a hitching post by a visitor. He has dark hair parted in the middle, chin whiskers and mustache, and is about five feet four inches in height. He has on a gray jeans suit with his name marked thereon and a dark soft hat.

It will be remembered that Corbett was a doorkeeper in the house of representatives at the session of 1887. His mind has always been affected, but it is only in recent years that he has become dangerous. He performed the duties of doorkeeper satisfactorily until the idea struck him that some of the officers of the house were endeavoring to get him out of the way; he appeared one morning with a pistol and threatened to kill a number of people. He was at once taken before Probate Judge Quinton and was pronounced insane, and has since that time been an inmate of the asylum.

The City Printing.

At the city council meeting last evening a communication signed by W. P. Tomlinson, editor of the Topeka Democrat, calling attention to the fact that the contract for the city printing would expire June 7, and asking "that the door be opened to the lowest bidder," was presented and read.

This matter also brought out considerable discussion.

Messrs. Urmey, Gunn, Heery and Whaley were in favor of allowing bids with a view of securing economy in the printing.

A resolution by Mr. Heery that the clerk advertise for bids were lost.

Councilman Ritchie then offered the following which was adopted by a vote of 5 to 4, Heery, Whaley, Gunn and Urmey voting against it:

Resolved, That the Kansas Daily State Journal be and the same is hereby declared the official paper of the city of Topeka for the ensuing year at a one-half legal rates and that the mayor is hereby instructed to enter in contract for the city printing in accordance herewith.

The mayor announced that he would not sign any contract for printing that was as hastily considered and passed until the other papers had had an opportunity to bid for the printing.

Let this action of Mayor Metsker be recorded to his honor. Let the action of the two councilmen from the first ward, Messrs. Urmey and Gunn, and that of Heery and Whaley, be recorded to their honor.

These men have some regard for the people, and an evident care for the people's money. The council have no right to vote away the public funds recklessly. The city printing is a big item of expense. If any of it can be saved and a single member of the council dares oppose it, he should be marked. Let those five members who seem to have no care for the public good in this respect be made to think. A man who acts blindly, and from personal and party feeling in such matters, and cannot get above it, owes to the city his resignation.

The Bethany college commencement exercises begin at 9:30 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Next Sunday will be flower Sunday at Unity church, and the church will be a veritable conservatory.

Moonlight boating parties on Soldier creek have become very popular lately with the young society people in town who are nautically inclined.

"The paving company done a poor job" Oh, go to a primary school.

We have as yet, had very few cool days. It is not bad for the wheat, and there is plenty time for the corn.

The woman who married Chaska the Indian, is said to be raking in the dimes in Chicago at the rate of five to fifteen thousand a day.

The Rapid Transit is a go. We did it with our newspapers, thank us for it. We will save North Topeka yet, and make every body rich and happy.

Let there be no peace until the sidewalks are not only cleaned off, but are reconstructed, brought down to grade, and the old wooden traps replaced by something more creditable.

The many friends of Mr. A. B. Strowger, the former North side undertaker, but who is now doing business in Kansas City will be glad to learn of his good luck, a son was born to him on the 18th inst.

Mr. J. Nunn, of the North side, received his appointment yesterday as local agent for the Hamburg-American steamship line and he is now prepared to accommodate travelers with tickets across the Atlantic.

A. A. Martin, who moved from the North side to Augusta, this state, a short time ago, will return back in a short time, to his former home on Quincey street. His many friends on the North side will give him a hearty welcome.

J. Arrell Johnson returned yesterday from Junction City on the 3 o'clock Union Pacific train, where he has been in attendance on the decoration of Logan Grove, which is two miles south of Junction City, on Captain Robert Henderson's farm.

The Rev. Mr. Mix has accepted a call to the church of the Good Shepherd. He is a young man, recently from the episcopal school at Fairbault, Minn. He commenced his ministerial work as a Presbyterian. It is expected that he and his young wife will arrive here in a few days.

For the last few days we have not had much rain, and the river was falling. But up in Nebraska they have had piles of it, and that is where many of the great feeders of the Kaw take their rise. Consequently there was a great rise in the Kaw water at this point that was quite mysterious for a time.

It is said that prospecting for coal is to begin on the south side at an early day. There is a tradition quite ancient, that a hole was bored several hundred feet in search of coal and that indications were favorable. The records have probably been lost. Still, there is a strong conviction that something valuable may yet be found under Topeka. It is said there are faint remains of the old work still shown.

Albert N. See commenced action in the district court Monday against P. T. Rhodes and the Kansas Chautauqua Publishing company. Plaintiff alleges that he sold the press, material and job work belonging to the Kansas Methodist to Rhodes for \$1,466.53. Rhodes acted as agent for the Kansas Chautauqua Publishing company and gave as part payment on the sale a lot in North Topeka for which he received credit for \$800. Plaintiff further alleges that he sold the subscription to the Kansas Methodist for 25 cents each at which valuation they were worth \$318.50. Plaintiff says that he has not received any further payment on this sale except the \$800 above mentioned and that there is now due him \$1,057.13 with interest from August 12, 1887, to date.

The many friends of Justin Hillyer are glad to see him in health so far as to be again on the street. Mr. Hillyer began his life with the beginning of the nineteenth century, so is now 88 years old but in progressive spirit and intelligent and hearty appreciation of the reforms and the advancement of the age. He is a model for our young men. He has never in his life used tobacco or strong drink. He is an ardent believer in the advancement of women, and enjoys the progress visible on every hand with supreme zest. He has hosts of friends, who all wish him many more years of happiness and usefulness; for such men are useful as long as they live.

The board of education has advertised for bids for the erection of a two-story frame addition to the Parkdale school house.

A Shawnee county farmer yesterday brought in a blue catfish weighing sixty pounds which he caught in the Kaw river near Lawrence.

J. M. Wiley, the Kansas avenue caterer and baker of North Topeka, wants it generally understood, as a fact, that he is not the Willy, a restaurateur, who has been hauled up before the police court on divers occasions for selling impure milk and beverages on Sunday.

