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# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## Journal of Home and Household

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### 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 transmission as second class matter.

Marshall's band received a check of \$100 as a present from the Chautauque assembly.

Lew Stair has sold his restaurant to Fisher & Davis, who were formerly in the clothing business.

Over two hundred warrants for the arrest of parties who have not paid their poll tax, are out.

It is not expected that the Rock Island depot and offices will be ready for occupation before the first of January.

Alonza Stone, of Jackson county, says that he has a fine field of corn which will yield 40 and 50 bushels to the acre.

Topeka and Kansas City supplies the major population of Manitou's summer population.

Governor Martin has left wife and babe at Manitou, where the latter is rapidly improving.

The Missouri Pacific railway will, about August 15, put on another train to run between Oitawa and Topeka.

The Union Pacific Railway company will run an excursion train to California every Wednesday during August.

The June earnings of the Union Pacific road, now just about figured out, show a net increase of \$800,000 compared with the same period last year.

The Hoyt Times says that Mrs. Quirk wife of John Quirk who was killed on the Reserve some weeks ago, states that her husband was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun.

The board of education will let the contract on August 15 for coal to be used in the schools of the city during the coming winter. About 20,000 bushels will be used.

Deputy Sheriff Kuykendall says that in his opinion the recent robberies have committed by parties residing here, and not by tramps, as some of the police seem to think.

The statement is making the rounds of the papers that the stone of which the State House is built is Cowley county stone. This is not true; it all comes from Cottonwood Falls, which is the best stone in the state.

A paper says we need more cottages in Topeka. Let some of our old bachelor misers furnish the cottages and there are plenty of women to furnish the love, then will we have that blissful condition of love in a cottage.

H. D. Dutton left Friday for Lincoln, Neb., to take charge of the Tremont house, one of the largest hotels in the Nebraska capital. George Bosworth, of the North Side, accompanied him and will occupy the position of head clerk.

The Evening Journal calls the attention of Rev. John D. Knox to the fact that his building at the rear of the Windsor hotel is being used for disreputable purposes, and suggests that he proceed to have the house vacated by its present occupants.

A lamp exploded last Friday evening about 9 o'clock in the car going west on the Sixth street line. The car was crowded and the explosion almost caused a panic. The occupants lost no time in getting out of the car; no one was hurt except a young man who attempted to put out the fire, who had his hand badly burned.

Additional local on fourth page.

The county assessment this year is two and a half mills less than last.

The paving of Kansas avenue on the west side has been completed to Sixth street.

Mrs. H. S. Hartly left for Colorado this week for a month's visit with her sister Mrs. Crow.

It has been decided to abandon the present coal shaft and begin anew in search of coal.

Mrs. Brooke and children, who have been visiting the family of Rev. J. N. Lee, returned home on Wednesday.

Rev. George Marsh, of Douglas, preached Sunday morning, August 7, at the North Topeka Congregational church.

Mass was said Friday morning from 8 to 9 o'clock at the Catholic church for the repose of the soul of the late Father O'Reilly.

George Francis Train declines an offer of \$1000 for thirty lectures. It is well known that George Francis has been crazy for twenty years.

The Union Pacific railroad company is doing an enormous passenger business at the present time, every train and every car being crowded.

At the end of the present year the Santa Fe company will have 7,500 miles of road, 3,000 miles of which will be new lines built within two years past.

Mrs. Frank Goldquist has arrived here from Galesburg Ill. to join her husband who has been here since March. Mr. Goldquist is an old Galesburg fire-man.

Louis Denham, representing the firm of A. B. Symmes & Co., of Atchison, was taken suddenly very ill while in the store of J. F. Elliot, on Saturday afternoon, but recovered sufficiently to continue his work on Monday.

The Brush electric light company have placed an electric light in the band stand in the Union Pacific park, without charge. This will make three electric lights in the park and will add much to the attractiveness of the pretty little place.

State Treasurer Hamilton, who recently returned from southwest Kansas, says there will be plenty of corn in that section, especially in Sedgwick and Sumner. The corn in the valleys is as good as it has ever been.

Dr. L. A. Ryder and Lew Kistler have returned from their long eastern trip. They visited Niagara Falls, went down the St. Lawrence, stopped at Montreal, rode across to Lakes George and Champlain and took a steamboat down the Hudson to New York.

The old brick yard of J. S. Earnest, on the river just east of the city, has been found insufficient to meet the demands upon it, and Mr. Earnest has bought twelve acres near the starch factory, where he will prepare to run a very extensive manufacture of brick.

The quiet manner in which the Santa Fe secured an inlet into Chicago is characteristic of the road. Last fall a corps of engineers surveyed three or four lines into Chicago, making connections in the suburbs of the city with one or two other small roads. Once it was reported that the Santa Fe had purchased a road into Chicago, but this proved false. Other rumors were published but immediately denied. It is now asserted that the Santa Fe quietly purchased property in Chicago, including brick block after block, until it now has a right of way into the city, and a depot sight unsurpassed for convenience by any of the old roads. It is said that this right of way cost the company over \$3,000,000.

### New Gas Company.

The Topeka Natural Gas and Mineral Exploring company is now organized and articles of incorporation filed with the secretary of state. The capital stock of the company is \$100,000, divided into shares of \$25 each. The object of the company, as its name indicates, is to bore for coal and natural gas.

At a recent meeting held in North Topeka a board of directors was elected, consisting of M. S. Evans, D. T. Haines, Aaron Fassler, Ed Buechner, Chas. L. Heywood, Dr. M. R. Mitchell, Rol Nichols, E. Brazier and J. G. West. In the election of officers the following were chosen: President, D. T. Haines; vice president, Dr. M. R. Mitchell; secretary, M. S. Evans; treasurer, Ed Buechner; attorney, Harry Safford.

A large number of locating engineers and surveying corps have been called in by the Santa Fe company. It is said that in all about eighty engineers have been discharged and among them men who have been working for the company about seven years. This created a great deal of uneasiness among the engineers and it is said that yesterday over fifty men who had been discharged by the Santa Fe made application to the Rock Island road.

Mr. R. M. Decker, a gas expert, addressed the meeting at the length. He said that there was natural gas under our city and was sure that it could be found at a depth not exceeding 1,500 and possibly at 1,400 feet. The contract for finding the gas was let to Mr. Decker, and if necessary he will sink to a depth of 2,000 feet. The contract is for sinking that depth for \$5,000 unless the gas is discovered at a less depth. Mr. Decker means business, and after closing the contract took the train for the east for the necessary machinery and tools to vigorously prosecute the work. He will sink the first well in North Topeka and will be prepared to begin operations inside of thirty days. The first well is to be completed in ninety days.

### Thursday Evening's Blow

A house occupied by Mr. G. B. Coop, about a mile and a half from the city and owned by a man named Cunningham, was completely demolished by the wind on Thursday evening. The inmates escaped fortunately without serious injury.

The storm on Thursday night broke down part of the frame work of the grand stand now in course of erection at the fair grounds and did some little damage along the Shunganunga.

The brick chimney to Colonel H. C. Rizer's residence in Potwin Place was blown down during the storm Thursday night. Considerable havoc was created in Thomas' lumber yard in North Topeka. Lumber and shingles were scattered in all directions but no great damage resulted.

The large frame house being built for J. Farnham, on Western avenue, was moved about four inches. A barn being erected by Geo. W. Watson on the corner of Twelfth and Clay streets was also moved and a portion of the roofing blown off.

The handsome residence of Mr. Stone on Euclid avenue was badly damaged by the wind.

A mule belonging to Sam Dolman's outfit was killed by a large piece of the sidewalk, near the City park being blown against it. The mule was badly out around the head and died the next day.

L. H. Wolfe and wife have returned from an extensive eastern tour. While absent they visited Montreal and many other eastern points and report a delightful time at the Thousand Islands, at which point they made an extended stop. Mr. Wolfe says that from Buffalo to Chicago, on the line of the Michigan Southern crops were literally burned up.

The sewer question is agitating the minds of the north siders.

Miss Emma Maxwell is working in Stevenson & Peckham's dry goods and carpet store.

Mr. Gregg has purchased twenty-eight acres of land adjoining the reform school and will lay it off into town lots.

E. Conklin, wife and daughter, of Thompsonville, will become permanent residents of North Topeka next week.

Charles Stair has sold his restaurant to a party by the name of Davis. Mr. Stair will go to Ohio on a visit to his old home.

Arthur Lacy, George Stansfield and a number of other North Topekans went to Wakarusa Tuesday on a picnic and fishing expedition.

John Curtis, who has been engaged in the cattle business in the Indian territory for the past two years, was brought home to North Topeka on Tuesday very sick.

Davies Brothers are tearing down the old building at the corner of Norris street and Kansas avenue, and will build one of the finest store rooms on the avenue. The lower floor will be occupied by the Citizens' bank and the upper ones will be fitted up for offices.

The ladies of the Congregational church are making preparations to give a "Fan Drill" some time in the near future at Lukens' opera house. This is a new and novel entertainment and something that has never been presented to our citizens. The time is set for the last of August.

Ed Buckner received a dispatch from Oscar Bishop this week saying that he would arrive in Topeka Saturday, together with his family. Mr. Bishop comes from Sonneberg, Germany, where he has been as the U. S. consul since 1885. He is well known in Topeka and will be welcomed back by many friends.

Mr. W. M. Van Ness has just completed a life size plaster cast of George Hughes' head. It is mounted on black velvet and is remarkably life like. Several persons who looked at it in the window of Lacy's drug store, noticed the resemblance and named the original without the least hesitation. The work is done very neatly and shows great artistic skill on the part of Mr. Van Ness.

### Great Slaughter Sale of Millinery.

Latest styles of summer hats for ladies and children at 25, 45, and 75 cents cash, worth from 60 cent to \$2.00. Also elegant summer flowers at less than half price. Stock must be closed out this week to get ready for fall at Mrs. Metcalf's 723 Kansas avenue.

Physicians who know the value of Shallenberger's Pills prescribe them as their own remedy. This is hardly fair, but is strong testimony in favor of the medicine. In one year a wholesale druggist in Baltimore sent the proprietors of the medicine three gross of empty bottles. The pills had all been used by one physician in that city. Nearly as many more by a doctor in Richmond, Va.

A woman placed three small children on the train at Kendall, with a note directed to the orphan asylum at Leavenworth. They had no money or tickets given them and were brought to this city by the conductor when the city marshal here took charge of the children, and telegraphed the sheriff of Kearney county to make inquiries. The children appear to be unusually bright. The oldest is a boy of about 8 years, the two younger being girls of 4 and 6 years respectively. The conductor receiving them said the woman was accompanied to the depot by a man, and he understood they were to be married as soon as the three incumbrances were disposed of.

W. W. Wiley's little daughter is very sick with cholera infantum.

Officer Curran is grieving over the sudden death of a valuable horse.

The reform school lads listened to an eloquent sermon from Rev. P. M. Buck, Sunday.

C. Bennett & Son have just received a car load of thorough bred horses from Montreal, Canada.

Frank Sleeper and Edward Stratton have been engaged as special watchmen at the Union Pacific depot.

Work on the main building at the fair grounds is progressing rapidly. The west wing of the cattle barn is completed.

H. S. Baker's elegant new residence on Quincey street is almost finished, and will soon be ready for occupancy by Mr. B. and family.

The Ladies' Educational and Library association has taken out a building permit for the erection of \$10,000 building to be erected on Kansas avenue between Eleventh and Twelfth streets.

Colonel Burgess, register of deeds, left Monday on vacation trip to Colorado. It is said his fees as register amount to over one hundred dollars a day, so he can afford it.

Hon. Thomas Ryan left Monday for Towanda, Penn., to take part in the reunion of his old regiment, the One hundred and forty-first Pennsylvania, which was nearly shot to pieces at Gettysburg.

Marshall's Military band was surprised Tuesday evening while at practice by a party of lady friends who brought them an abundance of ice cream, cake and other refreshments. It was an enjoyable affair.

Officer McCormack is kept busy dispersing gangs of loafers who congregate about the Pacific depot and park. They seem to have an idea that the trains cannot arrive and depart unless they are standing on the platform staring at the ladies and making remarks about them.

Monday evening a team of horses hitched to an express wagon belonging to Mr. Kimes became frightened and dashed up the avenue at a terrific rate. Mr. Kimes's three years old little boy was on the seat of the wagon at the time, and as the horses ran he grasped the handle of the big sun umbrella and clung to it like grim death. The horses ran to J. D. Pattison's corner when they collided with a wagon and were brought to a stop. Strange to say the child was not injured, although hundreds of people expected to see it killed at any moment. But little damage was done.

Omar Thornton, son of J. I. Thornton, of the Commonwealth, has accepted a position with John Sebastian, general passenger and ticket agent of the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska railroad. He feels rather proud of his appointment, as there were nearly a score of applicants for the place.—Commonwealth.

No doubt but the railway company feel greatly relieved at the young man's "acceptance". We can imagine the efforts made by the company to secure this result, the sacrifices made, the inducements held out and the hesitation of the young man as he canvassed the matter before finally deciding to accept. But hold, we are too fast. It seems that he was an applicant for the place, and actually squabbled with twenty others for it, so it was the company after all that accepted him. And it all comes from the ignorant, "hifalutin" way that reporters have of saying things. Susan Jane is not hired to scrub now-a-days, she accepts a position.

## BE TRUE.

Oh, rear no costly marbled stone  
Above my lowly lying head  
When I am dead,  
But let me rest in peace alone—  
With wild flowers o'er my up-turned face,  
To mark the place,  
Oh, do not come to mourn for me,  
Nor shed one sad regretful tear—  
I cannot hear  
The words you speak—I cannot see  
You bend o'er my low-lying head,  
When I am dead.  
But while I live remember this:  
Be true—as God's great shining stars,  
My prison bars  
You may not break, my lips to kiss  
When, by and by, the grasses wave  
Upon my grave.  
—Isabel Hotchkiss, *The Current*.

## Jim Poulder's Mistake.

A pleasant, balmy day in May. The windows of the railway car were open. There was a breeze stirring; and though a cloud of dust was blown in it was also blown out, with the exception of a tired portion which stopped to rest on the clothes of the passengers or burrowed for its own safety in their ears and nostrils. There were only two vacant seats in the car, and at Pankeap station two persons came to fill them. One of these was an old man—on a second look he was probably not over fifty—with iron-gray hair, partly covered by a slouched hat and clad in a new suit of gray stuff that seemed to have been made for some one else. With him was a young and pretty girl, whose dress was of ordinary stuff, but well fitting, and who was well gloved and well shod.

The observer would have set down the two for a well-to-do farmer and his daughter who were traveling for business or pleasure. The man looked around. The two vacant seats were on opposite sides of the car. In one of them sat a young, well-dressed and apparently self-satisfied gentleman, and the space by his side was occupied by a handbag of crocodile leather and a Spring overcoat. In the other was another young man not quite so extravagantly dressed, though neatly clad, and not so handsome as the first, though he had an open and intelligent countenance. The farmer looked around, and motioning to his daughter to the vacant seat, said: "There's a place for you Lucy." Then turning to the young man with the satchel, he asked: "Seat engaged?"

The young man looked up, curled his lip superciliously, and said: "Man to fill it'll be here presently, I dare say."

"Ah!" said the farmer, coolly removing the gripsack and overcoat and placing them on the young man's lap; "then I'll occupy it until he comes," and he seated himself accordingly, while the young man glared at him.

The one on the other side looked amused; and then, rising, said: "You had better exchange seats with me, sir, and then the young lady and yourself will be together."

"Thank you," was the farmer's reply; and the exchange was quietly effected.

The two young men were evidently acquainted, for the courteous one said to the other in a low voice: "Jim Poulder, you made a mistake there."

"I never make mistakes, Frank Bolling," replied the other. "I dare say you'll make your fortune some of these days by being polite to the granger population; but my fortune is already made."

The first speaker said nothing more, but, drawing a newspaper from his pocket, opened it, and ran his eye over its columns.

Poulder yawned a little, and at last said: "This is too dull for yours faithfully, James Poulder. I'll go into the smoking-car and take a whiff. Have a snifter?" he inquired, producing a pocket flask.

"No, thank you," replied Bolling. "That stuff is rather to firey for me."

"Here goes alone, then. That's fine brandy as ever crossed the ocean. Day-day! Keep an eye on my traps, will you? and don't give up my seat to every country yokel who asks it."

The elegant young gentleman shook himself, and made his way forward to the car especially provided for fumigation.

When he had gone the old man leaned over the arm of his seat and addressed Bolling.

"Excuse me, sir, but didn't your friend who has left say that his name was James Poulder?"

"That's his name, sir," replied the young man; but he is not exactly a friend of mine, though he lives in the same place, and I know him very well."

