

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XVIII.

TOPEKA, JULY 30, 1887.

NO. 18.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.
Advertising \$2.00 an inch per month.

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

Dr. Williamson, county physician, reports health good at the poor farm. More than thirty North side families are encamped in Garfield park.

O. C. Skinner and family have returned from a lengthy visit to the Pacific ocean. Col. Burgess, county register of deeds, who has been sick is again able to attend to business.

Willie Bridges, the son of C. F. Bridges, fell off of a fence and fractured his collar bone.

Three new bakery establishments have started in Topeka during the past two months.

The lot opposite the Methodist church, has been sold to S. E. Simonds of New York, for \$3,100.

KANSAS is to have four Chautauqua assemblies next year; at Ottawa, Winfield, Topeka and Emporia.

The money order business of the North Topeka postoffice for the year ending June 30, 1887, amounted to \$39,602.80.

The Silver Lake relief corps and G. A. R. attended the Chautauqua meeting on Monday. They number nearly 100 members all told.

Nearly one hundred north riders are are out of town at various summer resorts, and social affairs are consequently dull.

E. N. Gunn has been again appointed deputy county attorney for Northern Shawnee by Charles Curtis, county attorney.

The Santa Fe road has been compelled to have appraisers appointed in order to condemn certain property near Kansas City which it intends to occupy.

I. K. Lapp will return to North Topeka from California about September 1. He has made over \$6,000 in land speculations in that state since last spring.

The Rapid Transit railroad now has about twelve miles of road completed. They will have their line to the fair ground finished in about ten days.

Rev. F. S. Riley, of the Baptist church, who was intending to make an eastern trip, has given it up and will superintend the erection of the Baptist parsonage.

A. S. Davies has purchased the Wolfe building, corner of Norris street and Kansas avenue. At present the building is empty, although it is one of the best locations in North Topeka.

Herman Fisher, formerly foreman of the north side fire department, has sold his property on Kansas avenue, near the park, for \$4,000 to E. Wilder. Mr. Wilder has lately purchased several valuable pieces of property near the park.

Rev. H. W. George formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this city, but who has been in New York for several months, is improving rapidly.

James M. Harvey, secretary of the Brunswick Stone and Marble company, has taken out a building permit for that company for the erection of a manufactory on Quincy street, lots 30 to 68 inclusive, at a cost of \$2,000.

Gibb & Smith, undertakers, who threw up the contract for burying county paupers were required by the county commissioners to fulfill their contract. They have had so much other business that the county work interfered with it.

J. F. Gwynn has again been appointed to the superintendency of the Rapid Transit line.

A very fine horse dropped dead during the display of fireworks in North Topeka on Monday night.

The members of the North Topeka Christian church last Sunday formed an organization and will hereafter meet at J. Arrell Johnson's rooms in the Odd Fellows' building.

The offices at the state house were closed Monday afternoon in order to give the employes of the several departments an opportunity to attend the G. A. R. day exercises at Garfield park.

Those taking pride in fine horses will be glad to know that E. Bennett has 149 imported horses, Clydesdale and Percheron, taking a short rest at New York, under the care of his son, and will soon be on their way to Topeka.

Secretary Rudisil, of the Chautauqua, is enthusiastic over the success of the assembly, and speaks confidently of the greatly increased sphere of usefulness that awaits it next year when it will assemble in 30,000 buildings, the plans for which are now being prepared for the inspection of the committee.

Chet Thomas, Jr., secretary of the State Fair association, has received a letter from Charles F. Mills, secretary of the American Clydesdale association, in which he states that the A. C. A. offer a medal of pure coin silver to the owner of the best recorded Clydesdale stallion; also for the best recorded Clydesdale mare bred in Kansas and exhibited at the Kansas State Fair of 1887.

New school houses in the last year in every district but one surrounding the city, have been built, says Superintendent McDonald. One is now being contemplated in Norton's subdivision. The members of the district voted on Saturday last \$4,000 bonds for its construction. Right in this valley two years ago one school house was amply sufficient for all the requirements of the population, now there are three school houses, and all well filled. This tells something of Topeka's growth.

The Sells circus people have been having lots of hard luck since they exhibited here. At St. Joseph a lion got on his ear and bit his keeper's arm off and scratched an eye out, and one of the Sells got into a row with his men and was put in jail over night. At Clifton, Iowa, Tuesday night, four people were shot during the wild west portion of the performance. Two of the wounded will die and two others are seriously wounded, one of them being one of the Indians connected with the show. No cause was given for using the bullets except that a cowboy got hold of the wrong revolver.

Business men who would save money will get their printing from the North Side Printing House, 835 Kansas Avenue, North.

The following will illustrate the usual difference in prices: Messrs. C. & S. paid \$17 for 3000 linen blanks. Our price is \$12.

Messrs. B. & B. paid \$5.00 for 1000 bill heads, sixes. Our regular price, including better stock, is \$3.00.

Mr. B. paid \$2.50 for 500 loose note-heads. Our price, better paper, in tablets, trimmed, \$2.00.

Messrs. J. & A. paid \$3.00 for 1000 low cut envelopes. Our price, for a much better envelope, high cut, printed by our patent process, securing perfect work with no streaks when cuts are used, \$2.50.

Lawyer C. paid \$1.80 a page for briefs for which we charge \$1.00 and give more to the page.

Mr. M. was charged \$4.00 for a lot of dodgers which we do for \$2.00.

Read the above, be wise and get your printing done at the North Side Printing House, 835 Kansas Avenue north.

Send postal and we will call for copy, show proofs, and satisfaction or no charge.

Will Pattison is seriously sick.

Mrs. W. T. Guise is confined to her bed by sickness.

Mrs. A. C. Dow has gone to Janesville, Wisconsin, on a prolonged visit.

M. S. Evens & Co. have purchased the clothing stock of Davis & Fisher.

M. S. Evans has disposed of six lots on Norris street near Clay for \$1,700.

California papers continue to assert that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe company is preparing to build to San Francisco.

M. J. Groshong, accompanied by his wife, set out for California Wednesday. If the country suits them they will reside there in the future.

Governor Martin and family left Tuesday for Colorado Springs. They go on account of the continued illness of the governor's infant son.

The Southern Kansas railway, Kiowa extension, has been completed to Higgins, Texas, a distance of 119 miles from Kiowa, and 456 miles from Kansas City.

Sunday evening at twenty minutes after 5 o'clock, John H. Dinkgrave, police judge of the city of Topeka died at 113 East Tenth street, of congestion of the bowels.

C. C. Blake, of Richland, the great weather prophet of the west, has decided to move to Topeka and publish his paper here. He has rented an office in office block on Fifth avenue.

Governor Osborn has made a contract with the Baldwin Engine works to deliver two motors in Topeka so that the west side circle will be in operation some time during the month of September.

F. R. Cordley and H. G. Nichols, of the Boston syndicate, and stockholders in the Topeka City Railway company, are still in the city, and the more they see of Topeka the better they like it. They, in connection with Mr. Parmelee and Col. Broadus, are developing the plans for the future of their big interests here.

Johnson Williams, of Silver Lake, made complaint to the insurance commissioners against the Dwelling House Insurance company, of Boston, stating that he insured for \$1,000; that his house was destroyed in December, 1886, and adjusted January 22, but has not yet been paid. The property was mortgaged, but the agent in the application wrote that it was unencumbered. The company asked for a compromise, but Williams refused and has brought suit in the district court.

Mrs. Laura R. Alvis, wife of John R. Alvis, died Tuesday evening at 5:30 o'clock, after an illness of about two weeks, at the family residence, 1118 Central avenue. Mr. Alvis is the manager of W. W. Curdy's branch store on the north side, and had been married but a short time. Mrs. Alvis at the time of her death was twenty years of age. Her death is a severe blow to her husband. The remains were taken to her former home at Virgil, Greenwood county, Wednesday.

The little 4 year-old son of Mr. C. Phillips, residing in College Hill addition, near Washburn college, met with a most horrible death one morning last week. All the members of the family were away from home except the mother and her little child. Mrs. Phillips stepped across the street to a neighbor's house, leaving the little one on the floor. While she was absent, he crawled up to a shelf in one corner of the room and procured a bottle of carbolic acid. It seems that the bottle contained no cork, and the little one, not knowing the terrible effect which it would have, swallowed a large dose of the contents of the bottle. When the mother returned a few minutes later she found her child in most intense agony. A physician was at once summoned but it was too late; the child suffered terribly for about an hour and then died.

Mrs. E. C. Stearns, mother of S. A. Stearns, the flour and feed man, has been visiting her son this week.

Dr. Boswell, formerly of Syracuse, Kansas, has removed his family to North Topeka, where they once resided.

Sadie, the infant daughter of Wm. N. Hamilton, died Tuesday of whooping cough at the home of the family, 1175 Kansas avenue.

Misses Brite Payne and Emma Maxwell gave a party at the home of the latter, 122 Gordon street, Thursday evening, which was a very pleasant affair.

The State Fair Association have determined to build a bridge across the Shunganunga, connecting the fair grounds with the large and beautiful grove just south of the race course.

A married man who has been in the habit of filling up with liquor and making himself a nuisance to all the neighbors for several blocks around his domicile, was arrested Tuesday night on the charge of drunk and disorderly.

Alfred Samuel Whedon, formerly of this city, died at Arkansas City on Monday of last week of malarial fever. His age was 25 years. His remains arrived in Topeka on Thursday morning at 3 o'clock. The funeral took place at 10 a. m. from the Church of the Good Shepherd, Rev. John N. Lee performing the burial service.

One just going down the avenue in North Topeka would think that there was very little building being done on the north side, as the only building in progress is Finche's stable, but a visit to other parts of the town shows the mistake of this idea. Back from the avenue and throughout all the suburbs, comparatively the building is equal to that of South Topeka. Along and west of the Rock Island road, in Holman's addition, Parmore's addition and the great northeast part of the city, dwelling houses, some neat cottages, and some elegant residences are everywhere being erected.

At the meeting of the city council held Wednesday evening a petition was presented by several north side citizens, asking for the appointment of appraisers to appraise and condemn portions of Kansas avenue between the north line of Gordon and the north line of Saywell, was referred back with the recommendation that the petition be granted. The old state road was only sixty feet wide, but that portion of the avenue named above is eighty feet wide, and certain parties claim they own twenty feet of the street. The petition asks that this part of the street be appraised and condemned.

An attack was made Wednesday afternoon upon D. R. Anthony, editor of the Leavenworth Times, by one W. H. Bond. A dispatch says "Bond met Anthony on the street about 1 o'clock this afternoon, and falling in an attempt to incite an attack upon Anthony's part, drew from his sleeve a bull whip and struck the latter several blows. This is the culmination of several attempts to incite personal encounters with Mr. Anthony but which have so far resulted in nothing serious. Anthony has been threatened with bodily harm repeatedly. In several instances his life has been threatened. Mr. Anthony stated this evening that the attack upon him today, in his opinion, was made with the idea of prompting him to violent resistance, that a preconcerted plan to take his life might be attempted. In fact Bond was overheard to remark, after the attack to-day, that "By G— if they could not stop him (Anthony), in any other way they would kill him." The trouble is the outgrowth of the fight that Mr. Anthony has made for the enforcement of the prohibitory law and the attack was but an outburst of the rage of the leaders of the whisky gang that his fight for the law has been successful."

Bishop O'Reilly.

Bishop O'Reilly of the Catholic church, and pastor of the church in this city, has passed to his eternal reward, after a sickness of about ten days. Besides being pastor of the church at this place he was also bishop of the Wichita diocese.

Father O'Reilly was born in Ireland in 1840, where he lived until 1859, when he came to America. He attended school at Leavenworth, and completed his studies at Milwaukee, where he was ordained as priest. After serving his church at Leavenworth, he went to Europe, where he remained a year. Returning to America in 1881 he was sent to Topeka, and recently appointed bishop of the Wichita diocese. Bishop O'Reilly was taken sick one week ago Friday with malarial typhoid fever. After Sunday last his recovery was considered doubtful and he sank rapidly, dying Tuesday evening at 6:25 o'clock.

Holton Excursion.

The Holton Excursion on Tuesday over the Rock Island to this city was a grand success. About 600 people were landed here and admitted into the park, where they enjoyed themselves until about 4 o'clock, when thirteen street cars conveyed them from the park to the state house, where they were shown through the agricultural and historical departments, and other points of interest. The excursionists were accompanied by the Holton band, which discoursed some excellent music. The children wore neat blue badges, on which was inscribed "Holton M. E. S." At 5 o'clock an informal reception was tendered them in the senate chamber. Major Tom Anderson presided. Brief addresses of welcome were made by Attorney General Bradford, State Treasurer Hamilton and State Auditor Tim McCarthy. Resolutions of thanks were passed, to the Rock Island railroad, the Chautauqua assembly, the street car company, and state house officials. The excursionists returned home at 6 o'clock well pleased with their trip.

The First Baptist church of this city has purchased an elegant building site on the corner of Eighth avenue and Harrison street and will erect a magnificent edifice thereon. The old church property on the corner of Ninth and Jackson street will be offered for sale.

A. Keplinger and Miss Dostia Keplinger, of Carbondale, are in the city staying at the home of Rev. Joshua Barret.

Secretary Sims of the State Board of Agriculture, is receiving daily cards in reference to the condition of the crops. While the prospect is not as encouraging as a few weeks ago, the reports are more favorable than one would suppose from the amount of dry weather Kansas has had recently.

The great Methodist Chautauqua assembly closed its meetings on Thursday.

Testimonials from persons who have been cured by a medicine ought to convince those suffering from the same disease, and would, if known to be genuine. Please notice that whenever we publish any testimony in favor of Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria, the name and address are given, and that we invite you to verify it by writing directly to the parties themselves.

A. T. SHALLENBERGER & Co.
Rochester, Pa.

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. Foote's Health Hints.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

In Italy watermelons are sometimes baked and sliced for eating.

The prince of Wales is referred to in one of the London daily papers as "the fat little bald man."

ERASTUS WIMAN says he would not own the steamship Great Eastern if paid \$100,000 to take it.

CARDINAL NEWMAN contemplates publishing a volume of autobiographical reminiscences in the autumn.

DR. MCGLYNN says he has not accepted a cent for his lectures, and that he pays nearly all his own expenses.

BLONDIN, the famous tight-rope walker, will return to this country before long after an absence of twenty years.

It is said that Secretary Whitney and his wife have spent \$100,000 for charitable purposes since last September.

The late craze in Buffalo is to have barmaids to dispense liquor in the saloons. It's so awfully English, you know.

LORD LUCAN, who has just been made a field marshal, is 87 years old, and has served in the British army seventy-one years.

Two hundred and fifty convicts have been removed from Sing Sing to Clinton, N. Y., because of the overcrowded condition of the former.

THE king of Saxony, who was at Lord Salisbury's foreign office party, remarked that never before in his life had his toes been trodden upon.

THERE is a lady in Harlem, N. Y., who has become so accustomed to watering her flowers that she was out watering them a few days ago during a rainstorm.

TERESINA TUA, the eminent violinist, has been engaged for two seasons in this country at \$15,000 a season. She makes her first appearance in New York next October.

LORD LONDONDERRY is said to be anxious to resign the office of lord lieutenant of Ireland, and he certainly will not retain it more than a few months longer. It is probable that the duke of Abercorn will be asked to accept the vicerealty.

MR. SMALLER hears that Wayne MacVeagh's speech at the Savage club (London) dinner, made the speaker "the hero of the evening." It was full of "point, good humor, and ease," as his speeches usually are. Mr. MacVeagh will remain in London another fortnight.

SAID M. Clemenceau in his paper, *Justice*: "M. Paul de Cassagnac is above all a monarchist, but for what monarch we can not say." Replied M. Paul de Cassagnac in his paper, *Autorite*: "For what monarch? For the one who will first turn you out and then run you in!"

M. LEO TAXIL, once notorious as a rather scurrilous writer against the Roman Catholic church, has repented, being pardoned, and had an interview with the pope during which he shed tears copiously at the affectionate treatment bestowed upon him. His wife is still unconverted.

SUSPENDER JACK, the cow-boy, who is now at loggerheads with Capt. Bogardus, pants for the latter's blood with true backwoods fervor. "All I want," he says, "is to be in a dark room with Bogardus. Let each of us be given a gun and a cigarette. We can take aim by the fire in each other's cigarettes."

NOVELIST EUGENE JAHN, better known by her name de plume, "E. Marlitt," is dead, aged 62 years. In her maiden days she had a great liking for the stage, but she soon abandoned that profession and devoted herself entirely to literature. Her novels, "The Twelve Apostles" (1865), "Gold Elsie" (1866), and "The Old Mam'zelle's Secret" (1867), which were the first to make her a literary reputation, were followed by many others, all of which were widely read, and introduced to American readers by the translations of Mrs. Wistar. The last year of the writer whose pen had entertained hundreds of thousands of readers in both the hemispheres were saddened by great physical suffering from which death was a welcome relief.

SOME BALLOON STORIES.

Thrilling Experience of Prof. King and the Wises—Traveling Seventy Miles an Hour.

