

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Feb. 12, 1887.

Special Announcement.

The readers of the Spirit are informed that we have made arrangements for publishing the famous 48 col. weekly story paper, THE YANKEE BLADE, a periodical which needs no commendation from us, as one of the brightest, cleanest, and best story papers in America. Each number contains nine or ten complete stories, one or two serials by the best authors, poetry, household recipes, witty sayings, and in fact everything that goes toward making a bright and an interesting story paper. The regular price of the YANKEE BLADE is \$2.00 a year. We offer to either old or new subscribers, THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS and THE YANKEE BLADE from now until Dec. 31st, 1887, for \$2.00. The regular price of both papers is \$2.75. Those who wish to take advantage of this extraordinary offer, can secure a sample copy of THE YANKEE BLADE by sending their addresses to the Publishers of THE YANKEE BLADE, 20 Hawley St., Boston, Mass. In ordering please remit to this office the amount above stated, giving your full address.

Offer Extraordinary

For \$2.15 we will send the following to all who remit us that amount within the next 30 days:
1st. The Blade one year, or till Jan. 1, 1888, price \$2.00.
2nd. The Spirit one year, price 75 cents.
3rd. The Marvelous Library, 45 volumes, advertised elsewhere, price, retail, \$2.25.
4th. The Leavenworth Weekly Times, 1 year, price, \$1.00.
Or \$6.00 worth for \$2.15. We guarantee that any one making this order will be astonished at the amount of reading they will get.

We will send the Spirit and Blade three months, both for 25 cents, or the Blade three months and the Spirit one year, for 50 cents, if ordered within 30 days.
Address SPIRIT OF KANSAS, Topeka, Kan.

The Cincinnati police made a big haul a few nights ago. A saloon to which was attached a cocking-main, was raided and 108 prisoners were taken. The next morning 65 of them pleaded guilty and paid \$25, five apiece, and the rest bound over until they could pay. What an intolerable country this is when one cannot spend an entire night in a cock-pit attachment to a saloon.

The inter-state commerce bill has received the signature of the president. It cannot be said to be a partisan measure since it was cordially supported by all parties. Nor is it at all probable that it will accomplish the purposes desired by the people. It is more than likely that it will prove to be one thing in name and something entirely different in practice.

The debate over the McPherson capital removal scheme caused an utter waste of precious time. The whole thing never was anything but a bubble, and its inflation by the newspapers was purely sensational. The capital of Kansas will not be removed from Topeka no matter how many sensational attempts are made for revenue only.

The Topeka Democrat still insist upon the resubmission of the prohibitory question. It is strange how a drink of liquor will stick in the throat of a democrat. Why is it that these men cannot accept the inevitable? Prohibition was completely endorsed by the people of this state only last November, and will be endorsed again the very next time the people vote. The democratic party is not all bad. It has some blessed good things, but its position on the liquor question is not one of them. The democratic party only needs to put its best foot foremost.

The papers of this city, some of them at least, have a strange idea of enterprise. If an outside capitalist comes here and buys real estate at an advance upon last year's prices, the home capitalist is rebuked for allowing it. "Look out ye home capitalist," exclaimed the Capital. "Can you stand idly by and let outsiders reap the benefit of the advance that is already upon us?" It strikes us that it makes very little difference to Topeka, on the whole, whether lots are worth \$10 or \$100 each, or whether there is an advance in price or no advance, if only citizens of Topeka are simply to buy of each other. A man's capital does not grow by transferring it from one pocket to the other. The only increase in wealth that Topeka can have aside from that produced by legitimate labor, is what it can bring in from abroad. If Smith takes from his business \$10,000 and buys lots of Jones that last year cost him but \$5,000, it is possible that Smith has made a good thing, but for the city at large it would have been as well, and if the property is unproductive, much better if Jones had held his land and Smith had continued the use of his money in active business, unless it is presumed that Jones can do better in employing labor that Smith has done. The fish in a lake will produce more net meat by feeding upon insects and other animal and vegetable food, than by habitually eating each other, whereby a few are made fat

The School Book Question, and the State Printing.

It has long been a wonder that the school book imposition has not been stopped before this, by the legislature of this state. At length the matter is receiving serious attention, and it is not improbable that a reform will be instituted.

A legitimate cause of complaint has been the high price of school books. This has been kept up by a combination of school book publishers, while the book-sellers claim that their margin is very small. Quite as serious a complaint has been the want of uniformity in text books. A man moving from one county to another, or even from one district to another, may be forced to buy a new set of books for his children. A uniform system of books would remedy this evil, but not so of the price.

Any competent printer can testify that school books can be made for far much less than half the price now paid for them. The state printer has, in fact given figures, even less than these, at which they may be furnished by the state.

But there is another feature of this expense to the people that has not been mentioned so far as we are aware. School books should be supplied to pupils, by the respective districts, townships, or counties, probably by the districts and be the common property, the same as the school building and its fixtures. Thousands of dollars are now paid out for text-books that are not worn out. These are now sold at a nominal price, and the trade in second hand school books has become a considerable business. If these books were bought by the district, at trade prices, or at cost, every pupil would be supplied, and when they were advanced to a higher class, they would have the books before used by such a class or grade. In this way books would be obtained at lowest price, and would be worn out without speculative profits.

In this connection the figures given by the state printer serve to give a general idea of the low price at which printing can be done, and furthermore, afford a key to the mystery why the profits of the state printer mount up to \$15,000 or \$20,000 a year. It is evident that not all the state printing is done on the most economical system, and that such action should be taken as will save the state the expense that has attached to the state printing. This can be done in two ways. One will cut off a deal of useless printing, and the other reducing expense, and cutting off extraordinary profits to the state printer. He should have a stated salary, or a limited trade price be established for his work.

The Emporia Republican is not in favor of Woman Suffrage. It has the usual old stereotyped objections—the women do not want it. It is very clear that many of them do want it, and why not give it to them at least. If it is adopted those who do not want to vote will not be compelled to do so. Only by such extension of rights can all parties be accommodated in their exercise. Let us talk fair.

The absorption by non-resident aliens, of lands in this country is beginning to receive consideration. There are foreign capitalists living in Europe, owning vast acres of our lands, which they rent out to tenants on terms that would be oppressive in Ireland. These lands are being impoverished, and the rental money goes out of the country. One Scully, an Irish landlord, owns, and rents 40,000 acres of land in Logan county, Illinois, and has more than that amount in other parts of the country. A miserable tenantry eke out a hard living, under heartless agents who collect the rents or evict the tenants. The Illinois legislature is moving to put an end to the evil.

Johnny and his elder sister made up the class, and Johnny had come to rely on his sister's industry for his lessons. "Johnny, upon what does the earth revolve?" asked the teacher. "Ax his," replied Johnny, scratching his head to evoke an idea. "Correct." And as Johnny afterward explained it to a companion, he was "the puzzled boy in creation."—Chicago Standard.

A stranger who was quietly looking over a water-power in a Western village was sought out by the mayor, who said: "I hear you think of starting a factory?" "It's a good place, and you'll like it?" "At right. We shall be prayer amount of \$4 o'clock here's a payment the wan for over \$100,000 the evening. Rev. \$50,000 of the most eloquent str of the United States.—Capital

ROBBERING THE MAILS.

How a Post-Office Inspector Caught an Official Who Stole Registered Letters.

By far the largest percentage of mail thieves are among the postmasters, their assistants and the Star Route messengers. The way they are caught is sometimes very interesting, as the following case, told to a correspondent by Special Agent John M. Crowell, will show:

Some years ago numerous depredations on registered mail matter were committed in the neighborhood of Vienna or Minden, La. Registered letters would turn up with money contents either short or totally lacking. The complaints came from half a dozen little towns, and the department soon centered the mischief at the distributing point where all the mails concentrated. Crowell was detailed for the work, and he arrived on the scene as a stranger who was looking around to buy a farm. He was nearly worried to death practicing this racket, as about one hundred of the adjoining farmers wished to sell. Crowell quietly watched. He first placed the messenger who carried the pouches to the railway station under surveillance, but soon was intuitively satisfied that he was not the man. Then he reasoned that it must be the postmaster, and he gave that worthy his attention. Casually he became acquainted with him. loafed around the office, but saw nothing which his trained eye thought suspicious. Peep-holes were utilized when the postmaster was busy at night, but Crowell's efforts were unrewarded. In the meantime the robberies continued, even while Crowell was on the watch. The department sent him the envelope to examine, and suddenly he saw how the thing was done. Many little post-offices have no postmark stamp, but simply cancel the stamp and write the post-office and date in ink. Crowell suddenly remembered that all the losses were from offices of this kind. Sure of his man now, his surveillance was redoubled. In studying the postmaster's private habits, he found that he was fond of hunting, and every evening or two would take his gun and have a stroll. Sometimes he brought back a bird or two or a squirrel, often nothing. Crowell noticed, also, that he ever went in the same direction, so he followed him one evening. Dodging behind trees, lying down behind stumps, and using every effort to watch him and keep himself concealed, he saw his man go to an old tree, look around, part some vines and fumble among them. Soon he went away, and then Crowell went to the tree. To his gratification he found inside a hollow, concealed by the vines, numerous register envelopes, which a close examination proved to be duplicates of the ones forwarded to him by the department. Replacing the torn envelopes, he went back to town and quietly waited until next evening. Then he proposed a hunt with the postmaster, which was accepted. Crowell tried to borrow a gun, but purposely failed, so when he met the postmaster he said: "Never mind, we will use your gun, shot about."

"This was satisfactory, and Crowell led the way toward the tree, skillfully, enough, however, to arouse no suspicions. Nearing the tree Crowell, who was carrying the gun, suddenly said: "Whist! a squirrel," and pointed to the tree. "Go there and shake those vines. I saw him run in the hole." The postmaster, not daring to refuse, but feeling rather uncomfortable, went to the vine, shook it and said: "There is no hole or squirrel here." "Yes, there is," said Crowell. "There's game there. Put your hand in the hole." "What do you mean," asked the frightened man. "I mean that I saw big game go in that hole yesterday evening, and that I am a post-office inspector and have been hunting that game for three months. Now haul it out."