"May I inquire where he is from?"

"Yes, sir; Careysburg."

"Son of Peter B. Poulder, the great pork packer there, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"His father should deal with him. It would be quite in his line."

"Oh, papa!" said a sweet, reproachful voice, as those near who heard the colloquy tittered.

"It is a fact, Lucy," rejoined the farmer.

The old man, who was evidently intelligent, entered into a general conversation with the younger, and soon showed that he was quite well informed. Bolling was glad of a conference so en-

tertaining, especially when, as his eyes were bent in that direction, he saw the young lady was an interested, and, he hoped, a pleased listener. There was something very sweet in the expression of her countenance, an inexpressible impress of modesty and innocence on her features. They chatted away, and the elder, so dextrously that the younger never perceived it, drew out of the other his position, prospects and intentions.

Bolling was frank by nature, and the questions of his interlocutor, who was as ingenious as the other was ingenious, were craftily put. The sharp granger soon learned that Frank Bolling had been engaged for some time in the study of law; but that his father having met with reverses and having two younger daughters to educate, the young man determined to make his burden less, and had set out to support himself, abandoning his law studies, and taking a situation as salesman at a country store in Griffon, a thriving town of about five miles from the main line.

"I get but beggarly pay, of course," said Frank, gayly. "I am only a raw hand; but I have a promise that, when I am better qualified, my wages will be increased."

"You are rather a singular person," said the farmer, bluffly. "Most young men would have talked of their salary."

"I rather prefer the old style of English," said Bolling. "I am to be a hireling; and the compensation of a hireling is called wages. But wages or salary—the terms are indifferent to me."

"My place is within a mile of Griffon," said the old man. "I have a notion that I knew your father once. Wasn't he at Harvard his time?"

"Yes, sir, and so was I. We are alumni of the same school."

"I wonder if he remembers his old chum there—one George Carter—George St. Leger Carter, as they have it on the rolls?"

"Yes, sir; I've heard him speak of him often, though the two have drifted apart since then. Judge Carter, you mean. He lives at Griffon, do you know him?"

"Um! ye-s! After a fashion." "Papa!" whispered the young girl, but Bolling's quick ear caught her words, "I know the judge better than you do."

"Be quiet, Puss, will you?" replied her father in the same tone.

"I am told," resumed the young man, "that he left the bench, and though quite wealthy, has gone back to the bar. I have a letter for him which my father, recalling their youthful friendship, insisted on giving me; but I shall not present it."

"Why not? He might be of service to you."

"Scarcely, sir. You see, if I am to be a salesman in a country store, I had better accommodate myself to my position. The judge, even if he remembered old college friendships, wouldn't be likely to consider me a welcome addition to his family circle as a visitor. He is rich, and then he's said to have a very handsome and accomplished daughter, who would, no doubt, look down on me. I have my bread and butter to earn, and had better confine myself to it."

"Possibly you are right. But how came your father to lose his money? I thought he inherited a fine fortune."

"Yes, sir; but he was drawn into incurring responsibility for a relative. He is not ruined, by any means, but is merely hampered, and thinks he will pull through in time with a little economy and prudence; and I have no doubt he will. But I am only in his way, or I would have remained."

"Have you ever thought of trying farming?"

"No, sir. I have no capital, and know nothing of it."

"Do you know more of selling groceries and dry goods?"

"Not a bit more; but, you see, I am paid something there while I learn."

"Your friend, or your acquaintance, as you call him, goes to Griffon, too—does he?"

"Yes, sir; but he goes there in a different capacity. I believe he represents his father in some transaction about some property with the judge, and is to remain there some days as a guest, until the affair is closed. Possibly, as his father wants him to marry, he may be on a tour of observation, and take in the judge's daughter. Though that is very impertinent of me, for he has said nothing on the subject."

"Do you think he is so irresistible as to be able to pick and choose at his pleasure?" inquired the girl, looking quizzically over her father's shoulder.

"He can be very fascinating when he chooses, I am told," replied Bolling; "and as he is handsome, an only son, and his father worth millions, he is at least what elderly ladies call 'a good catch.'"

"He puts up his fascination along with his courtesy, I suppose, and leaves both at home when he travels," said the girl.

"Lucy! Lucy!" cried her father, "some thoughts had better be left unspoken."

The conversation turned into other channels. But the old farmer still pursued his queries in the most artful way. There is a strong thirst for information in the rural mind, but in this instance it seemed to be personal.

At last the elegant Jim Poulder came back from the smoking-car, with a strong nicotine aroma shedding itself from his person. His voice had that thickness which told of the draining of his pocket-flask. He was jolly and confidential.

"Sorry, old fellow," he said, "to have left you so long. Been bored to

death for want of company, haven't you?"

"Oh, no! I have enjoyed a very pleasant conversation with our genial neighbor over the way."

"Genial! Well, of all the queer chaps for picking up low acquaintance, you beat 'em and give 'em six in the game."

"Ssh! they'll hear you."

"Let 'em, who cares? Going to stop at the Junction?"

"No; there is a one-horse sort of connecting train, I learn, and I shall push on to Griffon at once."

"I shan't. I'll lay over a day. I'm sort of worn out, and I'll come over tomorrow as fresh as a daisy. Hope you'll have a good time among the cheese and candies. I intend to look in on you before I leave and see 'how doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour.'"

"Thank you; you're very kind."

The brakeman craned his neck in the door and uttered some sounds, apparently "Grittin' Juxsh'n," which the experienced ear understood to be Griffin Junction, and the travelers for that point left the cars. Poulder made his way, with his luggage, to the little hotel there, while the farmer and daughter, followed by Bolling, made their way to the single car, with a little superannuated engine attached, which stood waiting. There were no other passengers, and the three had the car to themselves.

"Come over here, Mr. Bolling," said the old man, after the car had been in motion a while. "I want to talk with you a bit. Turn down that seat. That will do. You said you had a letter for Judge Carter and didn't intend to deliver it."

"Yes, sir."

"Did it never occur to you, young man, that it was your duty to obey a father's orders?"

"I trust, sir, I'm usually obedient. It was not a positive order. I shall write to him and explain."

"I tell you that you should deliver that letter to its proper owner. You are only a trustee in this case. I am Judge Carter, and this is my daughter Lucy. Hand over the paper to the court."

"I beg pardon, sir; but I—"

"You want identification. Here, conductor! Tell this young man who I am."

"Judge Carter," responded the functionary, a little curious to know what it was all about.

"Thank you, Phillips. That will do. Now, sir."

Bolling, not a little astonished, took the letter from his pocketbook.

"If you'll permit me," said the judge, as he opened the letter and glanced over the contents. "He gives you a good character, and wants me to look after you a little. Ah, how time flies! Lucy, this young fellow's father and I had such good times in the old days. How long did you read law, Beiling?"

"A little over two years, sir."

"Like it?"

"Very much indeed, sir."

"Whom did you read with?"

"Spence & Sullivan."

"Good men. Sullivan put you through the office business, I fancy. That's his way. Now, I have been putting you through an exhaustive examination, which is my way, and I think you will do. Let old Bragg find another salesman. He's not dying for you, and I can get him a substitute. I have two students in my office. What they are there for is their own business, but they will never make a great success at the bar unless they change their office. I want a clerk to manage my affairs, and to boss around while I am off on circuit. I'll give you a living salary, not too much, and you can read law meanwhile. You ought to be able to pass in a year. If you turn out like I hope you will, why, when you get your sheepskin, we'll see what can be done? What do you say to this?"

"Say to it, sir! What can I say but yes, and thank you for your offer?"

"Very well, that's settled. Here we are, and there is our carriage. Jump in. I'll drive."

The next day James Poulder, Esq., made his appearance at the Carters in a state of elegance only matched by that of Capt. Cuttle's famous watch—never equalled and rarely excelled. He was ushered into the drawing-room and received by a young lady whose style suited even his fastidious taste, and whose features had a dim familiarity. When the judge came in the young man's recognition of the farmer in the car was complete. He stammered out an apology, but the old man relieved him.

"It could hardly have been expected that you should have known us," said the judge. "Let all that pass. You are quite welcome. As we have two hours before dinner, we'll go to the office and look over the papers together. Miss Carter will excuse you, meanwhile."

In the office Poulder found Bolling, who was busy at work on a declaration.

"Why, Frank, I thought you were going into the grocery business."

"I've changed my mind," said Frank, resuming his work.

James Poulder stayed his week out, and then took the cars to Careysburg.

Frank Bolling did not make the same trip until two years after. Then he went to visit his father, who had got over his pecuniary troubles, and to see his sisters. He had been admitted to the bar meanwhile, and Judge Carter, whose favorable impressions time had confirmed, had taken him into partnership just before he left. He was in high spirits on that trip. He was not alone. Miss Lucy Carter had had been, Mrs. Francis Bolling then, was his traveling companion.—*Thomas Dunn English, in Independent.*

## THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

The Independence of a Farmer Does Not Necessarily Depend on Very Large Means.

The occupation of farming is praised by many because it enables those engaged in it to be to a great extent independent. The farmer certainly can direct his own affairs, as there is no association or union to tell him when he shall work or when he shall remain idle. He is free to exercise his own judgment in relation to how he manages his place, what he shall raise, and how he shall dispose of it. He is at liberty to work eight or eighteen hours each day. He is not liable to be assessed for the support of persons engaged in strikes for shorter hours or higher wages. He is never called upon to engage in parades or to assist in making demonstrations. He can buy labor in the cheapest market, and is not obliged to confer with any person except those he employs about the time or method of payment. He can have his work performed by hand or by the use of machines. He is lord of his own acres, be they few or many. He is not likely to be injured by strikes of the class of men whom he employs in doing work. In this respect he is in a more independent position than manufacturers, contractors, and railway managers.

A farmer may be measurably independent in the matter of obtaining supplies. He may, if he has the means and is given sufficient time, raise nearly everything he requires for supplying his table. He can arrange for having beef, pork, mutton and a variety of fowls, all of his own raising. He should never go away from his farm to obtain eggs, milk, butter, and cheese. He should have an abundance and a great variety of vegetables and small fruits in their season. He should have a pond where he can raise carp and other fish for his table. With a good cellar he will find no difficulty in keeping large fruits, potatoes, garden vegetables, and many other articles of food over the winter. If he has an ice-house, he can keep fresh meat, fowls, fish, perishable fruits and cooked food in it for several days. By keeping bees a substitute for sirup can be obtained without cost. With a few acres in forest trees a supply of fuel will be provided. But little skill is required to dry, can, and preserve fruits, so that the table may be supplied with them from the close of one bearing season to the commencement of another.

A farmer who has arranged for producing nearly everything for supplying his table, who has on his place wood for fuel and timber for fence-posts, comes about as near being independent as a man can be. He has little to pay and as a consequence does not need have very much to sell. A horse that can be raised on the place will sell for enough to buy a good carriage and harness. The few grocery bills can be paid with eggs and butter. The increase of stock beyond the number of animals that can be kept on the place will sell for enough to pay taxes and for clothing, furniture, and tools. A farmer who is in condition to do all these things may not be very wealthy, but he will be provided with all the necessities for comfort. He will also have many of the things that are generally classed among the luxuries. He can have leisure and the means for enjoying it. He will have no anxiety about keeping his house warm if there is a scarcity of coal and the roads are drifted high with snow, with no way of getting to town to obtain groceries and provisions, he will find that his "table is spread," not only with nourishing food, but with that which tempts and delights the appetite.

Although it appears to be easy to become an independent farmer, comparatively few who own and occupy farms can be regarded as such. The farmer who has a mortgage on his place is far from being independent. His earnings are pledged till such time as his secured debt is paid in full. There is a cloud on his title, and another one on his hopes. He is constantly anxious in relation to how he is to raise money to meet his indebtedness. The farmer whose name is attached to several chattel mortgages, who has outstanding notes, store debts, and miscellaneous obligations is dependent on the mercy of his creditors. They will expect him to sell meat that he raises as soon as it is in a condition to send to market, whether prices are high or low. The farmer who is obliged to sell nearly all the products of his place in order to furnish fuel and provisions is almost as far from a state of independence as the day laborer in a large city who is obliged to buy everything he eats and burns. The farmer who first seeks and finds a position of independence will obtain what wealth combined with anxiety can not procure.—*Chicago Times.*

## One Woman's Wrongs.

Omaha Wife—You are the meanest, ugliest thing in existence. I just hate you.

Husband—What have I done now?

"None? What have you not done? This morning when I discovered that Colorado beetle crawling on my dress and called to you for help, you didn't stir, but let me sit there just writhing in terror until I had to shriek."

"I didn't hear you call. What else?"

"This afternoon when that jeweler showed us a live Brazilian beetle beautifully set in a breastpin you refused to buy it for me.—*Omaha World.*

## HERE AND THERE.

Arizona produced 16,000,000 pound of copper last year.

It costs \$10,000 a year now to run a wine-room in Georgia.

Clam-bakes and roughs are the chief features of Coney Island life.

The habit of lying at public dinners still prevails among the Italians.

One person is drowned for every 329 killed on land, according to the statistics.

Three Italian opera companies have just closed a disastrous season, financially, in London.

Kentucky Knights of Labor expect to poll nearly sixty thousand votes at the next election.

The Apaches traveled fifteen miles on tip-toe to hide their trail during a recent raid in Arizona.

A new steamer to cost \$1,500,000 is being built in the ship yards at New York for use on the Fall River (Mass.) line.

Two thousand Indians will be engaged in picking the hops near Seattle, Washington territory, inside of two weeks.

A great deal of stock in a new furnace at Gadsden, Ala., was subscribed by the ladies of that enterprising little city.

White muslin gowns having natural flowers sewed all over the skirts are now worn by the fashionable women of Newport.

The 175 grandchildren of a noted Utah apostle of polygamy are all under 29 years of age, says *The Ptoche* (Nev.) Record.

Some people are keeping cool by removing the sashes and taking out their windows in order to obtain a more perfect ventilation.

The capture in the bay of San Francisco of two big man-eaters within two days is calculated to make unprotected sea-bathing unpopular.

The hot weather has been hard on the street-car horses in New York City, one thousand having died from its effects since the 1st of June.

The cavalry saddle used in the United States army is pronounced by the military men of Europe to be the most bungling and cumbersome appliance in use.

Thousands of rabbits are dying of a disease which has broken out among them along the Lakeside ditch and at the sink of Cross creek, Tulare county, California.

The owner of a California ranch was willing to sell his property for \$150,000, but he refused to throw in a pony valued at \$13, and the sale was not effected.

If it were not for public parks, inviting benches, cool shade trees, and green grass, says *The New Orleans Picayune*, tramps would suffer in the cities in hot weather.

The women of New York have been granted more patents than their sisters in any other state. The women of Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, and Wisconsin rank next in order.

There will be a conference of the Indians' Rights association early this fall at Lake Mohonk, in the interest of the 280,000 Indians who are landowners in the United States.

The latest racket is to get an artist friend to sketch his autograph on a 3-cent palm-leaf fan. Sometimes three artists will do better than one, especially if the fan is a large-sized affair.

A recent visitor to Melrose writes to the *London Times* that he found workmen build a wooden shed smack up against the abbey walls, "entirely filling up the space between two of the buttresses."

The well-known West Point foundry situated at Cold Spring, is to be sold. The establishment has been in uninterrupted operation since 1819, and achieved fame during the rebellion from its heavy guns.

The liveliest section of California at present is Mount Shasta, where tourists, pleasure-seekers, wood choppers, and loggers are very numerous. In another month the pleasure-seekers will be returning home.

Last fall two young ladies went from a little town in Massachusetts to the city of New York and began teaching the game of whist at \$15 per week lessons. During the winter they made \$1,500 each in their odd occupation.

At Morden, Manitoba, a colony of martens had established themselves in the caves of Dufferin hall. Recently the nests were pulled down and a number of half-grown birds were thrown alive, it is said, into a pile of burning straw.

J. E. Burton, of Omaha, says a remarkable feature in the real estate "craze" up there is that while property in the city is held at fair prices, farms are staked into town lots eight or ten miles from Omaha, and are held at \$1,000 a lot.

Some fresh-air children located near Ithaca, N. Y., asked permission to pick flowers. The kind-hearted family gave them permission to pick all they chose. Imagine their surprise when it was discovered that they had picked off every blossom from a large cucumber patch.

The celery growers of Kalamazoo have formed a combine to fix prices. They have agreed not to ship for less than twenty cents per dozen, and the growers will not sell to shippers for less than fifteen cents. The drought has a bad effect upon the crop, rain being necessary to bleaching the stalks.

The Vienna newspapers contain an advertisement in which the proprietor of a second-rate cafe informs the public that visitors will be served by her highness the Princess Pignatelli. This is the lady who after quarrelling with her relatives, lately sang at a London music hall for a livelihood.