The June Magazine of American History is remarkable for the variety and excellence of its contents. It completes the nineteenth volume of this invaluable publication. Its frontispiece is Robertson's exquisite miniature portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The opening article, "The Conquest of the Mayas," is the third in Alice D. Le Plongeon's graphic historical sketches of Yucatan, and is illustrated from photographs made by the author while residing in that remote country. The second article, "The Military Career of General George Izard," by Dr. G. E. Manigault, of Charleston, S. C., concerns the war of 1812, and is brightened with a superb portrait of General Izard. Following this is an able treatise on "Popular Government in Virginia, 1606-1776," by the accomplished author, Luther Henry Porter. Then comes four papers that all classes of readers will enjoy, "Personal Recollections of William H. Seward," by Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman; "Incidents in the Life of John Hancock" as related by his wife, from the diary of General William H. Sumner, and contributed by James W. Gerard; a continuation of the extracts from "An Englishman's Pocket Note-Book in 1828," telling what the writer saw in New Orleans; and "Daniel Webster's Visit to Missouri" an account of his last western trip, by Judge A. Wood.

In spite of reports to the contrary the Cosmopolitan magazine will continue to be published in the lively and original style which has distinguished it as the brightest of the young magazines. The June number, shortly to be issued, promises to be the best it has ever sent forth. The leading article, upon "The Romance of Roses," is an entertaining account, by Sophia B. Herrick, of the most remarkable stories and facts clustering about these universal favorites of the floral realm. It is richly illustrated by many engravings and by four colored pages, including a handsome water-color frontispiece by George Wharton Edwards representing an Egyptian rose fete. Frank G. Carpenter, the well-known Washington correspondent, contributes a chatty article upon "Leading Ladies of the American Court, profusely illustrated by twenty engraved portraits of the most prominent women in Washington society, and by a page engraving of a reception by Mrs. Cleveland.

Nothing definite has been heard at the capital of Boston Corbett, who escaped from the asylum for the insane on Saturday. Yesterday a farmer, who claimed to reside west of town, and who refused to give his name, visited Governor Martin's office. He wanted to know if any reward had been offered for Corbett's apprehension. He claimed to have seen him on Saturday, and further averred that he knew where he was, and could and would turn him over to the authorities if paid a reward. Being told that no reward had been advertised for Corbett's return, he departed much disgusted, declining to tell his name, where he lived and where he thought Corbett was concealed. There are always some men ready to rob the public treasury if they get a chance.

The June St. Louis Magazine contains a valuable illustrated article on Alice and Phoebe Cary by Rev. Dr. Thompson and Editor A. N. De Menil; interesting papers and stories in the "Civil War Papers" and Stories departments, by Major Everson and others; Clara J. Denton writes of the great German author, Lessing; U. S. Marshal J. W. Emerson has a patriotic poem; there are poems by Horace S. Keller, Mamie S. Paden, Emeraldale Boyle, and others, "Literary Chats" by the editor; etc, etc. Price, only 15 cents. For a specimen copy of The St. Louis, send to New St. Louis Magazine Co., Pubs., St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Gusie Steinhoff is very sick. The county poor farm now has twenty-five inmates.

Boston Corbett is still at large. The asylum authorities are still hunting for him.

The annual Bethany concert will be given this evening at the Congregational church.

The Spirit of Kansa

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

The annual death rate of London is about 20 in 1,000, while that of New York is 26 to 1,000.

LORD LUCAS spent \$800,000 to keep a railroad from crossing the place where Matthew Arnold now lies buried.

MISS ADA BELLE RICHARDS, a cousin of President Arthur, has married Dr. Wright, a quarter-blooded Choctaw Indian.

Mrs. QUINCY A. SHAW has for eight years supported free kindergartens in the poorest quarters of Boston and Cambridge.

MISS HELEN BLANCHARD lives in Philadelphia luxury on the fortune she made from the invention of a sewing machine attachment.

THE Prince of Wales wears a billy-cock hat, smokes a short pipe and drives about in a hired carriage when at Cannes or Nice, and cuts everybody who attempts to treat him as a prince.

THE late Mr. Arnold said in his much-discussed article in the nineteenth Century that "in America all luxuries are dear except oysters and ice." This only in comparison with England.

LORD SALISBURY, Premier of England, who was formerly a working journalist, is always as courteous as his position will allow to newspaper men, and frequently encloses news to men who were formerly his co-laborers.

REV. GEORGE BARNES, the famous evangelist from the mountains of Kentucky, is a man of striking appearance. He is now 60 years old, is full six feet tall, and his straight, vigorous form shows no sign of the stoop that comes from age. His face shows strength of character and earnestness in every line.

No more striking evinence has recently been given of the progress of political intelligence in Germany than the honors which have been paid by the representatives of the official class of that empire to our distinguished fellow citizen Carl Schurz. Mr. Schurz' welcome to Berlin may serve as proof that there is less of the Bourbon spirit in Germany than some of its critics have taught us to believe.

THE late Demas Barnes had a splendid collection of paintings and statuary. During the war and for some time thereafter Mr. Barnes was engaged with John F. Henry in the patent medicine business, and made a great fortune out of Drake's Plantation Bitters ("S-T-1860-X"), which was perhaps the most extensively advertised patent medicine ever put on the market.

GEN. GOFF, of West Virginia, is rich. He has made some money and got a fortune by inheritance. Straight, clean-cut and boyish-looking, he is not over 5 feet 8 inches high, and he does not weigh more than 125 pounds. He looks very young to have been a member of President Hayes' Cabinet, and his strength lies in his strong common sense, his popular, democratic ways and his keen eye for the main chance in politics.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, of telephone fame, was a penniless boy in Edinburgh twenty-five years ago. He is now 40 years old, and is described as a handsome man of modest demeanor. He came to this country in 1873, and has a beautiful home in Washington. His wife is a deaf mute, but she and her husband converse just as well as other people, for he understands every movement of her lips, as she does of his. No man was ever known to make money as rapidly, in a purely legitimate way, by the sale of his invention, and outside of all speculation, as Alex Graham Bell.

FOUR or five years ago Charles A. Thompson of Hutchinson, Kan., left his employer and went to New Mexico. A few months afterward his parents died in Iowa and left him \$25,000. A guardian was appointed who tried to find the young man, whose 21st birthday was on May 11, 1887. He had about given up hope of finding him, when a few months ago a letter reached Hutchinson from young Thompson. A detective was put on the track, and the heir was found loafing around the wharves of San Francisco under an assumed name. He manifested little interest in the fortune, and with difficulty was persuaded to return to Iowa and take possession of his property.