The man obeyed, and Crowell said, referring to his little book while he held the gun ready: "Give me No. —," etc., naming one after the other the tampered packages. The prisoner handed each in a dazed way, and Crowell would pleasantly remark as each was laid down: "You owe me ten dollars on that, five dollars on that," and so continued to the last. He then marched his prisoner to town, but without any apparent surveillance. Arrived there, he said: "Now, go to your bondsmen, friends, and whoever you can, and replace every cent of that money." By that night the money was paid to Crowell, but the postmaster was tried and convicted all the same.

How was the stealing done? Simply enough. A package was cut open, and the letter inside cut open and the contents removed. There being no postmark on either, an envelope was forged for the occasion, and the red envelope replaced by another properly indorsed in the handwriting of all who had handled it. The extra red envelopes he had secured in New Orleans, on some pretext, from the office, and his stock showed up all right.—N. O. States.

—W. J. Connor, a farmer residing near Sherburn, Minn., was drowned in his well. Mr. Connor was watering his stock and the cattle crowded around the well so closely that Mr. Connor was thrown into it head first. The well was about eighteen feet deep, with seven feet of water in it.

The following charities of New and Capt. J. S. Evans the same valued at \$1,000 an acre, to be added to the twenty acres already subscribed for the location of the Rock Island shops on the north side. The total amount to be donated is \$1,000 acres, and it is believed that can be secured.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—It is said of one fashionable young man that he never paid any thing but a compliment.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

—A wag says he is never alarmed when he makes the thirteenth at a table unless there happens to be only enough to eat for six.

—If fowls are thirsty they will eat snow and pieces of ice, as well as drink from the vile gutter; but that is no reason for neglecting to provide them with fresh water.—Boston Post.

—The best soils for wool are also the best for mutton, and it is necessary that the land be dry, for damp soils are fruitful causes of such diseases as liver rot, fluke and foot rot.—Field and Farm.

—It is useless to hope to destroy the acidity of certain soils by the application of lime and other supposed correctives; only drainage will accomplish it.—Cincinnati Times.

—Diseases are often communicated by feeding horses in stalls which have been occupied previously by diseased animals. Such stalls should first be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected.—Exchange.

—Young colts are as fond of petting as kittens are, and a little fondling every day will do them good. By being handled kindly often they soon become gentle and docile, and are much more easily handled when they become horses.—N. Y. Herald.

—A writer states that he had the best results keeping grapes when each bunch was wrapped in a piece of paper, packed in boxes holding one bushel, and the boxes kept in a place where the temperature did not fall below thirty-five degrees above zero.

—That artificial manures of every kind are necessary we have always admitted and shall always propound, but that they can ever profitably and usefully replace those made on the farm is a proposition too ridiculous to merit discussion.—Wygat's Modern High Farming.

—Soils differ much as to their immediate origin, their physical properties, their chemical constitution and their agricultural capabilities, yet all soils which in their existing state are capable of bearing a profitable crop possess one common character—they all contain organic matter in a greater or less proportion.—Detroit Tribune.

—There is great virtue in cold water and flannel after a horse has been driven hard. The two most important parts of the horse to be looked after and to be kept in good condition, are the lungs and legs. The feet are a part of the legs, and the care of the legs will help the feet. Both should be washed with cold water after severe use, and then the legs should be wound with a strip of flannel from the hoofs above the knees.—Rural New Yorker.

AFTER DRIVING.

What Farmers Should Do With Their Horses Upon Returning from a Drive.

Some farmers, after driving their teams in the slush and mud in winter, think if they dash a few pails of water over the horses' limbs upon returning, before putting the team in the stable, they have left the poor brutes in the best possible condition until morning. The fact is, it would be far better to turn the animals in the stable and leave them, mud and all, until it was fully dry. There would be far less danger of scratches, mud-fevers and grease than by the plan of washing. If the legs are washed they should be then rubbed until quite dry—no easy task. If left only partially dry the most serious consequences are likely to ensue.

When a team is left with the hair imperfectly dried a chill is almost sure to ensue. It is not unlikely the animals, especially if exhausted, will be found next morning stiff and with limbs swollen, since the exhaustion of the system prevents healthy reaction at the extremities. The best plan is to wash the limbs with warm water and then bandage them loosely with strips of flannel. These may be ten feet in length by three inches wide and rolled tightly. Commence at the fetlocks and bandage loosely, lapping one edge over the other, and making a half-turn fold of the bandage when joints are passed to prevent the slipping of the bandage. In the morning the limbs will generally be found all right for cleaning. If this plan is not adopted it is altogether better to let the team stand muddily as to the limbs until morning, when the dry mud may be easily cleaned away, and with very little danger of injury to the team if the stable is warm, not subject to draughts, and a liberal amount of bedding is given.—Chicago Tribune.

How to Work Butter.

But when one writes about working butter down "hard, fine and waxy," the height of absurdity has been reached. The quality of butter can be in no way improved by working, its quality having been determined before it reaches that step in the process of making. Thorough working of butter has but one effect, viz., that of breaking its grain and making it salvy. It is safe to say that no one discovery has been of greater benefit to butter-makers than that of producing butter of granular form. It is the only correct way, for if butter is allowed to gather in the churn, the butter-milk is locked in, and in attempting to work it out the butter is always more or less injured in grain. That any harm can come from rinsing butter while in the granular form with pure water or with brine, is more than I can understand. The best butter-makers have practiced it for years, and with satisfactory results.—F. W. Mosley, in Country Gentleman.

UNCLE SAM'S BOOKS.

Some Curiosities of a Lengthy Document Recently Issued by the Government.

The House of Representatives, on July 27, passed a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a statement of balances due to and from the Government of the United States. The answer, which was very voluminous, was sent to the Public Printer, and the work of placing it in type was completed a few days ago. The fact that certain sums are charged against individuals as due the United States does not indicate that the persons so charged with indebtedness have profited by the amount involved or that they owe the money. In the great majority of cases the accounts are held up awaiting the settlement of some technical question as to the legality of the expenditure.

Among those who are carried as debtors on the treasury ledgers are: President John Adams, who owes \$12,508 on account of "household expenses;" Major-General Lafayette, who owes \$4,805, on account of an overpayment made to him, and Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, who owes \$61,355, on account of various expenditures made before 1834. The diplomatic, and particularly the literary men, who have been sent abroad as Ministers and Consuls, seem to be more generally in debt to the Government than any other class of public servants. James Russell Lowell owes \$93.68 in his account as Minister to Great Britain in 1855; John Lathrop Motley owes \$2,498 as Minister to Great Britain in 1871; Beverly Johnson owes \$5,388 as Minister to Great Britain in 1869; Bayard Taylor owes \$102 as Minister to Germany in 1879; Washington Irving owes 3 cents as Minister to Spain in 1847; Alexander Everett owes \$893 as Minister to Spain in 1831; Ninian Edwards, Minister to Mexico in 1826, owes \$924; James Gadsden, Minister to Mexico in 1857, owes \$540; Andrew J. Curtin, Minister to Russia in 1872, owes \$944; E. W. Stoughton, Minister to Russia in 1879, owes \$12,160; John Russell Young, Minister to China in 1885, is debited with \$3,145 and is credited with \$507; Stephen A. Hurlbut, Minister to the United States of Colombia, is debited with \$13,228 in 1871 and \$7,000 in 1872; James A. Bayard, Envoy to Ghent, is debited with \$400; Adam Badeau is debited with \$10,572 as Consul-General to London in 1882 and with \$9,165 as Consul-General to Havana in 1884; William D. Howells is debited with \$24 as Consul to Venice in 1863 and \$2 credited with \$71 in his account for 1865; John S. Mosby is debited with \$2,118 as Consul to Hong Kong in 1885; Thomas J. Brady owes the Government \$3.75 as Consul to St. Thomas in 1874; Titian J. Coffey is debited with \$1,990 as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1870 and 1871; Beverly Tucker is debited with \$21,264 as Consul at Liverpool in 1862, and Simon Wolf with \$298 as Consul General at Cairo in 1882.

On the other hand the statement shows that the Government owes John Quincy Adams \$1,600, as Minister to Russia in 1818; Alphonso Taft, \$1,940, as Minister to Russia in 1885; John M. Francis, as Minister to Austria in 1885, \$3,000; Edward F. Beale, as Minister to Austria in 1877, \$1,111; John A. Bingham, as Minister to Japan in 1885, \$2,000; John Howard Payne, as Consul at Tunis in 1853, \$205.92; Bret Harte, as Consul at Glasgow in 1885, \$185.16, and Henry Bergh, as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1865, \$135.44. One of the largest debts in the list is Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, \$389,267.40, on account of bullion deposited with A. J. Quirot, treasurer of the mint in New Orleans, in 1866. Dr. George B. Loring's disputed account for \$20,808.89, as Commissioner of Agriculture, is, of course, charged up against him.—Washington Cor. Chicago Herald.

A LAWLESS LIFE.
Sometimes, when I think what a lawless life mine has been, I wonder that the respectable outlaws with whom I am most intimately associated in social, religious and political circles have not elected me chief of the band. I think nothing of defying those in authority; I "sass" the President, scoff at Congress, bully the Legislature, and transgress the laws of the land daily. I drive across the bridge "faster than a walk," and openly sneer at the five dollars' fine with which the sign-board threatens me. I have walked "on the grass" in Fairmount Park; in Central Park I have "plucked a leaf, flower or shrub." I have "stood on the front platform" for many miles; I have "talked to the man at the wheel;" I have "got on and off the cars while in motion;" I have "smoked about this shaft;" I have refused to "keep moving on Brooklyn bridge; I have neglected to clear the snow from my sidewalk at early dawn; I do not muzzle my dog, and last year he was not registered; I do not always "turn to the right" when I am driving; I do not always procure tickets before entering the cars; I have not worked out my road tax this year—why, I can't begin to tell one-half my lawless acts. No Anarchist, nor that good people—people who never do wrong—regard me with suspicion. But one virtue, even though it may be considered a negative one, I insert here as a saving clause. I have never overstated the value of my property to the assessor.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

—At Orangeville the women crusaders visited a hotel and tried by praying to induce the proprietor to close the place. It is said that the proprietor invited the ladies to seats and asked them to pray, and he himself offered a prayer, in which he dealt very severely with the follies and vanities of women.—Toronto Globe.