A negro awoke in Murphy, N. C., the other night to find a snake coiled about her neck. She grabbed the snake instead of fainting, so the story goes, and with all her force swung it against the wall and went to sleep again. In the morning she saw the largest dead rattler she had ever heard of.

Over the grave of the world-renowned racer, Ten Broeck, on Mr. Harper's breeding-farm in Kentucky, is a flower-covered mound which is always looked up by visitors. Strands of his mane and tail are carried away as souvenirs. It is said that Longfellow misses his stable companion very much; that he gazes into the now empty stall adjoining his own with a look of inquiry, and the spirit of rivalry that added extra fire to his eyes and pose seems to have left him.

## INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

### A Great Abundance of Cherries Good for Cooking and Canning Followed by a Famine.

#### Selecting and Managing Seed Potatoes So as to Insure a Crop During Dry Seasons.

##### The Early Richmond Cherry.

For a period of twenty years this fruit was very common in the markets at most towns in the northern states, and was sold at extremely low prices. Last season these cherries were comparatively scarce, and this year it was difficult to obtain them "for love or money." In fact, there were scarcely any to be had. The farmers and gardeners who had trees on their places did not raise cherries enough for their own use. The history of the rise, decline, and fall of the early Richmond cherry in this vicinity is interesting. It was introduced more than thirty years ago, and soon became quite popular. Persons who had planted the various kinds of duke, heart, and Biggreau cherry trees and had them die before they produced one crop of fruit were glad to obtain a variety that was hardy and productive. It is true that the cherries were neither large nor sweet, and were not very desirable for dessert purposes. But they were handsome, free from blemishes, and most desirable for cooking purposes, while as a fruit to can it had no superior. It retains its color, flavor, and aroma almost perfectly when put up in glass jars, and is preserved without difficulty in them for years.

Those who had bearing orchards of early Richmond cherry trees during the later years of the civil war found them very profitable. Money was plenty, and people were willing to pay high prices for small fruit. Less attention was then paid to raising grapes, strawberries, and bush fruits, and as a consequence there was a great demand for cherries. During two seasons early Richmond cherries sold in this market for \$8 per bushel. One gentleman who had a cherry orchard some miles west of the city stated that his crop one year was worth \$10 per tree. The profits of raising early Richmond cherries were "written up" in a style calculated to turn the heads of even cautious people. Many orchards containing from one hundred to two thousand trees were set out with the expectation of deriving great profit from them. Trees two years old from the graft were at first sold by the quantity for \$50 per hundred. Nurserymen profited by the interest shown by the public in raising cherries. When the price of trees declined to \$25 per hundred more were planted, as persons of small means could obtain them. There was hardly a farmer or gardener near Chicago that did not contain early Richmond cherry trees.

The result might have been anticipated. There was "too much of a good thing." The cherries all ripened within a period of ten days, and it was difficult to pick and market them during that period, and still more difficult to sell them at anything like remunerative prices. In many cases the crop did not sell for enough to pay for gathering and taking to market. For a period of two weeks cherry pie, pudding, and sauce were on every table. Many families in town and country bought cherries by the quantity to can for use during the winter. Still the supply of sour cherries by far exceeded the demand. As they ripened during warm weather, and were quite perishable, they could not be transported long distances to supply localities where few or none were raised. Being quite acid, they could not be preserved in tin packages, and the large canning establishments could not use them. Some raisers, fearing that they might lose money if they hired persons to pick and take them to market, sold the product of trees to persons who wanted to enjoy the pleasure of picking cherries for a day or two.

Of course this state of things put an end to setting-out cherry trees in this part of the country. As the bearing trees produced large crops nearly every year their vitality was soon impaired or exhausted. Our climate is not as favorable to the longevity of the cherry tree as is that of the eastern states or that of most countries of Europe. The trees mature quickly, produce heavily, and die early. The last three years have been very hard on cherry trees. The hot, dry summers and the cold, windy winters have killed most all of the old trees. Insects have also been severe on cherry trees. The cherry-tree slug has appeared to think that the orchards might as well be killed off as not, seeing that they were of no value to their owners. Thousands of trees have been cut down or dug up, their trunks and large branches used for domestic fuel, and their boughs burned on the ground. In the meantime no young trees have been set out, and the sprouts that have appeared in orchards have not been grafted. As a result we have a cherry famine, and it is likely to continue for several years.

It is clearly time for a revival of interest in raising early Richmond cherries. They are quite too valuable to be completely neglected. There will always be a demand for them in every large town. Every person who owns a farm in the west should raise this fruit. A large orchard may not be profitable, but a small one will be. Few trees are more highly ornamental

than the early Richmond cherry. They present a fine appearance in every stage of their growth. Their foliage is very beautiful. The contrast between the white blossoms and dark green leaves is striking. As a thing of beauty there are few objects worthy of comparison with a fine cherry tree laden with ripe fruit. It is not wonderful that it attracts birds from a distance. This tree is worthy of a place on the lawn, if planted solely for ornamental purposes. As the trees are short-lived it is advisable to set out a few every spring, or at least every few years, that young and thrifty ones may succeed those that are beginning to exhibit signs of decline. Nurserymen would do well to make propositions to supply orders for these trees, for there will certainly be a demand for them.

##### Potatoes in Dry Seasons.

The potato crop is reported to be in poor condition in most of the western states, as the dry and hot weather has been unfavorable to it. The potato delights in a cool and moderately moist soil. Heavy dews and frequent rains during the period in which the tubers are forming generally insure a large yield of fine potatoes. Careful observers have noticed this season that potato fields where cut seed was planted are looking very poorly. In many cases no sprouts appeared above the surface of the ground, and in others the vines dried up and before any tubers were formed. Cut seed parts with its moisture very readily. It is absorbed by the dry soil and manure with which it is surrounded, and is carried off by the hot and dry atmosphere that circulates through the ground. The escape of moisture is through the surface that is not protected by the natural covering. If the skin is entire the potato may be exposed to the influence of a dry and hot atmosphere and still retain most of its moisture for a considerable time. Potatoes that have strong and perfect skins do not become dry if subjected to a heat that will thoroughly bake them. When cooked and placed on the table they still contain a large amount of moisture in the form of steam. This escapes when the skin is broken on the plate, and it may be condensed so as to form water by inverting a glass dish over the potato. If potatoes were cut in small pieces before they were placed in the oven, as they frequently are before they are planted, nearly all the moisture would escape from them during the process of baking. Cooks understand that cut potatoes must be cooked in fat or water to prevent them from becoming dry.

Potatoes cut in pieces that contain but a single eye, may be relied on to produce vigorous sprouts in a moist season, especially if they are planted in rich soil. If the air and soil are dry, however, they may fail to produce any sprouts that will break through the surface of the ground when they are planted. Sprouts are formed from the moisture and soluble substances in the potato, and are supported by them until roots and leaves are produced. If this moisture is absorbed by the dry soil or passes into the air, there is nothing to form or support the sprouts. Whole potatoes are better than pieces for planting in a dry season. As before shown, their skins will prevent their moisture from escaping into the soil and air, and will preserve it for forming and supporting stalks and roots. Vigorous potato-vines, which in a dry season will only be produced from uncut seed, will cover the ground and assist in keeping it moist and cool. These conditions of the soil will be favorable to the growth of vines and tubers. Small and feeble vines, such as will be produced from small pieces, will leave the potato-hills exposed to the action of the sun.

Potatoes that have been sprouted in the cellar are not suitable for planting in a dry season. Much of their strength is exhausted before they are put in the ground. The sprouts already formed will dry up and fall off, and the chances are that not enough moisture will be left to produce and nourish new ones. Potatoes that mature late are better for planting, especially in a dry season, like the present one, than those that mature early. They are not likely to sprout in the cellar, and they retain all their substance to form vigorous vines. During the past few years farmers in the south have raised a second crop of the early varieties of potatoes for the purpose of producing seed to plant the following spring. The seasons there are long enough to admit of raising a crop of potatoes if they are planted in August. If the tubers are not sufficiently ripe to use on the table they furnish excellent seed, and there is now quite a demand for the second crop of southern potatoes for planting north of the Ohio river.

Weeds and grass should not be allowed to grow on rows of potatoes as they take up moisture needed by the potato plants, while they render digging difficult and expensive. A mulch of green grass or other cheap material is very beneficial to potatoes during dry and hot weather. It helps keep the ground cool and moist. It may be impractical to apply such a mulch to a large field, but a patch intended to produce potatoes for a family may be covered with a mulch without difficulty. That gypsum or land plaster dropped in the hill with the seed, or placed among the sprouts when they are first breaking ground, assists potatoes in resisting the effects of a protracted drought has been noticed in Europe and in this country. Considering its great value it seems strange that it is not more generally used by potato-raisers in parts of the country where the summers are generally dry and hot.—Chicago Times.

##### Stimulants on the Blood.

The effects of stimulants upon the circulation need careful consideration. There is no effect of alcohol more insidious than that produced by the nervous thrill that it imparts to the action of the heart, and which is propagated all along the various vessels of the circulation. Even the temporary benefit derived from it in cases of collapse is most forcible evidence that its frequent or continuous use is attended with most disturbing results.

The minute enlarged capillaries often seen upon the face and the general redness of countenance produced by alcohol, in many who are regarded as temperate in its use, are the forcible declaration that to the very tip-ends of the circulating system it is capable of suspending contractile action, of paralyzing vaso-motor nerves, of weakening the calibre of the vessels, and of producing permanent engorgement or congestion in them. If this is true of the minute vessels of the face, it is equally true of those of the lungs, the liver, the kidneys and other organs. When it is remembered that most of the vital organs are made up of millions of these little arterioles and veins, what takes place on the skin is the demonstration of far-reaching and abiding impairment of all vascular organs.

Induration of portions of the nervous centres, congestion of the respiratory organs, and shrivelling and thickening of the coats of the stomach are not unusual results of the frequent and habitual use of small quantities of alcohol. Still more serious is the effect upon the kidneys and its functions. The power of alcohol to act upon the vaso-motor nerves of the capillary system, and to produce engorgement in minute vessels, is plainly shown in the reddened face and changed complexion of many habitual users who are not called excessive drinkers. The varied forms of renal disease which now destroy so many in middle life, or reduce them to invalidity, generally resulting from irritating substances which find their way into the renal vessel. No irritant so frequently has this effect as alcohol. So marked and general is its effect in the way of inducing congestion of the capillary circulation of the system and of most of its organs, and their subsequent destructive changes, that it has been well termed by Dickinson the very "genius of degeneration." The stomach, the liver and the kidneys are generally the first organs to be embarrassed in their functions by it. It then goes on to alter their structure so as to embarrass or to suspend their service. One of the most constant and important revelations, both of pathology and of statistics, is that this occurs so uniformly in those who have been regarded as only moderate drinkers.

How the brain and nervous system become involved in the disturbance is too well known, and too frequently attested by what we hear and see in the daily walks of life, to need extended comment. Alcohol retards the normal chemical changes which are essential to the processes of growth and repair. We need to give to the constructive forces full play. These are not stimulated, but blunted, by alcohol. We cannot successfully operate this wonderful machinery of life by forces which disturb circulation, disorder the nervous system and embarrass vital organs both in structure and function.

When we come to examine into different forms of alcoholic mixtures we find them differing in their injurious effects, as they differ in the amount of alcohol they contain. We, of course, cannot expect so rapid results from cider and beers, with from four to ten per cent. of alcohol, as we have from wines of from nine to twenty-six per cent., and from brandy, whisky and gin, with their fifty to sixty per cent. of alcohol. It is for the alcohol in them that they are used, and it is its use which constitutes the peril to health and life. If needed, like ammonia in prolonged faintness, or like the goad or the whip for the horse out of the reach of food, let the physicians so decide. But because it is sometimes prescribed as a medicine it has no claim for any ordinary use.

The deleterious effects of all alcoholic liquids have so impressed most governments that restrictive measures have been adopted as to the sale of such liquors, and their sale entirely prohibited or discouraged, so far as minors are concerned. Many who will not practice total abstinence for themselves are in favor of bringing up men and women entirely without it for at least twenty-one years. The foods which are found adapted to the first twenty-one years of life are sufficient for the rest of life.

Against the use of liquids containing alcohol in any form must be urged, not only that they are not needed as foods, but that their use is likely to create an appetite for them, which is dangerous to health and to life. In all grades, from the so-called moderate use to intensest intoxication, alcohol is fraught with fearful risks to health and life, as well as to character and success.

However proud we may be of our own powers of resistance, the universal testimony of experience is, that whatever tends to weaken our self-restraint is to be avoided. Fluids containing alcohol have shown such a wondrous ability to break down this power of self-control, and for creating a desire and appetite for such drinks, that, more than all other influences combined, they have overcome the resistance of

the will, and proved the allurements and destruction of thousands.

Those who think they will stand, and those whom others have thought would stand, have fallen by multitudes. He who would do himself no harm must not run such a risk. The loss of self-control is a bodily as well as mental and moral infirmity often seen to pass from one generation to another. In any case, it involves in its consequences many more than ourselves.

Hygiene has no more imperative law, and no more persuasive words in behalf of health, than to say "Touch not, taste not, handle not." Character, education, health, happiness and the hope of success demands that life should be begun and carried through without indulgence at such a peril. It is a sad misnomer to call it drinking each other's health to drink alcohol. The fountain of health has not, and requires not, any such mixture.—New York Independent.

##### BOSS TWEED.

#### Some of the Practical Jokes He Played in New York.

It seems real funny, but still it is a fact that the dignified and ponderous Bill Tweed was tumultuously fond of practical jokes, says *The New York Tribune*. It was delightful relaxation to that very busy man when he could find time to go to the club-room of the stable gang over George Bunt's Hotel de Horse, on the corner of Bayard and Elizabeth streets, and concoct and carry out some game to be played upon a familiar. There he would meet congenial souls and would enter into the spirit of their "grand guys," their romps and horseplay, like a schoolboy at large. One day a noted judge entered with a long, thin package under his arm which upon unwrapping, proved to be half a dozen glass "putty-blowers." These were so suggestive of possibilities that Tweed laughed heartily over the more exhibition. They were passed around and the waiter boy was dispatched for ammunition of peas. The windows of the club-room, which were on the second floor, were arranged with blinds that served to mask the conspirators. Behind these each sharp-shooter took his place, weapon in hand. The first unfortunate that came in range was the dandy driver of a spirited horse before a red-wheeled, light pleasure-wagon. His girl lived opposite, and was looking out of her window with admiring eyes upon the dashing fellow who drove up in such capital form. The young man knew that the eyes of Delaware were upon him, "The horse's nostril," directed Tweed. And the horse rose upon his hind legs and shook his head, and darted forward in a manner altogether unaccountable to the alarmed dade. He tried to step down and out, but the capers of the horse prevented, and the dandy seemed as if he felt that he was cutting a ridiculous figure. He coaxed with honeyed words of endearment, but to no purpose until a little, consequential Irishman, with a high collar and a frock coat a size or two too large, stepped upon the scene. Then the driver had a respite, and, tying his horse to a post, ambled into the house. The Irishman was walking with a swaying, easy motion, his hands crossed behind. He looked as if he owned a block of houses, but he didn't. In a moment he had jumped three feet in the air and was out into the middle of the street, where he picked up two cobblestones, holding one in each hand, and stood looking in every direction for his unseen enemy. He wrinkled his nose and in many ways gave evidence of the unerring aim of one of the stable gang. Pretty soon he got another center, and then he shook his head, smiled, dropped the cobblestones, and walked off with both hands covering his nose. He was no hog. He knew when he had enough. A colored gentleman, both hands in his trousers-pocket, a negligee air, and a white necktie, had the goodness to take the Irishman's place. In a second he opened his ample mouth and exclaimed: "Umph, yah, here now, dar!" And then he winked and next corrugated his nose. He commenced to peel off his coat, but was admonished by a provoking sting on his ear that Horace Greeley, who was a wise man, was right when he said that "it hurts to kick against nothing." He smiled a flag of truce, and hastened away from the spot. And so it continued for an hour, the shooters screaming with delight over the curious antics of their victims, and Tweed, at last surfeited with fun, taking his departure, possibly to caucus for a nomination for governor of the great Empire state or to approve of a scheme whereby \$1,000,000 would be added to his gains.

##### Not Old Enough.

"Say, Little Sweetness," said old Col. Bloke to the pretty servant-girl as he put his arm around her waist and kissed her, "if I had only met you twenty years ago."

"Well, that wouldn't have been so good," she replied as she got closer to the door.

"Why wouldn't it, pet?" asked the old codger reaching for another kiss.

"Because I was only 6 months old then.—The Colonel.