TRIALS OF A TWIN.

In form and feature, face and limb, I grew so like my brother, That folks got taking me for him, And each one for another. It puzzled all our kith and kin— It reached a fearful pitch; For one of us was born a twin, And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse, Before our names were fixed, As we were being washed by nurse, We got completely mixed, And thus, you see, by fate's decree, Or, rather, nurse's whim, My brother John got christened me, And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness even dogged My footsteps when at school, And I was always getting flogged, When John turned out a fool. I put this question fruitlessly To every one I knew: "What would you do, if you were me, To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide Of our domestic life; For somehow, my intended bride Became my brother's wife. In fact, year after year the same Absurd mistakes went on, And when I died the neighbors, came And buried brother John.

—Chicago News.

Love at First Sight.

"Here's a pretty fix!" said Mr. Alden. It was not a very rhetorically elegant speech for a young man who had graduated at Oxford, with all the honors, and was fresh from a Continental tour; but we defy anyone to pause for dictionary words when his horse falls down dead lame, on a dreary mountain-side, with a heavy snow storm making the twilight darker and more gloomy still.

"Hallo! what's up?" sang out a jovial voice to the tune of lumbering wheels, as a heavy wagon came slowly down the road.

"Nothing's up; but my horse is down."

Jonathan Henry dismounted to look. "Well, up or down, one thing's plain—the beast won't carry ye much farther to-night. Where was ye bound for, squire?"

"Major Tracy's."

"That's eleven mile up the Portdown-road. You won't get there to-night, sir."

"Is there an inn hereabouts?"

"Not a sign o' one; but you're welcome to a bed and supper at our house if you'll jump into the wagon."

Hartford Alden promptly accepted the invitation. The wagon was not a very stylish conveyance, but it was considerably better than nothing at all; and when he sat before the huge wood fire that filled the farm-house kitchen with light and warmth, watching Mary Henry at her household duties, he said to himself, decidedly: "I haven't seen a prettier girl since I left Paris."

Mary Henry was pretty, with the bloom and freshness of eighteen, and the burnished gloss of gold on her smooth braids. And if she occasionally glanced shyly at the stranger, there was nothing in the blue radiance of those large melting blue eyes to dispel the illusion about her prettiness.

Gradually the shyness seemed to wear away, and Mary began to chatter in a soft, bird-like undertone to her brother.

"Did you ask the price of blue merino, John?"

"Yes."

"How much was it?"

"Six shillings a yard—double width."

"Oh, then, I shall have plenty of money. Don't you think I shall look nice in a blue merino dress?"

"Gay!" assented Jonathan, admiringly surveying his blooming little sister, "and to tell you the truth the old crimson one was getting rather rusty. Hello, who's that at the door?"

"It's me—Robert Hardy."

"Come in, come in!" hospitably welcomed Mr. Henry, setting forward a chair for a hard-faced old man who came in leading a child of six years old.

"Why, dear me, that's little Charlie Vail!" exclaimed Mary.

"Yes," answered Robert, "his mother died this mornin' and I've just took him over to his father's second cousin. He won't take him—says he's got young 'uns enough of his own!"

"And what are you going to do with him?"

"Well, he's going to the workhouse."

"The workhouse! Charlie Vail! flaxen curls from the child's transparent temples."

"Why a month at the workhouse would kill him, Mr. Hardy!"

"Don't see no help for it, Miss Mary."

Mary Henry glanced appealingly at her brother. He looked disturbed.

"We are poor, Mary."

"Yes; but God's blessing comes with the fatherless, Jonathan. Remember, we are orphans ourselves. Listen, Jonathan, I'll give up the dress—the old crimson dress will do very well for a while yet. Alice Vail's boy must not go to the workhouse!"

Jonathan flinched awkwardly in his chair.

"Well, if you're a mind to throw over the dress you've been savin' and scrapin' for all the autumn, why I'll give up the coat, and 'tween us both Charlie shall have a home. What do you say, Charlie; would you like to live with me and Mary?"

But Charlie was sobbing, quite speechless, on Mary Henry's tender shoulder.

"Well, it's quite a heap off my

hands," said Robert Hardy, bluntly, rising to depart. "I didn't want to be bothered with the child."

As Hartford Alden looked at the little group by the fireside, he thought that Mary Henry was like an angel.

Unconsciously his night's sojourn lengthened into a week, and Major Tracy had begun to wonder "what the deuce had become of Alden," before that erratic young gentleman rode up to his hospitable door in the frosty twilight of a December evening.

"Hullo!"

Jonathan Henry's favorite interjection came out with more energy than ever, as he opened his door on Christmas morning.

"Why, Mary, here's the slickest thing you ever saw in the way of a horse, and a big paper passell. Where be they from? There's some mistake; they can't be for us."

"They were left at the postoffice for Mr. and Miss Henry," said the messenger; "That's all I know."

"Well, I'm Mr. and Miss Henry—no, I ain't, I mean Mary's Mr. and Miss Henry—no, that ain't it, nuther. We're both on us Mr. and Miss Henry, put together. Come out and look at your passel, Mary. Je-rusalem! what a handsome animal! Tain't possible it belongs to Jonathan Henry!"

Mary was eagerly unrolling her share of the Christmas morning surprise.

"Why, it's a silk dress—a blue silk dress! Oh, Jonathan, what does it mean? And a card inside!"

To Mary's pleasant disappointment, it bore no name save her own. "For Miss Henry."

"It's just my shade of blue," exclaimed the delighted girl. "A silk dress—a real silk! Why, Jonathan, I never thought I should live to have a silk dress of my own!"

"Silk dresses are very fine," said honest Jonathan; "but give me a clean-limbed, straight-backed critter like this ere! I say, Mary, this is better luck'n we used to have when mother was alive and we bung our stockin's up in the chimney-corner. Who do you suppose could ha' sent 'em? We haven't no rich relations."

Mary shook her fair head and "didn't know."

Mr. Hartford Alden made a long visit to Major Tracy's—in fact, it was March before he got ready to return. He was a constant visitor at the Henry's farm, and the night before his final departure, he came down to the Henry farm-house to say good-bye.