—Book-binder—Will you have it bound in Turkey or Morocco? Purchaser—O mercy, not! What's the use of sending it away from there? Have it bound in—New York.—Tid-Bits.

EARLY MATURITY.

An Indispensable Quality in Cattle to Both the Breeder and Grazer.

The early maturity question, as regards beef breeds, is unquestionably one of first importance to our breeders and graziers; to the graziers it may be said, first, because their profits depend much upon economy of time and food, turning over their money as quickly as possible, and turning out as quickly as possible, and fit for the butcher, the stock they buy in lean condition; but if the grazer has precedence, on the ground of his direct and immediate interest, the breeder necessarily has chronological priority, inasmuch as an animal must come into the world before it can eat and be eaten. Let us take first, therefore, the breeder's part in this matter.

In his selection of the type of animal the breeder, of course, is influenced by the market, and here the feeder is his patron and promoter, whose demands must be considered and satisfied. The feeder may be, indeed, the breeder himself, who, as feeder also, becomes his own customer, but this fact does not alter the aspect of the case, for the only difference is that he must look forward to his own wants instead of to the wants of another man, and breed according to the sort of stock he will require.

Size and weight, doubtless, will continue to be in demand, for a considerable proportion of the buyers not only for beef-making purely, but for general purposes, as the cow that can milk well, fatten readily, and then fall a good weight, is a more profitable animal than the light-built cow which can not carry much flesh; but as the business of feeding for the largest profit is usually a race against time, the animals that can make the most of the fastest, at the least cost will be mostly those required, wherever the feeder has a cultivated farm and all the appliances and buildings of advanced agriculture. A different stamp of animal, but still inclining to early "ripening," and a kindly thriver, will be wanted to meet rougher and more primitive conditions.

If we must have animals with the hereditary habit of rapid growth, and to assume the form of a fully furnished flesh point of adults as an age when average cattle are little beyond calf-hood, we must be prepared to yield somewhat of constitutional robustness, and to sacrifice longevity. The individual animals reared for beef alone are not intended to have long lives. The object of their entrance into the world is their early exit; but their fitness to meet the demands of the business for which they are produced must be inherited from their parents which must have, otherwise they can not transmit, the desired generosity and early completion of growth. The breed, therefore, kept for the purposes of this business, must be one which speedily reaches the height of maturity, and, as a necessary consequence to a recognized law of nature, having soon passed the turning point of life, begins at an early age a speedy descent on the other slope of the hill. We must not be too exacting about stamina, or about length of days, when extremely early maturity is our object. The early maturity is gained and improved, we must remember, by the forcing and housing of many successive generations, and the means employed to promote it have also that other more sure result, the reduction of the power of the constitution to bear the strain of rough life, or the wear and tear of prolonged life. To the feeder the question what his stock could do if their lives were spared is without interest. He does not mean to spare their lives. His business is to know what stock best suits his place and means of feeding off; and as these are widely various throughout the length and breadth of the United States, it is evident that we have room for many breeds, and for more than one class within each breed. Any breed may be trained, in time and by the necessary means, to faster or slower development, to harder or more generous living, so that in all breeds there is some elasticity to adapt themselves to circumstances, although certain breeds excel others in readiness to do so.—National Live-Stock Journal.

SIZES OF SHOES.

Trade Tricks Resorted to in the Numbering of Foot Gear.

Nominally there is now one-third of an inch in length and one-twelfth of an inch in width between contiguous sizes of shoes. Thus: In women's shoes the width B is supposed to be one-twelfth of an inch broader than the width A, C is one-twelfth inch wider than B, and so on, F being the extreme width of women's shoes in general use.

But the sensitiveness of a portion of the fair sex on the subject of wide feet has induced many manufacturers to label their wide goods B. This is really one-twelfth broader than A. Upon the notion of getting a close fit also, many ladies have got into the habit of calling for C and D or D and E. If such exactness of measurement were obtainable it would signify that C was 1-24 inch wider than B. But as a matter of fact, no manufacturer splits his sizes as fine as this.

Lengths of shoes are almost as much demoralized as widths. The beginning of the scale in the length of shoes is a child's, which should just be four inches in length, and each additional size should add one-third of an inch. A child's 9 being four inches in length, a child's 9 would consequently be five inches long, and a 13 would be six and one-third inches in length. The numbers then begin at 1 again, which is six and two-thirds inches long. A man's 8 should be nine inches long.

But it has become so customary a bridge half a size, that when a manufacturer receives orders for men's shoes 6 to 10s or women's 8s to 7s, knows very well that his customer pines 6 1/2 to 9 1/2 in one case and 7 1/2 to 8 1/2 in the other.—Boston Commerce Bulletin.

—A party of starch and obnoxious hardens quickly and last stopper of holes in metals for—Boston Budget.

There are hundreds of old subscribers to the Spirit of Kansas, who did not renew last year. To any such who may receive this notice marked we offer to send it to the end of this year on receipt of 25 cents provided the same be forwarded within the next 30 days. Our purpose is to get them again on our list, where we believe they will remain. At our reduced rates of 50 cents a year (in clubs of two or more) we lose few subscribers. Old subscribers may send in names at 25 cents, for the rest of the year.

Advertisers who would reach the most readers for the least money, must patronize the Spirit of Kansas. Every one sending a cash order for advertising at regular rates of \$2.00 for one inch for four insertions, may at same time order \$1.00 worth of subscriptions free, for each \$2.00 of advertising. That is two yearly subscriptions, four for six months, or eight for three months. Papers will be sent to address of each subscriber or be sent in clubs to one address. In this way we expect to place thousands of papers just where they will do the most good. For instance, if ten stockmen place eight hundred copies among purchasers of stock each one will have the benefit of this increase, and induce others to do the same. The same of all other advertisers. This idea has been suggested to us by some of the heaviest advertisers, who are taken by the low price of our paper which makes the plan feasible. We shall be glad to hear from others and to receive further suggestions.

Job Printing.

In connection with this office we have a select assortment of new type and other facilities for doing all small commercial and other printing. Additional facilities will be added as fast as possible. We ask the business men of North Topeka to give us their business and we will soon build up a creditable and profitable printing house on the north side. Nothing but their patronage and economical management is necessary, and such an enterprise is needed here.

25 Bars of Sick Soap for \$1.00 at O. H. BAUM & CO'S GROCERY 202 KAN. AVE. N. TOPEKA.

Wanted

Men and women to subscribe for the LEAVENWORTH DAILY or WEEKLY TIMES, in connection with the SPIRIT OF KANSAS. The place occupied by THE TIMES in Kansas journalism and politics is too well known to need commendation from the SPIRIT. It is a fearless, outspoken, independent Republican paper; in fact THE State paper. It favors the enforcement of law and order. We can furnish our paper and the DAILY TIMES and BOSTON YANKEE BLADE for \$5.00 a year. We can furnish our paper and the WEEKLY TIMES for \$1.00 a year. Send for THE TIMES premium list and our commission to agents.

30 Bars of Star Soap for \$1.00 at BAUM & CO'S 202 Kan. Ave.

Send us a \$20 advertisement and have 30 papers sent for three months to those you want to read it.

FRANK E. VAN HAREN, Druggist, east side Kansas Avenue, North Topeka.

Why pay \$1.25 for one paper, when you can get the Leavenworth Weekly Times, and this paper both for \$1.00.

Twenty five cents for this paper three months, and Dr. Foster's Health Hints, or Fishers Grain Tablets.

We are receiving clubs for the whole of the present year, at 25 cents each, for 30 days only.

All Millinery at half price to Close Out, at MRS. METCALF'S 239 KAN. AVE. Produce taken in exchange for goods.

Call and see us at 431 Kansas Avenue.

We are now the longest established of any printing house on the north side.

An interesting case has just been brought to a close in the superior court. It appears that in May of 1884, A. A. Holcombe, who had been recently appointed state veterinarian, condemned three horses belonging to M. M. Stanley, of Kingville, as being glandered, and ordered these horses killed. Two of the horses were killed by Sheriff White, of Jackson county. Stanley then brought suit against Holcombe for causing the death of these horses, and for the past few days the case has been on trial in the superior court, resulting in a verdict for Stanley for the full value of the horses. Mr. Stanley was well and ably represented by Messrs. Overmyer & Safford, while Mr. Holcombe was represented by Attorney General Coffman and E. A. Austin. Judge Coffman held that it was the duty of the commission to condemn the animals and that Holcombe had no power to perform this duty for them, and that the killing of these animals was wrongful and that the only question for the jury to determine was the value of the same. The jury found that the animals were not glandered and were of the value of \$297.77, for which sum the verdict was rendered.

Potato salad: Slice thinly eight or ten good-sized Irish potatoes (boiled and cold), chop finely one good-sized apple, one and a half small onions, rinse and chop the leaves of a large handful of green parsley. Spread a layer of the potato in a chopping tray, sprinkle liberally with salt, then half the parsley, apple and onion; pour half a teaspoon of sweet oil or melted butter over it, mix with a small cup of vinegar. Mix the whole carefully, and do not break the potatoes.

Real estate transfers Saturday were \$70,000, or \$250,000 for the week.

Topeka has had more genuine real estate transfers during the past year than any city in Kansas.

An engineer has been sent to the extreme southwestern portion of the state to work on the Rock Island road.

A special train will come up from Emporia next Sunday, bearing several A. O. U. W. delegates to the memorial exercises. John Frederick, the two-year-old son of S. J. and Josephine Johnson, died Tuesday morning.

Enough railroad companies were chartered in Kansas last year to build 50,000 miles of road.

The Rock Island will commence the erection of their magnificent three story depot in a few days.

The many friends of Mr. C. F. Junod will be pained to learn of his death which occurred at Laguna, California, on Monday.