A Nebraska exchange says that all enterprising citizens could make a fortune tanning the hides of the giant mosquitoes in the Fremont bottoms and polishing their bills for umbrellas handles.—Chicago News.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

##### VEAL CUTLETS.

Trim the cutlets and shape them, brush them over with egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs with which salt, pepper and minced savory herbs have been mixed, and press the crumbs down; fry a delicate brown in good, pure lard or butter; be careful not to dry them. Make a gravy as follows: Dredge a little flour, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, brown it, then pour as much boiling water as is required, season with pepper and salt and a little lemon juice; give one boil and pour it over the cutlets.

##### BROILED BEEFSTEAK.

An hour or two before dinner place steak on a plate and cover with a tablespoonful of melted butter and two tablespoonfuls of sharp vinegar. Let remain there an hour if possible, then turn and apply to the other side the same proportion of melted butter and vinegar. When ready to broil grease bars and rims of gridiron, have good fire of clear coal, place steak in gridiron over fire and turn quickly. Repeated turnings and good fire are the essentials for successfully broiling steak. When cooked place on a hot platter, season with salt, and pepper and butter, and serve immediately. New potatoes should be washed and cleaned with a vegetable brush, but not pared. Place in kettle, cover with boiling water, add one teaspoonful of salt and boil rapidly until cooked, then drain and serve at once.

##### SAUCE FOR PUDDING.

A half cup of sugar rolled till fine and beaten to a cream with half a cup of butter is very good; with vanilla it is better. A tablespoonful of cornstarch wet up evenly in a little cold water and stirred into a pint of boiling water and a half cup of molasses is nice. A different flavor can be given by adding the juice of a lemon or a tablespoonful of vinegar.

##### COTTAGE PUDDING.

Warm two-and-one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, beat well with one egg, one cup sweet milk, two cups of flour and two heaping teaspoonfuls of good baking powder; add a little salt. Pour into a hot, buttered pail or pudding pot, set in a kettle of boiling water cook an hour or till done.

##### WATERMELON RIND PRESERVES.

Select hard green rinds; white spongy rinds will not make good preserves. Do not cut too thin, pare off what little white there may be inside of the rinds. Peel off the green on the outside, of course; cut in any shape you like. It is best to try a small quantity in squares or strips until you can succeed, then take time for fanciful patterns in the melon-rind. After having trimmed the rinds, pour boiling alum water over them and let lie all night; next day pour on clean boiling water and let soak while the syrup is being made. Take six pounds of white sugar and three pints of water, boil till about as thick as molasses, drain the rinds and add to the syrup and boil until they are clear, flavor with orange-flower water, cool and put away in jars for use. If you mash the alum and throw it in with fresh rinds and then pour on boiling water it will be the same as boiling alum water. Not very much alum is required, only enough to keep them firm. You can flavor this preserve with lemon or ginger, if preferred. It is a simple but good recipe, and not a costly preserve. If after cooking any preserve clear, you put it in dishes in the hot sun, covering it with cheesecloth or tarleton, etc., then after it has been in the sun, place in jars and pour on the syrup. It will not be near so apt to mould.

##### LEMON HONEY.

Three ounces of good butter, half a pound of white sugar, three eggs, leaving out the whites of two, add the juice of one large fine lemon, or two small ones, the oil of the lemon rind must be rubbed off on lumps of sugar, add to the other ingredients, boil it till the sugar is dissolved, and it becomes the consistency of honey.

##### FIGS' BAKE.

Two cups of sugar, one cup butter; cream the butter and sugar to a froth; add four well-beaten eggs, a few spoonfuls of peach leaf water (tender, green peach leaves infused in boiling water and strained) and sufficient flour to make it of the consistency of pound cake batter; baking powder stirred in to the flour makes it light. The peach leaf water gives it the flavor of bitter almond.

##### STEW OF DUCKS.

Clean and disjoint the ducks, place them on the back of the stove, or on a slow fire, just cover them with water, no more, as the water goes down, replenish it just a little. When the ducks are near done, add a few celery tops cut small, flavor with salt and pepper, add a bit of fresh butter. Cut up a lemon, remove the pips, and serve in the duck gravy, or instead of lemon, serve with currant jelly.

##### The Owner Came to the Door.

New Spirit—Who are you?  
Trumpet-Toned Angel—I am Fortune.

"Fortune, eh? On earth I heard that Fortune knocked once at every man's door. I never saw you and I died as poor as a church mouse."

"I knocked once at your door but you were not at home."

"Where was I?"

"At the saloon around the corner."

"Well, why didn't you go there and knock?"

"I went there."

"I did not see you."

"No, but the saloon-keeper did."—Omaha World.

## THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Aug. 13, 1887.

All Kansas rejoices over the late rains.

The prohibition party of McPherson call a convention to nominate county officers.

Ottawa prohibits its newspapers from publishing lottery advertisements. It is hoped the idea will be catching.

Another Catholic priest in New York is following the footsteps of Dr. McGlynn. By courting excommunication one may acquire a little fame.

Mrs. Rachel Lloyd is assistant professor of chemistry at the Nebraska State University, at a salary of \$1500 a year.

Jeff Davis was not converted to prohibition. He just allowed the White Ribbon to be pinned to his coat and wore it home to Mrs. Davis for fun. The old man still is fond of a lark.

Prohibition did not carry in Texas, and no one really dared expect it would, but the vote made a wonderful showing for temperance in a state that was not long since supposed to be all on the side of whiskey.

One result of the late Chautauqua is seen in several cases of typhoid fever and other diseases contracted by camping in Garfield park. The banks of Soldier creek are not without malaria.

A Washington dispatch says Illinois has three candidates for the vice presidency, Black, Stevenson and Sparks. And of these three, we may say, the best and greatest is Black, the present commissioner of pensions.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Consolidated Cattle-Growers' Association of the United States will probably be called within the next few weeks to determine as to the time and place of the next National Convention, to be held as usual under its auspices.

The Herald, published at Kansas City and organ of the Third party prohibitionists, says: "If you don't believe that prohibition prohibits take a leisurely trip through Kansas and note the prosperity, cleanliness and universal contentment to be seen everywhere, and above all mark the state pride in the hearts of the people everywhere."

There is no good reason for grumbling and growling. We have had local drouths, but the country has good crops. Manufactories are busy and hopeful. Everything indicates good fall trade. There are a good many things that need to be made right in this country and in the world, and in time it will be done. Meanwhile it is the part of wisdom to look at the bright side of the moon when it is turned toward us.

The Jackson, Miss., Democrat asks: "What good has prohibition done in Kansas?" Why it has brought more wealth and more happiness into the state in five years, than Mississippi ever knew. It has banished every saloon and has broken up two or three wholesale liquor dealers in Missouri, according to their own confessions. Prohibition is doing a power of good for Kansas. Pass the information along the whole line.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and its extension, the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska railroad, have agreed to transport "shipments of live stock, agricultural products, geological specimens, and manufactured articles originating in Kansas and Nebraska" to fairs and expositions held in any of the Eastern States during 1887 at regular tariff rates and return the same free of charge. Race horses only are exempt from the benefits of this reduction.

The recent vote in Texas well illustrates the deep and growing interest that is felt in the question, not of temperance, simply, as some desire to put it, but of legal prohibition. No man of judgement expected prohibition to carry in that state. It is really surprising that the vote showed as largely as it did. It was indeed a magnificent triumph for prohibition. It shows that the people are alive to the issue, and that old line party leaders will not long be able to control the vote when this question becomes an issue. Nothing is clearer than the fact that from a national view it is not and cannot be made a question of party, as parties now are.

It has long been conceded that the more respectable elements of society north belong more generally to the republican party, while in the south the more reputable belong to the democratic party. Hence, aside from third party prohibitionists, the majority advocating prohibition in the north are republicans, while in the south they are democrats.

These facts want to be kept in mind in weighing the importance of the prohibition vote in Texas and the other southern states. The democratic majority of Texas is about 150,000. The majority against the amendment is variously estimated from 40,000 to 70,000. At the latter figures and giving every republican vote to the anti prohibitionists it would indicate that 40,000 democrats voted for the amendment after allowing enough anti-prohibition democrats to pair off with the entire republican party of the state. This democratic vote for prohibition would then actually be increased by every republican vote that actually was cast for the amendment.

The ignorant republican vote was manifestly cast against it. The colored vote was clearly cast for whiskey. It is this element that is the most easily controlled, and it is mostly in the hands of republicans.

The letter of Jeff Davis against the amendment, sent out a few days before the election, unquestionably had great weight with the old school democrats. With one who is looking only to the development of actual prohibition sentiment this fact has no particular weight, but to one who would connect prohibition with the republican party it simply shows, in the above estimate, that every democrat who voted for whiskey, had with him a republican as a companion.

This appears to be the rule in the southern states, and it cannot fail to make a very perplexing tangle for the politicians of both sides to unravel.

Meanwhile it is a matter of felicitation to recognize that in whatever form it comes up, and wherever it comes up, north or south, state prohibition, local option or high license, the need of absolute prohibition becomes more manifest, and the interest in the cause of temperance continually widens.

The premium list, with rules and regulations of the Kansas State Fair Association has been issued in neat and convenient form. It is very complete and the premiums offered are liberal. The fair is to be held in this city September 19-24.

A good many of the Labor Union delegates to the Convention appeared extremely anxious to become bloody martyrs. It was stated that they must be ready to die for their cause, and its greatest triumph would come after a few bloody heads had been raised up on pikes. This is the sheerest nonsense. The blood of martyrs is no longer needed as the seed of reform. A little more manhood is necessary, a little more good judgment, a little more truth, to enlist the sympathies of the people.

The declaration of the Galveston News that the prohibitionists of Texas are trying to destroy the Democratic party is a frank admission that Democracy is founded on whiskey. Few saloon advocates admit as much, though it is truth, eternal truth.—Topeka Capital.

And the Capital's declaration that the St. John prohibitionists of Kansas are trying to destroy the republican party is a frank admission that it, too, is founded on whiskey. Logic is logic the world over.

### Shameful Inconsistency.

At the state prohibition convention held in Emporia in July 1886, J. W. Forest, of Thayer, a lean agent and banker, was almost unanimously nominated for governor. Thereupon Cyrus Corning, of Osage county, got upon his ear, and violently demanded his removal. He was followed by a bitter and most untimely harangue by H. P. Vrooman, from the stage, he being chairman of the convention, and C. H. Branscombe, of Lawrence, was substituted.

At the Union Labor Anti-Monopoly Convention of Tuesday, these two men, as usual, forced themselves in where more modest men would hesitate to tread. Vrooman was chairman of committee on resolutions and Corning was loud in frequent speech.

J. W. Breidenthal, who does not pretend to be a prohibitionist, was nominated for chairman of the state central committee, and frankly stated that he was in the loan and banking business. Still, he was elected, and Vrooman and Corning, for some reason or other, didn't get into a tantrum about it. It does not appear that they even put in a mild protest. It may not be so bad for a money lender at three to ten per cent a month, to be at the head of anti-monopoly, anti-usury party, as it is for a banker to be a prohibition candidate for governor.

Can any man of judgment or conscience have any confidence in such miserable demagoguism?

### Political Mormonism.

Several of those attending the Labor Convention on Tuesday and taking active part, are doubly wedded. Let us see. There is Gen. Cameron, first chairman of the Prohibition Committee. There was H. P. Vrooman, late chairman of that party. There was Cyrus Corning, now member of the Prohibition State Committee. There was J. C. Hebbard, present secretary of the Prohibition Central Committee. All these took prominent part in the Union Labor Convention which met on Tuesday to organize a new party, or perhaps to re-organize the old anti-monopoly party.

J. C. Hebbard was secretary of this convention, Vrooman was chairman, and Cameron a member of committee on resolutions, and Corning was the loudest and perhaps the most frequent talker.

Vrooman reported for committee on resolutions, and no recognition whatever was given to prohibition.

The question is, to which of the two parties do these gentlemen feel themselves lawfully wedded?

A good many years ago, when Kansas was quite young, there lived here a prominent young man and his wife. He was a shrewd fellow and his name is connected with many heroic deeds of an early day. He foresaw the future of Kansas, dark as it then was, and he wanted to secure more than one quarter section of land, and he and his wife entered into a conspiracy against this great and good government of ours. His wife sued for and got a divorce. Then the two entered two adjoining quarter sections, and built two little cabins, one on each quarter but a few feet apart. In course of time they proved up, meanwhile doing each other such little neighborly turns as came in their way, and when their patents were issued they remarried. They are still living in Kansas, his name as well known almost as any in the state. We give this bit, as a sample bit of Kansas boodling, simply adding that the leading actor in the case was a republican then and is a democrat now.

A young man, said to be the publisher of a paper called the Chieftain, we believe, in this city, was terribly anxious for the Labor Convention to declare in favor of free press and free speech. We have never heard that the rights of this young man to write and print what he wishes, have ever been abridged or even threatened. As far as the right of speech is concerned, a lot of the reddest mouthed anarchists known in the country, meet almost every Sunday afternoon, and make just as foolish and flaming speeches as they please and no one molests them. The facts are these fellows seek persecution, and it don't come to them. That's all.

### True as Gospel

Gen. Stiles, one of the state's attorneys in the trial of the Chicago boodlers said in one of his speeches: "We haven't had a legislature since I can remember that a boodler or a corporation with a four-horse team loaded with greenbacks could not drive through it from one end to the other. Everybody knows it. Walker meant to say that the body that enacted this law against conspiracy to rob, to plunder, to defraud the public, fixed the punishment at the small term of three years in the penitentiary because a large number of those very legislators did not know how soon they would be indicted themselves with conspiracy to rob the people of the state of Illinois—I believe that is the solution of it. They have given a sort of quasi-respectability to crimes of this character; and so debauched has been the public mind all over the country since our last great war that people generally have been inclined to look upon this class of crime with a great deal more leniency than they look upon a poor miserable devil who steals an overcoat to raise the money for a meal. The official thief and the official plunderer have received a quasi-indorsement of the public. If they are sent to jail they are treated with distinction. The sheriff is expected to be careful of him and let him go out nights and visit his family and allow his old associates to visit him and plot his escape, and finally he ought to allow him to take a bath. When the whisky thieves ten or twelve years ago were sent to the county jail for the ridiculously short term of six months; when the respectable whisky thieves had conspired to rob the government they were treated with the greatest consideration. They were allowed to walk the streets after nightfall and visit their friends and pals and old whisky consorts, and the saloonkeepers and whelps and politicians of the town were allowed to visit them and hobnob with them. Isn't it about time that public sentiment was changed about that, that we insist that a man in public affairs be as honest as your clerk?"

What Gen. Stiles says of the Illinois legislature is true of nearly or quite every state legislature in this nation and of the general congress besides. The people believe this to be true and it is only necessary for some reform movement to be started that will command the confidence of the people, for it to become overwhelming.

We made the statement last week that boodling is a common practice. Our people are robbed outrageously by their public officers, and our legislative bodies continually play into the hands of public plunderers, whether corporations or otherwise, so that there is money in it.

The almost universal demand for reform is not crystallized into political action for the reason that no party exists, that really dares to attack it, and no attempt in this direction commands, or deserves the confidence of the people.

Let us take these various labor reform, or anti-monopoly movements. Some of them are headed by men like Henry George, who would so revolutionize our land system as to destroy individual ownership. It is possible that the time may come when some such thing may be done. But it is not now.

Other reformers as they call themselves, are simply anarchists, who give no more hope of real reform than the coming cyclone as it bears down upon a devoted neighborhood. Other movements are made by "busted up," cranky, played out politicians, who have run the gauntlet of the political parties and factions within their reach.

As party leaders none of these have the sympathy of our agriculturists, our tradesmen, our mechanics and our smaller manufacturers. These classes embrace the great part of our people.

The efforts in a limited way made by trade unions, and labor organizations, have done more to disturb the public confidence, a thousand fold than all the good they have ever done.

And this is the situation today. The prohibition party is now leading all the new party efforts, in the confidence that it commands, but it only touches the border of the great pressing reforms, aside from the one question of liquor prohibition.

The Cincinnati convention of last February, formulated a most admirable declaration of principle, its sins

of omission exceeding its sins of commission. But as a political movement it is falling flat because of the elements that rush to its support.

We had evidence of the fact in this city last Tuesday. We read it in other states. The work is seized by a lot of reckless disorganizers, rather than by skillful organizers. They foam and rant and bluster, and disgust the solid, progressive elements of society.

The convention of last Tuesday had a golden opportunity. It was lost, basely, incompetently, if not wickedly and criminally lost. Its efforts were weak and puny. As one delegate said, "Lots of time was wasted," or as Mr. Wakefield put it, "The convention is run as school boys would run it."

