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SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.

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If anybody imagines that the Rock Island is a sleepy railroad company they are slightly mistaken.

Michael Heery is building a two story brick and stone carpenter shop on Kansas avenue between First and Second avenues.

The Topeka water supply company is putting up a $4,000 addition to their engine house between Topeka avenue and Harrison street.

The finest set of depot and transfer buildings on the Southern Kansas line is to be built at Lawrence Junction, on the extreme northern verge of Ottawa.

General Manager Potter is quoted in an interview to have said that there will be very little more railroad building this year because of the scarcity of money.

President Adams says the interstate law does not in any way affect the Union Pacific seriously, but he thought it injured the Califoria business slightly.

J. N. Henry is filling up his vacant lot on Quincy street, and putting it in shape preparatory to the erection thereon of a substantial building in the near future.

The covered walk between the two wings of the state house was partially torn away to-day to make room for the stone masons, who will begin work in a few days.

J. Beam, bookkeeper for J. Thomas, the lumber and planing mill man, has resigned his position and departed for the east. He will make Chicago his future home.

We have the statement direct from two of Topeka's oldest and best posted physicians that Topeka has never been in such a healthy condition. If we can keep up at this rate we need have no fears.

The Baptist church property on the corner of Jackson street and Ninth avenue is now for sale. We understand that they were offered $40,000 for the four lots by a New York party.

H. B. Sparks, Esq. has returned from a pleasant visit to relatives and friends in Richmond, Indiana. He was accompanied on his return by J. W. Cunningham, a relative of his and a prominent business man of Richmond.

A farmer near Silver Lake was in Topeka a few days ago with his team. When about ready to start home the horses became frightened at a big dog, and no one having hold of the lines they ran all the way home without causing any disaster.

Three unsuccessful attempts were made by the bad, bold burglars to enter the dwelling of Mr. Lugton on Tyler street during that gentleman's absence in the country, greatly frightening Mrs. Lugton and alarming the neighbors in that immediate vicinity.

Fort Pillow Post, G. A. R., colored, held a big celebration in Garfield park Friday afternoon in honor of the emancipation. The post numbers about seventy members. About noon a special train arrived bringing visitors from Lawrence, Wyandotte and Leavenworth.

The delegation of old soldiers from Southern California, to the St. Louis encampment will be well entertained in Topeka. An informal reception will be held at representatves hall and addresses made by the governor and others. They will then be driven to the fair grounds, where they will have an opportunity to see the many attractions of the state fair.

Great preparations are being made in the fair ground for the coming fair.

The West Side Circle railway has made connection with the Rapid Transit on Eleventh street.

J. F. Burris has resigned his place on the police force and taken that of conductor on the rapid transit railroad.

Early Sunday morning a slow steady rain set in, which lasted until noon, wetting the ground thoroughly.

Kansas has but one artesian well and this one was recently discovered at Cooldige in the extreme western part of the state.

Mrs. E. C. Metcalf has moved her millinery stock to 803 Kansas Ave. where her patrons may find an excellent variety of millinery and hair goods.

The Rock Island commences running a train between this place and Kansas City, the first of September, over the Union Pacific tracks.

The mill for sawing stone, on Topeka avenue, is turning out some fine work. The cut stone work on the Keith building comes from this establishment.

Capt. A. D. Thacher has purchased the beautiful residence on the corner of Sixth and West street, and will reside there after the first of September.

There is a scheme on foot agitated by one of Topeka's prominent architects, to run a pipe line from Paola to Topeka for the purpose of supplying this city with natural gas.

Machinery will soon be placed in the State house yard for the purpose of sawing stone for the walls upon the ground. Work will probably begin upon the walls the latter part of this week.

E. M. Miles, a prominent and wealthy cattle man who for many years was employed in the yards of Wolf & McIntosh, was arrested in Silver Lake, on a charge of seduction under promise of marriage. The young lady in the case is Miss Mary McRoberts, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the daughter of Col. McRoberts, a well to do farmer politician. Miles is a married man and his wife, from whom he has been seperated for some time, lives at Tecumseh with her daughter, who was recently married. They are very estimable people and are highly respected. The affair has caused quite a sensation owing to the prominence of the parties concerned.

A day or two ago, as the west-bound U. P. train was standing at the station, the clear notes of a bugle call rang out. Every old veteran started at the familiar sound. Again rose clear above the noise and tumult, first the "assembly," "lights out," and finally "sick call" or "quinine." By this time every one in the vicinity of the depot was excited and curious to know from whence the remarktble imitation of the "bugle call" came. Finally a German tourist, on his way to Los Angeles, was discovered to be the perpetrator of the joke, and was cheered to the echo. As the train pulled out, above the din of the bell, was heard the "reveille. Colonel Stanton and numbers of others declared it the most remarkable imitation they had ever heard.