Fifty-four civil and thirteen criminal cases have been filed in the district court since District Clerk Sterne took charge of the office, January 10.

A handsome business block with a frontage of 75 feet is to be erected on the west side of the avenue, between Norris and Laurent street in the spring.

The first ward folks invited the Rock Island officials to a banquet, but the invitation was declined with thanks. The Rock Island folks are too busy to eat.

The actual transfers of real estate in Topeka during the entire winter amounted to \$50,000 per diem. These are real bona-fide transfers.

Rev. Percy C. Webber goes from here to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he will preach before the bishops and clergy by special invitation.

The December payment at the pension office in this city amounted to \$1,010,008. Three hundred and sixty new names were added to rolls in January.

The contract for strengthening the Kansas river bridge across the Kansas river was awarded to C. Lindenschmidt, for \$635.00.

The baggage master of the K. N. & D., while coming to Topeka Monday, from Fort Scott, had the middle finger of his right hand cut off at the first joint, by having his hand caught in the door.

Wichita is great on wind and blow, but when it comes to statistics she is always about ten miles behind. The Topeka postoffice does a business equal to Wichita, Lawrence and Atchison combined.

The young peoples' foreign missionary society of the Baptist church met Monday evening and elected the following officers: W. S. Bress, president; W. H. Paramore, treasurer; Miss May Shaw, secretary.

The monthly report of the city superintendent of public schools shows that 3,399 scholars entered for examinations and 700 passed. Daily attendance 3,330. Total enrollment 3,429.

Christ's Hospital of Topeka is doing a great work for the sick and suffering. The doors of the hospital have been open to all Kansas, and it deserves the small aid it asks of the state.

Prof. Tillotson, who for several years past has discharged the duties of city superintendent of schools, announces his determination not to be a candidate for re-election at the close of the school year.

The special committees to whom was referred an ordinance in reference to the renumbering of houses, reported the same back, recommending its passage. The consideration of said ordinance was postponed until the next meeting.

Messrs. J. G. West and R. A. Richards of Silver Lake, have opened a real estate and insurance office in this city. Mr. West has a large ranch near Silver Lake, and is a breeder of fine stock. Both gentlemen are substantial citizens.

The appointment of J. Lee Knight for city assessor, for the next two years, by Mayor Coffman was a very happy one. It also shows the liberal spirit of the mayor who is a democrat, in appointing a republican. Capt. Knight is particularly qualified for the position.

A man who gave his name as D. L. Brown, was arrested last Saturday for stealing a buffalo robe from a farmer's wagon the day before. Brown lives several miles west of the city, and it is suspected he has been one of a gang which has made this kind of thieving a systematic business.

Four divorces were granted by Judge Guhrle Saturday, to Madam De Foy, one Ed Johnson, the groom of less than two weeks, and one Mrs. Frank X. Byron, the unfortunate young girl who was wooed and deserted by Taft & Curdy's defaulting cashier.

A movement is now on foot to build a new line from this city to Denver, and the route has practically been agreed upon. It is to be known as the Kansas Valley road and will extend from Kansas City to Topeka, thence on the south side of the river to Junction City, through the Fort Riley reservation to Abilene and Solomon City, and thence west to Denver.

At the last meeting of the City Council the city engineer submitted a report in reference to the renumbering of the Kansas river bridge by the contractors, and, after consideration, a resolution was passed approving the same and accepting said work done by the contractors, Bricker and Clausen; also recording an appropriation of \$1,169.50 to pay said contractors for the work accepted.

Mayor Coffman, City Engineer Nealy, and all the members of the city council excepting the north side members, Marshall and Ellinwood, and Mr. J. Bartholomew, of the Topeka Rapid Transit street Railway company, went to Kansas City Tuesday morning on the early train and spent the forenoon examining the workings of the steam motor new in use on the elevated railway between Kansas City and Wyandotte.

Rev. Percy Webber had another large audience last evening at Grace cathedral, and for an hour his hearers listened intently to his profound logic and eloquent words. His theme was, "What constitutes a practical Christian life?" At 9:30 a. m. there will be prayer and a short address, and at 4 o'clock he will talk on "How to prevent the wandering thoughts in prayer." Services will also be held at 7:30 in the evening. Rev. Mr. Webber is one of the most eloquent evangelists in the United States.—Capital.

Trains on the Rock Island road now make Topeka.

Mr. Frank Babcock has returned from his trip to the southern part of the state.

The Rock Island track is completed west from Topeka about eighteen miles.

The Chautauqua circle met Tuesday evening. The subject of the lesson was "Astronomy."

Mr. James Nichols, who was very low with congestive chills is improving rapidly.

Frank Van Haren has added a new electric light to his already attractive drug store.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Dixon have returned from a short visit to Mr. Dixon's parents at Russell.

The spring boom has begun. If you want to see it go the lumber yard at any hour in the day.

The north side Congregationalists refuse to change their Sunday School hour from 9:30 to 12:15.

A four foot vein of coal has been discovered in the west side of the city. And so it continues to pour.

The attempt to exterminate English sparrows and mosquitoes by law will prove a failure.

The Stone brothers, aged 9 and 12 years gave an entertainment at Lukens' opera house Tuesday night.

C. J. Lamb, now editor of the Kirwin Independent, took up the first prairie claim in Osborne county, in 1871.

Mrs. Rosa Jockheck, aged forty years and nine months, died Sunday night at 7 o'clock, with kidney and liver disease.

The city school population for Topeka is almost 10,000, or nearly equal to the entire school population of Sedgewick county.

A Democrat reporter was informed by a prominent contractor, that contracts aggregating \$2,000,000, and already been let in Topeka for new buildings this spring.

The Topeka School board has passed a resolution against uniformity of school text books. We give it as our opinion that the Topeka school board are like a good many others in office, have little regard for the public welfare.

Dr. L. S. Lindsey, who owns the north-west corner lot on Kansas avenue and Second street, on which stands the office at present occupied by Williams & Upeggraf, has given them notice to vacate by March 1st, as he intends at that time to begin the erection of a four story business block on the site.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Morse gave a farewell party Wednesday evening complimentary to Miss Lily Elwood, who has been visiting them since the holidays. Miss Elwood departed for her home in Atchison on Thursday, and will be greatly missed by the young folks of the north side.

Rev. Percy C. Webber, before his departure from the city, gave at the Church of the Good Shepherd, the service of a "Quiet Day," on Thursday, from 10 a. m. till 3 p. m.—a day of earnest devotion, thought, instruction and prayer. At 1 o'clock a short sermon for the children.

Progressive euchre clubs are multiplying on the north side, which is not saying much for the intellectual quality of the first ward. There is perhaps no more to be said against euchre clubs than against sucking thumbs. Both are to a greater or less degree idiotic performances,—that is, they involve a waste of time, that the most intelligent cannot afford. But those who have no higher aspirations might do worse than spend their time playing progressive euchre. The only regret is that we cannot all do better.

The students of the state deaf and dumb asylum gave an entertainment Tuesday evening in representative hall. The large and spacious room was crowded, and many persons left, unable to gain admittance. Hundreds stood throughout the performance, which speaks words of its excellence.

The students show unmistakable evidence of the careful training afforded by this institution, which is one of the best of its kind in the country.

The programme was rendered in a most satisfactory manner. After his conclusion an informal reception for the purpose of giving information concerning the institution, and to allow the audience to inspect the industrial work of the students, was given, and many of those in attendance remained.

Minister's Union.

The union held its regular social meeting Monday afternoon at the residence of Rev. L. H. Holt, 132 West Seventh street. There were present Revs. Bacon, Blakesley, Green, Foster, Holt, Lee, McCabe, McKim, Chan, and Price. Mr. McKim read a very interesting paper on "The Enrichment of our Public Service," which was discussed by all present.

Following this came the elegant supper prepared by Mrs. Holt, and her lady friends. At the plate of each guest was an envelop containing a very neat folder containing the names of the officers, and the name and residence of each member of the union, with the compliments of Mr. Holt. Dr. Lee, of North Topeka Episcopal church made the thanksgiving speech, which was a very happy effort. Mr. Holt responded. Dr. McCabe introduced some resolutions congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Holt for the successful entertainment, and thanking him for the cards. The resolution being written on a napkin with invisible ink, it could not be literally preserved.

All in all, this was one of our most pleasant meetings. The secretary is requested to prepare a new roll of membership. Let all absentees take notice. The topic for next Monday is "The Pastor as a leader," to be presented by M. F. McKirahan.

The rush for land at the western end of the city is explained by a pretty well authenticated report that the Rock Island company are likely to build shops there. A meeting was held at Mr. J. Thomas' office Saturday evening at which Joseph Middaugh subscribed five acres of land and Capt. J. B. Evans the same amount, valued at \$1,200 an acre, to be added to the twenty acres already subscribed for the location of the Rock Island shops on the north side. The total amount to be donated is 17 acres, and it is believed that can be secured.

POULTRY DISEASES.

Directions for the Treatment of Catarrh, Roup and Diphtheria.

The symptoms of catarrh in fowls are a watery or slimy discharge of mucus from the nostrils, swelling of the eyelids, and in extreme cases swelling of the face. Boiled potatoes, mashed and well dusted with black pepper, are a good diet. Pills made of mashed potatoes covering cayenne pepper, and administered every other day at feeding time, for a few days, are an excellent remedy. The following prescription is also highly recommended for catarrh: Take finely pulverized fresh burnt charcoal and new yeast, of each three parts; flour, one part; and pulverized sulphur, two parts; mix them with water so that boluses the size of a hazel-nut can be made. Three of these are to be given daily. The same authority recommends cleanliness and frequent bathing of the eyes and nostrils with warm milk and water.

Roup often follows catarrh, if the latter is not promptly taken in hand. The symptoms are similar. A frothy substance appears in the inner corner of the eye; the lids swell, the eye-ball being in severe cases wholly concealed, and the fowl unable to see or feed, loses all spirit, and often dies. A fetid smell is emitted by fowls in the advanced stages of this disease.