There are no two names better known in the annals of American aeronautics, says *The Philadelphia Times*, than those of King and Wise. Prof. Samuel A. King is now in his sixtieth year. Since 1851 he has been a practical aeronaut, making his first ascension in the summer of that year from the old zoological garden in Fairmount park. Since then he has made 286 aerial voyages and a great many lesser ascensions. His wife, who is a quiet, modest little woman, has made a number of ascensions with him, and regards ballooning a much safer mode of traveling than carriage riding. She is afraid of horses, but doesn't mind taking a jaunt through the air a mile or so above the earth. In one of her trips she once had a narrow escape. It was two years ago at Indianapolis. After a remarkably pleasant ascension the balloon in descending suddenly swayed when near the earth and caught in a dead tree. The sharp branch ripped the balloon open, causing it to collapse, and landing the basket in which she and her husband sat in a fork of the tree, sixty feet from the earth. As quick as thought Prof. King braced the basket with a rope until he cut the balloon away, than, dropping another rope to some farm-hands, he loosened the basket and was lowered over a limb to the earth. Neither he nor his wife received a scratch.

The only time he was ever hurt was in an ascension from Augusta, Ga. When he descended the balloon caught on a dead pine and was torn. He attempted to descend by the drag rope, when the balloon collapsed and went down with a crash, badly bruising but not otherwise hurting him. Some of his voyages, however, have been exceedingly perilous.

On Oct. 14, 1878, he went up from Scranton, got caught in a wind-storm, and came down at Oak Station, Montgomery county, 140 miles from the starting point, the whole trip consuming but two hours. On Oct. 15, 1881, he made his memorable ascension from Chicago, with Hashagen, of the signal-service bureau. He was up nineteen hours and descended in the Wisconsin wilderness, where he and his companion lost their way and suffered terribly before they again came in contact with civilization. The balloon he used in that trip is the one he will make his ascension in to-day.

One night he was suspended between sky and earth for thirteen hours over the Maine and Canada wilderness. His experience that night was thrilling and remarkable. The ascension was made at 4 P. M. at Plymouth, N. H., his companion being Luther E. Holden, of *The Boston Journal*. For six hours they hung over a mile above the wilderness, the balloon not losing a foot of gas or the car an ounce of ballast. When they landed next morning they came down at the head of a new railroad which was being constructed 250 miles below Quebec, near the Gulf of St. Lawrence, over which they had spent a portion of the night. The road was 200 miles away from any other road or civilization. They rode to Quebec on a buckboard, driven by a French-Canadian. Mr. Holden always attributed their lucky descent to an interposition of divine providence.

In an ascension he made in August, 1875, from Burlington, Iowa, he was caught in a thunder storm, and came near being struck by lightning. The expansion of the air acted on the balloon and drove the gas from the neck onto his head, and through the open valve with terrific velocity. He had a thrilling descent through the clouds, and on reaching the earth went crashing through trees, landing twelve miles from where he ascended, having been driven back by the storm. The whole trip consumed three-quarters of an hour.

On the 4th of July of the same year he took a party of seven, including two bridled couples, over Lake Erie from Cleveland. The balloon sailed over the lake to Buffalo, where it struck a back current and returned, passing Cleveland, gradually approaching the Canada shore, which it struck at Point au Pele. It then crossed a strip of Canada and 36 miles of Lake St. Clair, landing 11 miles from Port Huron at midnight, having made 480 miles in 13 hours.

On another Fourth of July he took five newspaper men from Buffalo to Quinton, N. J. He crossed the Alleghenies and followed the Susquehanna as far as Havre de Grace, took a sharp turn, and sailed due east across Delaware into New Jersey, the whole trip taking thirteen hours. Notwithstanding his vast experience and many exploits, the professor is a modest man and will make no promises about his trip to-day. He says it all depends on the elements, and that he will do his best to make a grand success of the ascension.

Prof. Charles Wise is the son of the late Prof. John Wise, Sr., who was lost while making an aerial voyage. He made his first ascension thirty-seven years ago, when but thirteen years of age, at Shannandale Springs, Va. He went up two and one-half miles and staid up three hours, landing sixty-six miles from the starting point, to which place he returned in an ox-cart. Four years later he made an ascension from Newburyport, Mass., on the occasion of a civic celebration. The wind was blowing toward the ocean, and the committee offered to pay the price of

the ascension rather than take any risks, but after consulting with his father he decided to make the ascension. After going up eighteen thousand feet very rapidly and descending still more rapidly he struck Plum Island bar. As there were no inhabitants and no place to grapple the only alternative was to jump out of the car. This he did, landing safely in the sand.

The balloon, lightened of its load, shot into the air and blew out to sea. The next morning it was picked up by a whaler six hundred miles away and brought into Provincetown. The whole ascent and descent occupied one-half hour. The sailors on the whaler, when they saw the balloon floating in the water, thought it was an immense blubber and harpooned it. It immediately collapsed and was taken on board, the Newburyport papers of the previous day being found in the car. The professor has been ever since actively engaged as an aeronaut, and at various times has taken up every member of his family, having in thirty-five years made over three hundred ascensions. His son, John, Jr., who will take up the "Independence" to-day, made his first ascension at the age of 8 with his grandfather.

One of the most notable ascensions that has ever been made was made by him under the direction of his father, at Waynesburg, Green county, when he was only 14 years old. After working half a day at inflating the balloon the supply of gas gave out when the balloon was only half full. The balloon refused to ascend with the boy, when his father decided to do a thing that has never before or since been attempted. He cut the lower half of the balloon off. While he was doing this some officious spectator cut the valve-rope two feet beyond the boys reach, and in the midst of a rain-storm the 14-year-old aeronaut went sailing into space and beyond the clouds hatless and coatless and without a valve-cord.

He was directed by his father not to go over two miles, but being unable to reach the valve cord, he got caught in a heavy snow-storm, and was driven forty miles in forty minutes. Landing where there were no means of communication, he was not heard from for two days. The excitement of the citizens was so intense that they organized a committee to search for and give him a reception when found. When he was found the citizens filled his hat with money. He was nearly frozen to death during the voyage, and when he descended he was covered with icicles. Since then he has made 250 ascensions without an accident.

Educating Women.

The chief danger of the new "movement" to educate women for trades and professions is that it may be overdone. It is urged, and not without some reason, that in preparing the minority of women for their career in life we may interfere with the most important business of the great majority. It is, after all, only a comparatively small number who will become doctors, lawyers, clerks, traders, or teachers. The remainder will be called upon to devote their lives to the ordinary duties of womanhood. This is true enough, says the *London Telegraph*, but there is no ground for supposing that a certain amount of technical instruction, pursued with care and moderation, does the least harm to anybody. Is a girl any the worse for subtracting an hour or two daily from her "social duties," to give them to learning nursing, or the scientific use of the graver, the needle, or the paint-brush? On the contrary, she is all the better for it. No doubt the "higher" education is more than every young woman can stand; but a wise parent will remember the maxim, *non omnia omnibus*. If a woman is to become a professor of Greek, or even a doctor of medicine, she should be gifted with more than average powers of endurance. But then everybody is not required to be either a professor or a physician, and for most women, as for most men, there is plenty of work which can be learned without special talent, and performed with success by persons of no extraordinary ability. Women who have learned to make themselves useful in some definite way will be none the worse if they never find occasion to bring their knowledge to the market. Nor is there the least reason to suppose this training will militate against what are called their "chances in life." On the contrary, we learn from the pages of the "Englishwoman's Year-Book" that several of the female doctors—nearly all of them are still quite young—have become wives, and, unless common report is mistaken, the process of attending lectures on abstruse subjects of study has been found to lead to several satisfactory engagements. In short, it is beginning to be found out that young men are quite as likely to be attracted by young women when they see them occupied usefully and sensibly as when they meet in the languid atmosphere of dances and "at homes."

His Natural Impoliteness.

When Eve found that Adam had preceded her in the creation, she said in a very sharp way: "It is my opinion that no gentleman would have gone through that narrow door and left his lady to drag on behind." "My dear," was the reply, "this is an unexplored region, and it was necessary for me to explore the way." "Well," said Eve, testily, "I'll do that myself hereafter," and we guess she has to some extent.—*The Judge*.

FRISCO'S CHINESE QUARTERS.

What May Be Seen in the Abode of 80,000 Celestials.

One marked feature of San Francisco of especial interest to eastern visitors is the Chinese quarter, says a letter to *The Baltimore American*. There are said to be 300,000 people in the city, of whom about 80,000 are Chinamen. The number, owing to the restrictive legislation by congress, is steadily diminishing and the citizens look forward hopefully to the time when the Chinese will cease to be a disturbing factor in their population and industries. Under the care of an experienced guide, acquainted with the language and people, we made an evening visit to Chinatown. We entered several joss-houses, where were all the paraphernalia of heathen worship. These places are a source of revenue and the privilege of keeping them, it is said, is sold to the highest bidder. Here are the altars, incense, the burning lamps, the images, and the worshippers, but in them all we saw no evidence of reverence or of religious feeling. Some of these temples are decorated with elegant woods, carvings, screens, bronzes, images, and hangings of golden embroideries. One place of interest we visited was a banquet hall which, we were told, was the Chinese Delmonico. Here dinners are given by the wealthy merchants and others to their friends or distinguished visitors. A banquet seemed just to have ended. Musicians making a horrid din, singing women with the most unmusical voices, young girls and men gambling with dominoes or other devices, are in various parts of the rooms. A lordly Chinaman reclines upon a richly upholstered chair and smokes his fragrant cigar with an evident air of self-esteem and self-satisfaction. In one corner is a luxurious couch, on which reclines two elegantly-dressed Chinese. On the finger of one sparkles a large and exceedingly brilliant diamond. Between them a lamp. Each has the opium pipe, and one is in the very act of preparing to smoke the drug which, while it yields delicious unconsciousness, saps the very foundation of health and moral character. We partake of a cup of fragrant tea and sweetmeats, for which we pay a round price (the Chinese know how to charge), and go on our way. Two features of Chinese life are patent to us as we walk the streets. First, the woman slavery, and second the gambling hells. Under the stars and stripes a slavery worse than that which held the southern negroes exists in San Francisco. Nor is it unknown to the authorities. Women, even girls of tenderest age, are brought from China, bought as slaves, held as slaves, guarded as slaves and sold for immoral purposes as slaves. Walking along the streets, one sees them looking out of little grated windows, the victims of man's lust and avarice. Visiting the mission of the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday, we saw at the services nineteen women and girls who had been rescued from this slavery, and are sheltered, educated, and Christianized by the missionary and his assistants. As we passed through a narrow street our guide called attention to men standing guard. These were sentinels watching at the doors of gambling dens, ready to give warning at the moment of danger. The doors are iron-clad, and on inspecting several we discovered the marks of the sledge-hammer, where on previous occasions the police had broken in. In one square, on the right and on the left there must have been two dozen such places, and perhaps as many pitiful women slaves peering out of their little grated windows. These things are all known to the authorities. Their openness more than justifies the report that hush money is paid to the police. One can not but conclude that the Chinese are an undesirable population, not merely as the average Californian will tell you, because he works more cheaply than the American, sends his money out of the country and brings leprosy in, but, more than all, he is a moral leper, corrupt and corrupting, and no community can harbor him and daily see and tolerate his vices without contamination.

Superstitions About Funerals.

It is bad luck to whistle or hum the air that a band plays at a funeral.

If two persons think and express the same thought at the same time, one of them will die before the year passes.

If two young girls are combing the hair of a third at the same time, it may be taken for granted that the youngest of the three will soon die.

If at the cemetery there be any unusual delay in burying the dead, caused by any unlooked-for circumstances, such as the tomb being too small to hold the coffin, it is a sign that the deceased is selecting a companion from among those present, and one of the mourners must soon die.

It Had Gone.

He sat on a log on the banks of an Arkansas creek, when a traveler came along and saluted:

"Good-day, mister. Waiting for a rise?"

"That's just what I am waiting for," was the reply.

"Got a flat-boat up stream?"

"No, sir, I'm a government engineer. Congress has appointed \$48,000 to improve this river, and I'm waiting for a rise so I can find the stream. How long since you saw anything of it?"—*Wall Street News*.

HERE AND THERE.

There is said to be an 11-month old baby at Marshall, Miss., that whistles.

An electric kettle is a recent invention of a German. Water will boil in it in fifteen minutes.

An eclipse of the sun takes place Aug. 18. The spectacle will be visible from Berlin to Japan only.

Near Griffin, Ga., a few days ago, a turkey swallowed a bee, which stung its throat so that it died within an hour.

It is said that "strawberry" is an old English "strew-berfe," or straying berry, referring to the straying habits of the runners of the plant.

Josiah Roberts, of Peterboro, Canada, is proud of his hen, who celebrated Dominion day by laying an egg 6½ inches long and 8½ inches around.

About two hundred car-loads of watermelons have been shipped from Brooks county, Georgia, this season. The profit on each car will average \$100.

A white crystal, nearly ten inches in diameter, spherical in form and said to be without a flaw, has lately been offered to the principal foreign curio firm of Yokohama for \$20,000. The mikado has one of the two finest ones known.

One of the most daring equestrians of Milford, N. Y., is Miss Alice Decker, who rides a vicious horse without saddle or bridle, guiding him by her riding whip only. She sends him over ditches and fences with no more ceremony than if she was in a rocking chair.

A recent election in Edinburgh, which elicited the largest number of votes ever obtained from the citizens of the Scotch capital on any question, showed 21,765 in favor of the people having the entire control of the liquor traffic, 4,833 against, and 1,547 neutral.

A colored preacher of Fairfax county, Virginia, having recently declared that a number of his flock were amenable to church discipline and that they must be expelled, had his house of worship burned up by the offenders the same night. The malcontents did not intend to stand any fooling.

Rev. Dr. S. H. Virgin, in a Fourth of July address at West Chelmsford, N. Y., said that recently in Washington he examined with microscopic scrutiny the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, and not a trace could be found of the signatures of men who put forth that immortal instrument.

One of the best-dressed young men in Louisville recently was an assistant bookkeeper in a bank, who astonished society with his attire. When he suddenly departed to visit a friend in Texas it was found that he owed between \$2,000 and \$3,000 for his clothes, one shoemaker claiming an amount of \$250.

A Tombstone man from the Patagonian mountains, Arizona, says the fire has laid bare large tracks of country heretofore covered with brush and vegetation, and that it now presents opportunities for prospecting that have never before been accessible on account of being covered by dense forests.

In closing his account of the recent prohibition victory at Rome, Ga., *The Atlanta Constitution's* correspondent impressively says: "It should be written to the everlasting credit of our people, that in the midst of the most exciting campaign ever known in the history of Floyd county, there was not a single act of bloodshed or a single violation of the public peace."

Anyone who rides up-town on the surface cars, writes a New York correspondent, will notice that though it is cool from the Battery to the Astor house, it then becomes warmer and there is no fresh air again until Forty second street. The horse car people say that this is on account of the ground being higher between the points named. The cooling breeze hugs the surface of the earth.

A novel scheme for finding a nest that had been hidden by a shrewd hen turkey was adopted by Mrs. Lydia Broward, near St. John's, Fla., a few days ago. She tied a piece of bacon to the turkey's foot, and when it started for its nest she let loose her dog, which, guided by the scent, soon found the cautious old hen three-quarters of a mile from home, sitting on her nest in the midst of a thick grove of palmettoes.

In Texas the dear girls seem to be very fond of dressing themselves up in male attire and seeing the "sights." A young girl at Dallas was sent home by the police while masquerading in male attire. A Waco girl was photographed in her brother's spring suit for fun, and the picture has raised a pretty sensation. Marina Biggs, a Cass county farm boy has turned out to be a farm girl. She wore trousers for a year before discovery.

The new pistol law in Texas, which went into effect on July 4, punishes by fine and imprisonment all persons who carry on or about their person, saddles, or in their saddle-bags a pistol, dirk, or other deadly weapon. And to a drummer who asked if he could carry a pistol in his traveling-bag *The Galveston News* replies no, unless he has his traveling-bag checked, as it is the evident purpose of the law to prevent people from having pistols within easy reach.

A correspondent of *The New York Times* writes: Pulled bread—there is an edible that ought to be on every American table. It is designed to be eaten with cheese, and it is delicious. Take a loaf of freshly made bread, and while it is still warm pull the inside out of it in pieces the size of your hand or smaller. Put these into the oven and bake them a delicate brown. When cool they are crisp and as full of flavor as a nut. Eat pulled bread once with your cheese and you will want it often.

A good old friend of ours, says *The Buffalo Commercial*, says that it is incomprehensible to her how people can eat meat during this "heated term." She claims that the poor animals become overheated, that their flesh is full of impure matter, and that meat ought not to be eaten in warm weather anyway. For herself, she "eschews" meat, and when she wants something "stronger" than vegetables she eats "kidneys, sweetbreads, a little bacon, some liver now and then, and occasionally trip." She regards this diet as much more healthy than the "flesh" of overheated animals. She says, however, that as a rule during the summer she is "strictly vegetarian," and "lives almost entirely on milk and eggs."

INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

Advantages of Smoking and Drying Meat as Practiced in the Southern States.

Difficulties Most Western Farmers Will Experience in Securing Food for Their Stock.

Keeping Pork in Summer.

No amount of writing or lecturing will prevent pork from being the meat generally used on farms during the warm months of the year. Hogs are raised on almost every farm in the country, and they contain facilities for slaughtering them and for preserving their meat. This meat is convenient for cooking in farm houses where soft coal is generally employed for cooking purposes. Pork can be fried or boiled over a blazing fire, while coals are needed for broiling beefsteaks or mutton chops. The fat of pork is very convenient for frying fish, eggs, potatoes, mush, batter-cakes, and many kinds of vegetables. Dried beans are cooked in no way so well as by soaking, parboiling, and baking in connection with tolerably fat salt pork. For a steady diet for field hands or for men engaged in almost any kind of hard work there is no kind of meat that equals pork. It is preferred by laborers in all parts of the world. It is as generally eaten by out-of-door laborers in Cuba as in Iceland. European and American farmers who eat pork do four times as much work as the natives of India, whose principal food is rice.