The colored military band of North Topeka made its first appearance last Friday. The band has been orgnized about a month and has been constantly drilling in order to make an appearance at the reunion of colored soldiers of Kansas, at Garfield park that day.

The band consists of Geo. Hix, instructor; Wm. Brown, leader, and H. C. Talbert, Wesley Brown, D. W. Langston Al Walton, A. Abott, A. J. Steele, W. B. Wear, H. W. Dillard, Ben Haletier, F. M Stonestreet, George Wear, E. Hogan, C. Hall and J. A. Givens.

Death of Dr. Stormont

At 8:30 o'clock Thursday night Dr. D. W. Stormont died at his home, 519 Harrison Street. A few days before he was seized with a severe attack of neuralgia of the stomach. From this he recovered only to be seized by another. He rallied and was about until Wednesday when he prostrated a third time. He suffered a great deal but hopes of his recovery were entertained until within about half an hour of his demise. The doctor remained conscious until death.

Dr. Stormont was born at Princeton, Indiana, in 1820, and began the practice of medicine at Grand View, Illinois, in 1842. He removed to Kansas in 1862 and ever since that time he has been prominently identified with the interests of the city. His loss will be deeply felt by the community.

The funeral of the late Dr. D. W. Stormont, held Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock at his late residence on Harrison street, was attended by a very large number of the friends of the deceased. The members of the medical profession attended in a body. The services were conducted by Rev. F. S. McCabe, assisted by Right Rev. Bishop Vail. A choir consisting of Miss Zella Neill, Mrs. J. A. Vargis, Mr. Frank Drummond and Mr. W. M. Van Ness, sang in a most touching manner, "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Sweet Bye and Bye." There were many beautiful floral decorations including a very fine "broken column" of flowers presented by the physicians of the city. The casket was one of the finest ever brought to Topeka. It was made by the Stein conpany, of Rochester, N. Y., of red cedar, copper lined, and finished in satin. It was beautifully draped with gold plated trimmings, and a textile bar. On the top was a gold plate with the inscription thereon: "D. W. Stormont. Died August 18, 1887. Aged 67."

Colonel J. H. Broadus is now organizing a company with a capital stock of $125,000 for the purpose of stocking a farm with blooded horses, the first big move of the kind made in this section.

Colonel Broadus owns a ranch on the Kaw river thirty-eight miles west of Topeka, and two miles this side of Wamego. The ranch consists of 1'500 acres of fine land, such only as can be found in the fertile valley of the Kansas. It lies in a bend of the river, and is unsurpassed in fertility. The place is provided with all the improvements necessary far a first-class ranch, and offers the best natural inducements for a prosperous stock farm. Colonel Broadus proposes to dispose of his fine ranch to the company for the sum of $72,000, although it is estimated to be worth from $100,000 to $150,000, and to take $25,000 worth of stock in the new company. As soon as it is organized it is proposed to ship a number of fine-blooded mares from Kentucky, and invest $5,000, or $8,000 in a fine horse, and thus convert the ranch into as fine a horse breeding farm as anywhere exists in the west. After a close conservative calculation in which 20 per cent. is allowed for various losses, a very handsome profit is assured within a very few years. The company will be a Topeka enterprise, and a large number of prominent Topeka people have already subscribed for stock.

The Topeka starch works are substantial stone buildings, one and a half miles east of the city, erected in 1886, and comprise main building three stories in height, 37x227 feet; nineteen drying rooms, a mill room, and a boiler and engine room.

The present capacity of these works is about 800 bushels of corn per day. Arrangements are making for their enlargement to 1,200 bushels per day.

The Episcopal society have decided to have a very fine chime of bells on their new church. This is a grand step in advance of any of the other churches of our city.

Messrs. McClintock & Co., have purchased See's book store and moved the stock to the north side.

The Shawnee county republican committee will not meet until Saturday Sept. 10.

At the meeting of Lincoln post Saturday night twenty dollars was donated and sent to the Millbrook sufferers.

A woman from Dover last Saturday drove a fine team from that place to Topeka and drove so fast, that soon after she arrived here, one of the horses took sick and died in a few hours.

The Santa Fe railroad company is preparing to erect a large hospital at Ottawa. The contract for the building has already been let, and will cost in the neighborhood of $25,000.