In aggravated cases this prescription will be found excellent: Powdered sulphate of iron, a half drachm; capsicum powder, one drachm; extract of liquorice, half an ounce; make into thirty pills, and give one at a time, thrice a day for three days. Then take half an ounce of sulphate of iron, and mix with it one ounce of fine cayenne pepper, using butter as a medium. Give one-tenth of this mixture twice a day. Wash the head, eyes and inside of the mouth and nostrils with vinegar.

Another remedy which rarely fails to cure, is to strip a feather to within a short distance of the tip, dip it in nitric acid (quite dilute), and thrust it into the nostril of the sick bird. Repeat this two or three times a day, removing the burnt scab before applying the acid. Another remedy is solitary confinement in a warm, dry place, with a tablespoonful of castor-oil every day for a week, as medicine, and soft food, mixed with ale and chopped vegetables. In all cases the patient should be at once separated from its companions.

Diphtheria, in some respects, a similar disease, is caused by sudden changes of temperature, damp roosts, and the like. Wholesome food, and dry, well ventilated coops are the surest preventive. The wind-pipe is filled up with a white, ulcerous substance, emitting an offensive smell. Unless relieved, the bird pines away and dies. Nitrate of silver and powdered borax are used as remedies. Remove the ulcers as far as possible from the throat, and apply the nitrate of silver with a feather. The borax is applied in the same manner, wetting the feather, dipping it into the powder and swabbing the throat. A little chlorate of potassa dissolved in the water which is given the fowls to drink, is very serviceable. A quarter-ounce to a half-gallon of water is a good proportion.—American Rural Home.

SOLID HORSE SENSE.

Three Stories Which Prove That It Is Possessed by Many Faithful Animals.

One dark night at a late hour a traveler asked for lodging at a country tavern. After talking with the guest a few moments the landlord suddenly turned pale as he asked: "Pray, sir, which way did you come?" The gentleman answered that he had come from a certain direction—the south. "Impossible!" exclaimed the landlord, "for to-day all the planks of the bridge were removed for repairs." "It may be so," exclaimed the man, "but I have come from such a town since noon." There was no other possible way for the traveler to have come, and in the darkness of the night he had trusted to the intelligent animal he rode to keep the way. While the master was wholly unconscious of the perilous feat the horse had actually walked the string piece of a long bridge and kept his footing. The timber was scarcely a foot wide. Had it been in the daytime no sane man would have dared to attempt such a ride.

An old horse that had for years been ridden by an old commander when he became disabled for such use was sold to a farmer. Several years after, when he had been reduced from old age and hard work to a meager Rosinante, he was in the service of backwoods surveyors' assistants. It so happened that not far from the land under inspection a large number of volunteer soldiers were drilling. When the old war-horse heard the life and drum the martial spirit took possession of him. Away he went, over fences and ditches. The jerks and pulls from his rider were of no avail; in front of the regiment he took his place and capered and danced as well as his old legs would let him. The civilian equestrian upon his back could not induce him to leave the ground so long as the troops remained there. To the great amusement of the volunteers, and the no small annoyance of his rider, he insisted upon marching into the town in his chosen place.

One of the old writers tells of a horse that was conscious of his triumphs. When he was in the Olympic games he would proudly direct his steps to the tribunal judges for his crown. This same thing is related of the fast trotters of America. As soon as the race is over the spectators are restrained until they have seen the judges stand on the winners' box.

The moon's long shadow on the water.

A GOOD THING FOR PRINTERS.

A New and Successful Process for making Leads, Slugs, and Small Furniture.

Something that will stand the test of actual trial. Thoroughly recommended by the best Printers.

PATENT ALLOWED SEPT. 1886.

Why do you pay out money continually for leads and slugs, which are also continually wasting, when you can make them yourself as well as the best foundry in the world.

Why will you bother with wood galleys, why split up old cigar boxes, why patch up slugs for long lines, why waste your time with labor saving leads and slugs, when you can make them yourself with an abundance of true shaved leads and slugs from your old metal now lying worthless, and always accumulating in your office?

Time saved is money earned, and in a printing office valuable time is in no way saved so effectively as in having all sizes of leads and slugs at hand without the necessity of combination.

Save your time and that of your best workmen; save money and no end of annoyance by making your own slugs and furniture.

For nearly twenty years the inventor of this process has not bought a lead or slug, although for much of that time conducting one of the largest Book and Job Offices in Illinois. He then used moulds with iron surface with which it is almost impossible for the unskilled to succeed. These moulds were less than one foot in length, and only cast 6 and 4 to pica leads and nonpareil and pica slugs. They cost \$60 and were then the best investment in an expenditure of \$20,000. These moulds were loaned to a Chicago Type Foundry after the great fire, and were the first to be used in that city after that destructive event.

This is mentioned simply to show that this new process, and the apparatus herein mentioned are not the conception of a theorist, but of a practical lead and slug maker and printer, who knows the wants of the craft.

DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME.

But it is not easy for one to cast leads and slugs perfectly in the ordinary way. It requires long and persistent practice to succeed. Much depends upon the manipulation of the metal by the old process. Much less skill is required by the new, and our Manual of Instructions gives the information that could not be had from foundries, and that cost much time and experience. We assert without qualification that all difficulties have now been overcome, that the work of making leads, slugs and furniture by this process is thoroughly practical for any printer even in the most remote office. With our outfit it is now easy to make leads and slugs three feet or more in length, than it has heretofore been to make them one foot.

POPULAR DISTRUST.

We are not ignorant of the popular distrust that greets all such claims as we make, and, in fact, the whole idea of home-made leads. This is natural enough. The country is full of Hoe's \$25 ten inch moulds, and others, that the ordinary printer could not manipulate, or that turned out, in their hands, very imperfect work. Home made leads have not been a success generally, and the country has been well secured by tramp slug moulders who turn out work always more or less imperfect. Even this with our dressing plane can be made perfect.

We receive curious replies to our circulars. A western brother writes, "Rate. Bait to catch Gudgeons." We take no offense at this. We recognize that this prejudice exists and are not surprised at it.

But this prejudice yields to a little unbiased investigation of the new process. We refer confidently to those who have seen and tried our plan. Wonderful improvements have been made along the printing line within the past few years, and no doubt others are to follow. But there have been none simpler than this, and none of so much practical value compared with the cost.

One secret of our success lies in the fact that our work is complete. We do not send out moulds, that are adjusted with difficulty. Our apparatus is easily changed from one size to another, but the chief value of our process to the common printer, is found in our finishing apparatus. With it, although casts may be made untrue, there is no difficulty in shaving them down to a niceity. Our moulds are adjustable to any required size, and our shaving knife, or plane, can also be adjusted to the finest point. Without this no good work can be done.

LEADS AND SLUGS.

Shaved leads and slugs were unknown a few years ago. Nothing else will now be accepted. By our process they are as finely and accurately finished as those of any foundry. Leads are made three feet in length, and are no more difficult to make than nonpareil slugs. We can at any time produce a 10 to pica lead, three feet long. Slugs and furniture are all made to this length with the utmost ease. With our outfit no amateur need grow impatient at failure. They are readily cast beveled (for foot slugs), or with grooved edges, to save metal in larger sizes. Changing from one size to another consumes no time, and where a fire is burning a ladle of old metal may be converted into shaving work in five minutes or as soon as it can be melted.

No foundry makes slugs over eighteen inches long at most, so that if one desires to set a column advertisement lengthwise, he cannot do it without using wood galleys or patching. The longest columns in use will not equal the length of our slugs. In practice, however, it will be found that two feet will be long enough to work to best advantage.

FURNITURE.

By this process any size metal furniture up to 12 cm. pica or more and a yard long is made, light or solid, as may be desired. Two, four and six line pieces are as readily made as pica slugs. In short, there is no longer any need of wooden galleys or wooden furniture about a printing office.

HOW TO OBTAIN OFFICE RIGHTS.

Office Rights to make and use these Moulds, with Instructions, Models, Specifications, etc. are for sale, price \$10. It will not cost any printer \$2 to make all sizes that he will want.

At these prices not an office can afford to be without an outfit. When the best kind of leads and slugs can be made out of your old metal, there is no economy in using labor-saving leads, etc. Labor is saved by making your metal into all lengths, so as to avoid patchwork and save time.

So, too, one need not be particular to avoid cutting leads, when time is an object, as he knows the metal can readily be recast at leisure.

We guarantee the most perfect satisfaction. We invite investigation. Consult those who are using it. If it equals the claims we put forth all can judge of its value. To ascertain this, if you are in doubt, write to references here given. Take any course to make sure you will waste no money by investing in this line. Persons visiting the city are invited to call and see for themselves, at 431 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka Station.

Orders can be sent to us direct, and arrangements have been made with most of the responsible advertising agents handling Printers' Supplies by which they may had on advertising account. Publishers having dealings with Messrs. Lord & Thomas of Chicago, may find it to their interest to correspond with them if more desirable.

Orders may also be made through N. W. Ayer & Son, of Philadelphia, Dauchy & Co., New York, or any other agency handling similar goods.

G. F. KIMBALL, Patentee, Topeka, Kansas.

TESTIMONIALS.

A Printer's Bonanza.

Mr. G. F. Kimball, of North Topeka, has invented a process for making leads and slugs that beats anything we have seen for cheapness and convenience. Any printer in any office can make his own slugs, leads, etc. out of the old material which lies around every office. No printer need ever spend any money for slugs or leads. Mr. Kimball has manufactured us a large quantity of leads and slugs which are as good as those bought from type foundries. We shall say more about them in the future. Publishers of country newspapers should write Mr. G. F. Kimball, at North Topeka, Kansas, for information. The North Topeka (Kansas) Mail.

Mr. G. F. Kimball, of Topeka, formerly editor of the TRIBUNE newspaper of this city, has invented and applied for a patent on a device for casting slugs and leads for the use of job printers and newspaper offices. By the same machinery the practical printer is also enabled to do light stereotyping for newspaper work. Mr. Kimball has evidently hit upon something that will be of great utility in the art of printing, as all printers, especially job printers, have long felt the necessity for a cheap and simple process by which they could supply themselves with slugs and leads—two things that are absolutely indispensable in the art.—Lawrence (Kansas) Tribune.