It is practical to cure pork in more ways than beef and mutton, and thereby secure a greater variety of flavors. Pork is delicious and tender when cured and cooked in almost any manner. There is hardly any waste about a dressed hog. It is true that good soup can be made of the bones and the meat that adheres to them, as is the case with fowls, beef, and mutton, but the head and feet deservedly rank among the table delicacies. For eating during warm weather there are few kinds of meat that will compare with boiled ham, unless it be boiled shoulder, which is in some respects superior. For a breakfast dish there is no meat superior to side bacon, cut in thin slices, and fried or broiled. It contains the desired proportions of fat and lean meat, is tender, and has an appetizing flavor. Sausage, which is generally made of scraps of pork and flavored with herbs raised in the garden, is one of the cheapest, as it is one of the best kinds of meat food. Pork can be prepared for the table with less trouble and cost than any kind of meat. A considerable amount of good butter must be used in cooking or flavoring a beefsteak or a mutton-chop but ham, bacon, pickled pork, or sausage is cooked in the fat it affords.

Though pork is more easily preserved for use during warm weather than beef and mutton, there is some trouble in keeping it, if the heat is as great as it is the present summer. Farmers in the north may learn much from those in the south in relation to curing the flesh of the hog. The custom of smoking, as well as of salting and sugaring the meat, is general there. Almost every part of the hog is treated with dry sugar and salt and then hung in the smoke-house for additional curing. It is never placed in brine, and care is taken to get as much moisture out of it as possible. The dry salt and sugar that are applied to the surface of the meat attract much blood and moisture, which are drained off before the pieces are hung in the smoke-house. In this building the process of drying goes on in connection with that of smoking. The weight of the meat is largely reduced, but nothing is lost except moisture. The smoking and drying continue for several weeks after the meat is first hung up, and are repeated at intervals throughout the year. Every portion of the meat is delicately flavored with the smoke produced by burning hickory bark or corn-cobs.

Pork cured in this way is not likely to spoil if kept for many years. The only danger arises from insects that may deposit their eggs in the meat during warm weather if they gain access to it. They will not enter a smoke-house if it is kept dark. If it is desired to take the meat from the smoke-house, it can be protected from insects by wrapping each piece in paper, or by covering it with cloth to which a coating of starch or flour paste is applied. The smoked meat covered as recommended can be hung in an open garret or placed on shelves, where it will keep an indefinite length of time without liability to injury. If it is placed in a damp or unventilated room or in a cellar it may absorb moisture and have its surface covered with mold. In most European countries old bacon is preferred to new. It contains less moisture, is more tender, and has a better flavor. The smoked meat prepared in our great packing establishments does not possess good keeping qualities. It is salted by immersing it in brine, and is smoked only long enough to give its surface a light cinnamon color. Care is taken to keep all the moisture in it in order to give it weight.

Pickled pork is much more common in the northern states. If sufficient care is taken it is not very difficult to keep salt pork sweet. On account of lack of care and improper place for storage large quantities, however, are lost every season. The pork-barrel should

stand in a cool cellar at some distance from the ground. If it is shaped like the kits in which fish are packed, the layers of meat can be better kept in place. It should have a tight-fitting cover, that will keep out insects and currents of air. The pieces of meat should be cut with a sharp knife, so that they will be of uniform width and have no ragged edges. The bits of detached meat that becomes loosened as pieces of pork are taken out of the barrel and which float on the surface of the brine are almost certain to putrify and to cause the entire contents of the barrel to become rancid or to acquire an unpleasant flavor. If every particle of pork is kept submerged in a brine that is a saturated solution of nearly pure salt there is no danger of its spoiling. The oil, blood, and little fragments of meat that rise to the surface and come in contact with the air and putrify are the chief causes of the loss of pork during hot weather.

It is easy to pack each layer of pork in a barrel, especially if it is larger at the bottom than at the top, so that it will keep in position till it is broken. It is comparatively easy to so pack it that each piece in the layer will keep its place till it is drawn out for use. To do this each layer should be pressed into position and covered with salt. A new layer should be formed by pressing pieces against the side of the barrel and so continuing until the center is reached. In taking out the pork the center piece should be first removed, the other pieces remaining undisturbed. Some careful housewives never return a piece of pork to the barrel. They have a crock or firkin filled with brine in which they keep the piece from which they cut slices for daily use. This plan is a good one to pursue, especially during warm weather. About the 1st of May the pork barrel should be most carefully examined. If there is a scum on top of the brine, or fat or particle of meat floating in it, it should be poured out, boiled, allowed to cool, and then be put back. If the pieces of pork are not so packed that they will keep their places, they should be held in position by a weight, as a clean, flat stone.

Stock Food Will Be Scarce.

The reports of the grass crop in nearly every part of the country are very discouraging to stock-raisers. If there is a state or territory that has a full crop of grass or clover, or even a near approach to one, it is yet to be heard from. Throughout the great stock-raising region of the west there is a general failure of fodder crops. Grass on the prairies that have never been plowed is very light. Land that usually produces a ton and a half of wild hay to the acre will not produce half a ton. The best fields are on ground recently seeded to timothy and red clover. As feed in pastures is very short, many farmers have turned their stock upon the land where they have been accustomed to cut grass to turn into hay. They have thus diminished the area to be mown. There may be a fair crop of wheat and oats, but the straw of these grains is very short. Many farmers preferred to follow the advice recently given in *The Times* about sowing millet, but in many cases they found their land too dry to plow, while the price of seed was high. The prospect is that very little millet has been raised. The season has been as poor for potatoes and roots as for clover and grass. Corn is represented as more promising than could reasonably be expected, but unless there is a heavy rainfall within a few days a good yield of corn fodder or of grain will be impossible. How to find food to keep stock over the coming winter is the question that nearly every farmer is endeavoring to answer. Many think that they will buy fodder raised in some section of the country where it is abundant. The great difficulty will be in finding this place. If it can be discovered, the next difficulty will be in obtaining money to buy the food. Animals are very low in price, and hay and all the substitutes for it are very high. Many farmers are doubtless expecting to sell a large part of their stock, but most of them will find much trouble in doing this. The animals are poor now on account of the scarcity of grass and water, and there is little on most farms that can be used for fattening them. Every market in the country is overstocked with cattle and sheep, and the prices for them, heretofore low, are steadily declining. To buy food for the purpose of using it to fatten steers is to lose money.

Rains may come in season to make the fall feed in pastures tolerably good, and to enable farmers to cut a second crop of hay on some of their land. In some sections fall rye may be sown, which will afford winter pasturage. A few acres in flat turnips will supply a considerable amount of food that can be used late in the fall. Still, it seems certain that the great majority of farmers will find great difficulty in carrying their stock over the coming winter. They will find it necessary to stack all their straw and to make the most out of it. They will also find it necessary to pay more attention to cutting up their cornfodder at the proper time, and to protect it from frost and storms. Grass grown in sloughs will be worth cutting this year, and it is likely that cattle will be glad to get it to eat. Bean vines should be saved, as they make good food for sheep. The hand scythe should be used for cutting grass that can not be secured by a mowing machine. The grass that grows on the sides of the roads should all be segregated.

It is likely that flaxseed will be worth

more for feed this year than for producing oil. English farmers feed oil-cake with straw to excellent advantage. In Canada good results are reported from feeding a mixture of ground flaxseed, oats, and peas with cut straw, soghum or corn fodder. In the opinion of some feeders, a ton of oat straw, and a bushel of ground flaxseed and four bushels of ground peas or corn are equal to a ton of the best hay.—*Chicago Times*.

Evils of Gift Giving.

Sham and show, preplexity, annoyance and extravagance have crept into the custom of gift giving. Though one may make a gift out of the depth of the heart, and do it so becomingly and unassumingly, yet it seems as if dozen influences were bearing on him to force him into a greater expense than he can afford, or to give where he is reluctant to do so, or where he must make a show of the articles given. Quiet, unostentatious, spontaneous giving shines brightly, when we find it amid the dreary heartlessness, the gaudy show and the heartburnings that often accompany the formal giving that is a part of social life.

The reader may call to mind some wedding or birthday anniversary that she is invited to help celebrate. The problem of all problems, even outranking the common "What shall I wear?" then is, "What present shall I send?" It is not enough to go and participate in the social duties and to be cordial in well-wishing and congratulation, for none of this will pardon the neglect or oversight of the gift. There will be the question, "Where is Mrs. Jackson's present?" and then the unpleasant comment if she has made none. So Mrs. Jackson sets out to find some compromise between pride and purse, perhaps poverty, something that cost no more than absolutely compulsory, and yet looks as if it were worth a great deal more, something that the other guest will not look at slightly, if not speak of contemptuously, or at least think of in the same spirit.

And the guests compare these proxies of themselves and put themselves on exhibition, after a fashion, about in the same way that they would do if they were to stand up before a committee of critics and have the style and elegance of their clothing passed upon. The show is at last over, but the jealousies and heartburnings remain, the fear that respectability has been endangered by the insignificance of the gift, or the overtopping consciousness of a few that they each made the best, or one of the best presents of the lot.

Afterwards, as is more or less the custom in some parts of the country, the names of the donors and a brief description of their gifts appear in some newspaper, there to undergo further comparison and criticism and all the train of accompaniments. Finally, if the present was valuable enough, it may find its way to a shop where duplicate presents are bought and sold, so little did the receiver care about the personality of the giver, or of such little use is it to the recipient among several other presents of the same kind.

Gift extortion and compulsory gift making are little less than sinful, if they fall short of that. Gifts are by no means always the token of friendship, and, when combined with the abuses that are often made to accompany them, they are demoralizing; they are unpleasant features of what take the form of duties, and they are dark spots in social life.

Something is wrong when a present is made a test of social standing, or when it is made the pre-requisite for performing a social act. There is an opportunity for reform when what is apparently a friendly deed is confessedly empty of honest intent, when it is burdensome, annoying, compulsory, false-hearted, or made for show, or evidence of wealth, or merely for social conformity.

The only excuse that one can make for these abuses of gift making is that their compulsory features have the effect of putting people into the habit of making presents at a time when their friendly feelings have not become strong enough to prompt the act unaided. With the growth of the feelings, the custom gradually gets a better and surer foundation, and stands more plainly in harmony with civilization. A gift should be an embodiment of sentiment, from which cost should be totally divorced as an element of weight, and with which no social compulsion should be linked, except the compulsion of a spontaneous expression of feeling. The world is not good enough for this yet, but some attempt, if only a feeble one, if general enough, would be a green oasis in the social desert.—*Good Housekeeping*.

Meteoric Thunder.

The most rapid cannon shots, according to M. Hirn, scarcely reach a speed of 2,000 per second, while meteorites penetrate the air at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles, and even more, per second. With this velocity the air is at once raised to a temperature of 7,000 to 10,000 degrees, and the meteorite's surface is torn away by atmospheric friction and vaporized by the heat. The sounds produced range from the whistling of a bullet to the crash and roll of thunder. They are explained by this author as resulting from the rush of air to fill the gap in the rear rather than from actual explosion, being analogous to thunder after lightning.

Why Late Grain Rusts.

There is a universal belief among farmers that grain delayed in ripening is almost sure to rust. This is one reason why they try to sow early so that there may be a longer time of development and root growth during the early part of the season while the soil is cool and moist. In these conditions the plant food is more largely mineral and less nitrogenous, and there is possibly some difference in the character of the stalk and leaf, making one more susceptible than another to attacks of fungus. An application of mineral fertilizer to grain hastens its ripening, and it also makes the straw bright and free from rust. In Winter wheat a dressing of phosphate prevents Winter-killing, while if there is a strip that the fertilizer does not reach it will bring some partly thrown out wheat plants which will head out a week later than they should and usually be badly rusted.

It is not alone the high-priced phosphate that will produce this result. A dressing of salt in the Spring will generally make the grain to which it is applied free from rust, even though grown on land so rich as to promote extremely vigorous growth. Wood ashes or mineral potash will produce the same result. It is probable that the mineral plant food gets in the stalk and thus obstructs the passage from the roots of more sap than the stalks and leaves of the grain can thoroughly assimilate. On soil very rich in nitrogen and deficient in mineral plant food grain grows too much to leaf and straw. They become farly gorged with sap that cannot be converted into anything of value because lacking in the mineral elements required to make gain. This is not often seen, mainly because stable and other manures of nitrogenous character also contain a considerable proportion of mineral plant food, and in their decomposition in the soil makes its inert minerals available for plants. Sometimes, however, we find places where the nitrogen is disproportionately large. Here the straw becomes over heavy and falls down, and in breaking over sap exudes which is quickly attacked by rust.

The position of such grain differs apparently from that which rusts only because it is late and has seemingly no excess of growth. But this difference is not so great as it seems. The late growth is pushed forward suddenly in hot weather, when nitric acid is rapidly developing in the soil. Cool, drying winds check alike the development of nitrates in the soil and of rust on the grain. Sometimes when cultivating corn or potatoes with horses fed on the whole oats, the grain is voided in the droppings and grows in patches late in the Summer where it fell, being covered at the last cultivating. These oats are always exceedingly vigorous, but the plants invariably rust so early that the grain is made light and chaffy. It shows that it would never do to plant oats in hills, so that the plants could stand by their selves and be cultivated as we do with corn. When it comes to heading and filling, the check which the numerous oat plants standing side by side give each to other is helpful rather than hurtful. Those who have planted a few wheat grains by themselves, and given them particular care so as to make the most from a little seed almost always find their crop is troubled with rust. Many new varieties are thus condemned, while if sown in a body, as it usually is, the crop would prove a success. English farmers in their cooler climate may sometimes do well with wheat cultivated and hoed, but it is not adapted to our climate.

Late wheat is almost always thin on the ground. It is made late by killing out of the greater part of the stand and injuring the rest. The farmer whose fields seem almost bare in April finds them growing green in June with scattering wheat plants. These are hurried forward so rapidly by hot weather and rains that they are always badly rusted. The plants have not made the root growth which they should have completed while the ground was cold in early Spring.—*American Cultivator*.

Luck of an Inventor.

A young English mechanic in Troy not long ago invented a new axle box and nut which had a great deal of merit in it, and which attracted the attention of a famous New York carriage-maker. One day one of the latter's agents went to the shop in Troy where the young Englishman was employed and asked him about his invention and patent and finally made him an offer of \$50,000 in cash for the latter. The young man thought he would accept, but asked a few hours to consider. He talked with his employers, and as they had aided him in securing his patents they suggested that he give them the privilege of making the purchase. They offered him \$25,000 and a half interest in the profits. He accepted the offer and the next day informed the carriage-maker's representative of the fact. The latter gentleman promptly said: "Now that you have made up your mind I want to say to you that we have made as high as \$75,000 a year out of what we call our spring, and that is not worth to us nearly what your axle would bring us. You have a valuable invention." The proof of this statement developed itself almost immediately, and it is said that the Troy concern, which has undertaken the manufacture of the new invention, will realize a profit of from \$100,000 to \$200,000 a year from it. The young English mechanic will soon be a very rich man.—*Albany Journal*.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

POTATO YEAST.

Boil mealy potatoes, peel them, mash them smooth and put to them as much hot water as will make them of the consistency of yeast, no thicker. Add for every pound of potatoes two ounces of coarse sugar or treacle, and while the mixture is warm stir in two spoonfuls of yeast. Keep it warm until it rises well. It may be used in twenty-four hours. One quart of potatoes will make nearly a quart of yeast.

RHUBARB JAM.

Cut the rhubarb into pieces about an inch long (not peeled,) put three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar to every pound of rhubarb and leave till morning, pour the syrup from it and boil till it thickens, then add the rhubarb and boil gently a quarter of an hour; tie down with tissue paper dipped in white of egg. It will keep good for a year and is excellent. If the flavor of ginger is liked, you can boil some ginger root in a muslin bag along with the syrup.

ORANGE WATER ICE.

Take as many oranges as will be necessary, cut them in half, press the juice from them, take the pulp out carefully from the rind and put it in a bowl; pour a little boiling water on it; stir it well and strain it through a sieve; mix this with orange juice and stir in it as much sugar as will make a rich syrup. If the oranges are fine rub some of the sugar on the peel to extract the essence. Freeze it.

SHERBET.

Boil two pounds of sugar in a quart of water; pare six oranges and two lemons very thin; mix together the boiling syrup, the peel of the fruit, the juice and five more pints of water; clear it with a little white of egg; let it stand until cold; strain and bottle it. It can be frozen the same as ice cream; then serve.

SULTANA SHERBET.

Juice of four lemons, one half pint of rose water, one pound of sugar, whites of seven eggs, yolk of one; squeeze the lemons and add the sugar with the rose water, beat the eggs to a strong froth and mix all together; put it over the fire, stirring it one way until it becomes thicker than cream or so you can dip it with a spoon. When cold it should be of the consistency of custard. Freeze as cream or serve as custard.

PEACH SWEET PICKLES (GERMAN RECIPE).