George Parker, a tough young darkey from North Topeka, was pulled for disturbing the peace of the people holding meetings in Garfield park Saturday evening, and while on his way to the cooler nearly knocked the head off of one of the officers.

Report comes from Omaha that the Union Pacific is preparing for a large increase of traffic. It is rumored that the company has secured a lease of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul road, which has much to do with the preparations for extra service.

Mrs. S. C. Sunderland, Mrs. W. Armstrong and Mrs. M. C. Clark, have inaugurated a plan to train poor and orphan children, and to teach them house-keeping, sewing and other necessary instruction. They have rented the old Twelfth street hotel on Kansas avenue and will transform it into a home-like school.

At the Monday evening meeting of the city council, J. Q. A. Peyton was relieved from further duty as city assessor in the first ward, and Jonas Lukens was appointed in his place. Mr. Peyton has commenced a suit to find out whether he is a resident of the city. The council did not care to run any risks in the matter so took his name off the list of assessors.

A visitor to Christ's hospital cannot fail to notice the great improvement which has taken place in the last few days. It is to be hoped that by September 1, when everything is in running order, that the new arrangements will leave no cause for complaint or dissatisfaction. The ladies will be glad to have all interested visit and inspect the hospital on visiting days, which same will be published in short time.

The fall session of Bethany college will begin Wednesday, September 7. Extraordinary attractions will be offered in the departments of music, art and elocution. Several new teachers have been selected with great care. In the literary department some changes have been made. The primary department has been dropped, and hereafter no boys of any age will be admitted. New acquisitions in the persons of two experienced educators have been secured. No young ladies' school in the west can offer greater inducements.

Constable A. Brown about 8 o'clock Monday morning arrested N. D. Stark, charged with embezzlement, on complaint filed in Justice Reed's court by John Sorenson, of Leavenworth, who claims that he sent Stark $549 worth of furniture last fall to dispose of as his agent, Stark being in business at the time. The goods remained unsold for some time and Sorenson had them insured in his name. On a visit to the city Mr. Sorenson found that $250 worth of the furniture had been sold, but that no money had been remitted to him. Stark afterwards paid him $200 of the amount. About a week after this Stark sold out his property and closed up business. Sorenson says that he also sold the furniture, and up to the present time refuses to turn the money over. Stark says that he has never sold the furniture, and can produce it at any time, but as it has not been produced, the arrest was made. Justice Reed has continued the case to September 1, and placed the defendant under a bond of $500.

The news of the death of Capt. J. C. Pond will surprise many. He left here about the first of July for Salem, Mass., his old home, not at all well, but not supposed to be dangerously ill. He died at Salem on the 11th instant. The many friends of the family in this county extend sympathy to Mrs. Pond and little Bernie. Two little ones lie buried here.

We have on hand, ready for immediate delivery, a quantity of "Dr. Foote's Hand-Books and Ready Recipes."

It is a book, paper cover, of 128 pages, containing information of the utmost importance to everybody concerning their daily habits of eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing, bathing, working, etc.

It also contains many useful suggestions on the management of various diseases; recipes for relief of common ailments—including some of the private formulae of Dr. Foote and other physicians of high repute, and directions for preparation of delicacies for invalids as pursued in the best hospitals of this country and Europe.

It is most assuredly one of the most valuable books for the price ever offered to the public.

We give one copy of this book to every new subscriber when requested.

John Drake, a teamster residing on Hancock street, made a desperate attempt to take his own life Monday afternoon. His wife, who was in the kitchen, heard a pistol shot in the parlor and ran into the room where she was met by her husband, who had a Colt's 38 calibre revolver in his hand. Before he could fire a second shot she grabbed the murderous weapon from his hand and started out the front door closely followed by her husband. She gave the revolver to a friend living next door, and returned to find out the extent of the injuries of her husband. The wounded man was found lying on the floor with a large pool of blood close by. The wound was found to be nothing serious. The man said he wanted to die and would repeat the attempt. His wife said that he would get over his rage in a short time and protested against taking him to the police station, so he was left in her care. Mr. and Mrs. Drake have been separated for over two years, but a week or so ago he prevailed upon her to return. He is of a very jealous disposition, and as near as can be learned it was the cause of his rash act. They have two children and are very poor.