### Griffin's Failure.

The anti-saloon republican meeting at the grand opera house Tuesday evening was simply a failure. Not one half of the first floor was filled and those present were largely ladies. Of course this does not in any way militate against the cause of prohibition, not even in Kansas. The simple fact of failure is worthy of notice only as illustrating the degree of interest there is in a piece of political demagoguism.

The anti-saloon republican movement is not a prohibition movement. As such it signally failed at the very outset, and substituted a go-as-you-please and high license policy. It consequently lost the confidence of all sincere, practical prohibitionists.

Albert Griffin, of course, hangs to the tail of the thing which he fathered because it gives him sustenance and a degree of prominence without which he would be more miserable than any one can imagine who does not know the man.

The republican party ought to have been the champion of the temperance movement. It did not become so. It is not so, honestly, in this state. It is now too late for it to become so. The people regardless of all party ties are moving forward and taking it out of the hands of all parties.

We do not by any means object to this anti-saloon republican work. We only desire that it be taken for what it is worth, and no more. It is one phase of the agitation that is educating public sentiment. But it is merely a dodge of policy and not a movement of principle.

The meeting in question accomplished its purpose. It could have done so if the audience had consisted of less than twenty. It was designed only to issue a little ready-made matter for use in other states. It was only a bit of diplomacy.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean renders invaluable service to the cause of Equal Rights for women, by opening its widely circulated columns every week to the pros and cons of that question. In a late number a writer who signs the tender name of "Fringilla," undertaking to prove the superiority of men, asserts as evidence, that "men have a keener and more sense of smell than women," that the "tea-tasters are always men," that "men are better cooks than women," etc. To the "smell" argument Mrs. Mary S. Shnaggs replies that "no human being has so subtle a sense of smell as a dog. Ergo, according to "Fringilla," the dog is superior to the man." But suppose the assumptions of "Fringilla" are true, does that prove the right of men to govern women without their consent?

Judge Vrooman is not happy in "borning" resolutions. A more jangled set was, perhaps, never before reported to a deliberative body, than he attempted to read Tuesday evening. It was absolutely and utterly impossible to act upon them. No wonder there was not skill enough to dress the thing. It was practically allowed to die a bornin'.

Miss Elizabeth P. Van Lew, lately postmaster at Richmond, Va., has resigned the subordinate position to which she was causelessly reduced in violation of the professions of "civil service reform."

### The Mayflower.

The Congregational Sunday School & Publishing Society began with this year the publication of a four-page weekly for youngest readers in the primary department of our Sunday Schools, the name of "The Mayflower" being given it as appropriate to the "Pilgrim" Series of publications for Sunday schools, of which it was to form a part. The Society has recently learned that a newspaper bearing the same name had for some years been published at Yarmouthport, Mass., by Mr. George Otis. This has led to a friendly correspondence, and Mr. Otis, with evident sympathy in the work of the Society, cordially acquiesces in the use which is made of the title, "The Mayflower," in connection with the juvenile publication above referred to. Acknowledgments are due to Mr. Otis for his great courtesy in this matter, and it should be clearly understood that his right to the title, "The Mayflower," as applied to a newspaper, is in no way affected by this use which is made of it, with his knowledge and consent, by the Congregational S. S. & Pub. Society. Mr. Otis's "Mayflower," is an attractive weekly paper (secular) of eight pages, and is intended for the family. It has a large variety of reading matter adapted to old and young, is carefully edited, and its price, \$1 per year, places it within the reach of many readers who cannot afford the higher-priced papers. (Congregationalist, May 26th, 1887.

We understand correspondence is being had with Oliver Optic, James Otis, Horatio Alger, Jr., and other eminent writers for the young, in order to secure their interesting contributions for the Mayflower. The Mayflower will be sent on trial for two months for only ten cents. Try it.

Or for \$1.00 it will be sent with this paper, the two, one year.

The notable features of the August Wide Awake are the first of a series of sketches of Old Concord and a paper on Summer Sports, both illustrated.

The village where the first battle of the Revolution was fought has been written and pictured and guide-booked until the subject is hackneyed; but nothing is fresher than unexpected news of a sleepy old relic. Margaret Sidney, the writer, lives in "Wayside," the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, next door to the Alcotts, a mile from Concord bridge, towards Lexington. Summer Sports is by Elbridge S. Brooks (late of the St. Nicholas staff), who shines in vacation as well as in his more accustomed work. He gets into half-a-dozen pages practical clues to croquet, bowls, hare and hounds, canoeing, tennis, etc. Charles Egbert Craddock goes on a moon hunt, and trees a panther. Wide Awake \$2.40 a year—a sample copy sent for five cents. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

ST. NICHOLAS for AUGUST opens with a beautiful frontispiece, by Mary Halleck Foote. Another artist tells his own story with pen as well as pencil in this number—George Wharton Edwards, who writes and draws pictures for "The Figured-head of the James Starbuck," a capital sea story told ashore. Nora Perry contrives a "girl's story," that has equal application to boys. There is a pleasant sketch of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" by the Editor of the "Youth's Companion"; George J. Mason gives his views on "Journalism" to the boys who are getting "Ready for Business." "A Great Battle in a Forest" is the title of the great battle and Confederate victory of Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson received his death-wound. "Winning a Commission" and "Jenny's Boarding-house" are concluded, happily of course; and "Fiddle-John's Family," under guidance of Prof. H. Boyesen, embark for America. The "Brownies," go a-fishing and catch everything catching except the measles; and there are verses and pictures and lots of other nice things all to be found in the August ST. NICHOLAS.

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

Prohibition is always a success when fairly and honestly tried. A late number of the Atlanta Constitution tells how it works in Georgia, and sums up a column article on "Prohibition in Atlanta," as follows:—

Our experience has demonstrated to us beyond a doubt, that a city of sixty thousand inhabitants can get along, and advance at a solid and substantial rate, without the liquor traffic.

Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, president of Sorosis, is said to be one of the most successful Lee-keepers in the country, gathering 10,000 pounds of honey in a year.

### Farmer's Congress.

Secretary Wm. Sims, of the state board of agriculture, is corresponding with the passenger associations governing the western lines in reference to rates to this city, provided the next session of the Farmer's Congress of the United States is held here.

The Farmer's Congress this year will be held in Chicago some time in November. At this meeting each state is entitled to as many representatives as it has members in both branches of the National legislature, and additional delegates from the state board of agriculture and the agricultural college. This gives Kansas this year eleven delegates. The Kansas legislature last year appropriated money to defray the expenses of delegates to this Congress and it is generally understood that an effort will be made to secure the meeting of this association next year for Topeka.

On this account it is expected that a large number of Kansas visitors will attend the meeting in Chicago.

If the Kansas delegates can go to Chicago prepared to say that all lines of road leading to Topeka will give a low rate of transportation to and from this city to all delegates, there is not much doubt but that the bid of the jayhawker state will be successful.

New York Tribune: Inquiring of Mr. Bookwalter about the general western movement among agriculturists, he said: "The advantages of the west are so many and so obvious that old farms of the east have only one peg on which to hang their merits—that is, nearness to the great markets. It is more than overbalanced half a dozen times by the advantages of the west. The west has two markets. It has the east and the west. The people in the Mississippi valley and in the Rocky Mountains and on the Pacific coast have all got to be fed as well as the people at the seaboard. Then the western farmer has a virgin soil, he has the advantage of cheapness of land and little or no expense in clearing his tract, and of ease of cultivation. These are substantial points of advantage."

A Chicago dispatch of the 8th says: "This morning there is an area of perhaps 75,000 square miles in the west where the dust lies heavily on the earth. The district is bounded by Madison on the north, Bloomington on the south, Lake Michigan on the east and the Mississippi on the west. The grass in the meadows has grown yellow and white and streams are as dry as powder horns. It has been nearly ten weeks since a soaking rain fell in this district. The big bull thistle, the pest of nearly all the farms, has succumbed to the fate of all other vegetation. With not enough moisture in the ground to feed a thistle, the condition of corn and tender grass in the meadows may be imagined. In southern Wisconsin there are thousands of acres where corn will not yield a peck to the acre."

The detectives who worked up the case against the Chicago bootleggers have sent in a bill of \$34,000. The lawyers have probably cost \$15,000 to \$20,000 more, and the general court costs have been some thousands more. The people pay the bills, and possibly will learn after a while that a little independent voting is more profitable.

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 8000 linen blanks. Our price is \$12. Messrs. B. & B. paid \$5.00 for 1000 bill heads, sixes. Our regular price, including better stock, is \$8.00. 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 cut 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.

A speaker at the Labor Convention on Tuesday said it does not cost any more to transport a man across the continent than it does a hog, which is carried from ocean to ocean for two dollars. The probable truth of the statement we leave with the reader, simply remarking that the comparison is not a very happy one.

No woman's cause ever has a trial by a jury of her peers. She may not even have half the jury composed of such as herself, though this privilege is given to foreigners under English laws. The wrongs of the outraged wife or the bereaved mother can only be redeemed by a masculine tribunal.—T. W. Higginson.

The third party prohibitionists must be highly pleased to see so many of their would be leaders going off after a strange party, that dares not even go as far as the republican party in behalf of prohibition. It must be still more humiliating to know that these same men who forced a good man from his nomination as candidate for governor because he was a banker, can now accept a banker and curbstone broker as chairman of their new party love. Bah, on such reformers as Vrooman and Corning.

The anarchists of the Labor Convention don't seem to know what great liberties they have in this country, and so they asked for a committee of seven lawyers to prepare a statement setting forth what rights of speech they enjoy. It was decided not to make a "laughing stock" of the convention and it was voted down. The convention was not a laughing stock. On the contrary it was really saddening to see such a body of men seeking after really desirable ends, by the wild, gross, impractical means that seemed to predominate. One must almost necessarily favor nearly every reform they ask for, and some more, and yet any one of good judgment must see the futility of the crude means advocated.

John Swinton announces the demise of his paper, the ablest labor organ of the country, as follows:

For almost four years, at a heavy loss to myself for every week of each year, I have edited and published JOHN SWINTON'S PAPER. These losses continue up to this day. I cannot longer bear them. My means are no longer sufficient to bear any further strain. I have been wrecked by this paper, and by the labors associated therewith, in which, during the past four years, I have sunk tens of thousands of dollars—all of it out of my own pocket. The publication of JOHN SWINTON'S PAPER must now, therefore, be brought to an end.

### OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Fresh water sponges have been discovered in the lake at Chautauqua, N. Y.

—There is a pear tree in Windsor, N. S., which produces annually two crops of pears.

—A two-legged colt died at Brockville, Va., recently. The owner had refused fifteen hundred dollars for it two days before.

—Persons who wish to avoid drowning are advised by an Eastern physician to lock the hands behind the back, fully inflate the lungs and close the mouth.

—Jewelry manufacture in Providence, R. I., which has been practically dead for five years, is enjoying a boom, the greatest since 1881.—Providence Journal.

—Carp is used by Hartford, Conn., to keep the city reservoirs clean. The fish have completely cleaned one reservoir of vegetable growth, and are now work upon a second.

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

—Book-binder—Will you have it bound in Turkey or Morocco? Purchaser—O mercy, no! What's the use of sending it away off there? Have it bound in New York.—The Biv.

—Tommy (who has just received a severe scolding)—Am I really so bad, mamma? Mamma—Yes, Tommy, you are a very bad boy. Tommy (reflectively)—Well, anyway, mamma, I think you ought to be real glad I ain't twins.—N. Y. Independent.

—"Laura," said Mrs. Parvutu, on the hotel piazza, to her daughter, "Laura, go and ask the leaders of them orchestras to play that 'sympathy from Middlejohn' over again. It's such an awful favorite of mine, and your father's, too!"—Pittsburgh Post.

### UNCLE SAM'S BOOKS.

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

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

Among these who are carried as debtors on the treasury ledgers are: President John Adams, who owes \$12,896 on account of "household expenses"; Major-General Lafayette, who owes \$4,804, on account of an overpayment made to him, and Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, who owes \$61,844, on account of various expenditures made before 1794. 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 \$26,63 in his account as Minister to Great Britain in 1835; John Lathrop Motley owes \$2,496 as Minister to Great Britain in 1871; Beverdy Johnson owes \$5,368 as Minister to Great Britain in 1800; Bayard Taylor owes \$103 as Minister to Germany in 1879; Washington Irving owes 8 cents as Minister to Spain in 1847; Alexander Everett owes \$693 as Minister to Spain in 1831; Ninian Edwards, Minister to Mexico in 1836, owes \$224; James Geddes, Minister to Mexico in 1857, owes \$540; Andrew J. Curtin, Minister to Russia in 1872, owes \$944; E. W. Stoughton, Minister to Russia in 1878, owes \$12,160; John Russell Young, Minister to China in 1885, is debited with \$3,145 and is credited with \$307; Stephen A. Hurlbut, Minister to the United States of Colombia, is debited with \$18,326 in 1871 and \$7,000 in 1872; James A. Bayard, Envoy to Ghent, is debited with \$400; Adam Badeau is debited with \$10,572 as Consul-General to London in 1882 and with \$9,165 as Consul-General to Havana in 1884; William D. Howells is debited with \$74 as Consul to Venice in 1869 and credited with \$71 in his account for 1866; John S. Mosby is debited with \$2,118 as Consul to Hong Kong in 1866; Thomas J. Brady owes the Government \$3.75 as Consul to St. Thomas in 1874; Titian J. Coffey is debited with \$1,990 as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1870 and 1871; Beverly Tushnet is debited with \$21,364 as Consul at Liverpool in 1862, and Simon Wolf with \$258 as Consul General at Cairo in 1862.

On the other hand the statement shows that the Government owes John Quincy Adams \$1,600, as Minister to Russia in 1818; Alphonse Taft, \$1,940, as Minister to Russia in 1885; John M. Francis, as Minister to Austria in 1868, \$8,000; 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 1858, \$200.93; Bret Harte, as Consul at Glasgow in 1865, \$185.18, and Henry Bergh, as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1865, \$124.44. One of the largest debits in the list is Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, \$289,267.44, on account of bailment deposited with A. J. Quirot, treasurer of the mint in New Orleans, in 1866. Dr. George B. Loring's disputed account for \$20,808.89, as Commissioner of Agriculture, is, of course, charged up against him.—Washington Cor. Chicago Herald.

### A LAWLESS LIFE.

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 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—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.

### 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.—Ottoman 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.—Buckeye.

—Young colts are so fond of putting as kittens are, and a little scolding every day will do them good. By being handled kindly often they 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 profess, but that they can ever profusely and usually replace those made on the farm is a proposition too ridiculous to merit discussion.—Wyand'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' flanks 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 barn the animals in the stable and leave them, mud and all, until it was fully dry. There would be far less danger of scratches, mud-fevers and grease than by the plan of washing. If the legs are washed they should be then rubbed until quite dry—no easy task. If left only partially dry the most serious consequences are likely to ensue.

When a team is left with the hair imperfectly dried a chill is almost sure to ensue. It is not unlikely the animals, especially if exhausted, will be found next morning stiff and with limbs swollen, since the exhaustion of the system prevents healthy reaction at the extremities. The best plan is to wash the flanks 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.

—If an acre of land that cost a hundred dollars yields sure profit on all cost of labor and seed, as well as investment, to the amount of ten percent, that is counted as very good. But there are thousands of acres upon which the percentage of profit may be doubled by increasing labor of tillage, and the larger profits constitute unanswerable argument in favor of the larger expenditure.—Toronto Mail.

## The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

THE salmon yield in Alaska this year is considerably larger than usual.

THE New Hampshire house of representatives has passed a weekly payment bill.

LAWYER BELVA LOCKWOOD is going to lecture in New York state on the woman question.

REV. DR. BARTOL, of Boston, notwithstanding his age, is an enthusiastic and vigorous oarsman.

JUDGE HILTON keeps twenty-six horses at Saratoga, and yet he walks a great deal in fine weather.

DURING the past year the city of Fort Worth, Tex., has expended \$350,000 in street improvements.

SALMON are forsaking the Penobscot river at Bangor, Me., the catch this year being surprisingly small.

It is claimed that a greater area of Arizona desert will be reclaimed this year than in any previous year.

THOSE who desire to follow fashion's dictates must now feign a strong admiration for artistic carvings in ivory.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie attended the English naval review. She has been greatly benefitted by the massage system at Amsterdam.

TERENCE V. Powderly intends to devote himself to literary work when he ceases to be the leading factor in the Knight of Labor organization.

THE prince of Wales, though he has an income of \$1,000,000, was well-nigh bankrupted by his jubilee-expenses, and is a frequent borrower on the street.

M. E. BELL, ex-supervising architect of the United States treasury department, will probably locate in Philadelphia for the pursuit of his profession.