Choose peaches that are ripe but not soft enough to eat; put a clove in each one; boil a pound of sugar with a gallon of vinegar; skim it well and pour hot over the peaches; cover them closely. It may be necessary to scald the vinegar again in a week or two. They retain their flavor well.

FRANGIPANI.

Add two or three beaten eggs to a pint of milk, beat in a spoonful of cornstarch, strain into a pitcher, set the pitcher into boiling water, stir it until it is as thick as custard, remove from the fire, add some powdered white sugar, flavor to taste and beat into the whole some crushed macaroons or viennas. This mixture is used to fill patty-pans lined with puff-paste or tarts. Some cooks put a layer of jam, marmalade or preserves in the patty-pan on tart paste, then cover it with frangipani. It can also be put over fruit, preserves, jam, etc. and baked as a pudding. Frangipani over orange marmalade or orange preserve is considered very fine.

SEA FOAM CREAM.

Lay some viennas or slices of rich cake in and around a fine custard dish or preserve stand. Make a good boiled custard, flavor and pour over the cake. Leave out some of the whites from the custard. Beat these whites very stiff with powdered white sugar and almond paste (almonds blanched and pounded to a paste with rosewater), put the frothed white of egg on top of the custard and serve it very cold.

TOMATO CATSUP.

Half a bushel of tomatoes; boil till they are soft; rub through a fine hair sieve and add a quarter of a gallon of the best vinegar, half a pint of salt, one ounce of cloves, one of cayenne pepper, two ounces of allspice, some heads of garlic skinned and separated. Mix all together, put into a jar, crock or pitcher, set in a vessel of boiling water and boil until the quantity is reduced one-half. Bottle without straining.

SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLE.

Pare the cucumbers, take out the seeds, cut in rings an inch thick, then simmer in weak alum water an hour; take them out, drain and lay carefully in a jar. Then prepare a syrup of one gallon of good vinegar, two large cups of sugar, one ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of ginger root; pour hot over the pickles. This is a delightful pickle and will keep sealed up a long time. Watermelon rinds can be so prepared.

Boarding-House Chat.

"Why is marble cake so called?"

"Marble cake is so called because it is marble cake—carved out of the solid rock in Italy and imported here at great expense."

"What's the idea of that?"

"Economy. It's cheaper in the long run. You see a piece of genuine marble cake will last a long time. Now here's a piece on this plate that has been in the house ever since I came to town—thirteen years ago this summer. Examine it closely and you will observe that it is almost as good as new. You will see here and there some scratches. They were made by strangers who had extra good teeth. There's a spawl knocked off that corner. That was done by the Man with the Iron Jaw who was through here last season with a circus."—*Oil City Derrick*.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending July 20 1887.

Omaha aspires to beat Chicago as a packing center.

The inventory of Gen. Logan's estate footed up a little over six thousand dollars.

An elevator was recently built in Chicago in fourteen days that has a capacity of 400,000 bushels of grain.

A rude fellow attempted to kick a Kansas City girl in the mouth, and the result was she bit off his foot at the ankle.

The politicians are making slates both in state and nation. Most of them will get badly smashed within twelve months.

A St. Louis man attempted to bathe in a reservoir of drinking water and was found dead. A clear visitation of Providence.

The democrats have nominated a man by the name of Powell for governor, and if elected it will be the work of lightning. It may strike.

The son of Abraham Lincoln is strongly urged for president. We do not hesitate to assert that he is in every way more desirable than the father of Walker Blaine.

The Toledo Blade is determined to pulverize the rum power, but declares the best way to do it is to keep prohibition out of the republican platforms. Ask Albert Griffin how this is.

The first millionaire Indian, who lives in the Indian Territory, can neither read nor write. But a good many white millionaires are not so very much ahead of this Indian in accomplishments.

Theo Sogard, Danish consul, with headquarters at Kansas City, was in Topeka this week. He came to interview General Bradford upon a brand of Copenhagen beer which is said to be non-intoxicating, and which it is contemplated to introduce into Kansas.

Ex-Senator Windom, in a Fourth of July address declared that the destruction of the saloon is the supreme work of the hour. And yet the Toledo Blade, whose great aim has been to pulverize the rum power, says that prohibition must not be made a part of the republican platform.

The political campaign in Ohio is getting interesting. The democrats are relying upon the prohibition party, which recently had one of the largest conventions ever held in the state, to split open the republican ranks; and the republicans are relying upon the labor party to do the same disastrous thing with the democratic party.

He would be a fool-hardy man who would now venture to deny that prohibition has proved to be one of the greatest blessings to Kansas. Even those who were its strongest opponents, with few exceptions, are now its heartiest advocates. The recent letter of Gov. Martin has been wisely published and receives consideration that no third party prohibitionist could command.

The Burton Car Company decides to locate in Wichita. That town has an eye in the right direction. It realizes that without manufactories a city may as well close its blinds. It is something to blow, but it is a good deal more to work, and work in the building of towns consists largely in efforts to secure manufactories. Topeka seems to think that parks, additions, street railways and pavements are about all that is necessary, when it should be known that instead of causes they are incidents of growth, which if forced are liable to bring disaster.

Georgia proposes to tax wine rooms \$10,000. The saloon must go.

A man in Decatur Ind. who hanged St. John in effigy some months ago, recently went upon the stand where St. John had been speaking and acknowledged his error. There are persons in Kansas who have not yet done this.

It is to be regretted that the anti-saloon republican party has not seen fit to do something to help banish the saloon from Texas in the campaign that will close in a few days. Instead of coming to Kansas where we have no need of help, it would be better for Mr. Griffin to go to Tennessee and give them a lift.

From figures given out lately by Mr. Powderly, it is ascertained that the membership of the order of the Knights of Labor has fallen from a million to less than six hundred thousand within the last fourteen months. The loss has been steady, and is on the increase, while the accessions to the order grow fewer each month.

The magnitude of the vegetable canning business can be appreciated from the fact that a single concern at Lawrence will put up 600,000 cans of tomatoes, and has now ready for shipment 98,000 cans of peas. Canning factories are increasing in number and capacity all over the state.

Kansas is growing and spreading out. There is not in all the union another state whose growth is equal to hers. Nor is there in all the union a state whose prospects are as good as hers. Reports show that the crops have been injured to some extent by drouth, but its severity is not equal to that in other states.

We hear nothing said of the Third or Prohibition party of this state—no notice yet of a state convention. Perhaps this is the part of wisdom, for the management of the party for the last two years has not been such as to build up any organized force, and the absolute enforcement of prohibition, the destruction of the saloon and the closing of the drug store, has now left that party without ground to stand upon in this state.

It is predicted that this world is soon to come to an end by fire; that the boring of so many gas wells will ultimately communicate fire to the gas stored in the earth, the result of which will be such an explosion as will shatter into atoms this little earth. It is possible that there may be an escape from this wholesale destruction in the theory that there is an immense opening, known as "Symmes' Hole" at the north pole which will act as the mouth of a huge cannon whenever this great load of gas is touched off.

It is stated with some appearance of authority that the president will visit the west this fall. Whatever may be said by prejudiced partisans, it is certain that history will mark President Cleveland as one of our most worthy and able of executives. No president, unless it be Abraham Lincoln, has done more hard, conscientious work, than Cleveland, and his hours of recreation have been none too many. A trip to the west will enlarge his comprehension of the greatness of the nation which his administration honors.

Texas votes on the prohibition question on the fourth of August. The campaign has been a very vigorous one. Old party lines have been terribly raked. Money has been poured into the state by whiskey men without stint. Prohibitionists have done the same. Able speakers have canvassed the question thoroughly. Prohibition meetings have been mobbed and broken up. Persecution, as usual, has foolishly come to the aid of evil, and this is positive evidence that prohibition will succeed eventually. When prohibition comes to the south, sectional hatred will go out.

Mischivous Teaching.

The Chautauqua Assembly, which closes its sessions in this city during the present week, has been a remarkable success. A vast fund of information has been given to those seeking wisdom, and no less entertainment has been afforded the less thoughtful. Most of the subjects handled have been weighty ones, and it may be said that all have been ably, if not always wisely, handled.

Many of the topics treated by the speakers possessed historic interest and therefore should have been judiciously and carefully considered. It requires a firstclass mind to write dispassionately of contemporaneous history. It even taxes a well balanced mind to treat any historic question without prejudice.

A painful illustration of this fact was witnessed in the lecture delivered before the Assembly on Saturday by Dr. George W. Gray of Chicago, on "The Slave Pen and the School House," in which he treated of two so-called civilizations, the civilization of Plymouth and the civilization of Jamestown.

If it were true that we have had two civilizations in our national history, which we deny, and if they existed as was represented by Dr. Gray, it might be considered as a very unwise thing to present them to any audience of American citizens, at this time, as was done on this occasion.

Even had it been good history that he was discussing, the address would have been in bad taste, and its influence only mischievous. But inasmuch as his premises were false and his deductions more so, there would seem to be no excuse for such an harangue before an assembly ostensibly held for educational purposes, and still less reason for permitting it to pass without notice, as seems to be the policy of the press of this city.

Admitting, for argument's sake, the former existence of the two conflicting civilizations, and if two there were more than two, certainly one of them, that of the slave pen is practically extinct, or in process of rapid extinction. Consequently no good can come from now parading it before its victorious opponent. It certainly is not necessary as an example, for the whole civilized world is now united in its condemnation of the entire slave system.

Aid yet it could only be as an example, enforce a moral or to adorn a tale, that such an address could be used to influence society.

But we hold that Dr. Gray, and he represents an element of some standing, when he contends for these two civilizations, as he terms them, either through ignorance or prejudice, does so in defiance of the truth. He perverts the simple facts of history, and totally ignores the very philosophy of history, which is the most important feature of all history.

The inference held out to the young and uninformed is that the Massachusetts Puritan was an anti-slavery christian citizen, while the Virginia Cavalier was a champion of slavery and a criminal, that the Pilgrim father was the embodiment of morality and intelligence, while the Virginia settler was an aristocrat or a scapgrace.

So far as these inferences are substantiated by the facts, they are the merest incidents of a colonial situation, and cannot be tortured into great moving causes, and cannot intelligently be given a prominent place in impartial history.

Of the two the Puritan possessed more of the illiberal spirit than the Cavalier, a spirit primarily antagonistic to the foundation principles of our real civilization, ecclesiastical and political. While professing to believe in the greatest toleration, and claiming it for themselves the Puritans would not recognize for others the rights they claimed for themselves. Even if the slave pen did exert a certain influence upon our civilization, we may be willing to offset it against the influence of the ducking stool.

As a historic fact, now so well understood that no intelligent man will dare deny it the most earnest and sincere enemies of the slave pen, and the whole slave system, were not the Puritans nor the descendants of Puritans. On the other hand the most intelligent and active opponents

of our slave system actually were the descendants of the very cavaliers, and Jamestown settlers whom Dr. Gray so unfortunately contemns. Of the more recent abolitionists, Benjamin Lundy was a Pennsylvanian of Quaker descent and education, and was a citizen of Virginia when he began his career as an abolition agitator.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, his first and most prominent follower, was almost accidentally born in Massachusetts, and his parents were but a short time removed from Nova Scotia.

Of the more early anti-slavery leaders the more prominent were southern men, or at best, men from the Middle States. James Oglethorpe, of Georgia, Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, Anthony Benezet, the Huguenot refugee, and others that might be named.

In New England, Massachusetts was not early in the field with its anti-slavery societies, and the leaders in the early emancipation movements were not the Plymouth civilizers, but the Quakers whom the Puritans persecuted. Pennsylvania reorganized its Abolition society in 1781. The second was that of New York formed in 1785. This was followed by Rhode Island, settled and civilized by Roger Williams, whom the Puritans had banished in midwinter.

But, more than this, while slavery was abolished by most of the states by legislation, it continued in Massachusetts up to the time of the Revolutionary war. Although efforts were made to abolish it. The Plymouth civilization was never equal to the task, and it was finally done by a decision of the Supreme Court, which held that under the new Bill of Rights adopted in 1780, slavery could no longer exist in the state.

Probably the ablest anti-slavery discussion ever witnessed in this or any other country, was that of the Virginia legislature in 1831. "Seldom," says Wilson, "if ever, have the evils of slavery been more graphically not to say terrifically, portrayed, than in this remarkable debate and discussion." Certain it is, that nothing of equal force and intelligence was ever heard from the Capitol on Beacon street, in Boston, on the same subject.

History is doing justice to the anti-slavery sentiment of Virginia. A recent article in that best of publications, the "Magazine of American History" gives much light on this subject, and it needs no further discussion here.

We admit there is little need of these arguments to show that no two such civilizations ever existed in this country as has been alleged. They are worthy of consideration simply as historic facts, not without inherent interest.

Slavery existed in this country not as an outgrowth of Jamestown or Plymouth, but as it has existed in almost every other civilized country. It did not create a civilization but it was merely an incident in it, for which New England was as much responsible as the South. Massachusetts as much as Virginia.

Perhaps the most conclusive argument against this whole theory of the two civilizations, which is not new, may be found in the fact that slavery would have been abolished in all the states, north and south, before the war of revolution if it had not been for the opposing influence of the mother country. Again, the same men who reason like Dr. Gray, tell us that it was the cotton gin, by making slavery profitable, that perpetuated the system. If either of these causes is true, then the slave system and its evils cannot have arisen from a Jamestown civilization.

The plain truth is that the same civilization that existed in the mother country was transferred to America. A difference in conditions has wrought some immaterial changes. The Cavalier and the Roundhead were developments of English civilization, and existed in the mother country before they were transplanted here. Their representatives are found there to this day, and are, perhaps, as distinct as the slave pen and the school house civilizations in America. But no one speak of them as conflicting civilizations.

Carlyle once referred to the great crystal palace, and the World's Lon-

don Exposition of 1852, as "ostentatious frothery," and his "mad humor" urged him "to flee from the monstrous place."

Macaulay, on the other hand, was delighted, and could not think of the Caesars enjoying a more splendid spectacle. Carlyle the Cavalier, Macaulay the Puritan, one the representative of the slave pen civilization of England, and the author of "The Nigger Question," and the other the representative of our Plymouth school-house civilization. We do not even hear that these two civilizations are arrayed against each other, not even in the interest of the Irish and question.

It is quite time for our politicians to rise above these sectional issues. It is more than time for presumptuous teachers, in non-political and non-sectarian institutions to be above it. We have suffered enough from sectional passion.

This is an American nation. We are American citizens. Ours is an American civilization—one civilization, not two. It bears a very close resemblance to the parent civilization. It is a civilization of growth, we are glad to believe better, grander, nobler, than any civilization that has ever before existed. It is not entirely homogeneous, since it is made up of so many parts differing from each other. There was the Puritan civilization of Plymouth, the Roman Catholic civilization of Baltimore, the Quaker civilization of Pennsylvania, the Anglican civilization of Jamestown, and the Huguenot civilization of South Carolina, not to mention the Dutch civilization of New York, and the intensely French civilization of Louisiana. To those we may add the later civilizations of the socialists, the anarchists, and the saloons, all quite as distinct as that of the slave pen and far more dangerous than it, even in its most flourishing days.

Our civilization is one of many conflicting parts, because it is not yet wholly formed. It has been influenced by incongruous elements admitted from any and all the nations of the earth that choose to seek a foothold upon our soil. It is not amiss for thoughtful men to consider the tendency of our civilization, and to closely watch the influences that are working into its warps and woof. We may not wonder if some statesmen do look with apprehension upon the future.

There is nothing to fear from diseases that have been cured, but there may be danger, that in the excitement of our growth, we may take in more than our civilization can assimilate.

Mr. Albert Griffin is to be in this state about the first of August and wants to make a speech in this city in favor of the anti-saloon republicans. Kansas, Iowa, and Maine are anti-saloon republican, while Georgia, Texas and Tennessee are pretty strong anti-saloon democratic. Altogether it begins to look very dubious for the saloon. A large republican faction is prodding it to death in the north, and quite as large a democratic faction are doing the same in the south, while the Prohibition party is marshalling its cohorts to attack it all along the line, while Mr. Powderly with his Knights of Labor are taking the field as independent guerrillas. It is evident that the saloon must go.

A pretty young girl of about eighteen summers tripped into the state treasurer's office a few days ago and handed over a valise containing \$4,600 in cash. It was a considerable sum for a young girl to be carrying over the country, but she is a thorough business girl, and the money was safe in her hands. She was Nancy Hayward, the daughter of County Treasurer Hayward, of Allen county. She is her father's deputy, and has charge of his business, and her mission to Topeka was to make the annual settlement with the state treasurer. She is as well acquainted with her father's business as he is himself.

MRS. M. VINCENT,
Dealer in
HUMAN HAIR GOODS
All kinds of Hair Goods on hand. Hair work all kinds done. Also buy and exchange hair.
730 Kansas Avenue.
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

MISSING MILLIONS.

How Near a California Judge Came to Making a Fortune.

"Judge," said a reporter to a well-known representative of the legal profession in San Francisco, "I have been told that you and some of your friends came near buying Alaska from the Russian Government before the United States made the purchase. Is it true, and will you tell me the story?"

"Well," said the judge, "we were not going to buy the whole of Russian America. We had our arrangements made to buy the best part of it, though. If you would like to know how I missed being a millionaire I will tell you.