At about the hour of fifteen minutes to 4 o'clock Wednesday morning occurred a fire that caused the death of Col. G. C. Graves, three horses belonging to the city, and the partial destruction of the barn belonging to the city, located in the rear of the police station on Fifth and Jackson streets. When the fire department arrived the flames had done their awful work and the four magnificent horses were dead. The flames had spread and were leaping from the hay loft in the second story of the building. It was not long however before the fire was gotten under control and the flames extinguished. Fire Marshal Wilmarth and one of his assistants went into the building to make an examination. The first sight that met their eyes was the charred remains of a human being, with the clothes burned off of him, lying in the northwest corner of the building, only a few feet from the ladder which leads to the loft above. The remains were carried into the police station to await identification, but they were found to be so horribly burned as to make their absolute identification an utter impossibility. By clothes, letters and other personal articles the body was at last known to be that of Colonel G. C. Graves. The fire created immense excitement on the streets yesterday and was everywhere the subject of conversation. Many different theories, all of them plausible, were given as to the cause of the terrible affair. One theory is that the labor agitators who have been holding regular meetings in the city park, and condemning the police authorities, took this means of crippling the police force. Most of the city authorities including the city attorney, are of this opinion. The theory is not generally believed, however, and there is no evidence whatever on which to found it. Still another theory is that a desperate gang of burglars intended making a general round-up last evening, and in order to detract the attention of the police, set the barn on fire. The fact that the residence of Mr. J. Lee Knight, on Topeka avenue, was entered by armed men and he compelled to shell out all the cash in his possession, and considering the fact that the fire occurred soon after, would seem to give this theory something of an appearance of probability.

THE AMBITIOUS MAIDEN.

"The man I marry," said the maid,
"Must be a man of mien austere,
To whom respect is always paid,
And who is held in fear;
A man who wields authority,
Whom even children hold in dread,
And men salute as they pass by—
I vow no other man I'll wed."

Perhaps it was a duke or lord
To whom she meant to give her hand,
Or warrior bold, with flashing sword,
With armies under his command.
If so, no noble came to woo.
Or warrior bold his suit to press,
But to her vow the maid was true,
And lived in single blessdness.

The years went by, and she began
To think she ne'er would married be
(For she would wed no common man
As we have mentioned previously);
"But all things come to those who wait"
(This maxim is as true as trite);
At last the maiden found her fate
In one who met her notion quite.

A man of countenance severe,
By nature fitted to command,
Whom everybody holds in fear—
To him the maiden gave her hand.
The weak, the strong, he lords it o'er,
The children tremble at his frown—
She's married to the janitor
Of an apartment house up town.

—*George Russell Jackson.*

My Story.

We were staying in Rome, although we had a magnificent home in the United States upon a high hill which overlooked the sea.

It was a charming place, with its great bunches of shrubery and aged trees, but we were never allowed to stay there—papa kept us traveling from country to country, from city to city, in search of moldy pieces of furniture, antique vases, and bits of crumbling monuments of all ages and descriptions, until I used to tell Maudie that we never should again know the comforts of a home, or be allowed to remain in one place long enough to become acquainted and get married as other girls did.

"It's true," she would say with a smile of resignation. "Papa cares more to-day for the welfare of that Egyptian maiden over there than he does for ours, Bel."

I laughed a little at this and glanced over at the still, straight form, wrapped in coarse matting, and carefully boxed, which papa obliged us to keep in our own room for safety, regardless of any superstitious fears which might trouble us, or any fanciful dreams which might be inspired by the constant association with a defunct damsel of three thousand years of age.

It was a genuine Egyptian mummy, and papa expended more toil and care upon it than he ever did upon any living woman, besides dollars enough to have portioned off both his daughters.

And to crown all, he insisted upon our tolerating its unwelcome presence; we must have an eye upon it constantly, he could not think of sending it home without going with it himself. It might be broken by careless expressmen, and its sacred dust be mingled with mere plebian soil, and, stronger reason than all, she might meet with some admirer even more affectionate than our doting papa, and be spirited away like the fair bride in the poem of young Lochinvar.

But then we had long dwelt in close proximity to the cast-off bones of giants and mastodons, and relics taken from the graves of druids, and Cleopatra, as we had named her, proved to be a not intrusive companion after all; so we never thought of her unless it was when we were talking over our grievances and wishing that we might at least have one admirer apiece and be like other girls of our own age.

But we did not know—ah! how could we know?—that that girlish wish was but the preface to a fate which either Maudie or myself would have laid down our life to have kept from the other.

Ah, why need it have been! How sad to know that if even the strongest affection of woman be fully returned, that some underlying sorrow must accompany it to mar the happiness which would otherwise be perfect.

I do not think two sisters were ever dearer to each other than Maudie and myself.

Maud and Mable were our names; she was 18, I was 20. We were both brunettes, and looked so much alike that one was often mistaken for the other.