MISS LUCY COFFEY, author of the play, "Coals of Fire," produced by New York amateurs some time ago, is the acknowledged belle of Narragansett Pier.

JOSHUA R. JONES, the millionaire publisher of bibles, of Philadelphia, is preparing a heavy welcome for a living presidential bear from the prohibition camp in his honnet.

THE land on which stands the handsome mansion of Mrs. Joshua Lippincott, of Philadelphia, was purchased thirty years ago for \$110,000. It is now valued at \$500,000.

PAYSON TUCKER, of Portland, Me., has offered to give the granite for the pedestal of the Longfellow statue in that city. The stone will come from the quarry at North Conway.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES makes but few visits and accepts invitations only from close friends now. He passes the greater part of his time among his books, and is nearly always to be found at home.

BRAINARD G. SMITH, who has just been chosen professor of elocution at Cornell, was for some years a New York city reporter, and is now the exchange editor of *The New York Sun*. He was graduated from Hamilton college in 1872.

TALKING of the first woman to demand the first privileges of United States citizenship, Dr. Matthew H. Cryer, of Philadelphia, shows a certificate dated Feb. 14, 1857, stating that his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Cryer, had declared her intention to become a citizen upon that date, at Omaha, in the then territory of Nebraska. Mrs. Cryer was the first woman to pre-empt land in her own name, in the territory, and the holding is still in the family. Mrs. Cryer always believed that she was the first woman to demand naturalization.

SOME of Mr. Pullman's cognac, says a Long Branch letter, cost him over \$50 a quart, and is imported by himself directly from France. He has brandies and whiskies that are half a century old, and people who have enjoyed his cigars after an evening banquet say that they are simply delightful to contemplate. Mr. Pullman buys the most expensive obtainable, and they are made according to his directions. Then they are taken and wrapped in leaves of different flavors and kept at least a year before used. His particular cigar is wrapped in orange leaves.

## TOOK JOHNNIE TO THE BALL GAME.

But the Lad Gave Himself Away by His Ravishing Comments.

Johnnie's father was what is popularly termed a "crank," says *The Detroit Free Press*, on base ball. He had a season ticket and there was very few games at which he did not occupy his usual seat on the grand stand. He admitted that this was not a very good example to set to his son, but then he knew that Johnnie was a studious boy and he did not expect the example would hurt him much. In fact, at home, it was generally supposed that Johnnie's father was attending to business down-town, when in reality he was up at the ball grounds. Johnnie's father believed that the way to get along with boys was to be reasonably honest with them, and to tell them squarely what was expected of them and then put them on their honor in the matter of performing their duties. So before the base-ball season commenced Johnnie's father called the boy to him and said:

"Now, Johnnie, I admit I'm pretty fond of a good game of base ball. I don't go merely to see the game but as a needful matter of relaxation. I like to see the science of the game. Besides, I have a great many business cares that you know nothing of at your age, and it is necessary that I should have some means of forgetting them now and then. But I am anxious that you should pass into the high school this year, and so I don't want you to go to any of the ball games until you pass your examinations. You understand me?"

"O, yes," said Johnnie, "but don't you think it would relax my mind, too, from the hard studies if I saw a game now and then?"

"Well, frankly, Johnnie, I don't. Base ball would distract your mind, not relax it. Besides, when the school closes I'll take you up to a game with me, and I will explain all the points to you."

"Thank you, father," said Johnnie, demurely, as he went off to school. When the examinations were over Johnnie's father was as good as his word, and Johnnie took his place beside him on the grand stand.

"Now," said Johnnie's father, "I suppose you have seen games of base ball played at school?"

Johnnie admitted that such was the case.

"Well," I suppose you play by league rules; still, if there are any points you don't understand, just ask me and I'll explain them. There comes the other club. Those are not the Detroit's. You'll see them by and by. The Philadelphia's are going to practice a bit. They always do that before the game starts. That's to limber them up."

Johnnie listened with that respectful attention which a boy should always give to his father.

"There," began the latter, "those are the Detroit's. White uniform. That's the umpire in the gray suit. I suppose you don't have umpires in your games at school?"

"O, yes we do," said Johnnie; couldn't get along without an umpire, you know.

"That gong," continued Johnnie's father, means that the game is to begin. The Detroit's go to the bat. No, by George, the Detroit's are going to the field."

"Hello," cried Johnnie, "there's Deacon White back at third. I'm glad. I like that old deacon. He's great with the stick when the boys get in a close pinch."

If Johnnie had not been interested in the game he might have noticed an ominous gloom settle on his father's brow.

"Three strikes and four balls," continued Johnnie, getting very excited. "Next one tells the tale. Ah! a foul tip; a red-hot one, too. I guess if Ganzel had been catching he'd got that one."

"What makes you think so?" said Johnnie's father severely.

"Oh, you know Ganzel's great on the catch. Remember that game with the —" At this moment Johnnie seemed to recollect himself. He looked up uneasily at his father and stammered: "Well, the papers say he's a good catcher."

"You seem to have read the base-ball reports pretty carefully," said Johnnie's father, sternly.

"Oh, I do," stammered Johnnie. "Remarkable how they enable you to recognize Deacon White."

Johnnie had no explanation of that phenomenon handy at that moment, so he said nothing.

At the last innings Detroit was four ahead of the opponents. There was a Philadelphia man on third base. The pitcher threw a wild ball which the catcher could not get his hands on. The man on third base started for home.

"Go back," cried the coacher, and the man went back to third.

"That's an extraordinary bit of work," said Johnnie's father to the man next to him; "that fellow could have got home easily. Why did they stop him?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Johnnie's father's neighbor.

"Oh, that was good play," cried Johnnie, enthusiastically. "Don't you see the Philadelphia's need four to tie the game? One's no good to them. Now if that man went home the catcher would put off his mask and go back to the rear. They want to keep him close behind the bat, don't you see? It gives the batter a better chance."

"Thanks for the explanation," said Johnnie's father, coldly.

Johnnie began to feel the chills go up

and down his back and wished he had not showed quite so much knowledge of the game.

When they got home Johnnie's father said to him:

"If it is convenient for you I would like to see you out in the barn."

Johnnie looked at his father a moment and said:

"Do you intend to thrash me?"

"Don't you think you deserve it? You have disobeyed me and you have lied to me."

"I didn't lie, because I didn't say I wasn't going to the games."

"Oh, didn't you? I suppose now, if you were in my place and I in yours, you wouldn't say a word about the disobedience?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"Really? Might I ask you why you wouldn't?"

"Well, in the first place I would feel a little mean when I found out that the boy had passed into the high school and that his name was in the paper not far from the base-ball reports, and and yet I had never seen it."

"Yes, sir; took the pennant. Then, in the second place, I would be afraid the boy would think that I had thrashed him because he knew more about the game than I did, although I had a season ticket that I never lent him, and he had to get in the best way he could."

"Well, Johnnie, there's something in that."

"And in the third place, I would know that, as my boy was captain of the school nine and had had his hand split a dozen times, besides being knocked senseless with a foul ball once or twice, and had his legs nearly broken running bases, that any whipping that I could give him would only —"

"All right, Johnnie, we'll call it square. You can have my ticket for tomorrow's game if you want it."

## FUNNY TOADS.

Masquerading in Each Other's Cast-Off Skins.

"No one knows the funny things toads will do," said the Hon. James A. Sweeney, a Luzerne county naturalist and ex-member of the Pennsylvania legislature. "On a recent cloudy day, after a hard rain, there was a cool breeze blowing. I was walking in a friend's garden near Hazleton when I heard a peculiar sound. Looking in the direction from which it came, I saw two toads in an open space in the garden. One was quite large, and the other was at least a third smaller. They were both standing on their hind feet, facing each other. The large toad had its fore feet over on each side of the smaller toad's shoulders; the small toad had its left fore foot on the large one's right leg. As they stood in that way they uttered some strange guttural sounds, as if they were discussing some subject between themselves. Suddenly the small toad thrust its right foot or hand, you may call it, against the large one's stomach, and the next instant the latter threw the former to the ground and a lively wrestle between them began."

"During the struggle on the ground the skins of both toads burst open on the back, and I suppose I was about to see the interesting process of toads taking off their old coats, rolling them up in little balls, and swallowing them, as naturalists say they do. I did witness the process of shedding the skins, but something much more singular than the swallowing incident then occurred. The day was raw and windy, as I said, and after the toads had rubbed their skins in a comical way toward their heads until they had both pulled themselves clear of them each one began to seiver very perceptibly with the cold. Suddenly the small toad hopped quickly to where the skin of the big one lay and picking it up in its mouth hopped away several feet. The big toad followed the purloiner of his cast-off clothing, with his eyes, and gave two or three appealing croaks, but made no effort to recapture the stolen goods. When the small toad saw that he was not followed he deliberately set to work to don the skin he had taken. It took him some time to do it, but he finally accomplished his purpose and went masquerading around in the misfit garment exactly like a clown in a circus wearing the big baggy costume some of them appear in."

"The little fellow seemed to enjoy the novelty of the situation and hopped around the large toad in what must have been a most tantalizing manner. The big toad was shivering like a person chilled through, and by and by picked up the skin of the small one and began to force it on his body. The process was a difficult one, but after several minutes of unceasing effort he stood habilitated in the cast-off garment of his diminutive companion. If the effect of the big skin on the little toad had been comical, that of the little skin on the big toad was more so. The sleeves of the coat, so to speak, only came half way down the arm, and the legs of the trousers covered the toad's legs as though they had been knickerbockers. The body of the garment was so tight that the toad could not work either his legs or his arms, and he stood there the picture of comical despair. By and by he began to swell himself up, and that apparently stretched the skin, for he was able afterward to move away slowly. He followed the small toad into the bushes in a dignified manner and both disappeared. What the outcome of this curious exchange of clothing was I never knew, but the incident satisfied me that toads do funny things sometimes."

## Cooking Vegetables.

Vegetables ought always be kept in a cool, clean, dark place, in a cellar if possible. Sunshine or even a strong light renders them flabby and flavorless. Perishable fresh vegetables ought to be eaten the day they are picked. Nothing is known of their "true inwardness" by the city denizen who buys them from a corner grocer or huckster. Like every other kind of food, the toothsome-ness of vegetables depends on the perfection of cooking. Failure consists in their being under-done or over-done, under-seasoned or over-seasoned, and in being served half cold.

Soft water should be used in boiling or stewing whenever practicable. Cooked quickly in just enough water to cover them, their delicacy of flavor will be preserved.

As soon as vegetables are thoroughly done, not a moment before, they should be taken from the fire and served in hot dishes. By the time they are on the plates they will be cool enough.

Fresh vegetables are best cooked in boiling water and salted when half done. Dried vegetables ought to be soaked, sometimes twelve hours or more, as is the case with beans and peas. Roots or tubers need paring or scraping, and soaking a couple of hours before they are put on to cook, especially in the latter part of the Winter when they have become wilted.

In regard to the length of time required for cooking, no rule can be given. It varies with different states of the atmosphere, as well as with the condition of the vegetables. Roughly stated, half an hour is long enough to cook the tender. Summer vegetables, to which add fifteen minutes for the cooking of most roots.

Many vegetables, like cabbage and squash, are better steamed than boiled; they furnish their own juices and are richer without contact with water. When boiled, the less water used the better; if kept tightly covered and cooked quickly, no additional water will be needed. It must always be boiling if more is necessary, but even then the vegetable soaks up a portion of the water before boiling begins anew.

Porcelain-lined or granitized ware is better than tin for everything. Most vegetables contain a small amount of acid or potash, and some contain a large amount.

No attempt has been made to give the exact quantity of salt needed in each dish. Some persons require double the amount that others use. Pepper is disagreeable to a portion of vegetable eaters and agreeable to others. I have long noticed that those given to a large use of pepper, salt, spices and condiments are almost universally restless, excitable and irascible. They are subject to violent and inflammatory diseases, and when past middle age, become great sufferers. Condiments are acrid, irritating and inflammatory in tendency, and whatever disturbs the physical being inevitably tends to, disturb that mental and superior portion which is so intimately connected with and dependent upon the coarser part which clothes it with a living garment.

That it is more difficult to make vegetables palatable without meat than with it cannot be denied. We inherit the taste for animal food, and in cold weather most people feel they must have it. When it is not practicable to secure fresh meat, or it is not desired, it is surprising how many changes may be rung upon half a dozen vegetables. Cooking them in various ways is like having so many new dishes. Potatoes, for instance, afford a remarkable variety. Served with different vegetables from day to day, it is a stand-by from one year's end to another—*Hester M. Poole, in Good Housekeeping.*

Art on the Pacific Coast.

"Ahem," said Judge Lawler, as he looked up from his roll this morning and fastened his gaze on a seedy-looking individual; "you are charged with having indecent pictures in your possession. What have you to say?"

"I am an artist, your honor," said the criminal, firmly, as he brushed an atom of dandruff off the lapel of his shiny coat. I am an artist, sir, and there is no indecency in those pictures, for me, nor for anyone with an artist's soul."

"No indecency!" echoed his honor, as he reached for a picture out of a pile deposited at his side; "no indecency! Why, what do you call this?"

His honor held up a canvas representing something of the female sex.

"Don't you call that indecent?" continued his honor. "Why, it is coarse, bawdy, and inartistic even. Why do you paint such horrible things without any clothes on them?"

"Can't afford clothes, your honor," replied the artist, without a change of manner. "I painted Venuses in tight's last season, and got stuck on 'em. Then I did Venuses with ballet skirts, sitting down, so the skirts didn't show much, and got stuck on them. Then I tried long trains and open-work busts and they were left on my hands, and so I made up my mind that I'd stick to the nude, for that's the only fashion in women that don't change."

"You will appear for sentence Wednesday," said the court, as he pushed the pile of canvas under his desk for reference.—*San Francisco Post.*

Some one says the age of a political party may be told by its rings.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

## BALLADE OF ASPHODEL.

Now who will thread the winding way  
Afar from fervid summer heat,  
Beyond the sunshafts of the day,  
In the green twilight, dimly sweet,  
Of poplar shades the shadows dwell,  
Who found erewhile a fair retreat  
Along the mead of asphodel.

There death and birth are one, they say,  
Those lowlands bear no yellow wheat;  
No sound doth rise of mortal fray,  
Of lowing herds, of flocks that bleat;  
Nor wind nor rain doth blow nor beat,  
Nor shrieketh sword, nor tolleth bell,  
But lovers each the other greet  
Along the mead of asphodel.

I would that there my soul might stray,  
I would my phantom, fleet and fair,  
Might cleave the burden of the clay,  
Might leave the murmur of the street,  
Nor with half-heard prayer, entreat  
The half-believed-in God's; too well  
I know the name I shall repeat  
Along the mead of asphodel.

## ENVOY.

Queen Prosperine, at whose white feet  
In life my love I may not tell,  
Will give me welcome when we meet  
Along the mead of asphodel!

—*Longman's Magazine.*

## On Keeping a Diary.

Many people regard the keeping of a diary as a meritorious occupation. The young are urged to take up this cross; it is supposed to benefit girls especially. Whether women should do it is to some minds not an open question, although there is on record the case of the Frenchman who tried to shoot himself when he heard that his wife was keeping a diary. This intention of suicide may have arisen from the fear that his wife was keeping a record of his own peccadilloes rather than of her own thoughts and emotions. Or it may have been from the fear that she was putting down those little conjugal remarks which the husband always dislikes to have thrown up to him, and which a woman can usually quote accurately, it may be for years, it may be for ever, without the help of a diary. So we can appreciate without approving the terror of the Frenchman at living on and on in the same house with a growing diary. For it is not simply that this little book of judgment is there in black and white, but that the maker of it is increasing her power of minute observation and analytic expression. In discussing the question whether a woman should keep a diary it is understood that it is not a mere memorandum of events and engagements, such as both men and women of business and affairs necessarily keep, but the daily record which sets down feelings, emotions, and impressions, and criticises people and records opinions. But this is a question that applies to men as well as to women.