OFFICE OF THE ST. MARTY EXPRESS, ST. MARTY, KAN., APRIL 20, 1886.

I can cheerfully testify to the valuable invention which Mr. G. F. Kimball of North Topeka, Kan., has recently made. Its work is very satisfactory, and above all, it places within reach of the humblest printer the privilege and opportunity of manufacturing his own slugs and working over his old metal. Mr. Kimball deserves the thanks of the fraternity generally, (and their patronage as well,) for the service he has rendered them.

G. F. Kimball, of this city has a patent outfit which will prove a valuable addition to printing offices. His invention consists of several contrivances by which any newspaper office can readily make its own slugs, furniture and leads. Mr. Kimball exhibits samples of excellent work done with his machinery. A saving in metal is effected by a novel plan. The complete outfit is sold for \$25.00.—Topeka Daily State Journal.

We had a pleasant call Wednesday from Mr. G. F. Kimball, of Topeka. He is the inventor of a process of manufacturing printer's leads, slugs, furniture, etc., which will enable newspaper men and job printers to manufacture these articles for themselves, and at nominal cost. The samples shown us were of fine finish and would pass muster any where, and were some three feet in length. Publishers will do well to send to Mr. Kimball for circulars.—Wamego (Kan.) Democrat.

A Lawrence Man's Invention.

Mr. G. F. Kimball, formerly publisher of the Tribune of this city, called on us last week. Mr. Kimball is an old practical printer and has recently invented an improved apparatus for casting leads and slugs, which will prove valuable to every printer. The outfit consists of moulds for leads, slugs and furniture, a steel plane for squaring, a dressing machine with adjustable steel knife, a shute board for finishing, squaring and mitering, and dressing bench and galleys. It is quite complete and with it any printer can make his own slugs and furniture, and keep himself supplied with leads, slugs and furniture at a small expense and little trouble. Every printer will appreciate the advantages of this cheap but perfect apparatus, and we are sure every old townsmen will feel honored to them to the craft. He certainly has hit upon a very clever invention and one that will be of most practical benefit to printers and publishers.—Lawrence GAZETTE.

RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER I.

The coffee and toast are suffering, the eggs and kidneys are growing cold, the butter is looking distinctly aggrieved, and Sir Thomas, lifting his head from his well aired Times, gazes across the table cloth, with a solemnity even more pronounced than usual, at his stepson, Grant Boyle.

"You mother is late again this morning," he says testily. "This is, indeed, the third time this week she has been behind time."

"Old age begins to assert itself," suggests the younger man carelessly.

Something in the indifference of his tone nettles Sir Thomas. His brow contracts, and he stares angrily at the other, betraying how very little love is lost between them.

Age has nothing to do with it. Your mother is not falling in any way, however much that thought may find favor with you! Your entrance into your kingdom will not be yet, I hope and believe."

This reference to his inheritance of a considerable estate upon Boyle's lips and a contemptuous movement of his shoulders.

"I see no disgrace in old age myself," he says. "It has its drawbacks, perhaps—with a look of staid insouciance at Sir Thomas—but the privileges too." He laughs slowly. "As you see, my mother is late—her privilege is to oversleep herself."

"Your mother, sir, has not been the same woman since the robbery of her jewels case, a month distinctly aggrieved upon her cruelly, as any one who—who—in his odd, fuming manner—'had a spark of feeling' in them might have seen. But you are too devoted to your racing, your cards, your town dissipations, to spare a thought for one of the best women, the best mothers, who ever—"

His indignation is cut short in a very summary manner. The door is flung wide, and Lady Valworth, entering, tapers to the nearest arm chair and sinks into it.

"Oh! Thomas! Oh! good heavens!" she cries. "The diamonds!"

Sir Thomas, flinging down The Times, starts to his feet, and turns to her.

"Why the deuce can't you speak, Lucinda?" says he.

"They are gone!—gone, I tell you! I've searched everywhere, and they are not to be found. This is the second robbery—and where is the fault to be laid? What on earth is to be done? The poor lady is growing quite hysterical, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing aloud."

"Your diamonds! The family diamonds! Bless my soul! Has the world come to an end?" cries Sir Thomas. "But there must be some mistake. When—putting on his most magisterial air—'did you see them last?'"

"Two nights ago, I wore them at Mr. Evers' dinner. You remember, Grant? You came with us."

"Yes, I remember," says Grant.

"It is absurd. It is outrageous! Is there no law in the land?" fumes Sir Thomas. "Have you sent for the police—a detective?"

"Of what use was the detective we got down from town about my emeralds?" asks Lady Valworth despondently. "It is a conspiracy—a deeply rooted one—'Nonsense!' growls Sir Thomas; 'it's burglars. D'ye see your mother's concern, Grant—what do you think, eh?'"

"Oh, my dear Grant!" cries his mother. "But which amongst them would you first suspect? We have had excellent characters with them all, and Johanna, as you know, has been with me for twenty-eight years—in fact, ever since you were born. Her character is surely established."

"It is the people with established characters who invariably enrich themselves at the expense of their employers. In the long run, they reward themselves for the years of correct living that they have endured. Take my advice, and keep your eye on Johanna."

He laughs cynically. There is, indeed, what one might almost believe to be an under current of amusement in his tone.

"This Johanna should, indeed, be well known to you!" breaks in Sir Thomas. "She was your nurse, I believe. She, as I have learned, is devoted to you—has given you almost a mother's love."

He is gazing at the younger man with a slow scorn in his old, but yet brilliant, eyes.

"Surely all that is no reason why I should seek to defend justice of its dues," says the young man, with an indolent uplifting of his brows. "You, as a magistrate, would surely not suggest such a course?"

"What do you mean, sir?" cries Sir Thomas, turning upon him so fiercely that Lady Valworth, who has had cause to dread a collision between them, rushes into the breach.

"Pray reserve discussion, however amicable, until later on," she implores excitedly. "I cannot listen to this now, I am so unstrung—so wretched. The emeralds were bad enough; but if nothing comes of the loss of these diamonds I don't believe I shall get over it. If they had been my own, I shouldn't so much have cared; but being yours, Sir Thomas, and expected by your heir—"

She breaks down again, and subsides into tears and her handkerchief.

"Now I must beg you will not so allude to this unfortunate matter," says Sir Thomas, a strong affection underlying the pomposity of his manner. "Let nothing outside the loss itself distress you—and, besides, there may be no loss; all yet is mere conjecture. Recovery of these jewels (if, indeed, they are gone) is sure."

"Positively certain," says Grant Boyle, with his insouciant smile.

"In the meantime, as you are so unstrung, I shall recommend you a change," says Sir Thomas, paying his hands very kindly upon his wife's. "Go to town for a month or so, to your sister, Mrs. Brand—she always does you good—and leave me here to fight out this mystery."

But though he fights it out hardly, so far as money and perseverance can go, nothing comes of his exertions. The family diamonds have vanished as entirely, as mysteriously, as did the emeralds belonging to his wife a month before.

CHAPTER II.

Lady Valworth had been rather glad to have herself of Sir Thomas' suggestion to spend a few weeks in town with his sister, Mrs. Brand—a fashionable woman of the world with a very kindly heart, who, childless herself, had adopted the daughter of a dead sister, now a charming girl of seventeen, and engaged to Grant Boyle, her cousin. She is, how-

ever, hardly to be regarded as a young lady fairly launched upon the world as she is still undergoing a course of study with various masters, and reading in German three times a week with a governess—a girl of about her own age, who had lived so much abroad as to be an almost naturalized Prussian.

Nadine Roche counted herself lucky when she sought and found employment in the home of Mrs. Brand. She had drunk sufficiently deep of the waters of affliction to be almost on the borders of despair, when Fate essayed not always kindly, shunted her on to the line that led to, at least, a glimpse of prosperity. Her pupil blossomed into her friend. Mrs. Brand took a special fancy to her. Her feet seemed to have dropped into the primrose way, and she felt at last, poor little soul, that she could lift her head to heaven with the firm assurance that she could walk, without fear of falling, upon the earth beneath.

Her pupil, Millicent Grey, is almost as pretty as she is in good luck. Tall, with a stately girl with fringed lids, from which the brown eyes look out as if in wonderment at the world outside, and soft sleek hair of a dark shade, that contrasts oddly with her reticent nose, and that is so altogether put in the shade by the charming Grecian feature that distinguishes her governess. To many people, indeed, Nadine's merry mouth, and fair dancing locks, and eyes blue as a caverned sea, would have had their objections; but the child herself is so sweet, so pure, so suggestive of all things good and pure, that it would be impossible to regard her in any light except a kindly one.

With only the memory of a dear father who had been a general in the Prussian army, although an Englishman—and a mother, very dear, but very dependent, to sustain her, Nadine, up to her connection with Mrs. Brand, had been compelled to look at life through anything but rose colored spectacles. And of late a chance of still surer escape from her dreary surroundings has suggested itself to her. Into her life (how, she hardly knew) a young man has fallen, who, while declaring his love for her, has at the same time repelled her almost as much as she attracts her. There is a slight touch of romance in the manner of their meeting, but yet nothing very worthy of comment. A dull January night, ignorant of stars—a crowded crossing—a young man who had kindly come to her rescue in the absence of the necessary policeman, who had piloted her across, through the tangled mass of vehicles, and landed her safely on the pavement at the other side. He had laughed aside her thanks, and when she had insisted on them, had demanded a recompense in the shape of a kiss. He had kissed her to her home. "The night was dark, so stormy, so destitute of comfort in any form, and she was so evidently timid about the conquering of those terrible rubicuns, the crossings, and he was so entirely master of his time for the next four hours."

It hardly took him one, however, to guide her to her home. She had steadily declined his offer of cabs or hansoms, but had felt it ungracious to refuse him further when he said he would traverse the distance with her on foot. In truth, she had been glad of his escort, and not altogether blind to the beauty of his face; and yet, as I have said, there was a repulsion as well as a fascination even then in her feelings toward him.