"I tell ye what," said Jonathan, sagely, as he sat in the chimney-corner, after a long interval of meditation, "Mary, as sure as you live, Mr. Alden sent them things o' Christmas mornin'!"

Mary turned scarlet; so did Hartford.

Mary Henry was married in the blue silk dress, in spite of the popular prejudice in favor of white. Hartford liked the blue silk best, and Hartford was Grand Sultan of her little heart.

And Charlie Vail lives with them, for Hartford says:

"It was through Charlie's griefs and troubles that I first learned how near an angel my Mary was."

The Practical Man.

The intensely practical man in society is like a hedgehog among kittens. A yellow primrose by the brim a yellow primrose is to him, and it is nothing more. He worships dollars, and plain bread, and woolen cloth, and cares nothing about roses and rainbows and the rignarole of poets. He has as much imagination as an ox, and is as fanciful as a bear. He takes everything as the multiplication table. Quote to him Emerson's saying, "Hitch your wagon to a star," and he will go on to demonstrate to you its utter impossibility. "The absurdity of the ideal! Suppose Mr. Emerson should succeed in hitching on his wagon, it would take two hundred and ninety seven million miles of harness, and ninety thousand three hundred and one years of time, and the wagon would be smashed into smithereens the minute he got it hitched."

Of course, Emerson and poetry can't stand no such mathematical onslaught as this.

But the practical man is upright and downright and wants folks to say what they mean. He will deny the inspiration of the Scriptures, because they say "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days." "Taint so," says the practical man, "I tried it and found out. I threw a loaf of bread into the river when I was a boy, and have never seen the chances are twelve billion, nine hundred and forty-four million, three hundred and twenty-seven thousand, nine hundred and thirteen to one, that if you throw bread upon the water you will never find it again." What Scripture can stand such an attack as that?

The practical man can never see a joke. All the humorists are idiots to him, all wit is an idle expenditure of breath. He reads Mark Twain's books and says they are not true, Bursette doesn't prove anything, and Bill Nye is full of inaccuracies.

The man who is intensely practical rests as easily in the bosom of society as a cladder in a man's eye. He is a silver in the bare toe of humanity. As a social element he is a Hyde without a Jekyll. All men hate him as they do the gates of death. We wonder if his wife really adores him. We wonder if his mother really loves him. —Yankee Blade.

Why Brown Was Jilted.

The other day Miss Jones spent the afternoon with her friend and former schoolmate, Mrs. Smith, who has been married several years and has a beautiful boy.

"I heard the other day that you were engaged to Mr. Brown. Is there any truth in it?" asked Mrs. Smith of her friend, who was holding the baby.

"I am not engaged to Mr. Brown."

"But ain't you going to be? He is such a nice, steady young man."

"That depends upon circumstances. One thing is sure, if he expects me to take advantages of my leap year privileges he will wait a good long while," replied Miss Jones.

"But would you accept him if he were to propose?" queried Mrs. Smith.

"I am not quite sure that I would. Men are so unreliable."

"Don't you love him?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"O, he is a very nice gentleman, but there are so many unhappy marriages that I don't think I care to take any risks."

"You should get married by all means. I used to think and talk just like you, but now that I am married I am twice as happy as I was. I have a good, kind husband."

"You never quarrel, I suppose. He never says anything rude or unkind, and he never goes out at night and comes home late?"

"O, no, of course not."

"Never grumbles about the expense?"

"What a strange girl you are! What makes you ask such foolish, silly questions?"

"Well, you know there are some such husbands."

"I've read about some such cases of brutality, and I've heard people talk about such husbands, but I don't know anything about it."

"I am so glad for your sake that you are happy. How sound the dear little fellow sleeps."

"Yes; I wish you would take him in the next room and put him in his little cradle," said Mrs. Smith. Her friend complied with her request.

While Miss Jones was in the next room the door was suddenly opened and Mr. Smith entered. He had just come home and did not know Miss Jones was in the house. It was plain to see that he was as mad as a wet hen. Shaking a bill at his wife, he said in a hoarse, cynical tone:

"Here is another one of your infernal bills. You must think I'm made of money."

"H-u-s-h!" said his wife, putting her finger to her lips and pointing into the other room.

"Hush, he blanked. I don't give a continental whether the blank brat squalls or not. I want you to understand that I don't propose to put up with any more of your extravagance. This is the second hat you have had since we were married. Do you propose to break me up in business with your senseless extravagance? By the way you buy new hats one would suppose you had half a dozen fool heads on your shoulders."

"Oh, George! Dear George!"

"Just cheese that 'deah George' racket (mimicking her.) Only last week I paid a grocery bill of one dollar and thirty-seven cents. You must think I'm a little Jay Gould on wheels. D-d a man bring a demijohn of brandy and two hundred cigars for me?"

"Yes, and here is the bill for fifty-seven dollars."

"For heaven's sake quit looking as if you were going to blubber! I just came home to tell you not to sit up for me. After the lodge is out I am going to attend a little oyster supper with the boys and some theatrical people down at the hotel. I may not be back before three o'clock," and off he was.

Of course Miss Jones heard every word of this joint discussion, and when, shortly afterward, Brown proposed, he was jilted and bounced so promptly that he left the house without his hat and cane. He was even more astonished than the lightning was when it struck a magazine containing 1,756,843 pounds of giant powder. —Mocking Bird.

Literature Makes the Man.

Yet the very points that have made the Light Brigade famous are the loss and the readiness—the sending of a cavalry command to ride "into the jaws of death," to ride to certain and inevitable slaughter, and the soldierly readiness to go where they were sent. Our men over and over did the same thing; did it, as the losses prove, in cases where the danger was greater, and the ready courage equal; yet the trumpet of fame is filled with the name of the Light Brigade, and our heroes are forgotten. This is the justice of glory, but a common incident enough. An ancient once observed that other men had fought as well as Achilles, and wondered why the world always talked about him; and the answer was that the other men had no Homer. Our regiments were in fact rather worse off than to be merely without a Tennyson. For the component parts of the glory of the Light Brigade are a little fighting and a good deal of literature. The soldiers did their part there and here—the literary men did the rest for the Light Brigade. Our men fought for a nation that is practically indifferent to literature. England is a literary as well as a military nation. —New York Express.

Ordered out—the family during house cleaning time. —Burlington Free Press.

HERE AND THERE.