It has been assumed that the diary serves two good purposes: it is a disciplinary exercise for the keeper of it and perhaps a moral guide; and it has great historical value. As to the first, it may be helpful to order, method, discipline, and it may be an indulgence of spleen, whims, and unwholesome criticism and conceit. The habit of saying "right out what you think of everybody is not a good one, and the record of such opinions and impressions, while it is not so mischievous to the public as talking may be, is harmful to the recorder. And when we come to the historical value of the diary, we confess to a growing suspicion of it. It is such a deadly weapon when it comes to light after the passage of years. It has an authority which the spoken words of its keeper never had. It is *ex parte*, and it cannot be cross-examined. The supposition is that being contemporaneous with the events of it, must be true, and that it is an honest record. Now, as a matter of fact, we doubt if people are any more honest as to themselves or others in a diary than out of it; and rumors, reported facts, and impressions set down daily in the heat and haste of the prejudicial hour are about as likely to be wrong as right. Two diaries of the same event rarely agree. And in turning over an old diary we never know what to allow for the personal equation. The diary is greatly relied on by the writers of history, but the Drawer doubts if there is any such liar in the world, even when the keeper of it is honest. It is certain to be partisan, and more liable to be misinformed than a newspaper, which exercises some care in view of immediate publicity. The writer happens to know of two diaries which record, on the testimony of eye-witnesses, the circumstances of the last hours of Garfield, and they differ utterly in essential particulars. One of these may turn up fifty years from now, and be accepted as true. An infinite amount of gossip goes into diaries about men and women that would not stand the test of a moment's contemporary publication. But by-and-by it may all be used to smirch or brighten unjustly some one's character. Suppose a man in the army of the Potomac had recorded daily all his opinions of men and of events. Reading it over now, with more light and a juster knowledge of character and of measures, is it not probable that he would find it a tissue of misconceptions. Few things are actually what they seem to-day; they are colored both by misapprehensions and by moods. If a man writes a letter or makes report of an occurrence for immediate publication, subject to universal criticism, there is some restraint on him. In his private letter, or diary especially, he is apt to set down what comes into his head at the moment, often without much effort at verification. *Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.*

## TO LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS.

### A Man Who Dies at Eighty Dies Twenty Years Too Young.

Louis Cornaro, Given Up by the Doctors at Forty, Lived To Be One Hundred—How to Die a Natural Death.

Addison remarks in *The Spectator* that, if the lives of philosophers be compared with those of kings and great men (meaning great warriors, rulers, and so forth), it would almost seem as if the life of a sage were proportioned differently from the life of other men. "For," he says, "we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer 100 than 60 years of age at the time of their respective deaths." He attributes the difference to the temperance and even abstemiousness which most of the ancient sages practiced, which philosophers of modern times have recognized as involving the true secret of longevity.

But if it really is the case that by a wise regimen and by a diet so moderate as to appear ascetic men may attain to fourscore years instead of the fourscore which the ancient Hebrew describes as the extreme limit of life, then we shall have to admit that the lives of all men who attain but to fourscore years are in reality cut short by careless living—at least where there is no especial constitutional defect to abridge the natural life. If this should on inquiry appear to be the case, a difficulty which has long puzzled physiologists would be removed. Limiting our attention to mammals, we find that in all species except man the duration of life, apart from accident, exceeds about fivefold the time in which maturity is attained. This is the average relation between the total length of life and the interval between birth and maturity. The law is tolerably uniform. The dog, for example, which attains its full growth and strength in about five years, seldom lives beyond twenty, while the elephant, which requires full twenty years to attain his full growth, lives for a century.

Of ourselves, however, who require the same time, or perhaps on the average a year or two longer, to attain our full development, it has been said, as with authority, "The days of our years are threescore and ten, and though men be so strong that they live fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow, so soon passeth it away and we are gone." The psalmist (this particular Psalm is attributed to Moses) would probably have modified his opinion had there been men in his day like our English Gladstone, the moulder of a state's decrees (to say nothing of his stalwart woodsmanship) long after the threescore years and ten have passed; or Palmerston, prime minister in his eightieth year; or Brougham, full of strength when long past even the fourscore years. In Europe such men as Molke, and Bismarck show that the psalmist's rule does not now hold good, whatever may have been the case in his time. But in our days, as in days of old, the philosopher lives longer than the ruler, the statesman, and the warrior. The same age which has seen a Wellington die at 82 and a Palmerston at 79 has still living the physician Chaterul at over a hundred, and has but lately lost the philanthropist Montefiore, who also had passed the century.

The common idea is, however, that longevity depends entirely on inherited constitution. Probably there is much truth in this idea; but it is not improbable, and the point seems worth careful study, that longevity is affected indirectly rather than in directly by inheritance. It may well be that the descendant of long-lived folk is apt to be long-lived, not solely or chiefly because he inherits constitutional peculiarities tending to length of life, but because he inherits qualities leading to temperance and abstinence, by which life is prolonged, or even simply because temperance and abstinence have been encouraged during his youth by example and by precept.

Considering the question of longevity from this point of view, the case of Louis Cornaro, which has always been thought most instructive, becomes full also of encouragement. In the first place it must be remembered that Cornaro (who was born at Venice about the year 1467) was a man of weak constitution. Moreover, from the age of 18 to that of 35 he pursued courses that would have seriously taxed the strongest constitution. Life at 35 was a burden to him because of the disorders brought on by riotous living and indulgence in every kind of excesses. The next five years were passed in almost unremitting suffering. He was told by his physician, when 40 years old, that nothing would prolong his life for more than two or three years, but that such life as remained to him might be less painful than the years he had recently lived if he would adopt more temperate habits. If ever there was a case where inherited constitution and an intemperate life threatened an early death, this was one. But as events befell, it turned out that, if ever there was a case where the life preserving influence of wise regimen and abstemious habits was demonstrated, Cornaro's must be cited, as especially significant.

At the age of 40 Cornaro began gradually to reduce the quantity of food, both liquid and solid, which he took each day, till at length he only took what nature absolutely required. He tells us at first he found this severe regimen very disagreeable, and con-

fesses that "he relapsed from time to time to the flesh-pots of Egypt." But by resuming his efforts after each failure he succeeded in less than a year in adopting permanently a spare and moderate system. By this time he was already restored to perfect health. But thus far he had only followed the counsels of the physician somewhat more steadily than they expected, or than is usual in such cases, and therefore with unexpected good results. It was after he had recovered his health that he went on to those experiments by which he seemed to show how life may be extended far beyond the psalmist's allowance.

From temperance he proceeded to abstemiousness. Undeterred by the doubts of his physicians as to the wisdom of such a course, he diminished his daily allowance of food until the yolk of an egg sufficed him for a meal! Throughout the time when he was thus reducing his allowance of food his health and spirits kept improving. Nay, he tells us that even his enjoyment in eating had increased; for he says he could now get more pleasure from a small meal of dry bread than he had ever obtained in the days of his excesses from the most exquisite dainties of the table. As regards regimen, Cornaro simply "avoided extremes of heat and cold, overfatigue, late hours, sexual excesses, and all violent passions of the mind;" he took moderate exercise in the open air, and his chief pleasures were those obtained from literary and artistic study, from the contemplation of fine scenery, noble buildings, beautiful combinations of colors, and sweet music.

When Cornaro was within two years of four-score, his diet was regulated, in quality and quantity, as follows: In four meals he took each day twelve ounces in all of solid food, consisting of bread (stale of course for he was not weak-minded), light meat, yolk of egg, and soup; of liquid food other than pure water he took fourteen ounces of light wine. Thus his solid food, equally divided among four meals, amounted to only three ounces per meal, while he took per meal about three and one-half ounces, or as nearly as possible one-third of a tumblerful of claret, or some other wine of the kind.

It must be noted, however, that this extreme abstemiousness, as well as the special nature of the food, solid and liquid, consumed by Cornaro, must not be regarded as absolutely essential parts of his experience so far as longevity is concerned. We may reasonably attribute his exceeding sensitiveness in regard to food to peculiarities of constitution. He tells us that his medical friends, deeming his allowance too small, urged him to add two ounces daily to his solid, and as many to his liquid, food, a change which he adopted for a while but had presently to discontinue, because his vivacity was destroyed and he was becoming peevish and melancholy. But this, while it shows that Cornaro was exceptionally sensitive, and had probably a very weak constitution, only strengthens the evidence which his case supplies as to the advantage of temperance and even abstemiousness. If one so weak could live the life of a very strong and hearty man merely by reducing his food to what many would call "starvation point," what resources there must be in an abstemious life for those of strong constitution who shorten their lives by what most men call simply full and generous living.

At the age of 83 Cornaro wrote his treatise on "The Advantage of a Temperate Life," adding later three or four discourses on the same subject. His fourth and last discourse, which appeared in a letter addressed to Barbaro, patriarch of Aquileia, was written at the age of 95. In this he says, "he finds himself still in possession of health and vigor, and in perfect command of all his faculties." According to some accounts Cornaro lived to the age of 104. But comparing Cornaro's remarks in his discourses with the best information we have up to the time of his death, which appears to have occurred in 1566, it would seem that he was either in his ninety-ninth or one hundredth year when he died.

How much Cornaro's abstemious and ascetic ways must have had to do with his remarkable vitality may be inferred from the fact that having, when 70 years old met with a terrible accident, by which his head and body were terribly battered, and a leg and an arm dislocated, he recovered, though the physicians had pronounced the injuries fatal, almost without medical treatment, and without any feverish symptoms.

In passing I may mention the case of Thomas Wood, known as "the abstemious miller," who, though he did not attain to remarkable old age, yet illustrated the advantage of such a system as Cornaro's for persons whose vitality had been reduced by gross living. Wood had grown excessively corpulent and was suffering from a number of ailments, including violent rheumatism and frequent attacks of gout, when he read Cornaro's treatise, "A Sure Way of Prolonging Life." Gradually adopting the system there recommended he soon found "his health established, his spirits lively, his sleep no longer disturbed by frightful dreams, and his strength of muscles so far improved that he could carry a weight of a quarter of a ton at the age of 60, whereas at 30 he had not been able even to move so much." He lost about 150 pounds of his weight; but the exact amount is not known, as he was superstitiously unwilling to be weighed. Unfortunately he was not content to follow Cornaro's experience, but tried absurd extremes of abstinence, absolutely going without liquid food the

gether during the last sixteen years of his life.

His case, then, only shows what a burden is taken from the system when the quantity of food is reduced even far below what is commonly regarded as a moderate amount.

I have before me the records of no less than fifty-two centenarians, the details in regard to whom have been collected by a committee of the British Medical association. Of the fifty-two no fewer than thirty-six (more than two-thirds) are women. This may probably be attributed in large part to the comparative immunity that women enjoy from many risks to which men are exposed, but probably it is due not less to their greater temperance and to their freedom from the anxieties and heart-burnings which attend men's struggles for influence, and even for maintenance. Medical men contend, however, that women also possess greater inherent vitality than men, the mortality of girls being less than that of boys, even during the first year of life, when the female is neither less temperate nor less ambitious than the male, and is exposed to many dangers.

Of the sixteen men only one was single; ten of the thirty-six women were single; fifteen men and twenty-six women, then, among the centenarians, were married; but, naturally enough, of these forty-one a large number, all in fact, but five, were widowed. Three of the fifty-two were rich, nineteen poor, the rest in comfortable circumstances; nine were fat (only one man), twenty-three lean, eighteen medium, only eight were full-blooded; the rest average or pale. Forty had good digestion, which, after a hundred years, means a good deal. Most of the fifty-two have had good appetites, only two having appetites classed as actually bad; most of them have been through life moderate eaters; twelve, however, have eaten large quantities of food. Only one is returned as a large eater of flesh food, and only one is a great consumer of alcoholic liquors (in his case the liquor preferred has been beer). Only eight of all the number are classed as simply "irritable," but to these must be added five classed as "irritable and energetic."

As to smoking, thirty-two are non-smokers, seventeen smoke much (four of them being women), three moderately, and two a little; only one chews; thirty-seven avoid snuff. Most of the remaining returns, relating only to the actual condition of the fifty-two, centenarians, at present, are of no special interest, showing only that the same weaknesses prevail, in almost the same degree, among them, as we might expect to find among as many men and women of the average sort between 70 and 80 years old. If only our fifty-two centenarians could have been examined twenty years ago in these respects the world might have obtained some useful hints. It is worthy of notice, however, that most of them were free from rheumatic and gouty troubles. The only man whose joints are stiff or deformed from such causes stated, in reply to questions as to his capacity and taste for strong drink said, "I always drink as much as I could, and I always will"—not a case, it will be observed, of "Willful will to water so Willful must wet," but of Willful would not to water, and so wet his whistle to his own discomfort.

When we take a number of cases such as these, in all classes of life, under many varied circumstances, and not characterized by any special course directed toward the attainment of mere longevity (which might possibly be gained without any real advantage, all that makes life worth living being sacrificed for life's mere sake), most men not affected by specific disease, constitutional or inherited, may hope to attain an age considerably exceeding three-score years and ten, or even four-score years. It would appear, in fact, as though five-score years were the natural or normal limit of human life; and that when men die many years before that age is attained the fault, apart from malignant disease or accident, has lain with themselves. Underlying the old proverb, "Every man is a fool or a physician at 40," there is the important truth that it is in every man's power, if he is wise, to recognize early in life (like Cornaro) the requirements of his own constitution, and the means by which all such stores of vitality as it may possess may be utilized. An able physician said to me a short time ago: "In all my experience I have never known but one man who really died a natural death;" and he went on to explain that a man can only be said to die a natural death when he dies all at once, when the organs on which circulation, respiration and nutrition depend all fall at about the same time; whereas one man dies because circulation fails, another because the respiratory organs give out, and yet another because stomach, liver, kidneys, or bowels become unequal to their work. In fine, the secret of longevity lies in the attainment of a natural life to be brought to an end by a natural death; and nearly every man, did he but give his vital powers fair chances, would find that, like

The wonderful one-hoss shay, He was built in such a logical way [As to run] a hundred years to a day, And then of a sudden [to pass away]. —Richard A. Proctor, in *The Cosmopolitan*.

This Will Make Butchers Growl. "I see," said Smith, looking over the market reports, "that imported Bologna sausage remains firm."

"Humph!" ejaculated Jones. "Of course it is firm. Did you ever know a bull dog to let go?" —*Newman Index*.

## A FOXY OLD BARON.

### A Fashionable New York Boarding-House Taken In and Done For.

Mrs. Werle, a German, who conducts a fashionable boarding-house at No. 125 East Seventeenth street, says *The New York Star*, declares with suggestive emphasis that no high bred, high toned nobleman need apply for entertainment at her establishment. The time has passed when princes, counts, barons and chevaliers have charms for her as lodgers. Hereafter blue-blooded people will not be permitted to cross the threshold of Mrs. Werle's mansion until they pay at least a year in advance, and give special bonds that under no pretext will they ever ask her for a loan. The good lady says she has grown weary of recherche novelties in the way of lodgers, and will try in future to get along with patrons who have only ordinary, everyday red blood in their veins.

"I wouldn't allow the brother of Kaiser William to sleep on one of my cot beds," Mrs. Werle said to a reporter for *The Star* yesterday, "unless he gave me a check on his treasury, beforehand, and that would have to be certified."

"You must have had some experience with the creme de la creme of society," remarked the scribe, feelingly. "About \$800 worth within the past six months," the landlady answered to unburden herself of a tale of woe which was at the bottom of her antipathy to titled guests.

"In January last," she said, "Baron von Dobay, of Vienna, Austria, presented himself to me with letters of recommendation from well-known people in high station. He wanted board for himself, wife and five very proper-looking children, and hinted that the item of expense would be no consideration. The result of the interview was that the baronial party was quartered in the best apartments in my house, and I did all in my power to make them as comfortable as their high station demanded."

"The baron was a gentleman of very distinguished appearance and sported a magnificent wardrobe. He had sixteen suits of clothes and his wife was arrayed like a princess when she came to dinner. Their grandeur and wealth, no less than their elegant ways, commanded for them the distinguished consideration to which their rank and breeding entitled them."

At this point of the narrative the good lady heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness and fanned herself vigorously with a palm-leaf. She resumed: "When I questioned the baron as to his financial affairs he said he was the owner of extensive estates in Austria, but had recently lost a large slice of his fortune in a disastrous railroad speculation. In strict confidence he confided to me that he had discovered an infallible formula for the cure of headache and similar diseases, and was negotiating for the erection of a \$40,000 factory to put the stuff on the market. Myself and some of the boarders were invited to take stock but declined. Then I noticed that some of the noble family's duds were spirited away to the pawnshop."

"When I quietly insinuated to my aristocratic lodger that a check to cover his long-due board-bill would be acceptable, he bowed politely and informed me that he was daily awaiting a remittance from the agents of his estates in Austria. Would I accommodate him with a trifling temporary loan to carry him through a business venture? Of course I couldn't refuse, a baron so small a favor, and \$200 went from my pocketbook to his."

"For this and a further sum loaned him, as the returns from Austria seemed to be slow coming in, I asked for something in the way of security. The next day the baron brought me two oil paintings which he directed to be shipped C. O. D. for the amount of my bill to M. Theodemos Dendrinio, Greek, minister plenipotentiary to the imperial court at Vienna."

"And you sent them?" the reporter inquired. "Oh, yes, I sent them," the lady answered bitterly, "but Theodemos wasn't at home, I guess. Anyhow, here they are back again, with \$80 for me to pay in charges. The baron, baroness, and all the little baronets have cleared out by a Rotterdam steamer, and hundreds of tradespeople here are left lamenting. First and last my experience with royalty cost me about \$800."