"I think it was in 1860 that a Jew named Goldstone, who had been up to Alaska, came here. He gave a glowing account of the great fortunes made in the fur trade in the north. He wanted me to furnish money to start a trading post up there. In the course of the conversation he mentioned incidentally that all the trading posts, arms and ammunition, stores, forts and vessels in the trade had belonged to a Russian fur company, which had leased them to the Hudson Bay Company. The lease as well as the privileges of the Russian company had run out, and every thing now belonged to the Russian Government. He thought that the Russian Government would be glad to sell the whole thing out to a good American company. Russia and the United States were on particularly good terms at that time. I talked the matter over with some of my friends, and we arranged to get up a good company.

"I then went to Senator Cole and asked him to inquire through Russian Minister Stokol if there would be any chance to make the purchase. The proposition was favorably received, and we organized a company, with General John A. Miller as president and Eugene Sullivan as vice president. The other members of the board of directors were William Ralston, Alvin Hayward, Senator Cole, Sam Branson and Alexander Badlam. Senator Cole then formally opened negotiations with the Russian Government through Cassius M. Clay, who was our Minister at that time in St. Petersburg, and Stokol, at Washington.

"The Russian Government then sent out an agent, with full power and authority to fix the price and terms of payment and to sign the papers and agreements on the part of Russia.

"We met the agent at the Occidental Hotel, and spent a day and night in making a trade with him. Our arrangement, as finally made, was that every thing was to be turned over to us, furs, ships, arms, ammunition, utensils and furs on hand, for a price a little over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with the exclusive privilege of taking and trading for furs. The company made a better trade than the Government did afterward, I think. The agreement was not signed, but the company appointed Henry E. Baker agent, with full power to execute all papers if the schedule of property was found to be correct. The furs alone reported on hand would have paid the purchase price twice over.

"Colonel Baker went on board the steamer Alexander, which was included in the property to be purchased, expecting to sail the next morning. Late in the afternoon of the day he went on board Eugene Sullivan went down to the dock. He was vice-president of our company, and told Baker and the Russian agent that the company had finally decided to back out of the trade. Baker came ashore, and an agent of the present Alaska Commercial Company went on board. The Alaska company had been trying to negotiate for some time before, but the instructions of the Russian agent were peremptory to trade with us if we would trade. Our declining gave them a chance, which they availed themselves of. General Miller and one or two others were smart enough to get into the new company, and have made fortunes out of it.

"It was the one chance in a life-time that a man has to make a fortune, and I missed it. The company made a trade, I don't know the particulars of it, but just about that time it seemed to occur to the Russian Government that the American company might not take proper care of Russian subjects and afford them the protection that had been given by their own Government. The discussion of this subject led to a proposal to sell the whole country to the American Government, which finally resulted in a purchase, the details of which every one is familiar with."—San Francisco Call.

Winter Shelter for Sheep.

We ought to have good shelter provided by the time winter comes, if we can provide such shelter. But suppose it is practically impossible for us to build barns and well-constructed sheds? We can do this for our sheep in the vast majority of instances. We can set crotched posts in the ground, rest a rail or piece of timber in the crotches and place poles, boards or something of the kind on the rail, one end resting on the rail and the other on the ground, open toward the south. If we have not rails or poles enough to do that we can use fewer poles and rails and cover with hay or straw. Certainly that is a shelter cheap enough, and it is better than none.—Western Rural.

The Board of Trade at Chattanooga, Tenn., had decided to do everything in its power to encourage the building of railroads in that neighborhood.

STAINED GLASS.

A New Craze Which Costs Money and Gives Artists Steady Employment.

"Through the increased demand for stained glass windows in the city as well as in the suburbs," said the foreman of a large jewelry establishment on Broadway to a reporter a few days ago, "this firm has been compelled to go into the business, and to-day there is scarcely one of our richest customers whose dwelling is not adorned with stained glass windows. For centuries past stained glass was used only in churches and cathedrals and bore the imprints of holy persons. This is no longer the case, and a country residence without its artistically stained glass windows is considered out of place. Within a year or two the number of artists engaged in this profession or business has increased at least about twenty-fold, and yet our ability to fill our orders is sometimes overtaxed. Do the fashions. Just at present the colors most sought after are old gold, ruby and an infinite variety of shades of green. There is also a large and increasing demand for what is known as jeweled work. These jewels are composed of small pieces of translucent glass of various colors. The faces of these pieces of glass, which are either round or oblong, are cut in the style or shape of diamonds, or are left plain."

"Are these jewels manufactured in this country and how are they made?" "Most of them are. They are made by pouring molten glass into molds, and when cold the diamond is cut on the glass."

"Have the general public begun to understand this artistic business?"

"No, for in the first instance they think the work is very expensive. It is true that certain designs are beyond the reach of the middle classes, but they could have handsome decoration for one-half the price they believe it would cost them. It is amusing to see many customers come in here and give their orders without having the faintest idea of what they require. Their neighbors have stained glass windows, and they must have the same."

"How do you meet the difficulty?"

"For the accommodation of such customers we always keep on hand a multitude of designs, many of which are marked in glass and others drawn on paper. Frequently a selection from these is made, but very often we have to make special drawings for them. Let me give you an instance. A prominent bank president, who recently built himself a mansion on Long Island Sound, called here, went through every design in the place, but said that none suited him. What he desired most of all was something new for a large stair window that overlooked the Sound. There was good boating and fishing in the vicinity, he added, and he wanted something appropriate. We made a design on paper. It represented a sportsman on one knee, gun in hand, at the shore of a lake, aiming at a string of ducks just taking flight from the water, having been disturbed by a water spaniel. This suited the gentleman in every particular, and he paid handsomely for the window and was well satisfied. To cut figures, or rather put them together with pieces of different colored glass requires time and the greatest care. There is another class of customers who come here with prepared designs on paper, and there is still another who leave the whole matter to us. For this class of customers we have special artists employed, whom we send to their residences, and who having studied the surroundings carefully, either in town or suburb submit designs that are suitable. It is astonishing how much of this latter work is done without a single complaint or alteration in the artist's design."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

PRESERVED FRUITS.

How They May be Kept in Good Condition for an Indefinite Time.

In order to keep preserved fruit in condition it is necessary that the jars be air-tight, and that they be kept in a cool, dark place. Atmospheric air is "extremely insinuating," and it will penetrate even by microscopic openings, and thus injure the product of days in a kitchen with a temperature considerably over one hundred degrees. The top of every jar with a screw or rubber fastening should be sealed with bottle wax. Jelly glasses should be sealed with bladders, or with paper dipped in white of egg and pressed about the glass without a wrinkle. Many persons take the precaution to wrap every glass jar or tumbler in paper, and then pack each of them in sawdust or sand, so that they will not be affected by light nor by atmospheric changes. The closet in which preserves are kept should not be damp, nor should it be in close proximity to the kitchen. In winter the temperature must be a degree or two above freezing point. It is always well to keep preserves in a closet by themselves, so that it need only be opened when necessary to store each new addition of jars. Thus the atmospheric changes are reduced to a minimum and the fruit will remain in good condition.—N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser.

A curious mistake has been made in Mexico. The people of that country have mistaken a Frenchman named Thiers, who is visiting the republic, for the late President of France. The presiding officer of the Mexican Chamber made him an address and a dinner was given in his honor. The Jockey Club had fun with him, also.—N. Y. World.

INGLE SAN'S DEBTS.

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 \$12,898 on account of "household expenses"; Major-General Lafayette, who owes \$4,896, on account of an overpayment made to him, and Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, who owes \$61,855, 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; Roderdy 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 1837, owes \$640; Andrew J. Curtin, Minister to Russia in 1872, owes \$944; E. W. Stoughton, Minister to Russia in 1879, owes \$12,160; John Bussell Young, Minister to China in 1835, is debited with \$3,145 and is credited with \$507; Stephen A. Hurlburt, 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 Bideau is debited with \$10,572 as Consul-General to London in 1832 and with \$9,165 as Consul-General to Havana in 1834; William D. Howells is debited with \$24 as Consul to Venice in 1863 and 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. Coffee is debited with \$1,990 as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1870 and 1871; Beverly Tucker is debited with \$21,284 as Consul at Liverpool in 1862, and Simon Wolf with \$293 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, \$2,950; John Howard Payne, as Consul at Tunis in 1863, \$205.92; Bret Harte, and Henry Bergh, as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1865, \$185.44. One of the largest debits in the list is Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, \$389,267.46. 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.

The One Redeeming Virtue of a Professional Criminal.

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; I have dumped ashes into the alley 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 wonder that I sympathize with the Anarchists, nor that good 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.

DRESS MATERIALS.

Bright, Glowing Colors Shown by Most of the New Fall Goods.

Already new dress goods are shown, and some, indeed all of them as yet seen, are lovely. Serges of all qualities will prevail. They are the rage in London, and our merchants have seen to it that we are not to be behind our French and English sisters in having the very choicest patterns to select from. Indeed, superb and superior goods have been manufactured expressly for this market, leading houses having exclusive designs for their customers, many of whom select from sample cards, and sometimes can arrange matters so that no other dress like their own will be seen in the city.

An exquisite piece of fine silk and wool dress material shows a stripe of heavy Ottoman cord, alternating with a stripe of various fancies in velvet. About an inch and a half space in the next stripe is a body of silk plush. This is followed by an inch of narrow velvet and Ottoman bands, and then comes a space filled in with pile after pile of silk loops, which are cut open, forming a narrow fringe, which is full enough to set out almost straight. This combination is repeated in this stripe, which alternates with the stripe of plain Ottoman, each one being an inch and a half wide. This fabric is in one color. Dark blue, garnet, brown and black are the only colors yet noted.

Such rich, showy materials, in large stripes and plaids, will be much used for dress skirts, made entirely plain, without even a foot plaiting, with bodice and draperies of the prevailing ground tint, the bodice cut in the jaunty riding habit style. Buttons will be a large item in the fall dresses and are shown in metal and mixed styles, bronze effects being particularly admired. Oxidized buttons will also be favored, and buttons with pearl ornaments set on metal. The new round ball rosary buttons come in various sizes.

Some of the serges closely resemble the suitings worn by gentlemen, in color and combinations, but of course not as heavy in quality. A very pretty piece of goods has a tiny stripe of a bright color on brown, blue, red and green, and other patterns show a heavy cord outlining a small check, and these are in one color. There is also a very neat and stylish class of goods in lovely quality of fine wool, in dark grounds, with an odd sprinkling of bright colors in subdued form. This will make very stylish shopping dresses and suits for general wear.

Astrakan bourette suitings in bright cardinal promise to be a leading novelty. They are shown in two rich square blocks of fine chevron weave, framed by soft, silky rings of Astrakan. The alternate block has the chevron running in an opposite direction with the same framing of curls. This gives a very striking and stylish effect. The same goods also appear in black and white. There are also gray and white bourettes that are very attractive. A few brocaded and figured woollens are seen.

Striped velvets and plushes are a leading feature in elegant novelties. They come in solid colors and in various tints and shades, showing a number of tones in one stripe of about an inch wide. Both cut and uncut pile is formed into stripes or alternate blocks and the effect of arranging tints and colors in these goods is surpassingly beautiful. The brocaded velvets are gorgeous. Long pile goods with plaid and cashmere centers show large and showy patterns. There are brocaded plushes in new designs that are very rich looking and the prices are comparatively moderate. All shades and colors are represented in plain velvets, which promise a rage for the entire season. Rich silk and velvet costumes are being imported, and velvet and lace combinations will find favor. Velvet will also be used for dinner dresses, and many of the handsome plain woollens will be combined with velvet.—N. Y. Graphic.

Don't Forget the Combination.

A wealthy citizen of a neighboring city had been out until the small hours, with convivial companions. It was not exactly a "dry locality" that he had visited, and he arrived home slightly exhilarated. He managed, by describing several erratic rather than geometrical lines, to get to his bedroom and into a chair. Then he called to his wife in a stage whisper: "I can't get my boots off." "What's the matter with your boots?" "Nozzin," (in a faint whisper). "What's the matter with your hands, then?" she cross-examined. "Nozzin." "Why don't you pull your boots off, then?" "Maria, I've forgot the combination!"—Boston Record.

Decrease of Immigration.

The immigration to this country shows a great falling off for 1885, the total number of foreigners landing in New York aggregating but 291,066, against 354,702 in 1884. This is the smallest number since 1879. Germany 35,277, England 23,657, Russia 16,835, Sweden 16,945, Italy 15,740, Hungary 11,665, Austria 10,882, Norway 9,974, the balance being natives of other European States. It is a singular fact that nearly 84,000 of these foreigners remained in New York. The percentage of agricultural laborers was comparatively small.—N. Y. Herald.

NOVELTIES IN TOYS.

Some of the Amusing Things Exhibited During the Recent Holiday Season.

There is the new game of base-ball. It consists of a diagram of a ball field, a number of diminutive metal players and a disc furnished with a revolving arrow. The nine is placed upon the field in position, the batsman stands at the plate and the arrow is whirled round the disc. It may stop at a home run or an out at first base. The players are moved upon the diagram according as the arrow indicates. Almost every conceivable play in base-ball is compressed in this game, and the silicate score cards which come with it often indicate close and exciting matches. Then there is the district messenger game, calculated to inspire the small boy with laudable ambition. This also is played with a diagram and a disc and arrow. Upon the diagram is printed every position in the service of a messenger company, from the boy at four dollars a week to the president, and also such ominous words as "negligent," "lazy," "dishonest." The disc is furnished with numbers intended to indicate so many moves upon the board, according as the arrow indicates. The small boy may very easily find himself president of the company or in State prison, as fortune smiles or frowns upon him. A new game is that called Queens of Literature. It is precisely the same as the old game of authors, except that the cards are printed with exact likenesses and autographs of celebrated female writers. Among toys are the new bisque jointed dolls, whose limbs can be moved into every conceivable position. Some of these are very artistic in construction. Mechanical toys are plentiful and some of them expensive. One is a dancing girl who reels around to the straining of a musical box. The mechanism of this toy is remarkable, for the swaying of the body from the hips and the lolling of the head from side to side is perfect. So is mechanism of the lady in ball-room costume who fans herself languidly and raises to her eyes at intervals her lorgnette in a most affected manner. The lady at her toilet is also admirably contrived. She stands before a mirror applying powder to her face and neck. Now and then she lifts a hand-glass before her and gazes with contented nods of the head at the image reflected therein. But of all mechanical toys the most laughable is certainly that which represents a lean and slumped pantaloon who is endeavoring to annihilate a slippery mouse with a ladle. The tiny animal crawls out of concealment, and successfully dodges all efforts to kill it. At last the man makes a superhuman effort as the mouse appears dosing. Smash goes the ladle, but the mouse has disappeared. The expression of amazement upon the man's countenance elicits roars of laughter every time it is seen. Among more ordinary play-things are the new target toys which perform amusing evolutions when the aim is successful. Then there is the toy call destruction, which consists of a train of cars rolling down an inclined plane. At a certain part of the incline a spring is touched which throws the disjointed pieces in all directions. The chief characteristic of most new toys for children is the kindergarten principle of the designs. Almost all of them are calculated to instruct the young in one or another of the rudimentary branches of education.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

PRESERVING OYSTERS.

An Interesting Discovery Made by a French Scientist.

A discovery which will be interesting to scientists, gourmands and fishermen has been made by M. Verill, a French scientist, who is studying the question of how to preserve oysters after they have been taken out of the water. M. Verill found an old bottle, which had been picked up at sea, and to which several oysters were attached, hanging as a curiosity in front of a fishmonger's shop, where it had been on view for several months. On examination the oysters were proved to be all alive with the exception of those the shell of which was not quite intact. The conclusion which M. Verill draws from this fact, and from experiments of the same kind which he has made, is that if oysters with a perfect shell are placed in a receptacle through which the air can freely pass, care being taken that the empty part of the shell is turned downward and the hinge upward, it is possible to keep oysters perfectly fresh for several months.—N. Y. Fig.

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.

THE CLERK'S BONANZA.

"Was at the Hotel Sedgewick,
Down by the rolling sea,
That a wondrous piece of fortune
Last summer came to me.

I was the weary night clerk,
But in the day, you see,
I was quartered as a guest
Of very high degree.

I had tremendous collars,
Kid gloves and shiny tile,
I smoked the choicest cigarettes
And wore a languid smile.

The hetress, Della Snigins,
(Her age was thirty-three)
I beamed around till she became
Completely mashed on me.

I wrote her gushing verses,
I squeezed her clammy hand,
I called her all the loving names
I had at my command.

Till, to cut this simple story,
I married the fair maid;
And had a far from lovely time
While at the beach we stayed.

She had a temper like a fiend
(But life must have its ills);
I'm running things in Pumpkinnville,
And Della pays the bills.
—C. B. Burleigh, in *Detroit Free Press*.

Reunited at Last.

The blue waters of Shepscot rippled and flashed in the August sunshine as it swept on, winding in and out among the scattered islands till it reached the broader expanse beyond. On one of these islands, and hardly more than a stone's throw from the river, stood an old square house.

On this sultry August afternoon as the day wore on the sky darkened, distant thunders sounded warningly now and then, till with the twilight, the breeze, grown to a sudden gale, dashed the large rain drops against the windows of the old house which Mrs. Marlow was hurrying about to close.

"Well, I declare, father," she said, coming downstairs quite out of breath, "how it does rain! who'd thought it when 'twas so pleasant this afternoon?"

Capt. Marlow rubbed the bald spot on his head reflectively as he returned, "Does pour, that's a fact."

A little later a blinding flash, accompanied by a crash of thunder heavier than any preceding, caused Mrs. Marlow to start up from her chair.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, "I pity any poor creature that has to be out in this."