The King of Spain has learned to walk. Herbert Kelsey gets \$225 a week for acting.

There are thirty miles of railroad in actual operation in China.

A "coughing ghost" is the reigning sensation at Little Falls, N. Y.

The planet Mars is now brighter than it will be again for two years.

F. Strecker, of Reading, Pa., has collected over 800 boxes of butterflies.

Chicago has an association of religionists called "The Conditional Immortality Association."

The Tweed fountain of City Hall, New York, costing originally \$3,000, has been sold for \$50.

A farmer near Flint, Mich., is mourning the death of two geese that he had kept for fifty years.

F. W. Jenkins, of Pittsburg, fainted in the bath tub the other day, and was drowned before help came.

"Old Probabilities" has got in such a way of missing it that he can hardly hit bad weather any more.

The Mayor of Ty-Ty, Ga., having got a job as trainman in a neighboring city, has thrown up his office.

A Philadelphia belle who crowded her feet into shoes one size too small was buried in fine style the other day.

Plaster of paris is being driven out of Paris by wood pulp, which is made to serve the same purpose cheaper.

Since the evacuation of Boston by the British there has never been but one British man-of-war in the harbor.

Last year 4,200 miles of railroad were laid in Kansas, Nebraska and Texas, and this year 3,300 miles are being projected.

Thirteen new banks went into operation last month. Canada need have no fears of any shortage in the crop of cashiers.

The American who went to Honduras to raise a treasure of \$15,000,000 would now like to raise money enough for a week's board.

Western cow-boys name about three new towns per week, but the government refuses to acknowledge any of them as postoffices.

The consumption of clean wool in Europe and North America is estimated at about two and one-half pounds per head of population.

There are said to be fully 200 women employed in editorial capacities on the various newspapers and journals published in New York.

May day was ushered in by a heavy fall of snow and good sleighing in Dakota, but the residents predict that it will be the last until September.

Emperor Frederick will be able to leave his widow a jointure of from \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year, with the use of a residence in Berlin and a country seat.

A Cincinnati man has been on the jury twenty-eight times, and he says it is just awful how the other eleven men hung out against him in every verdict.

George Lane returned to his home in Ohio the other day after an absence of twenty-five years and sat down to dinner and growled about the grub as naturally as ever.

At the first glance no one thinks Miss Jennie Flood even common good looking. When it is whispered that she is worth \$5,000,000 everybody can see how beautiful she is.

The Anarchist organ in Chicago got down to thirteen subscribers before it let go. One more legal hanging would make the law pretty generally respected in that city.

Prince Henry of Germany has had 700 different photographs of himself taken, and in every instance he parts his hair in the middle and looks as handsome as a pumpkin pie.

"We must have a man of the people for Governor of Missouri," says a St. Louis paper, and then it proceeds to suggest the names of two men worth \$20,000,000 each.

Floods, earthquakes, epidemics and accidents have caused a million deaths in China during the last six months, and perhaps the immigration problem is to be solved that way.

Every circus in the country has to renew its stock of serpents every year. A snake which is jolted around is deprived of rest and sleep, and its annoyance soon results in death.

The old saying, "that any religion is all right unless it interferes with a man's politics," is about to be exemplified on a grand scale, and it will be a test as to which is the strongest.

The Chicago Alarm, the Anarchist organ, bankrupted thirteen men before it went up the spout. Thirteen awful howls against the oppression of labor sounded clear across Lake Michigan.

The output of converts to Christianity in Africa grows less and less every year, while the in-put of whisky increases by twenty per cent. The failure of one is always the growth of the other.

A gold watch which a Missouri farmer lost last fall, and for the theft of which he sought to send his hired man to prison, was found in the stomach of one of his cows which died the other day.

When Long John Wentworth was asked to join a church he shouted: "Ask for a check and you can have it, but any church that is willing to take me as a member is not fit for me to belong to."

"Seven Buckets of Blood, or the Orphan Hack-Driver's revenge" is the latest thing out for good boys to buy for a nickel and take to the hay-mow to read. And they were large buckets, too.

It is said that a popular vote in Cuba would annex that island to the United States quicker'n scat! But they have no popular vote in Cuba. Assassinations and bull-fights are the only popular things.

At social parties in Pennsylvania, one of the games is kissing through a knot-hole in an inch plank. A chap with an extra large mouth can sometimes hit the tip end of a long-nosed girl's nose.

Matthew Arnold drew a pension from the British Civil List. The pension lapsed at his death, but it is understood that Queen Victoria will be asked to continue the pension to Mr. Arnold's widow.

Just Wait.

Backwoods postoffice in Tennessee: Postmaster and a number of friends are sitting around on boxes and chunks of wood. Postmaster (after gazing attentively at a pewter watch)—"Mail's sorter late. Reckon the creek is hinderin' the mail rider."

Bob Withers—"When wuz ther mail due, Ab?"

P. M. (again lookin at his watch)—"Day befo' yestidy."

Lige Sevier—"Then it is about time he wuz here."

P. M.—"Yas, fur these folks around here are allus in a powerful hurry fur ther mail. They air so impatient that they don't know what ter do."

Withers—"I know that, fur ole man Ashley, that has been expectin' uv a letter fur two munts, cussed like the mischief the tuther day when he found that it hadn't come."

P. M.—"Yas, that's the way with these American folks. They never have larned how ter wait. I'll tell you whut's a fact, patience is a mighty good thing. Ef ole Washington had-enter had patience he never woulder done what he done, an' when I think erbout him it sorter makes me hot at the rushin' fellers uv this here community. W'y, they growl when they hater wait er week ur two. Sich grumblin' makes me tired, I'll tell you that now."

Sevier—"I don't blame you. Uv co'se a man nacbully gits tired atter while but whut's the usen rushin' through life? I know I don't howl when my letters don't come."

Withers—"When did you git a letter?"

Sevier—"Oh, never you mind. I've got three or fo' letters, I reckon. I know whut's goin' on in the world—hear me."

Sevier—"Yas, you mount git letters but Dob Piper got a newspaper er few days ergo, an' thar wuz his name all writ on the kiver."

Withers—"Oh, now, here, I ain't tryin' ter buck ergin Piper. He is an edycated man—way up in the pieters—an' you don't expect me ter pull ergin him."