"There was one other thing that puzzled her. Had she seen him before? Those marked features, those soft brilliant eyes—were they familiar? It seemed to her that somewhere in the rather immediate past she had seen him; but yet when he so kindly came to her aid on that crossing, just as she left Mrs. Brand's house, she could not connect him with any place or period, and after a while felt that her imagination had played her false in the matter."

When he had taken her home that night he had stood lingeringly upon the door step, until at last, in an uncertain way, half reluctant, half longing, half desirous of his departure, half eager to show some gratitude to one who had been so courteously kind, she had asked him to come in and let her make him known to her mother. The invitation was accepted with alacrity. Mrs. Roche, a gentle, tender voiced woman, received him with a little soft dignity that astonished him; and two hours later, when he left them, as they fondly but erroneously believed, on his way to his bed, he laughed aloud to himself on the deserted pavements of that anything but aristocratic neighborhood, as he called to mind how he had indulged in tea and toast at that hour and enjoyed them too. What eyes that girl had! What a month! How gentle, how sweet, how lovable! Yet there was a fire about her too, that suggested many things, and made the pulses beat, and added ten thousand charms to those she already possessed. Well! He had lost his dinner, certainly, gazing at those beaux yeux, but there was always one's club, the gods be praised! and a supper that would be undeniable.

The acquaintance, thus opened, had been followed up with an ardor that perhaps astonished her. He soon—astonishingly soon, as it appeared to Mrs. Roche—mastered the hours of Nadine's days. Knew when she was off duty and when on. Never put in an appearance on the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, which she gave her German lessons to Millicent Grey, Mrs. Brand's niece; but invariably dropped in on the afternoons of Monday, Wednesday and Friday. On Sunday his visits were uncertain, but he came even, on that day more than he stayed away.

Mrs. Roche was troubled a little about him at first, but grew accustomed to him later on, and admiring him intensely as she did (regarding him, indeed, as a breath from that old world in which she once had moved, but which had proved cold and forgetful when fortune's sun went down upon her life), was openly glad and gratified when one day her daughter came to her and told her how Mr. Annerley had asked her to marry him, and how she had given him "yes" for his answer.

The girl had not seemed either elated or, indeed, moved in any way when telling her story, but had sighed rather, and been a little peltant and impatient—a most strange thing for her—during the remainder of the evening.

Paul Annerley had followed up his proposal by a graceful word or two to the girl's mother that had more than compensated her in his favor, and the courtship had run ever since very smoothly, all things considered—the man being passionately in love, the maiden being, if always gentle and sweet, and as adorable in manner as in face.

From the first Mr. Annerley had been extremely open about himself and his prospects. He would talk continually of "our office," and was always positively eager to enter into any question that related to his status in life, his "business," as he called it, or his income.

"It is neither big nor small now," he would say, with his charming smile, that showed all his beautiful teeth, and lit up his handsome eyes. "But it will improve. I have many irons in the fire, and one sure thing, about which also fail. No, I never tempt Providence too far. I despise the man who puts his all upon the die. I would have a reserve fund somewhere, however small it might be. Not that I should speak despairingly either—why another brilliant success? Of the little I can really call my own. It is sufficient to give bread and butter at least to not only one, but two—perhaps, indeed, three, should the desires be modest."

Here his handsome eyes fall meaningfully upon pretty Miss Roche bending over her knitting, and then pass on to Mrs. Roche with an even more meaning expression in them, that the good lady would catch and dwell on afterward with a maternal delight.

At her friend Nadine could but be placed beyond the fear of poverty—beyond the hateful drudgery of teaching. If her daily bread might be earned for her, instead of the dear feet being pressed every day into the toilsome path of labor! Yes, certainly Paul was very open, very explanatory about his prospects; though, perhaps, after all, the explanations did not amount to much. He had an office—somewhere. An extraordinary press of business—sometimes! He was a really destitute of relations—no father and mother having died when he was "quite a little fellow," and he was an only child. His sisters, his cousins and his aunts had no resting place upon the face of the earth—he was, as he would readily admit, a "lonely" man. He had friends, of course. Oh, yes! Every man had friends somewhere; but he found friendship a cold affair when all was told, and in fact he was a rather shy fellow about making acquaintances.

Yes, he was a rather shy fellow about making acquaintances. He was not such a happy as since his fortunate meeting with Miss Roche, which had enabled him to gain an entree into a house where, etc., etc. Perhaps this was true. Of his love for Nadine, indeed, there could be no doubt at all. His eyes seemed to be fastened upon her, to see her, to touch her hand, to hear her voice again. His love was a passionate one—an idolatry! He recognized it as such, and, whilst marveling at this strange feeling that had taken such entire possession of him, glad to sit in it, and cling to it with all his might.

CHAPTER III.

"I am tired to-day," says Millicent, with a little, pretty, weary gesture, throwing her arms above her head and laughing softly. "And idle, too. I shan't do any German, so you may as well sit down and gossip with me, instead."

"But"—begins Nadine feebly. She is plainly delighted at the chance of scamping the German.

"I told myself I'm going to look at a book today, so you may rest yourself in that chair with a quiet soul. I wouldn't be as conscientious as you, Nadine, for a king's ransom. Not that that would be much nowadays, with all these nihilistic doctrines gaining ground as they do. Are you comfortable in that overgrown chair? You look a trifle lost."

"I am quite happy," says Nadine, with a sigh of content.

She is feeling fagged and nervous, and is glad to rest in Millicent's pretty room for an hour at least. "Lucky you!" says Miss Grey, dropping down upon the hearth rug and taking her knees into her embrace. "I'm not. Oh, yes, I know; you needn't flatter me. I have everything the heart of a girl can desire—the best of aunts, plenty of money, a season before me (a first one, too), a lover, and pretty much my own way—and still I am not happy! I say, isn't that a queer thing?"

"It's downright mean of auntie—and as a serious lesson, it is a warning to me. I think she is the kindest woman I ever met," says Nadine, with sudden fervor.

Her English is exceedingly pure, but there is just a suspicion of a foreign accent in her tone when she grows in any way excited.

"She is—there isn't a doubt of it," declares Miss Grey, who likes to hear her auntie praised. "But, like the rest of us, she has her little weaknesses. Well, she had lost her dinner, certainly, gazing at those beaux yeux, but there was always one's club, the gods be praised! and a supper that would be undeniable."

"I made it. You really like it?" She stops for a moment, as if she were pink with a pleased surprise. "I confound I thought it—well—not bad, myself—but to hear you praise it!"

"It is the nicest thing I have seen this many a day. I congratulate you on it. Next morning, I shall disappear with my dear old man, and be free of even monsieur and the professor—with permission to order my own gowns; and then I shall buy myself the exact fac-simile of the one in which you are now looking so fetching. It will be a sort of souvenir to you to see how exceedingly badly it will become me."

"Ah! probably I shan't see," says Nadine.

Quick tears rise in her eyes. It is not only that the loss of her engagement will be a serious lessening of the grist she brings to the mill, but she is fond of Millicent; and to lose her—the pretty, saucy, kindly friend—that seems very bitter.

"Won't you, though? What do you mean by that, pray?"

"Why, I shall disappear with monsieur and the professor when you step upon the world's stage."

Miss Grey, bringing herself nimbly to her feet, drags Nadine from her chair, and compels her to stand in front of her. "You give yourself great trouble to step upon the world's stage, and then you disappear! You are a villain!"

"He isn't a villain," begins Nadine; but Millicent interrupts her.

"Oh, yes, he is!" she says. "You take my word for it. Well, go on."

"I am marrying him because—because I think I do like him, and that my absurd repulsion when absent from him is a mean feeling only to be conquered to disappear forever. And—and mamma will be happy if I marry him. She is so afraid that I may ever come to real want."

"He is rich, then? A man of property?"

"No. He has a clerkship somewhere in the city."

"Somewhere? Vague? Oh, well."

"No," to my proposal! Have you forgotten that the consequences of such folly on your part will mean death? My dear Nadine, really, though, what is it that you object to?"

"I shan't do at all as your companion!"

"Why not, your ridiculous mouse? Well, there—let us say no more about it just now. I never think myself, but I am always sure it is an excellent thing for other people to do when a little perplexed. However, before you begin to think, tell me one reason for refusing to be my guide and mentor."

A quick flash rising to Nadine's brow dyes her face crimson.

"You are going to be married?" says Millicent quickly, noting the signal of distress.

"It is true—yes."

"And you never told me!" There is a strong reproach in her tone. Then—seeing the pallor on the face before her (the strange, sorrowful whitening of the beautiful face), that has chased from it the unwilling roses of a moment since—and as she marks the mournful drooping of the lips, and the look of terrible depression, nay, fear, that betrays itself in the shrinking form—she overcomes her sense of ill usage, and some sharper inner sense conveys to her the truth of it all.

"You are afraid of something! You do not love him!" she cries impulsively, slipping down on the ground beside the lounge on which her friend has sunk, although unmoved and exhausted. "Come, you shall tell it all to me now, I am determined—late in the day as it is for your confidence. Is he old, ugly—a veritable Bluebeard, with coffers lined with gold; or is he a young fellow, handsome, fit to marry him for the sake of his money?"

Her tone is half playful, half serious—wholly winning.

Nadine gives up to it.

"No. It is not that," she says. "My mother would be the last to urge me to such a marriage. And—and—he is not old, or ugly, or overburdened with wealth."

"Am I to think, then, that he is young, and handsome, and poor, and that you are still in the net to urge me to such a marriage. And—and—he is not old, or ugly, or overburdened with wealth."

"That is it," returns Nadine faintly. "I—when he is with me, talking to me, looking so kindly at me (he is very kind)—I tell myself that I do love him! But when he is away from me—Ah!" with a quick shudder. "I know then that my love is vain."