The storm continued with little abatement. Just as one peal of thunder died away an indistinct sound reached the ears of the two people in the long kitchen. They regarded each other questioningly for a moment; then there was a rattle of the doorlatch. Someone outside were groping for it in the darkness.

The man started up and going to the door threw it wide open to the storm, but he stepped back as he did so, for there on the door stone stood a figure strange to him. The next moment his hospitality overcame every other feeling, and reaching out he said, "Whoever ye are, come in."

Mrs. Marlow was by his side and gazing in amazement at the slight, white-robed figure. It was a young girl they had never seen before. There was a frightened, appealing look in the brown eyes. The wind and rain had beaten upon her head till the dark, curling hair was drenched and clinging about her neck. Mrs. Marlow's motherly arms stretched out instinctively. "Poor child!" she said, drawing her into the room; "why, father, she is wet through and through."

It was quite true. The water dripped from the dainty white dress and made little pools upon the floor. She wore no wrap of any kind. As yet she had not spoken, but stood looking wonderingly about the room.

"Where did you come from? Are you alone?" Mrs. Marlow asked, and the girl answered with a shudder, "Yes, I'm alone."

"Dear, dear, poor child! Let me get you something warm."

Capt. Marlow set about making a fire on the cook stove, while his wife took the stranger into the little bedroom. "You're all beat out," the good woman said pityingly; "You'd better go right to bed." The girl made no remonstrance, but submitted quite passively to whatever was proposed. She took the warm drink Mrs. Marlow brought her, and when the woman went back to the kitchen she said, "I declare, father, the poor thing's completely beat out; she's asleep already."

Anxious days followed, while the stranger tossed in the delirium of fever, and Mrs. Marlow cared for her as tenderly as if she had been her own. "Poor child," she said, tears coming into her eyes as she spoke, "it makes my heart ache to think she is away from all she loves."

There was no clew to the girl's former life; no one on the island knew anything about her, and all inquiries elsewhere brought no knowledge. Mrs. Marlow searched the girl's clothing but only one word was found, and one day she slipped a ring from the wasted hand and looked for some inscription; there was only the word she had found before, the name Kathleen.

The sufferer spoke often, but though Mrs. Marlow strove to catch any words that might lead to the discovery of who she was there was but little that was intelligible.

Sometimes she seemed to be wandering through some wood, and said that she pine needles made a soft carpet;

at others she fancied herself on the water, and said she was so tired drowing against the stream. Once or twice she spoke the name of Everett, but that was all.

"Poor child!" sighed the good woman. "When she gets well she will tell us, and we will take her home."

But there were days when it seemed that there was little reason to expect her recovery, yet the crisis passed and she still lived. Very white and weak she was, her brown eyes looking unnaturally large, then a faint color came into her face that grew rounded every day. Mrs. Marlow forebore asking any questions as yet, though she wondered a little that Kathleen asked her none, but she was growing stronger, she would speak by and by.

Yes she was growing stronger. Still the doctor looked grave and continued his visits after she was able to walk about.

But as time went on there was no change. She answered to the name of Kathleen and called Captain and Mrs. Marlow father and mother, as she heard them call each other. She seemed quite happy roaming about the island, only when any mention was made of going on the water a troubled look came into her face. "No," she always said, "I would rather not," so they did not urge her. She was hardly twenty, Mrs. Marlow thought, of a slight, lithe figure and as carelessly graceful as a child. Her complexion was of creamy, almost transparent whiteness, the crimson showing only in her cheeks and lips.

Fall, winter and early spring passed uneventfully away; then there came a time when the house was in an unusual state of commotion and expectancy. Capt. Marlow's son Robert was coming home. He would be here soon now; he had been in South America, and it was more than a year ago that he had gone away. Mrs. Marlow speculated as to how his coming would affect Kathleen, who seemed as joyfully eager to prepare for him as she did herself. But when he came the broad-shouldered captain of the High-flyer was far more affected than was Kathleen.

It was Robert who first induced her to step into a boat. She seemed ashamed of her fears, but her face was very pale as they took the first sail down the river together. As the time went on she grew accustomed to the water and came to enjoy it. Many were the sails the two took during the long summer afternoons. On one of these as they rowed slow along toward a cove bordering the father side of the island, Robert said, looking off to the wooded islands beyond, with their green branches reflected in the Shepscot's clear water, "How still it is! We might fancy ourselves the only people anywhere about."

He let the oars rest and the boat drifted slowly; the lapping of the waves was the only sound.

"Yes," Kathleen returned, "I was foolish not to like the water."

"You like it now?"

"When I am with you." The words came so quickly, and she did not look up, but sat as before, with one hand over the boat's side just touching the water.

The young man leaned suddenly toward her. "Kathleen," he said, "stay with me always. Come with me over the water where I am going. I want you—need you—can't you love me, enough?"

The girl looked up at him with the wondering look of a child. "Love you," she said, "of course; are you not my brother?"

"No, I don't want a sister's love. I want a wife's."

The bright color that had been in the girl's face until now died suddenly out, a startled, troubled look came into the brown eyes looking up at him.

"Oh, Robert! I can't, I can't!"

He started more at her voice than her words and asked quickly, "Why can't you?"

For a moment she seemed struggling with herself, then with a despairing face, she cried, "I don't know; I can't remember."

A few weeks later they were making a call on some friends of Robert's on a neighboring island; an open piano stood near where Kathleen was seated, and as they were to go she went to it, and struck a few notes. The others turned in surprise; they did not know she played; but without heeding them she seated herself, and after a few uncertain touches her fingers flew lightly over the keys, bringing out such melody as its owner had never known how to awaken. Robert and his friends stood amazed, as one after another the selections followed each other in rapid succession. Suddenly the girl paused, bowed her head on her hands and sobbed aloud.

Something like a week after this a stranger came across the big rock and made his way to the side door of the old Marlow house. A young man with clear-cut features and an unmistakably well-bred air. There was an eager look in the steel-blue eyes and a suppressed excitement in his manner, when he asked the gray-haired woman at the door if she was Mrs. Marlow. He introduced himself by a card on which was the name Everett Moulton. Then he entered, and made known his call.

Kathleen came into the next room while he was speaking. She heard the voice and paused, the troubled look coming into her face; then she went nearer and stood in the doorway. The young man turned, and saw her as she started toward him with a light breaking into her face.

"Everett," she said, softly, "have you come for me?"

"Yes, Kathleen."

And Mrs. Marlow, with tears in her eyes, went out and left them alone.

Ere long the story became known. A little more than a year back Kathleen Bray, the daughter of a man of supposed wealth, found herself, upon his death, left penniless and alone. She accepted for the summer the position of pianist at a popular hotel, where she met Everett Moulton. The acquaintance grew into something more than friendship, but the Moultons were a proud family and would not hear to the only son's marrying a poor girl like Kathleen.

She was treated coldly, unfeelingly by them, till her sensitive nature was stung almost beyond endurance, and late one afternoon, hardly thinking or caring where she went, entered a boat moored near the shore and rowed aimlessly up the river. The storm came on, and weary, bewildered, ill, she found her way at length to the old Marlow homestead. The boat was found down the river afterward with a light wrap in it recognized as hers. The Moultons thought she had taken herself discreetly away, and Everett mourned her as lost until a friend wrote to him of hearing music strangely like what Kathleen had played on one of the Boothbay Islands. He had made inquiries which resulted in Everett's calling on the Marlows.

With Kathleen he went to Chipmunk Island, and on the scene of her happiness and misery the meaning of it all came back to her and was never lost again.

That fall, when Robert Marlow sailed from Boston harbor, Kathleen and her husband came down to the wharf to see him off. He found little to say as he grasped their hands in his farewell, but Kathleen, glancing up with a kindly smile, said: "However long you may be away, be sure we shall not forget."

Freaks of Lighting.

A son of E. I. Harris, of Good Hope, Ill., while walking in a thunder-storm, saw a blinding flash of lightning, and the next instant found that the brass ferrule at the tip of his umbrella had been burned away. He was not injured.

Lightning struck Miss Adeline Slaton, of Augusta, Ga., and deprived her of her voice, but did not seriously injure her. Two red spots on her left cheek showed where the electricity entered. Since she was struck Miss Slaton has not been able to utter a word.

A party of young people from West Liberty, Ia., went fishing recently, and a rainstorm coming up, they sought shelter under a large tree. The young woman sat in a wagon from which the horses had been unhitched. Some of the young men, by way of a joke, suddenly seized the wagon and dragged it out into the rain. They had scarcely left the shelter of the boughs when the tree was struck by lightning and a large part of it reduced to splinters. Two horses were killed, and several of the young men were stunned.

A young Atlanta negro was leaning against a tree during a recent thunder-storm when a bolt of lightning struck him and stunned him. People saw him spin around several times and then start to run down the street. Every once in a while he would stop and go through the same spinning motion. He has been crazy ever since he was struck.

Lightning struck the chimney of Willis Crusman's house, at South Clarksville, Tenn., passed down into the bed-room and shocked Willis and his wife, who were sleeping there, killed a dog which lay at the foot of the bed, darted out through the kitchen into the hen-roost and completed its work by killing seven chickens. The chickens were picked entirely clean of feathers, the skin being left smooth and white.

Lightning struck Charlie Spencer, a little Milwaukee boy who was fishing in the lake from the Government breakwater, and killed him instantly. The electricity entered his breast and passed down his left leg and out through the shoe of his left foot, leaving a faint line as if traced by a blue pencil, to mark its course. The suit of clothes he wore was cut clean in two, that on his left side being stripped off from his body.

James Smith, of Marion, Ind., took refuge from a heavy storm in his barn. He was standing between two horses and three pigs, when a blinding flash came and all of the animals dropped dead. Smith was entirely unharmed and there was no indication that the building had been struck by lightning.

A Stem Winder.

Stiggins was passing a watchmaker's establishment, and looking into the window he noticed a very pretty girl at the counter.

"Ha!" he soliloquized, "I'll go in and take a good look at her under some pretext or other."

He entered and was waited on by the young lady's father.

"What can I do for you?"

"I want to get a key for my watch," he stammered, feasting his eyes on the young lady.

"Let me see your watch," said the watchmaker.

As if in a dream he took out his watch. The watchmaker examined it, and said with surprise:

"Why, your watch is a stem-winder."

Stiggins don't remember how he got out, but he does remember that the young lady smiled audibly at his discomfiture.—*Jewelers Weekly*.

The Trail To Death.

We had been following the broad trail left by four or five immigrant wagons for many weary miles when the guide suddenly halted. What of a wagon trail leading across the great prairie ocean towards sunset? The wheels had crushed flower and blossom with their iron tires—the iron-shod feet had turned up the creeping vines and sweet grasses—the wagons had groaned and complained as they ascended and descended the sharp swells. That was all. But no!

What of the people—the brave men who were daring hunger, thirst, accident and the Indian's thirst for blood to reach new homes under the shadow of the Rockies? What of the stout-hearted wives who were clinging to them through peril—of the children whose eyes opened wondrously wide at the immensity to the prairie? We thought of them with a chill as we halted. Here the wagons had halted as well. A halt two hours before sunset, without wood or water at hand meant—danger. What danger? The horses had pawed the ground in a nervous way as they stood there. The five or six men had assembled together on a knoll for consultation. The grass which their feet had pressed to earth had not yet recovered its position. Which way had their gaze been turned? To the south! What had they seen! Indians—the dark-skinned race of haters—human beings who glory in having the hearts of tigers. Five—six—seven men against—how many? Later on we put the number at fifty. Fifty, painted, yelling, shrieking warriors—not a drop of pity in any heart—not a feeling of mercy in any bosom. They had caught sight of the white-topped wagons, and were coming up from the South—tigers after human blood.

What did the pioneers say among themselves? On how many cheeks did the sunburn of the prairie give place to the paleness of anxiety and fear? They gathered together away from the wagons—they talked in low tones—they sought to hide their fears from those they loved.

And what of the women and children? Faces turned whiter than the snows of the New Year—lips quivered with emotion—limbs trembled as the mind recalled stories of blood and cruelty. And in each wagon some one knelt and prayed to God to extend His hand of protection.

And now the wagons move on. For a time it is in close order, with the brave husbands between danger and their loved ones. Then there is an accident—a death—a something to cause alarm, and the alarm soon becomes a panic. Heaven help them now! The horses are pushed to a trot—now to a gallop—now they are running in mad excitement, urged by the whips of the drivers and the shouts of the Indians. We know how it will end. The night is coming down now, and we go into camp. One night more will make no difference with the skeletons lying on the grass two or three miles away. The wolves have been there each night for a week.

The sun is an hour high as we reach the spot. Here is an acre of ground on which a curse may ever rest. Here the wagons were headed off—here the husbands and sons made the fight which men make when the last hope is gone and despair comes like a dark cloud. One—two—four—five—all the wagons are here, but broken and useless. The bloated and half-devoured bodies of the horses are here. The bodies of men, women and children are—no! You cannot call a skeleton a body. You cannot say that this bundle of clean-picked bones was a man or woman. They are all here. Not a soul escaped. Over the ghastly acre is strewn the garments of the dead—the contents of the wagons. In the circle about the wagons are blood-spots on the grass. Those pioneers did not die without revenge. But when the last one had fallen, what shouts of victory! What yells for vengeance! What a feast for tomahawk and scalping-knife! The wolves hiding away in the shadows of yon grove must have heard the shrieks of affright—the calls for mercy—the prayers to God. The vultures sailing over-head must have quickened their wings as the horrible din of slaughter reached their ears.

And we ride on. What use to tramp over this hell-spot in search of name? Of what use to dig a grave for these bones? What to the world away beyond the mighty prairie that a few more of its millions have died—or how, or when. But we utter a curse upon the human devils, and we utter silent prayers to God for the victims.—*Detroit Free Press*.

His Only Consolation.

"Too bad—too bad!" he said, as he came out of his office with a telegram in his hand.

"What is it?"

"Just found this in my office as I return from a ten days' vacation. It came the day after I left."

"What is it about?"

"It is from an old friend of mine in Sandusky, and it says: 'Telegraph me \$200 to-day or I am financially ruined.'"

"And you weren't here?"

"No."

"And he busted?"

"Very probably. Ah! well; some must fish and some must bust. The only consolation I have is in knowing that I couldn't have raised \$10 had I been home."—*Detroit Free Press*.

PITH AND POINT.

A pest-house is like a boil—an excellent thing on another man's property.—*Kansas City Times*.

To a man up a tree it seems as if the battle of the Boyne had been fought often enough.—*Philadelphia Times*.

A half-grown shark is said to be good eating. The full-grown is admitted to be a good eater.—*Memphis Avalanche*.

No man can realize how easy it is to pass the contribution box around and forget to chip in until he tries it.—*Louisville Democrat*.

If all the accounts are correct, there are no unknissed kisses in New York since Gen. Sherman moved there.—*Baltimore American*.

The young man who can go into a pawnshop without a quickening of the pulse and a heightening of color has been there before.—*Puck*.

It wouldn't do for the prohibitionists to preach their favorite doctrine in the present state of Kansas City's drinking water.—*Kansas City Times*.

Some of those who bought broncho ponies at auction here recently are now wondering what such animals are built for.—*St. Albans Messenger*.

The man who usually goes around at this season telling about the hot weather that he remembers "way back" is badly left this year.—*Chicago Times*.

Queen Kapiolani will hurry home as rapidly as possible. She evidently wants to know who's been there since she's been gone.—*Washington Critic*.

The intellectual atmosphere furnished to Chicago this week by eight thousand school teachers will do much to neutralize the odor of pork.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

If you wish to know just how little patience you have left try to raise a refractory car-window to please a fidgety woman on a hot day.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald*.

Gov. Martin, of Kansas, is right. Any town can do without saloons. He who thinks otherwise should read the history of the jug in Georgia.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Now that a Chinaman has been arrested as a tramp, there is no possible surprise for the public except to hear that an Apache Indian has started a laundry.—*Baltimore American*.

Bismarck's rule of force has no rest. At no time has his diplomacy been in deeper water than now. To turn and shake the life out of France as a terrier does a rat, is no longer possible.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Why a young man will leave his home on the farm, where he has plenty and is his own master, and come to the city to slave in a dry-goods store at \$30 a month, is one of the unsolved problems.—*Savannah News*.

Mrs. Frank Leslie is too pretty and smart an American to gain anything by having her name sandwiched between the defunct titles of a saw-horse marquis from France and a rakish prince from Russia.—*Boston Globe*.

It is said the custom of kissing on the forehead is losing in popularity, even in the old countries. Ah! it begins to dawn upon our struggling intellect that the pang was created for a purpose.—*Binghamton Republican*.

Jack Sharp, like Boss Tweed, wanted to know what "they were going to do about it." He has, it is believed, been fully enlightened on that point. Four years in the penitentiary is what they are going to do about it.—*Chicago Times*.

The heaviness of home-made bread has often been animadverted on; but the Philadelphia baker who puts chromate of lead in his buns seems to have the advantage of the home baker in the matter of heaviness.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Building operations always have a delighted audience. It pleases the average person to see the mortar slip into the chinks of the rock like butter into a cat's ear, especially when someone else fondles the trowel.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

The city paymaster who pays laborers small bills for their work pays them in a saloon, and the boys get "a good start" before they get out; and those that go out without "standing treat" are looked upon as mean fellows.—*New York Mail*.