Sevier—"Not er tall. We know he is er scholar. I don't know who sent him the paper, but I reckon he's knowed so fur erway from home that er good many folks wants ter show thur' pre-eciation uv him. Say, Jim (addressing the postmaster), whut have you got on han'?"

P. M.—"Nuthin' but er few postal cards."

Sevier—"Wall, fetch 'em out."

[The postmaster brings out the postal cards and the boys spell out their contents.]

Withers—"Sorter light haul, ez the boys say that go in seinin'. W'y, thar ain't no information comin' through this office at the present."

P. M.—"Mighty little uv late. Three days ago we got a card that called er feller er wolf an' er thief, an' yistidy one said er feller would steal er lot er burryin' clothes, but some fellers come erlong an' tuck 'em out. That's allers the way. When we git suthin' interestin' some feller comes erlong an' robs us uv it."

Withers—"Ain't you got no card that cusses er feller?"

P. M.—"Not at the present."

Withers—"Wall, yo' bizness must be runnin' mighty low."

P. M.—"Yas, fur you know this is the dull season uv the year. You jest wait, an' ef craps air good you'll see some lively documents in this here postoffice yit. You'll see cards that call men liars, an' thieves, an' cowards an' sich. You jest wait."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A Few Vulgarities.

The object of a dinner is to eat and have a good time; the object of a wedding is to unite as one, two individuals to whom life would be a burden should they remain disunited; the object of a funeral is to lay away with chastened grief all that is mortal of some loved one who is dead. These, at least, are the primary objects, the end and aim of such occasions with simple-minded men.

But all such occasions are now utilized by men of large bank accounts and vulgar souls as opportunities for lavish and extravagant display. A dinner was recently given in Washington to a select few that cost \$50,000. But it was a very constrained and awkward affair. The food was good, but there was no feast of reason and flow of soul. In fact, the genial current of the soul was frozen in the frigid magnificence of such display. After the guests had eaten \$50,000 worth of supper they went away with a half-satisfied hunger of the heart for some cheap restaurant *tele-a-tele* with some friend who knew how to talk to them on subjects they like to hear; or perhaps some thought of the oldtime feast of Johnny-cake in some old farm kitchen far away.

The modern fashionable wedding is a gala day and carnival of vulgarity. There is nothing very holy in a love that wishes to flaunt itself before the public eye, and herald itself in the newspapers. How essentially vulgar and ill bred it all is—reporters, long and stereotyped descriptions of trousseau, dresses, presents, bridesmaids and flowers. When a bride stands before the altar with a man who enjoys all this sort of thing she may well tremble for her future happiness, for she has married a superficial veneered, and brainless man. He makes a perfect bridegroom, but a very faulty husband. How much better would have been a quiet wedding in

the parlor, where the courtship developed, and a subsequent settling down to the serious business of living, with views of life undistorted by the deceptive mirage of ostentation and the vulgarity of display. It is said that the dozen most "swell" weddings that have occurred in New York in the last two years have turned out unhappily. This is no wonder, for men and women who are built of the stuff that makes faithful wives and husbands never indulge in "swell" weddings. Such weddings inculcate lessons of extravagance, of show, glitter and tinsel that is inimical to true domesticity; and what is more, they are evidences of a cheap vulgarity of soul.

If there is anything more indecious of vulgarity than ostentation of joy it is ostentation of grief. So it is that a showy funeral has even less excuse than a showy wedding. And is not the heavy mourning worn sometimes, no doubt, in the deepest and truest sincerity of grief, but a public flaunting of private sorrow? That sorrow is always the deepest that never discloses itself, and there cannot be an entire sanctity of grief that publicly advertises itself. To men of absolute simplicity, like the late Henry Ward Beecher, the wearing of mourning habiliments by surviving relatives was utterly repugnant. So no one put on the "inky cloak" for him, but the grief is no less heart felt at his loss. The mourning custom is a heathen one borrowed from heathen nations and expressive of a heathen's lack of hope.—*Yankee Blade.*

The British Correspondent.

The one all-pervading, regnant, dominant and vigorous purpose of the British correspondent's life is to find out all the news himself, but keep his paper from knowing anything about it. I was present at the side of a famous correspondent, who had kindly taken me under his wing here, when his secretaries had all told their tales and received instructions, when the secretary who had undertaken to do a description of the crowd strolled in.

"Ah, Jones!" said the chief, looking at the late comer over through his single glass and lighting a fresh cigar, "rawther a big crowd, eh?"

"I should say so," said Jones; "and such a mucky day. I've got every-

thing."

"What, for instance?"

"A little child was born in the slush and rain in the great jam near the cathedral."

"What a devilish damp and erratic sort of a proceeding."

"Shall I write?"

"Er—no."

"Woman climbed up tree in park," continued Jones, reading from a voluminous notebook, "named Schwartzengelder."

"Name of woman or tree?"

"Of woman. Stayed there all night so's t' have a good place to see funeral procession, froze absolutely to death, and fell down a corpse as parade passed. Shall I write it?"

"Er—no."

"Corpse lay there for two hours in a crowd unattended while people stared at funeral."

"Good God."

"Shall I write it?"

"Er—no."

"A man, name known, paid entire year's rent of 58 Unter der Linden for window privilegest o-day—4,000 marks. Shall I write it?"

"Er—no."

It went on this way for half an hour, and then the chief said thoughtfully: "You might write a general paragraph, you know, Jones, about large mass of people 'n all that, leaving out details, and say that from inside information received from an indubitably high official source there must have been half a million people present to see funeral."

"But the regular figures of the Police department place the number at nearly 700,000. Hadn't I better make it that?"

"Er—no."

Then the war correspondent suggested a snack of beer and a wing of cold fowl, and we went down stairs while the secretaries ground out the conventional English dispatch of the conventional length with the same old, stale and wearisome presentation of commonplace observations, marked "official" and "inside," as usual.—*Blackely Hall's Berlin Letter in New York Sun.*

Affecting to the Brokers.

Nearly all the 3,000 members of the New York Produce Exchange are subscribers to a gratuity fund. When a member dies each subscriber is assessed \$3 to make up the sum due the widow or other surviving relatives.

The deaths have become so frequent of late that the assessments are very heavy. If a black bordered notice appears on the official bulletin board the subscribers sigh and exclaim:

"Oh, Lord! Another \$3 all around!"