"Romance is dead!" declares Miss Grey. "Handsome as an Apollo, and poor, and yet you cannot be touched with the eternal fire. Fire upon you, then, you degenerate girl! After all"—with a sudden change of tone from the melancolic into the distinctly common-place—"you are just like me. My young man (phrase borrowed from Mary Jane, you will perceive) is quite all you have described yours to be—barring the poverty—and yet I like him quite as little as you do yours."

"My dear Millicent! And I always understood that!"

"It was to be a true love match! A very ideal marriage! A veritable cooling affair! Disabuse your mind of that at once, my good girl. It is a match made in heaven, and by my other aunt, but by nobody else, so far as I can see. He is to have me and my money; I am to have him and his mammy's money. That's the arrangement. Fancy being flung upon a season with such a stone around one's neck, and expected to enjoy one's self!"

"It is your cousin?"

"Yes; Grant Boyle. You have never seen him; so I may as well say he is as good looking as any girl could desire, save my own. I am bored of my aunt, Nadine—be sure of that. Simply because he is handsome, I dislike him so much. And yet"—she breaks off, and a little angry laugh widens her lips—"when you said a moment since that so long as you were over with you you liked him, but that when he was gone you felt the full weight of his disagreeable I press upon you, you said exactly what I should have said, had I been the first to explain."

"That is strange—a coincidence. But—but why marry him, if you feel so for Mr. Boyle?"

"Captain, it pleases you, madame. He is one of her majesty's men. I am not so sure that I shall marry him. But I have been pressed into the matter because of auntie's desire to see me Mrs. Boyle (there is a remote title somewhere in the family, that she believes will some day descend upon me, and make me 'my lady') so I am supposed to be willing to barter my present for the sake of my future. But I am not! So there!" She somewhat angrily rattles the poker against the bars of the grate as she speaks. Then she looks up sharply at her companion. "Why are you marrying Mr. —? You did not mention his name, by the by."

"Paul Annerley."

"That name—nearly as bad as Grant Boyle—that sounds like the resistless rock as the wave beats hopelessly against it." She pauses as though sunk in a light reverie. "I am not a hopeless wave, however, she continues presently, her pause being so slight as to be almost unperceptible. "A rock myself, rather. Yet I look so frail—so fragile! She gets up and turns to a mirror, and pushing back the soft silky hair from her low brow examines her face critically. "Yes, my dear cousin does not improve on acquaintance, I warn him I shall not be dragged to the altar to suit his whim. I'd cut off my hair first! It was by the hair the medieval parent dragged his child, eh?" she asks, turning to Nadine with a sudden smile.

"I believe you like your cousin, under it all," says Nadine, laughing.

"Well, I do, and I don't, as I have already said. Just now, I don't. But there are few men in town so handsome. So much I know, though I have not as yet come out."

"Describe him to me."

"He is tall, dark, earnest in expression. That is disappointing, I know; the model villain being always tall, fair, insouciant. But—variety is charming. My villain is as I have said."

"Paul is dark too," says Nadine, arching her brows.

"Ha! So! The plot thickens! Two villains in one drama is extravagant. I wish, however, Paul had been of a fair, die away order, if only to make a diversion. Nadine, tell me, why are you going to marry your unloved villain?"

"He isn't a villain," begins Nadine; but Millicent interrupts her.

"Oh, yes, he is!" she says. "You take my word for it. Well, go on."

"I am marrying him because—because I think I do like him, and that my absurd repulsion when absent from him is a mean feeling only to be conquered to disappear forever. And—and mamma will be happy if I marry him. She is so afraid that I may ever come to real want."

"He is rich, then? A man of property?"

"No. He has a clerkship somewhere in the city."

"Somewhere? Vague? Oh, well."

my good child, I'd see about that clerkship, if I were you, before putting my foot in it."

"Well—as a matter of course," says Nadine. Then she breaks into a merry laugh. "Naturally I should see it before putting my foot in it. But you need not be uneasy about that. Mother has made all inquiries, and he has entirely satisfied her."

"After all, my warning was absurd. People nowadays don't go about masquerading," says Millicent. "Tell me more of him."

"There is so little to tell. His eyes are a very dark brown."

"So are Grant's. I hate very dark brown eyes."

"His mustache is brown too."

"So is Grant's. I like a mustache myself."

"And I like a man with no mustache," says Nadine softly.

"You don't say," cries her friend, with affected interest. "Tell me who he is."

Her shaft is a random one, not meant to strike home, yet Nadine shrinks from it as if hurt, and her cheeks grow deadly white. She clasps her hands together with a little impulsive motion upon her lap—clasps them so closely that her nails grow white.

Millicent, who though frivolous in a certain sense, is neither unobscured nor wanting in affection, marks these signs of emotion, but with a strange reticence, for her, refrains from taking any notice of them.

"A truce to lovers!" she cries gayly. "For my part, an sick and tired of these things, I am to be his heir as well as auntie's, you know; and these jewels are to be worn by me—on my coronation, I was going to say—but I suppose I meant on my presentation. They tell me, her most gracious will pale with envy at the sight of them. Going now, Nadine! Nonsense! You must have your tea first. I'll have it served here, and it will keep you warm all the way home. Poor little cat! You look tired! Have a glass of sherry instead—it will be much better for you."

CHAPTER IV.

It is quite 6 o'clock as Nadine leaves the house in Park lane and turns her face homeward. It is very dark for even an April evening, and the lamps are all aglow, making her immediate world so pretty that she is rather glad than otherwise of her inability to meet with an empty tram car, and turning into Piccadilly, walks leisurely down its picturesque hill with a thorough appreciation of the charms surrounding her. It is late, certainly, but women—unless they go half way to meet it—seldom meet with impertinence; and Nadine, pretty and distinguished in appearance as she is, pursues her way in an even, uninterupted fashion toward Regent circus.

A great, bulky woman, loaded with parcels, coming somewhat abruptly against her, stops her progress for a moment, and compelling her to swerve aside, throws her almost into the arms of a tall man, who very gravely laid his hand upon her arm. A little shock runs through Nadine's veins. She stops dead, and looks up at her companion in a dull, stupid way. She grows deadly white, and her heart beats as though it were about to stop beating.

"Ah! you! Mr. Duran," she says faintly. "You—you frightened me!"

It is impossible to account to him in any natural way for the emotion that is overpowering her.

He is a man of grave exterior, hardly good-looking, but with a strange, earnest expression, that goes far to redeem the irregularity of his features. He is about 35, but looks considerably older than his age, as some men will. He has a stern, but kindly, expression. He was only 26, and when he had seen but two anniversaries of his wedding day. But as usual, gossip was wrong; those two unhappy years of wedded bliss having convinced Mr. Duran that matrimony was vanity, so far as his wife was concerned. In truth, he had never loved her, but only learned that fact too late.

There is a suggestion of strength in his whole face, and specially in his mouth and lower jaw, that makes itself felt, and would perhaps be oppressive but for the almost womanish softness and gentleness of his large hazel eyes. A heavy mustache conceals a handsome mouth, and it and the hair about his brow are slightly tinged with gray.

"Cleric writes to me to say she misses you terribly," Mr. Duran says presently.

They have turned, and are now threading their way slowly through the ever increasing crowd. Conversation under the circumstances is difficult.

"Dear little thing!" says Nadine warmly, and more naturally than she has yet spoken. This other little pupil of hers, this little daughter of the grave man walking beside her, is very dear to her. "Tell her I miss her too. Will you tell her that Mr. Duran, please, when you write, and that I count every day to the one that will bring her back to me?"

"I shall tell her."

Then he looks at Nadine keenly. The girl seems to feel the earnestness of his regard, because presently she throws up her head, as if in challenge, and looks straight at him.

"You are thinking?" she asks rather defiantly.

"How impulsively you express yourself, and how tenderly—and how uncertain I am whether you mean it or not." "You give yourself great trouble to study your daughter's governess," replies she coldly.

They have reached a crossing and a tram car at the same time.

"You will permit me to see you home?" says Mr. Duran quietly.

"No, thank you. There is no necessity. This"—indicating the tram car—"will leave me almost at my own door."

"Still, if you will allow me?"

"You are very kind, but I would not give you so much trouble for the world." There is a decision about her manner, gentle as it is, not to be mistaken.

"As you will, of course," says Mr. Duran, "and having seen her, carefully into the car he draws back, and lets her proceed on her way alone."

The above are the opening chapters of a charming story that will be commenced in this paper next week, and continued for two months or more. Those wishing to secure it entire should subscribe at once. This story will be followed by several others during the year. We will send the Spirit weekly, for the remainder of this year for 25 cents. Subscribe now

FULL OF FUN.

—A sole-stirring subject—A nail in your shoe.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Old Party—If I had fifty cents and gave it to you to get changed in order to get a penny, what would be left? Street Arab—An old man.—*Texas Siftings.*

—He knows his nose. He said I knew he knew his nose. He said I knew he knew his nose; and if he said he knew I knew he knew his nose, of course he knows I know he knows his nose.

—"Vegetable pills!" exclaimed an old lady. "Don't talk to me of such stuff. The best vegetable pill ever made is an apple dumpling; for destroying a gnawing in the stomach there is nothing like it; it can always be relied on."

—Here is the latest hotel paradox: In looking for your apartment in a hotel, the only thing you can go by is the number of your room; and yet, if you go by the number of your room, you will go into the wrong room.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—"Mary Jane Berks!" "What, ma'am?" "What be you a-doin'?" "Eastin' pie, ma'am." "What be you a-eatin' it with?" "Knife." "So you eatin' pie with your knife, Mary Jane? Take that pie up in your hand and eat it as you ought to!"—*Boston Record.*

—Professor Bascomb—It is exercise that we need. We are too effeminate as a people. We ride when we ought to walk. Attentive patient—Well, doctor, no doubt you are right. But you are not going up in the elevator, are you? "Why to be sure. You don't think I'm such a fool as to climb five flights of stairs?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The news editor prepared an article in which he said: "Mr. Dash is hopelessly ill." Before going to press Mr. Dash died, and a hasty alteration was made in the sentence to meet the new condition of affairs. When Mr. Dash's friends read in their paper that "Mr. Dash is hopelessly dead," they were naturally shocked.—*Boston Transcript.*

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