Editor Cutting is definitely in the lecture field charging 50 cents for telling Americans how little Mexicans respect them. May our ears be bored with a hot awl before we squander four bits to hear how somebody dislikes us.—*Alta California*.

The summer excursion yacht with a drunken skipper now stands on an even footing with the railroad bridge, the car stove, and the kerosene can. It promises to do what it can to counteract the influences of excessive immigration.—*Buffalo Courier*.

The Incipency of Greatness.

Johnny Roach was once a penniless tramp; Jay Gould owns up to having in his boyhood days swept out and dusted the counters of a country store; Harry Villard, in his youth, engaged in the menial employ of editing wrappers in a country newspaper office; P. T. Barnum was a Danbury hatter; B. F. Butler was an apprentice of the Rhode Island Gormans in shapening spoons; and Carter H. Harrison minded cows on the village sward, picked up cider apples, and washed his agricultural hands with soft soap and abluition from a friendly rain-water cask which stood contiguous to a three-legged bench, under a shed at the rear of the gable-end of an old red rustic farm-house.—*Chicago Sunday Weekly*.

COMPENSATION.

One woman, in furs and velvets;
Another in squalid rags;
One rolled by in her stately carriage;
The other stood on the flags.

One woman, alone in her carriage;
By the other a little child
Who, watching the prancing horses,
Looked up in her face and smiled.

She stooped to her boy and kissed him,
And gave him a hoarded crust;
The other had just left costly blooms
Where her one son lay in dust.

One, back to her darkened mansion,
Wealth can not hold death at bay?
One, back to the hut where labor
Brought bread for the coming day.

Perhaps, as over the sands of life,
Time's great tide ebbs and flows,
More fates among us are equal
Than their outward seeming shows.
—All the Year Round.

THE LATE BEN HOLLADAY.

Incidents of Early Stage-Coach Days in Colorado.

There is much that is remarkable in Ben Holladay's history, says a Denver paper, and a great deal that is of interest to Coloradans, as Mr. Holladay is the man who brought the first stage-coach to Denver and occupied very much the same rank in the early days that railroad presidents occupy now.

Ben Holladay was bluff old fellow, very hearty with his friends and very blunt with those not fortunate enough to have secured his good will. He had many of the eccentricities which seem to be natural with rich men whose careers have sprung from small beginnings. He could be very arbitrary with his employes if the fit seized him, and again he could requite a favor in a generous, whole-souled fashion which made him a lion among these by whom he was reared. He was one of those men who seem to take a grim delight in surprising people and who do the most unexpected things at the most unexpected moments. He was often affable and occasionally he was bearish, just as all men are who are as heavily burdened with business cares as he was.

Like most of his class, he was a bold speculator, and would take almost any risk where he thought there was a chance of making anything. Altogether, those who knew Mr. Holladay in Denver in the early days remember him as a kindly, eccentric man, fond of a joke, and always willing to help along any worthy public scheme. It is concluded, however, by those who knew him best, although there was much that was remarkable in Ben Holladay's history, there was little that was in itself remarkable about the man. The greatness in which riches envelop a man was rather thrust upon him than otherwise. He began his career in a most propitious time for men to make money. He was so situated that he had every opportunity to make it and his would have been a densely stupid mental organ indeed had he not followed up his advantage as far as it led him.

It is claimed that two men largely identified with the early interests of the new west were the making of Ben Holladay; that they simply put the plastic clay into his hands, that he had intelligence enough to mould it and fashion from it a thing that brought him monumental wealth in days to come. That he failed to keep these enormous sums of money, and that he became in time almost utterly bankrupt only serves to demonstrate the fact that the spirit of the age had taken possession of him.

He was a genius and a benefactor, inasmuch as he was progressive. It can not be said of him that his vast sums of money were allowed to lie and rust unused. The millions that he once owned were kept in active circulation, and for that reason the world is better that Ben Holladay was once a rich man.

There are those, perhaps, who will bear some yet tenderer memories of this erstwhile hero of the famous Overland stage line. Little is now known in Denver of Ben Holladay's family relations, which may have been somewhat broken up when, some years ago, Mrs. Holladay went to Europe to reside with her two daughters, whom she married to German counts after the most approved fashion, which even the wives of the bonanza kings of the present day cannot excel. Mrs. Holladay is said to have quenched it for a time in Europe, just as Mrs. Mackay does today, but her judgment in the matter of the choice of titled husbands for her daughters proved but ill-advised, as both Ben Holladay's daughters died of broken hearts, their royal husbands proving little more than fortune seekers. At one time Holladay brought his aristocratic sons-in-law to America and gave them employment, but this proved rather an unsatisfactory proceeding, and it is thought that the old man was glad enough to pay their passage back to Germany in order to get rid of them.

Years ago Ben Holladay kept a little grocery store in western Missouri. In fact, it is claimed by some that it was not groceries which he sold, but bad Missouri whisky. However, this may have been, Holladay was a good-natured, ordinary kind of country merchant whom everybody liked and who was not a bad fellow by any means. In the year 1858 circumstances and the voice of a friend called him further west, and he soon became concerned in the government purchases of flour, which was to supply Johnson's army at Fort Bridges in the days of the Mormon war. Here he made large sums of money by buy-

ing flour for a very little money and selling it for a great deal. It was here he got his "start in life," as it is so called.

In the year 1860, when Holladay's friend, Maj. Russell Waddell, became seriously involved, he sold the Overland express between the Missouri river and Salt Lake, of which he was the originator, to Ben Holladay, who from that time on became prominently known as its proprietor and manager. The first trip Holladay made he left Fort Leavenworth in an ambulance, making the trip to Salt Lake in six or seven days, by the assistance of the government officers, one of the quickest trips which had ever been at that time. The stages ran between Atchison, Kan., and Salt Lake City, Holladay receiving \$250,000 for carrying the mail between those two points. The stages were the thorough-brace Concord coaches, invariably painted a bright red, thoroughly equipped for service and drawn by four spanking horses, the whole making an imposing spectacle.

The accommodations of stage travel offered by Mr. Holladay were of the very best. The horses were without exception fine, spirited animals, and the stages were the best that could be procured. The stages were run on uniform time. The end of the route was Placerville, Nevada, and it was to this point that Horace Greeley was hastening to deliver his lecture when Hank Monk, the famous stage-driver of western romance, who was driving along a fearful precipice at an alarmingly rapid gait, called to the affrighted journalist, who had stuck his head out of the window to protest: "Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley, I'll get you to Placerville in time!"

Holladay ran the stage from 1861 until 1867. When the Union Pacific road was finished to Cheyenne he found himself out of business, so he took a great deal of his money and began building a railroad from San Francisco to Portland. At one time it is estimated that Holladay must have been worth \$5,000,000. He devoted himself to the object of developing the Pacific coast, and soon lost a great deal of his money in railroad schemes. Between the years 1869 and 1872 he lost nearly everything he had in connection with the building of the Oregon railroad. He secured from the government between \$260,000 and \$400,000 for carrying the mails between Atchison and Salt Lake. When compelled to give up the stage business he settled in California and there erected one of the grandest mansions on the Pacific coast.

Ever since he lost his money, which happened some years ago, Holladay had been planning to complete his railroad to Portland. When he became involved, he decided the remnant of his property to his brother, and when in the course of time his brother refused to restore it to him, Holladay demanded restitution in the courts and received therefrom three-fourths of what he had decided away.

In 1864 and 1865, Holladay lost great numbers of horses, mules, stages, stations, hay and grain by the ravages of the war between the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians. At this time it is estimated that he lost one half a million dollars clear. He immediately put a claim before congress for that amount, but never received anything to compensate him for his loss. Holladay had been interested in one of the Pacific steamship lines, and in a great many other large concerns in and about the Pacific coast.

Holladay street in this city was named after Ben Holladay, because of the stage office which was situated at the corner of Fifteenth and that street. The old barn where the stages were kept were located in the block now occupied by the post office on Lawrence street.

Where She Checkmated Him.

Husband and wife had had a little tiff. He buried his nose in the morning paper while she gazed out the car window with persistent intentness. Thus an hour and thirty miles passed. A lady entered the car. Husband dropped the paper and looked at her admiringly.

"Ah," said he, "that's a fine woman. And a widow, too. Don't you think she's handsome?"

"Yes, rather. You seem to like widows."

"Indeed I do. They're just charming."

Husband evidently thought this would pique his partner. But it didn't.

"Alfred," said she tenderly, and placing her hand softly on his arm, "Alfred, I guess I was in the wrong a little while ago when I became angry at you, and I'm sorry, so sorry. Will you forgive your little wife?"

"Certainly. Don't say another word about it."

"And you will grant a little request I have to ask of you, hubby dear?"

"Of course. Anything that lies in my power."

"You say you think widows are so charming?"

"Yes, I did say so, but"

"Then make me one. That's a good husband, mine. Oh! I shall be so happy!"—*Troy Press.*

She Hadn't Published it.

"Then, I am not to call on you any more," he said, as he twirled his hat in his hand.

"That is what I intended to say," she replied, coolly.

"And our engagement is all over?"

"Well," she said, with some asperity, "if you've gone and talked about it to everybody, I suppose it is. I'm sure I haven't said anything about it. If it all over, it's your own fault!"—*Washington Critic.*

GUERNSEY COWS.

Leading Characteristics of the Breed Raised on the Island of Guernsey.

There is a group of islands, writes E. N. Howell in *The Dairy World*, near the coast of France, lying directly west of the old province of La Manche in Normandy, in an open-mouthed bay called the Bight of La Manche. These are independent little states, acknowledging Victoria as their queen, and accepting the protection of the British army and navy, the postal service, telegraph service, etc., but having their own legislatures, and making their own laws, which are ratified by the queen. The northernmost of these islands is Alderney, where there is a great fortified harbor made to offset that of Cherbourg, on the adjacent French coast. Next, and very much greater in extent, is Guernsey, yet this is not a large island, being barely as large as Staten island, New York bay, and a little farther off, and still a little larger, is the island of Jersey. These islands, together with the small rocky island of Sark, which is not bigger than a good-sized western farm, lying as they do just on the south of the British channel, are called the Channel islands. They are famous for oysters, cauliflowers, early potatoes, and parsnips, and still more for their cattle, which have been bred more with reference to their butter yield than for beef. These are of two distinct breeds, those of the island of Jersey being distinguished for their deer-like beauty as well as for their rich milk and high-colored butter. Those of the island of Guernsey are of a larger size, less delicately formed and organized, and in place of the deer-like colors which prevail among Jerseys, they are reddish or yellowish fawn, with generally considerable white.

Oxen and dry cows fatten easily, and this tendency to make beef is not regarded as interfering with milk production. The cows are, on an average, deeper milkers than the Jerseys, the milk is much more uniformly of a rich cream color, while the cream is very yellow and the butter intensely so. So deep is the color of the butter that the milk of a single Guernsey cow will give a fine color to the butter made from that of half a dozen common cows. On both these islands, as well as upon Alderney and Sark, which are under the jurisdiction of Guernsey, the importation of breeding animals from anywhere in the world is stringently prohibited, and has been for a great many years. The Guernsey laws even prohibit breeding animals coming from Jersey, though Guernsey females are allowed to enter Jersey. It however very rarely takes place, and then, we presume, only to secure by the dash of Guernsey blood a richer color in the skin, the cream, and the butter.

What I have written will give an idea of the relation of the Guernsey cow to other breeds. To be more particular in describing her, let me say, she is large, weighing as a rule, when matured and in fair flesh, 900 to 1,000 pounds, yet when in full milk she "milks down" very much, so that though her large frame gives an undue coarseness to her looks, yet her actual weight at this time is not great, and what she eats goes almost wholly to milk. The Guernsey cow generally exhibits the wedge form, the hind quarters being higher than the fore, and of course very much broader. Her body is long, the ribs well sprung but open, her hips broad, the flank low, and the thighs broad and thin, giving room between them for a large udder. The udder and teats are very uniformly large. For many years much attention has been given on the island to the Guernsey milk-mirror, or escutcheon, and the American Guernsey Cattle club, give it also considerable weight. As a result, good escutcheons are common. Large and prominent milk veins are characteristic of great milkers in breeds, but I have never seen them develop to such a degree as among Guernseys. A long narrow head and broad muzzle are prized features on the island. The islanders argue that the broad muzzle enables the cows to feed rapidly, especially when grazing, so that they soon fill themselves and lie down to ruminate and digest what they have eaten. A distinguished peculiarity of the Guernsey is the golden skin color, not the coat, but color of the yolk which is secreted by the skin of all parts of the body, but is particularly conspicuous at the tip of the tail, in the ears, and in spots where the hair is white, on the forehead, between the forearm and the brisket, about the udder, etc. The color is often intense like orange peel, and showing through the coat, gives a rich golden glow to the whole animal, which is very attractive. As milkers, twenty-quart cows are not rare, and there are many which will yield twenty-four to thirty quarts a day. I know of no instance in which a Guernsey cow has been trained for a butter test, as has been customary with Jersey breeders.

There have been, however, some excellent tests made upon grass only, or upon grass with a moderate ration of bran, middlings, or cornmeal. These tests range from sixteen to twenty-two pounds in seven days, and perhaps in one or two cases a little more, which is very satisfactory, and indicates that with training, that is, gradually increasing food, giving stimulants and tonics when necessary, and inducing the cows to eat more than they can digest, yet to digest all they can, the Guernsey would equal her cousin, as a phenomenal butter-yielder. The calves of Guernseys and Guernsey grade cows, and usually calves of common cows by

Guernsey bulls, are large, thrifty and rapid growers, so that in graded herds where many calves are destined for the shambles their good size is no small item of profit.

Guernsey cattle have from time immemorial been bred with a secondary reference to beef. Milk and butter first and beef second. This has given vigor, constitution, and a degree of hardness to the race which it could hardly have possessed otherwise, and so far as I am able to judge, not only does this quality not interfere with milk production, but it works to its advantage in the hardness and prevailing good health of the cows. Besides, Guernseys make capital working oxen, which, when stall-fed, fatten as easy as shorthorns. In disposition Guernseys are extraordinary gentle and docile, a cross bull is a rarity, and a nervous cow, a kicker, or a vicious one almost unheard of. On the whole, therefore, I place the Guernsey in the very first rank as the best dairy cow of the world. Bred with care, they are improving in style and good looks every year, and even now rival the Jersey as a lawn cow, while as family cows they are unsurpassed. I am happy to say they are gaining rapidly in public favor, and only need to be known to be valued by others as highly.

FASHIONABLE DOGS.

How to Buy a Dog and How to Keep One.

The "coming dog" is said by an excellent authority to be a white "black and tan," so to speak,—that is, a pure white English terrier. At present these dogs are too scarce to be fashionable, but the flat has gone forth, and the pug must look out for his laurels, says Olive Thorne Miller in *Harper's Bazar*.

As for the pug, his "day" is drawing near its close say the knowing ones. He is "going out," poor wretch, and before long he may be bought for much less than the \$100 or more one has to pay now. However, no doubt he will be just as happy and just as much cherished, if in somewhat less pretentious dwellings.

If one wishes to buy, she should educate herself that she may not be the prey of a dealer. Know, then, that puggy's "mask" of black should reach the eyes, and be clear cut at the edge; his color should be fawn without white; his ears silky and black; a black mole on each cheek, and he must never reach a height greater than fifteen inches.

The two exquisite toy spaniels, the "silky and sleepy King Charles" and the "soft and fawning Blenheim," will always be favorite drawing-room pets, even though they may not be on the top wave of fashion. They are among the most useful of small dogs, being faithful and always certain to give the alarm when things go wrong. They are good natured, gentle, affectionate, with great pride and self-respect, and they carry their few inches with as much dignity as the great St. Bernard his feet. The King Charles should have little or no white on his coat, while the Blenheim of pure white with lemon markings has his price sometimes in the thousands.

The Italian greyhound, though beautiful and the picture of grace in all his movements, is not so popular as he has been, for the reason that it is difficult to keep him well in this climate. In spite of blankets and wraps he goes about shivering in a way to make one very uncomfortable. He is seldom seen at present.

The most clever and teachable dogs are poodles. It is these dogs which dance, play cards, and in fact perform most of the marvelous tricks with which the books are full. In passing let me give directions in teaching a dog a trick. Take the animal alone into a room with which he is perfectly familiar, where nothing is new and nothing is moving that can attract his wandering eyes—for it is his undivided attention that you must have. Now tell him, and at the same time show him, what you want him to do. If he does not choose to obey when you are sure he understands, switch him a little, says the man teacher, but I should say patience and kindness, with judicious reward, are better than switching.

The black poodle, his hair trimmed off in lion fashion, decorated with silver bracelets and an ornamental leather harness, is a costly and always a fashionable dog, though in the eyes of genuine animal lovers this improving upon nature is always ugly.

May not this trimming of the hair be the first step to deforming this household animal with clothes? Already dogs have their blankets and their tight buttoned coats, their bracelets and collars. How short the distance between that and a full dress suit! Will the dog of 1986 walk on two feet and be clothed? Who would dare to prophesy?

Shall I whisper a hint to the buyers of dogs? After seeing that the "points" on which depends the purity of breed are right, look behind the fore-leg where it joins the body, and also behind the ears, and if any spots are found on the skin the dog is diseased. Also notice if he shakes his head frequently; this is another sign of trouble.

To keep in health these pleasing pets a few short but emphatic directions are given: Food but twice a day. No drink except water; a daily brushing, not with a wire brush, a little sulphur in spring, and none at any other time, and never any candy or sugar.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

How a Newspaper Man Tried to Burglarize His Own House.