One evening Messrs. A. E. Orr, F. H. Parker, Duncan Norwell, David Dows, L. H. Russell, E. S. Whitman and a dozen other brokers attended an amateur theatrical entertainment up town. In the play was a death scene. The actor who was to be the corpse had just "breathed his last," and an atmosphere of deep solemnity prevailed the audience. Suddenly one of the Produce Exchange men exclaimed aloud:

"Another \$3 all around!"

The laughter which followed sadly disconcerted the actors and nearly broke up the performance.—*New York Telegram.*

Men and Women.

The general sentiment is voiced by a writer in the London *Standard* (whose view are by no means narrow and insular) when he asserts that the signal deterioration of manners that has for sometime been going on in good society is becoming more and more glaring and deplorable.

This is a serious arraignment indeed but there can be hardly a doubt that the delicate and subtle deference which every gentleman should pay to every woman, because she is a woman, is regarded as old-fashioned. No woman now thinks of expecting from any man the polite homage which once was the privilege of one sex and the honor of other. Men now enter a room where ladies are with as much indifference as if it were their club, and quit it with equal want of ceremony and of self-constraint. If the first approaches of members of one sex to members of the other there is no longer any suavity, any hesitation, any wellbred reserve. Men and women who scarcely know each other act as though they were half fellow well met, had been on the playground together and acquainted all their lives.

The demeanor of women nowadays to men is on a par with men's behavior to women. Far from resenting the unceremoniousness with which they are treated by men who are in reality utter strangers to them, they go to meet it half way, and permit them to be on a footing of familiarity—as far as manner is concerned—with the first comer, provided he seems to be one of their "own set," that could not be greater if their acquaintance had existed for years. The same conduct is perceptible in the behavior of visitors and guests to their hosts and hostesses. The notion that people are to be especially honored in their own houses has quite gone out of fashion. No one now is so antiquated in his ideas as to suppose that hospitality is to be regarded as a favor conferred on the person to whom it is extended. On the contrary, it is the guest who confers an obligation by paying a call, accepting an invitation to dinner or paying a country visit, and who has a perfect right to indulge in frank and free censure to his neighbors in case he does not find everything to his liking in the establishment he condescends to distinguish by his presence. In a word, guests treat hosts and hostesses as men treat women—that is to say, as persons whom it is very good and amiable of them to notice at all. And where people really know each other intimately, the behavior of men to women, and vice versa, is such as would have appalled the least ceremonious of our father.

Nothing is more certain than that women can never make themselves the "equals" of men, in the sense commonly attached to "equality" without forfeiting the homage, the deference, the attention on which they could previously count. They cannot have it, as the phrase is, both ways. They cannot be as masterful, as visible wielders of power and authority as men, without men very soon beginning to treat them pretty much as they treat their own sex. What happens next? Finding men becoming lax, easy-going, indifferent in their manner, they cast about them for some expedient for recovering the power they have lost and so properly prize; and the only recourse open to them, since men no longer "make up to" them, is for them to "make up to" men. This, in public, at least, they do by an affectation of familiarity and camaraderie. For it is certain as the law of gravitation that women will never surrender the instinctive desire to exercise a certain kind of sway over men, and if they cannot attain their end one way they will try another.

To sum up, women spoil men. They have cast off that passive and waiting attitude which was their charm, and men at the same time, have ceased to give themselves any trouble to what is thrown at their heads. Let us hope that we shall one day see a revival of those good manners which Horace prayed the gods to bestow on the youth of Rome.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Gaily the Troubadour.

The midnight serenaders come His ballad wild to tame, And though old boots around him hum He'll gutter just the same.—*Cleveland Sun.*

A Joke at the Wrong Time.

A New Yorker who left the city in time to get smashed up in the railroad wreck at Soio on Blizzard day has just returned. He was to modest to tell his experience on that eventful day, so a friend volunteered his services. The traveler found himself pinned down under a little lumber yard. Four ribs were broken and his arms also. The rescuers started in to haul him out, but he nodded as well as he could in the direction of a neighbor who seemed to be in a worse fix and whispered: "Take care of the other fellow. I can wait." That is the sentiment of this little story. The humor came when a kind-hearted buxom farmer's wife insisted on carrying him to her home a few rods away. "Put your arms around my neck," she said, "and I can easily carry you. A smile rippled over the injured one's face as he replied: "Madam, I am an old married man, and it wouldn't be proper." The woman bridled up and sharply said: "So am I a married woman, but if you are so confounded proper lie there!" He will never joke again.—*New York Sun.*

The Founder of Girard College.

Stephen Girard was a remarkable man, and one who certainly holds a place among the prominent men of America. He was the son of a distinguished naval officer, and was born in Bordeaux, France, in the year 1750. In 1774, he sailed for New York, and, in 1776, first arrived in Philadelphia. In the latter place he was very successful in all his ventures, and so the Quaker City became his home. Girard was a man who would not brook disobedience. He sent a young supercargo to the Dead Sea in charge of a cargo, with orders to sell it at a port which he named. The enterprising young man finding he could make \$6,000 more by selling his cargo at another port, did so, expecting to please his master by his business capability, and proudly handed Mr. Girard the extra thousands. But the Frenchman, so far from showing delight, informed the officer that this disobedience would compel him to dispense with his services in future.

In 1793, the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia. There were four thousand and thirty-one deaths in the city from the first of August to the ninth of November. Here the nobility of Girard was shown, for when many of the rich fled, he remained and performed most humble and self-sacrificing offices for the sick and the dying, devoting many hours every day to nursing in the hospital. In Mr. Ingram's "Life of Girard" is quoted an extract from the *United States Gazette* of 1832, in which a merchant records that he saw a carriage drive up to a house during the pestilence. "A short, thick-set man stepped from the coach and entered the house," and on emerging from it "his arm was around the waist of a sick man, whose yellow face rested" upon his shoulder, as he carried the invalid, and the sick man's feet were "dragging helpless along the pavement." He was driven to the hospital in the carriage of the man whom Philadelphia looked upon with dislike. A few years later Girard opened a bank bearing his own name. We learn from Ingram, that during the war of 1812 "Girard's bank was the very right hand of the national credit, for when other banks were contracting, it was Girard who stayed the panic by a timely and liberal expansion, and frequent were the call made upon him by the Government for temporary loans, which calls were invariably responded to immediately." In 1814, Girard risked his whole fortune, at a time when all the prominent capitalists held back and failed to aid the Government in its time of need.