Baron Alexander Dobay is an intimate friend of the Prince Rohan, who was recently kicked out of the Belvidere house for non-payment of his bill.

## The Penny Walk.

"Look at that couple. See, they are taking a penny walk."

"A penny what?"

"A penny walk. Don't you know what that is?"

"No."

"Why you see a young couple, or perhaps a party, set out for a walk."

"Yes."

"Well, when they reach a corner the leader tosses up a cent. Heads, they go to the right; tails to the left. Next corner they do the same thing. Sometimes when they get ready to stop they don't know where they are. Lots of fun. There they go to the left. Tails that time." —*Buffalo Courier*.

A novel under the curious name of "The Wasp" is just published. It must have a bad ending. —*Id.*

## PITH AND POINT.

Green apples and the small boy are getting well acquainted.—*Mahanoy City Tribune*.

The latest baby, like a champion marksman, is always up in arms.—*Duluth Paragapher*.

The glacial period is when a man of science wants his nose constantly above an iced drink.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Babies are now born with silver forks in their mouths. It is vulgar to eat anything but soup with a spoon.—*Puck*.

The sea-serpent discoverers this year seem to be discouraged. It is hard to beat the lies told last year.—*Detroit Tribune*.

Herr Krupp, it is believed, has assisted more emigrants to a better sphere than any other man in the world's history.—*Life*.

All that is necessary in order to see the eclipse next month is a piece of smoked glass and a ticket to Japan.—*Philadelphia Call*.

A leading tailor makes all his trousers without pockets. His customers have no use for them after paying for the clothes.—*Puck*.

Men who know all about running newspapers are lucky, as they don't seem to know how to run anything else successfully.—*Puck*.

In these days of "progressive" all sorts of things it would be quite in keeping to call the tramp a progressive parasite.—*Lowell Citizen*.

The tens of thousands of Americans abroad are making Europe much better off financially than it was four months ago.—*Baltimore American*.

It is to be hoped that Gen. Greeley's experience at the head of the signal service may not make him a kind of weather vane.—*Boston Budget*.

Gov. Vance said that all he knew about finances was that it took two better names than his to get money out of a bank.—*Greensborough (N. C.) Workman*.

Some people profess to believe that education is of no use, yet a forger in New York was detected because he wrote the word "oblidge." —*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

There is an agonizing cry for rain up in Nova Scotia. We suspected that this locality was receiving moisture that belonged to somebody else.—*New York World*.

It is said with reference to the mosquitoes which infest the summer boarder in a territory adjacent to New York that the letters N. J. stand for "No joke." —*Life*.

The man who can pass the warning notice, "paint," without testing the matter with his finger to see if it is dry, has sufficient will power to give up drinking.—*Puck*.

Queen Victoria carried a green sunshade at the Spithead naval review. She ought to have kept her emerald decoration for her next visit to Ireland.—*New York World*.

A suburban citizen who has perspired in the rear of a lawn machine gives it as his opinion that somewhere about Christmas is the proper time to mow.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

"And so your father has gone to a missionary station?" "Yes, we are quite alone now." "Don't you miss the directing hand of your household?" "Oh, mother didn't go." —*Tid-Bits*.

Take the enemies that any well-conducted newspaper makes and stand them up in a row, and the rest of the community will say that the editor ought to be proud that they are his enemies.—*Emporia News*.

Send a few Chicago divorce court lawyers out to Utah, and if they don't succeed in busting up the polygamy business in a twelvemonth the country may just quietly settle down to the conviction that the peculiar institution has come to stay.—*Illinois State Register*.

If any visitor to our island desires to purchase a site for a summer home, let him choose one on the highlands. The landing is encumbered with denominational signs, but the land is purely secular. Any sinner can purchase if he has the cash.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald*.

Guiteau's celebrated curse appears to have been a kind of back-action affair. Nothing out of the ordinary has befallen his enemies, while his relatives have been in various sorts of trouble ever since, and his lawyer, Charles H. Reed, who has gone from bad to worse, has been caught robbing the till at a Jersey City hotel.—*Chicago Times*.

The Value of Succulence in Grass or Hay.

Green grass produces more butter, more milk, more flesh and more fat than the later cut. I took five cows and fed them some time on grass cut as it began to head up. I weighed the milk and I weighed the products of butter and cheese—for I was making both at the time—for a week or ten days. Then I stopped and for a week or so fed hay that was cut when the seed was filling. I fed for a week in this way without taking notes of quantity of milk produced, further than to observe that it was dropping down. Then I commenced measuring and weighing the product and found it had fallen off a good deal. Then I tried, by degrees, feeding meal, a little at first and watching the result. I found it took five pounds of meal per day to make the late cut grass equal to the early cut in producing milk, butter and cheese. Now I cut my hay early and avoid the use of late fodder whenever I can.—*Prof. Arnold in Board's Dairyman*.

# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Aug. 13, 1887.

Mrs. J. K. Hudson is in Manitou, Col. Holliday has returned from the east.

Dr. J. N. Lee went to Manhattan on Wednesday.

L. H. Pounds, the real estate man, has gone east.

Mills and Wiggins, both dry goods men, are in the east.

McIntosh, of the Democrat, has gone north to court the cool breezes.

Marshall's band will go to Chicago, and we all hope it may win the prize.

Mr. D. T. Palmer, the new north side man on the Journal, gave us a call this week.

Maj. Sims, of the state agricultural department, is confined to his room with rheumatism.

"We reckon" that W. P. Tomlinson made a mistake in going in with the anarchists.

The Santa Fe Railway company has reduced passenger rates in New Mexico from 6 cents per mile to 4 cents.

J. W. Bigdon is now testing the efficiency of a new steam heater, to be used in his elegant home on Quincy street.

J. T. Elliott has purchased an elegant new delivery wagon to be used in his constantly increasing business.

Mrs. Wm. Wolfe is now in Minneapolis, Minn., where she will visit her parents and old time friends for several weeks.

Mr. Small, of Illinois, father of the Small brothers, of this city, well known stock raisers and bankers, is visiting his sons.

The contract for putting steam heating apparatus in the buildings of Bethany college has been let. The amount of work of this kind to be done for Bethany is about \$12,000.

Prof. J. M. Bloss, the new city superintendent of schools, accompanied by his family arrived in Topeka Wednesday, from Muncie, Indiana. His wife's sickness has delayed his coming.

The many friends of Capt. J. C. Pond will be sorry to hear that news from him this week states that he is falling rapidly, and his physician says he has but a short time to live. The other members of the family are in good health.

D. W. Deen, who is now in Boston, has been appointed general manager of the Topeka street railway company. Mr. Deen is a practical railroad builder of large experience. Jesse Shaw will be retained as the efficient superintendent.

During the month of July the number of registered letters delivered at the Topeka post office were 1,083; letters, 274,045. The total number of letters collected, 112,145; total postage on local matter delivered, \$797.54. The number of carriers employed were twelve, who made three deliveries and four collection trips daily.

The Free Methodist State Camp Meeting and Conference will be held in Garfield park, in North Topeka, Kansas, beginning Wednesday evening, August 25, and will continue over two Sabbaths. The same accommodations will be furnished on the ground as was furnished to the public during the Chautauqua assembly.

The Odd Fellows' new building on Quincy street is making an imposing appearance as it nears completion. The Topeka business college will occupy the entire second floor, and the workmen are pushing it to completion with all speed so as to have it ready for occupancy by September 1. The hall will be arranged especially for the school.

Some energetic and benevolent citizens of Topeka have originated the scheme of showing how prosperous as well as how liberal the Shawnee Kansans are by sending a train load of corn from Shawnee county to Chicago to be distributed among those suffering from the drought and consequent hard times. By this means they hope to get up a Wichita boom.

Free rides were given on the Rapid Transit line Wednesday afternoon to all who desired, provided room could be found on the coach. One coach was kept moving up and down fourth street the entire afternoon, and several hundred citizens can testify to the smoothness and ease with which it was operated. The comparative noiseless running of these motors and coaches, the absence of smoke, the ease and readiness of stopping, commend them to the public.

Mayor D. C. Metker returned Wednesday on the noon train from Chicago, where he left Mr. and Mrs. Stearn and their child. The mayor reports a very pleasant trip, and would not have returned for several days had he not been called home by a telegram to attend to some matters relating to the improvement bonds that have been issued by the city. Mr. Metker reports some very hot, dry country between Topeka and Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Stearn will remain in the lake region for some weeks in the interest of their child's health.

Mr. C. L. Nichols, division superintendent of the Santa Fe, was brought before the police tribunal and fined five dollars for non-payment of poll tax. The warrant was served on Mr. Nichols at his home on Taylor street and when he appeared in police court he said he guessed he'd have to plead guilty, as the only reason he could give why he had not paid it was neglect. This Police Judge Reed said was not a valid defense, and Mr. Nichols laid down eight dollars in the best of temper. Why don't they get up a meeting and protest against this outrage upon a poor man?

Superintendent John McDonald has been nearly all over Shawnee county recently and he says that Shawnee will undoubtedly produce a half crop of corn this year which is much better news than many have reported. He says however, that the crop shows a "phenomenal unevenness." For instance farmer Faust, who lives on the Wakarusa, will have 75 bushels to the acre, while fields near by will yield scarcely anything. This is accounted for by the peculiar rainfall that has taken place in all parts of Kansas this summer. Rain will fall heavily on very small areas, while a quarter of a mile from that point no rain at all will fall. The oat crop will be fair.

## 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 labor performed in the torrid summer 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 secured 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.*

## GENERAL INTEREST.

Fresh water sponges have been discovered in the lake at Chautauqua, N. Y.

There is a pear tree in Windsor, N. S., which produces annually two crops of pears.

A two-legged colt died at Brockville, Va., recently. The owner had refused fifteen hundred dollars for it two days before.

Persons who wish to avoid drowning are advised by an Eastern physician to lock the hands behind the back, fully inflate the lungs and close the mouth.

Jewelry manufacture in Providence, R. I., which has been practically dead for five years, is enjoying a boom, the greatest since 1881.—*Providence Journal.*

Carp is used by Hartford, Conn., to keep the city reservoirs clean. The fish have completely cleaned one reservoir of vegetable growth, and are now at work upon a second.

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

Book-binder—Will you have it bound in Turkey or Morocco? Purchaser—O mercy! What's the use of sending it away off there? Have it bound in New York.—*Tid-Bits.*

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 126. His great-grandfather lived to the age of 153.

## 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 surprisingly 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 wools will be combined with velvet.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A cage of lions belonging to a circus at Kingston, Can., fell into a hole and capsized, 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.

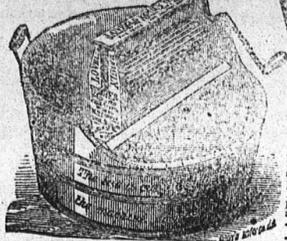
Two young men of Augusta, Me., who were driving out lately thought it a good joke to scare an old soldier who was standing out in his yard. They fired a pistol at him twice, when the veteran dodged into the house, got a revolver and succeeded in wounding one of the young scamps in the hand.—*Boston Journal.*

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.*

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

## The BEST



## WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL WASHER" to do more work in less time than any other washer. It is made of brass, and it is guaranteed to last without rubbing, we will give you a new one if it does not.

**AGENTS WANTED!**

In every country. We can show PROOF that Agents are making from \$25 to \$150 per month. Farmers make \$25 to \$50 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only \$15. S. M. KEYSTONE W. RINGEIN, at manufacturers' lowest address on a postal card for further particulars. Send your name to:

**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 5 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 complete Pump, express paid, to any express station in the U. S. for \$5.50. Made of brass, will throw water from 60 to 60 feet, and retails for only \$5.00. Indispensable for spraying fruit trees. The "Potato Bug Attachment" is a wonderful invention. They sell rapidly. AGENTS WANTED AS REPRESENTED OR MONEY REFUNDED. Address F. C. LEWIS, Catskill, New York.

## ROUGH ON RATS



Gone where the Woodbine Twineth. Rats are smart, but "ROUGH ON RATS" beats them. Clears out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Water Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, Ants, Mosquitoes, Bed-bugs, Insects, Potato Bugs, Sparrows, Skunks, Weasels, Gophers, Chipmunks, Moles, Muskrats, Jack Rabbits, Squirrels, Etc. & Etc.

## HEN LICE.

"ROUGH ON RATS" is a complete preventive and destroyer of Hen Lice. Mix a few drops of "ROUGH ON RATS" to a pint of whitewash, keep it well stirred up while applying. White-wash the whole interior of the henery; inside and outside of the nests, or after hens have set a week, sprinkle the "ROUGH ON RATS" dry powder directly over the eggs and nest bed. The cure is radical and complete.

## POTATO BUGS

For Potato Bugs, Insects on Vines, Shrubs, Trees, 1 pound or half the contents of a \$1.00 box of "ROUGH ON RATS" (Agricultural Size) to be thoroughly mixed with one to two barrels of plaster, or what is better air-slacked lime. Much depends upon thorough mixing, so as to completely distribute the poison. Sprinkle it on plants, trees or shrubs when damp or wet, and is quite effective when mixed with lime, dusted on without moisture. While in its concentrated state it is the most active and strongest of all Bug Poisons; when mixed as above is comparatively harmless to animals or persons, in any quantity they would take. If preferred to use in liquid form, a tablespoonful of the full strength "ROUGH ON RATS" in a quart of water and Powder, well shaken, in a jug of water and applied with a sprinkling pot spray syringe or whisk broom, will be found very effective. Keep it well stirred up while using. Sold by all Druggists and Storekeepers. 15c. 25c. & \$1. E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

## FORMING OPINIONS.

The Power of Induction and Deduction and How to Use It.

To look on both sides, and choose the better side; to dissect the rhetoric of a demagogue, to strip off his coat of many colors, and to show him for what he is; to decide between rival plans, and to determine one's aim, for one's own purposes, by one's own abilities—all this is the duty of a man. Without this, he forfeits a man's privilege. He is a chip on the current, whirled down in this flood, whirled up in that eddy, or left stagnant in some standing pool. How often, alas! one meets a man who never knew the luxury of an opinion. He has taken his morning impression from one newspaper, his evening impression from another. Meanwhile, he has been the tool and the fool of every person who chose to use him, or to tell him what to think and what to say. To keep clear of that vacancy of life, a true man cares diligently, lovingly, for the weapons which have been given him, weapons of defense, yes—and sometimes weapons of attack, if need may be. He learns how to reason, how to search for truth, how to question nature, how to interpret her answers. He learns how to arrange in right order such eternal truths and such visible facts as relate to the matter he has in hand. He clears and enlarges his power of reasoning.

The power of induction and deduction man has because he is a child of God. It is the faculty which distinguishes him from the brutes. A body of wolves in the Pyrenees may gather around the fire which a peasant has left, and will enjoy the warmth of the embers. A group of chattering monkeys on the rock of Gibraltar might gather so round the watch-fire which an English sentinel had left burning. They can enjoy the heat; but they can not renew the fire. They can not work out the deduction which is necessary before one kicks back upon the glaring embers the black brand which has rolled away. Were it to save their lives, they must freeze before one of them can deduce, from what he sees, the law or the truth as to what he must do. Here is it that man differs from the brute. He can learn. He can follow a deduction. He can argue. He can rise, step by step, to higher life.

This he does when he takes the control of thought. He rises to a higher plane, and lives in a larger life. This is certain, that no one learns to think without thinking. I believe we may say more. I believe he must make a business of thinking. He must take hold of the control of his thought, intentionally, resolutely and energetically. If he does this, I believe he will think more clearly, and with better results, next year than he does today.—*E. E. Holt, in Chautauqua.*

## TWO PAPERS

TO ADVERTISE AND most will receive of value of newspapers, and a carefully displayed notice will enable you to advertise more effectively. CONSULT LORD AND THOMAS, NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, CHICAGO, ILL.

## GRIND YOUR OWN

GRIND YOUR OWN COFFEE. \$5.00 PER HILL. WILSON BROS., CHICAGO, ILL.

## SALESMEN WANTED.

We are in want of a few more good men to carry for the sale of choice varieties of Nursery Stock. To men who can make a success of the business we can pay good salaries and commissions and give permanent employment. We have many new and choice varieties, both in fruit and ornamental trees which others do not handle. Address at once, with references, to: W. M. & C. O. MAY, 207 W. 3rd St., St. Paul, Minn.

## THE BUILDERS' PORTFOLIO.

Illustrations of buildings and structures, including a large industrial building and a smaller structure.

We make and sell all kinds of machinery, including pumps, engines, and other mechanical devices.

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 wood-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 the 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 riflemen 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. Surprised not unmixed 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.*