A journalist, who has been in the habit of sending his family to the seashore each summer to be loaded up with malaria and eaten up by mosquitoes, determined this year to try the country brands of these articles, and consequently took a house in the suburbs, where city taxes and country roads help to keep the inhabitants from being too blissfully happy. He moved out last week, and for three days he made the bulk of his friends weary with his rhapsodies on the beauties of life in the country where the grass grows green and the birds and bullfrogs make the air musical day and night; where the cherry trees tempt the wayfarer and the bulldogs warn him against falling into temptation. All this and much more has been discoursed until his friends girded up their loins and fled at his approach. To-day, however, he came to the office and his usual budget of country news was not opened; on the contrary, he sat down at his desk and never a word spoke he to anyone. The city editor, fearing that something had happened to him, came to him and in kindly tones beseeched him to unbosom himself. With a sigh the journalist said: "You know I've moved into the country." The city editor groaned, for he knew it only too well. "You see I've been so stuck on the place that I've staid over there every night until last night when I had some business that called me into town. I went and finished what I had to do as quickly as possible, and took the 10 o'clock train for home. I reached the station in about twenty minutes. Now the road to my house is through a little woods, around a cornfield, and across two meadows. It is a beautiful daylight road, but about the worst after-dark pathway you ever came across. I was all right until I struck the woods, and though the moon was shining, the place was as dark as a pantry. I got in so far that it was impossible to retrace my step. The natives, I understand, use lanterns in their after-dark peregrinations, and as the cigar store signs say, so will I in the future; but last night I did not know this custom, and I went stumbling on, keeping in the path by the aid of a few matches I had in my pocket. I finally reached the cornfield and then I yalked into a ditch. I extricated myself and proceeded on my journey, and after several adventures with inquisitive cows I reached my home. Now, thought I, as I put my key in the door, my troubles are over. Alas, they had only just begun. It was a new key and a new lock, and they had never met before, and did not take to each other on first acquaintance. I worked away for a quarter of an hour without results, and determined to ring the bell; but there is no bell, so I pounded away until I awakened every person in the neighboring houses and every dog for twenty miles around. My folks, however, slept the sleep of the just. Then I tried the windows, all commendably locked and barred. Then I sealed the gate and tried the summer kitchen. Locked, too. In my despair I broke a pane of glass in the sash next to the door, and thrust my hand through the aperture and slipped the bolt. I entered, but alas! only to find that the main kitchen door was impregnable. Sadly I retraced my steps and went into the yard and amused myself and enraged the two million dogs that belong around our part by heaving bricks at my wife's bedroom window. Peacefully she slept on. Then I went to the front door again and kicked all the paint off it. When I had bruised my feet sufficiently the good lady awoke and let me in. I talked for awhile, and then she said: 'It's a blessed thing that the children are asleep and can not hear such awful language.'

"I am perfectly sure that every man, woman, and child in the neighborhood has me down as a thoroughly abandoned person, and I suppose a committee from the church will call and condole with my wife to-day. What makes me mad," he concluded, "is the certainty that, while I could not get into the blamed place, the first burglar that comes along will have no difficulty in making his entrance and wandering unmolested all through the house."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Dakota Keeps Up After All.

"Ah!" said the Dakota man proudly, "you never hear of a bank cashier in my territory absconding with the funds."

"No, that's so," replied the eastern man humbly.

"There isn't a Dakota banker in Canada, sir, not one!"

"I believe it. I suppose it is the virgin honesty of your people that brings about this gratifying state of things."

"Well, I, no, I don't know that I can say that exactly."

"Perhaps they realize that honesty is the best policy?"

"Oh, I don't know—I hardly think that has much to do with it."

"How do you explain it, then?"

"Why, you see it is mighty easy to get elected county treasurer and they can carry off three times as much as they could from a bank. Dakota county treasurers pass over the Canadian line on an average of one every ten minutes, sir!"—*Dakota Bell.*

The August Harper's comes to the front of magazine virtues in the predominating timeliness of its strong articles, excellently illustrated. The leading position is appropriately occupied by Miss Welch's paper on "The Neighborhood of the International Park," at Niagara, unfolding the unappreciated charms of natural beauty and historic association clustering around the cataract. She says, that "while hundreds of tourists visit the Falls of Niagara every season, not one in a thousand actually sees the river. But with the 'freeing of Niagara' celebrated by New York State and Canada July 12, 1885, the river experienced a new birth. Hereafter, in the true spirit of this international bond, the traveller may explore Niagara to where, actually freed from its high precipitous mural boundaries, it pours the waters of our upper inland seas into the broad Ontario. Here culminates the historic interest of the Niagara frontier, as at the Whirlpool modern rock-reading tells us to seek a clew to its geological past. For of few other rivers may it be said that they have a threefold charm, appealing alike to artist, historian, and man of science." The reader is chaperoned through the most remarkable attractions, appealing to the historian, the geologist, and the pedestrian, by several romantic routes. The latest scientific version of the history of the gorge is also set forth, revolutionizing the time-standard for calculating the remoteness of the Glacial Epoch, which geology finds in Niagara, and reducing the estimated age of the Falls from 200,000 years to less than 20,000.

Our Little Men and Women for August comes with its 24 pages of half-and-half reading and pictures, as usual.

In it we learn that a village of ants numbers sometimes half-a-million and that all the inhabitants not only know one another when they meet on the street, but remember one another for months. A naturalist found that out by catching some and keeping them four months and then putting them back among their old neighbors. Their friends were so glad to see them that they actually took them up and caressed and carried them in their arms.

Ants talk with their horns. That is, they toss their horns and understand one another.

Little folks have the advantage nowadays of picking up a great deal of knowledge in learning to read. That is really what this magazine is for—fun and fact together. You can get a specimen copy of it by sending five cents to D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

Baby's fingers and toes have always been favorite play-things because they are handy. [Think of toes being handy!] Babyland, Lothrop's 50-cent-a-year magazine for mothers, quite as much as for babies, is having every month this year two picture-pages of "finger-play." There is wonderful variety in "finger-play" and no end of fun for the baby. Fun for the baby is fun, or something as good, for somebody else.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Sketch of T. V. Powderly, the Head of This Powerful Order.

Terance V. Powderly, head of the Knights of Labor, is also head of the Executive Committee of the organization. By virtue of holding these offices, for which nature and his attainments abundantly qualify him, he is one of the most powerful men in this Republic.

He was born at Carbondale, Pa., on January 24, 1849. At an early age he was placed in a shop, where he learned the trade of machinist. In leisure hours he applied himself to self-improvement, and acquired a considerable acquaintance with mechanical engineering. He was nineteen years of age when he joined the Machinists' and Blacksmiths' Union of Scranton. As the presiding officer of this local body he manifested marked ability, forecasting his future supremacy in an organization of national dimensions.

Mr. Powderly joined the Knights of Labor in 1874, and shortly after was elected the Secretary of a District Assembly in the order. He still holds this office. The first General Assembly of the Knights was held in 1878. Arrangements leading to it were largely furthered by the intelligent energy of Mr. Powderly, who, from the date of its first General Assembly, has been probably the most prominent man in the order. He has been elected its head six times. In 1877 and again in 1878 he was elected Mayor of Scranton, Pa., which is the place of his residence.

The head of the Knights of Labor is an impressive and eloquent speaker, and his success as a leader of men and promoter of measures is further promoted by his geniality of disposition and ready wit. His capacity for work is astonishing, a result, perhaps, in part attributable to his lifelong abstinence from liquor and tobacco. It is stated that he receives more letters and replies to a larger correspondence than any man in the United States, and that he is one of the very few men able to write a letter and dictate another to a typewriter at the same time. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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. —Wyatt'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 greases 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 muddy 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.

The Rochester Post-Express says: A life insurance agent states that he has just concluded an insurance upon the life of a man aged 102 years. The centenarian enjoys good health and appears to be in the possession of his faculties. He states that his father lived to the age of 110, and met his death by an injury due to the breaking of a millstone. His grandfather was, he asserts, accidentally killed in his mill at the age of 125. His great-grandfather lived to the age of 133.

GAMBLERS' OMENTS.

Sporting Men Who Will Make No Bet at Certain Times.

Sporting men are noted as being the most superstitious persons. Those who bet on horses are all more or less influenced by certain events which they look upon as omens of good or ill luck. All these signs they eagerly look for and are influenced by them on the way they place their money on the steeds whose chance they favor.

"No, I'm not betting to-day," was the reply of one of these turfmen, in answer to an inquiry from another of his ilk whether he had bought any pools on the races.

"Busted?" was another laconic inquiry.

"No, but I laced one of my shoes up wrong this morning. It's a bad sign. I'll let 'em alone to-day."

"Are you superstitious?"

"I frankly confess that I am," he replied, as he lit a cigar, "and I don't know of a sporting man or a gambler that is not superstitious, and, furthermore, I do not believe there is a human being living who is not. Of course, some are more so than others; but take gamblers and horsemen as a class and you will find that each one has his own peculiar quip. Now, this morning I laced my shoe up wrong. If I had left it that way it would have been a lucky day for me, but I did not. I unlaced it, and I'll bet two to one if I bought pool on a horse he would break his neck before he came under the string."

"That's quite interesting. Would you mind giving me some of your experience? What do you consider a lucky omen?"

"You want to know what I consider a lucky omen, eh? That's just as the idea strikes me. I used to count white horses. Supposing I was standing at the corner of Broadway and Wall street, I'd take out my watch, when I had one, and time myself and count the number of white horses that turned into Wall street from Broadway in five minutes. I would sometimes go on the odd numbers and sometimes on the even. Like this: If I made up my mind on even horses and an even number went by during the five minutes, then I would be lucky, and vice versa."

"You gamble on cards, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I make my living as a sporting man."

"Does your superstition affect you in playing cards?"

"Yes, indeed. If I am going to play cards for money I always hunt up a beggar and give him some money for luck. I have walked sometimes two miles to find a beggar. I know a gambler who goes daily to an Italian on Greene street, who has three little canaries that tell fortunes by pulling an envelope out of a pack. He always follows the advice of the bird, and I have actually seen him shed tears over some of the slips he got, not from grief, but from vexation, if it went against his grain.

"I have had gamblers tell me that they had acquired the habit of trying their luck in different ways, but I claim it's not a habit; it's nature, born in a man, and it never comes out. Why, I know dozen of people who laugh at superstition that will have a regular case of the dumps if they see the new moon over their right shoulder for the first time. They think if they see it over the left shoulder and make a wish they will get their wish. —N. Y. Mail.

A cage of lions belonging to a circus at Kingston, Can., fell into a hole and capsize, the lid being knocked completely out. A fire was built around the cage in order to frighten the animals into remaining inside, and the cage was replaced by the exertions of two elephants.

Two young men of Augusta, Me., who were driving out lately thought it a good joke to scare an old soldier who was standing out in his yard. They fired a pistol at him twice, when the veteran dodged into the house, got a revolver and succeeded in wounding one of the young scamps in the hand. —Boston Journal.

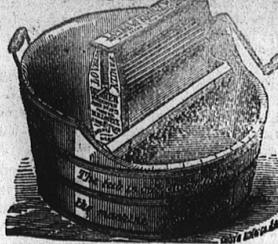
Mr. Frank Stockton is credited by Arlo Bates with sending a ponderous door key to a friend just sailing for Europe with the message: "He says it is the key to one of the very best boarding-houses in London. He is sorry he has forgotten the address; but if you try the doors until you find the one this fits, you may be sure the place is a capital one." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Patient—Then you think my finger will have to be amputated, doctor? Surgeon—Yes, it will have to come off. Patient—How much will the job cost? Surgeon—Fifteen dollars. Patient—Is that the best you can do, doctor? I'm a poor man. Surgeon—Yes, fifteen dollars is the best I can do for one finger, but I'll cut two of 'em off for twenty-five dollars. —N. Y. Times.

An amusing contemporary informs its readers that a man at the East End calls himself, on his card, "Temperance Bootmaker," and suggests that the need of temperance boots is apparent, for though they are not generally drunk, it is a notorious fact that they are often very tight.

First Omaha banker—I notice that another big lot of American gold was shipped to Europe a few days ago. Second Omaha banker—Yes; must be about "half seas over" by this time. "Half seas over?" "In other words, money is tight, and that's what causes it." —Omaha World.

The BEST



WASHER

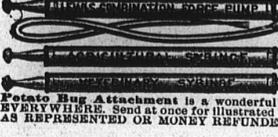
We will guarantee the "LOVELL WASHER" to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it doesn't wash the clothes clean without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED! in every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from \$75 to \$150 per month. Farmers make \$20 to \$30 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only \$25. Sample to those desiring an agency \$25. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

Reliable Agents Started in Business Without Capital!

Write for Particulars. MY AGENTS ARE MAKING \$5, \$10, \$15, \$20, \$25 and \$30 PER DAY



Selling Lewis' Combination Hand Force Pumps. It makes 3 complete machines. I have Agents all over the U. S. who are making \$10 to \$30 per day selling these Pumps. I give their name and address in Catalogue. To introduce it I will send a sample Pump, express paid, to any express station in the U. S. for \$2.00. Made of brass; will throw water from 50 to 60 feet, and retails for only \$6.00. Indispensable for spraying fruit trees. They sell rapidly. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Send at once for illustrated catalogue, price and terms. GOODS GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED OR MONEY REFUNDED. Address P. C. LEWIS, Catskill, New York.

THE BUILDERS' PORTFOLIOS.

People who intend to build should inquire among our local builders until they find one who has THE SHOPPELL BUILDERS' PORTFOLIOS. Such a builder can show the inquirer an immense number of excellent plans for modern houses, barns, etc.; and also give correct local prices for building from any of the plans. Builders who have not yet procured the Shoppell Builders' Portfolios should write at once to the Co-operative Building Plan Association, 63 Broadway, New York.

We manufacture Hydraulic, Jetting, Artesian and Gas Well Machinery. Business pays large profits; small capital needed; plenty of work. Acme Wind Mills, Pumps and appliances. Special Tube Well Pipe. Send 14c, and we will mail or express.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. F. Powell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., where circulars containing the name of the paper in every city in the U. S. may be had.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Geo. F. Powell & Co.

TO ADVERTISE judiciously requires a knowledge of the value of newspapers, and a correctly displayed ad. To secure such information, Portfolios should be sent to you to read. CONSULT LORD AND THOMAS.

GRIND YOUR OWN COFFEE. \$5 HAND MILL. PATENTED IN U. S. AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES. W. L. LOON BEON, Boston, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED.

We are in want of a few more good men to canvass for the sale of choice varieties of Nursery Stock. To men who can make a success of the business we can pay good salaries on commission and give permanent employment. We have many new and choice specialties, both in the fruit and ornamental line which others do not handle. Address at once, with references, L. L. MAY & CO. Nurseryman, St. Paul, Minn.

THE BUILDERS' PORTFOLIOS.

People who intend to build should inquire among our local builders until they find one who has THE SHOPPELL BUILDERS' PORTFOLIOS. Such a builder can show the inquirer an immense number of excellent plans for modern houses, barns, etc.; and also give correct local prices for building from any of the plans. Builders who have not yet procured the Shoppell Builders' Portfolios should write at once to the Co-operative Building Plan Association, 63 Broadway, New York.

We manufacture Hydraulic, Jetting, Artesian and Gas Well Machinery. Business pays large profits; small capital needed; plenty of work. Acme Wind Mills, Pumps and appliances. Special Tube Well Pipe. Send 14c, and we will mail or express.

you charges prepaid, the full cost, most compact, most elegant Chicago published in our line. CHICAGO TUBULAR WELL CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

A brilliant meteor was observed one night recently at Washington, Me. It first appeared like an electric spark, illuminating the city in a startling manner. Then a blue ball of fire appeared, turned red, flared again, and became extinguished. The phenomenon occupied half a minute. Then the meteor fell, leaving behind it a red track across the sky, which faded out gradually and was visible for several minutes after the fall.

George Phillips, of Binghamton, Solano County, Cal., has just completed an organ containing four hundred pipes, the longest being sixteen feet. All the pipes are made of old newspapers rolled and fastened with a paste made of glue and alum. The work was made entirely of old fence boards, posts, dry-goods boxes and the like. He was two years in building this instrument, which is said to have an excellent tone. —San Francisco Call.

A remarkable freak of lightning recently occurred at Plainfield, N. J. Cornelius D. Paul lives in West Fourth street. The shutters of his bay window in the dining-room of his large frame house were open, and in the center of the window stood a small stand on which rested a polished old gold Japanese tray. Upon this tray the lightning imprinted the photograph of Miss Lillian Paul, a young lady about eighteen years of age, who had just stepped to the table to remove it. The case is said to be the only one on record, and will be scientifically investigated. —N. Y. Sun.

A good joke was played on the rifleman of Brunswick, Ga., while they were on drill recently. Colonel Dart put them through a few evolutions, and then read to them a fictitious letter purporting to come from Washington asking him how many men he could muster to go to the Mexican frontier at once. Surprise not unminged with consternation superseded the jollity that had existed but a moment before. The boys, however, soon rallied, and almost to a unit declared that it would be impossible for them to "go to Mexico just yet," as both their business and inclination counseled their remaining in Brunswick. When the hoax was discovered, however, there was no little chagrin among them that they had not acted differently. —Chicago Times.