Girard was a warm friend of Joseph Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon I. They dined together very often in the merchant's quiet home in Philadelphia. Prince Murat and Baron Lallemand were also intimate with Girard, who had friends among the natives of the country of his adoption. When he died, in 1831, at the age of eighty-one, the city gave him a public funeral. Flags were hung at half-mast, and a civic procession marched through the streets to do honor to his memory.—*Alice Maude Penn, in St. Nicholas.*

Will Call Again.

"What's tobacco worth to-day?" asked a well-dressed stranger, as he entered the office of a wholesale dealer yesterday.

The stranger named over three or four, and the dealer gave him the prices.

"I shall pay cash," said the stranger.

"I am giving you bottom figures, sir."

"But suppose I double the order?"

"It would be the same."

"Well, let's see," continued the man as he helped himself to a liberal chew from one of the jars. "I guess those figures are pretty fair. I've got to run up-town, and on my way back I'll leave you an order."

"Very well sir."

"You didn't seem very enthusiastic over his custom," observed a reporter who heard and saw all.

"He's n. g."

"How?"

"Why, he was out of tobacco, had no change, with him and dropped in here simply to get a chew."

"Do you know him?"

"No, but I seized him up in a minute. We have that trick played on us every day."

"And don't you kick?"

"Oh, no. It's a trifling loss, and if you expose one of these frauds he'd be your bitterest enemy. Better give 'em a 'chaw' and let 'em go on feeling how smart they are."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Justice to the Country Editor.

It is regarded as something quite smart for metropolitan newspaper scribblers to sneer at country editors. Horace Greeley's old remark is trotted out whenever a city editor wishes to crush his rural brother. It is true that some fools and some knaves edit country journals, but as a rule these "provincial" editors are hard-working, shrewd, fair-minded and influential men. They come nearer representing public sentiment than their city brethren, because they are closer to the people. The metropolitan press owes its distinction chiefly to men who have been trained in country newspaper offices. In fact, few men are properly equipped to even attempt to represent sentiment in this Republic who have not lived in the country. So much for those who sneer at the "rural rooster."—*New York World.*

A NEW BUSINESS FOR WOMEN.

Reading Up Newspapers, and Then Retelling the News to Other Women.

Two of the many ingenious devices which women are being driven to in this city in order to earn their own living deserve notice, says *The Brooklyn Eagle*. It is the fashion in society to abuse the newspapers. At receptions, luncheons, teas, dinners, afternoon calls, when other topics fail, the mendacity, vulgar curiosity, and general reprehensibility of press comes in to fill the gap, and the same people who scheme for newspaper mention and send for a reporter whenever they contemplate doing anything in a social way never fail to lament the invasion of private life by the prying press. At the same time they find it necessary to keep up with the topics of the time, and many of them have not the time or energy to wade through the vast mass of reading that must be offered every morning to a varied constituency. A clever Boston woman who recognized that fact has turned it to good account. She rises at 6 o'clock, flits hastily through all the leading journals, and about 10 puts on her hat and begins her rounds. It is all done in the quietest and most dignified way possible. She is a person of breeding and fitted to be on pleasant terms with her patrons, and is generally received by them as an informal caller, finding the callee in a morning gown in her boudoir. They begin after this fashion: "How is the weather this morning?" "Charming; but the probabilities say we will have a falling barometer, and so I shouldn't at all wonder if there was rain tonight." "You don't say so. What a nuisance! I thought of going to see —" a new play this evening, but I have such a cold I am afraid to go out if it is wet. By the way, what do the papers say about the play?" Then she gets a resume of criticism, with any telling phrase that may be used. Add, apropos, an anecdote about one of the actors that appeared in one of the morning papers, drifts on to musical events, advertisements of picture exhibitions, personal gossip about society people, little condensations of the political situation and the high lights in European dispatches. In half an hour she has given all the salient points of the news she was four hours in acquiring, and departs for another customer, leaving her pupil crammed with condensed knowledge of the world's affairs.

This woman declares that the average female ignorance, even among clever women, of the world's doings is past belief. She has not only to be a news-vender but a walking encyclopedia as well. For example, one day last week she dropped in at luncheon time, and her pupil, as they sipped their tea said: "Well, what is the news to-day?" "Nothing very much," she answered, "only that Conkling is very ill." After a few minutes the young woman said: "Would you mind telling me who Conkling is? I have heard his name so often, and yet, do you know, I haven't the smallest idea what he does or why people should be interested in him." Another woman, when she was giving her an abstract of the European news and told her of Bismark's threatened resignation because of the Battenburg match, declared she had never heard of Alexander of Battenburg before, and had to have the whole Bulgarian situation explained to her.

Besides these heads of families and young women in society that the Boston woman keeps posted as to the world's doings, she has classes in several fashionable schools for girls, the principals of which consider a knowledge of the events of the day desirable information for their pupils. They hesitate to put the newspapers themselves into the hands of these girls, and find the digest of news furnished by this enterprising person the best substitute possible. She comes every Friday afternoon and gives them an abstract of her reading throughout the past seven days, omitting of course, all the scandals and crimes and telling of all events of importance which it is proper for them to be familiar with. In this case also, and more naturally she is asked endless questions, and the girls of her class are thoroughly instructed in the word tariff or the effect of the president's message and what congress is doing about it. They know who are the probable candidates for the next election and the process by which nomination is reached. In short, she is a professor of contemporary, and is paid liberally for her instruction.

Physical Science.

Modern civilization rests upon physical science; take away her gifts to our country and our position among the leading nations of the world is gone to-morrow; for it is physical science that makes intelligence and moral energy stronger than brute force. The whole of moral thought is steeped in science; it has made its way into the works of our best poets, and even the mere man of letters who affects to ignore and despise science, is unconsciously impregnated with her spirit and indebted for his best products to her methods. She is teaching the world that the ultimate court of appeal is observation and experience, and not authority. She is creating a firm and living faith in the existence of immutable moral and physical laws, perfect obedience to which is the highest possible aim of an intelligent being.—*Huxley.*

The boy playing marbles stoops to conquer.

—*Puck.*