My own eyes told me that Maudie was pretty and bewitching, and I was ever pleased to be told that my sister resembled me greatly.

It was the very day after our little conversation in our room that papa came into our presence fidgeting about with excitement concerning a purchase he had just made.

"I have secured all the old pictures and the plate belonging to the old Lorazzi palace," he said, breathlessly. "The palace has been shut up for years, and I made the best of my opportunity and bought up everything of value as soon as it was opened."

"But how did they come to open it? I supposed it was nothing but a ruin," asked Maudie.

"It has just been purchased by a young American gentleman, who thinks the pictures are worthless because they have been mutilated somewhat, and that the plate is but pewter, and he may be right, but it is old and the crest upon it would sell it in New York for ten times the price I paid for it."

"He must be a rarity—this American who believes anything which belongs to him is not simon pure perfection in its way."

"He is a very agreeable gentleman my dears," replied my father, smiling shyly, "and is coming this evening to attend the theater with us, so that you will have a chance to judge for yourselves."

"Oh, goodie," I cried, laughing. "One does get so tired of going about with only one's father for an attendant."

"I knew that news would please you, Bel," returned papa.

"If only he is young," put in Maudie. "Papa's young gentlemen have a provoking way of turning into middle-aged men who have just finished some piece of bric-a-brac, warranted to be a thousand years old."

"This American will turn out differently," replied papa.

You are using the wrong word, papa. Mr. Arden, the Englishman who introduced us to his family in Paris, called us United States'ns. This must be a United States'n too."

"You have not told us his name," said Maudie.

"True, true," replied papa, despondingly. "A name that would be of no use to the poor creature. Bel would manufacture a new one for him in half an hour."

"I like to see names fitted to their wearer," I replied, lightly.

"Or hear them," concluded Maudie, precisely. "Papa, what is this United States'n like?"

"I could not tell you," replied papa, desperately. "But I am sorry that I concluded to sacrifice him. His peace of mind will be wrecked forever."

Papa left us at this juncture, and we had just time to brighten up our toilets for the evening before dinner time.

Just at dusk the gentleman arrived with papa, and Maudie and I could not help but exchange congratulatory glances, for Mr. Weber was certainly an elegant and fascinating companion.

He was hardly what could be called a handsome man. His form was good, his hair and mustache were certainly red, his eyebrows and eyelashes were undeniably white, yet his gentlemanly air and fine conversational powers would distinguish him in any society, and in that one evening in that little Roman theater he made himself so agreeable to Maud and I that, after he had left us, we agreed that he was the most fascinating man we had ever met.

"He is ever so much homlier than papa," said Maud. "What is it that is so charming about him, Bel?"

"I think it is the fact that we have not met another man except these little oily Italians in weeks and weeks. We shall have to look out or we will be getting jealous of each other."

After this Mr. Weber called upon us very frequently, and together we four visited old-time prisons and modern St. Peters, and papa collected many a relic from among the ruined edifices of ancient Rome, while Maudie, Mr. Weber and myself sat among the fallen though classic stones of the city which had once ruled the world, and talked.

I never shall forget those conversations. Mr. Weber was the most entertaining man I ever met. We have traveled extensively, but he had seen far more than we had ever dreamed.

Delightful were those bright hours beneath the blue Italian skies, but they were but the forerunners of the tragedy which darkened all our lives.

Will Weber had not been with us long before I knew that he was interested in either Maud or myself. I could tell it by the gleam in his eye when he joined us evenings—by his every action. I knew that in his breast an affection dwelt for one or the other of us two.

The first week of our acquaintance he brought letters of introduction from prominent men in America to papa, and seemed always to be very anxious that we should understand that he was respectable in every way.

And this too strengthened the belief I had formed concerning him.

But which was it?

Was it Maud? Was it myself? It was hard to tell, and yet when I remembered the glance I had met from those gray eyes my cheek burned, and I believed with joy that it was myself and no other.

Cautiously I approached my sister.

"Mr. Weber is very attentive to us, Maud. I wonder which of us it is which he admires?"

"You, too, have noticed it, then?" she replied, with a blush. "Oh, Bel! Mabel! I was afraid that I might be mistaken, and I love him so, so dearly. Oh, sister, dear sister, life would be nothing to me without his love. Oh, Bel, it is such a strange feeling; all that I have read of it never has half described this strange, delicious joy."

It was well for me that she ran on in this way for some moments, not expecting any reply from me, for I do not know what I might have said to her. Never had I absolutely known before this moment that I loved Will Weber.

What could I do? Maude was my little motherless sister whom I had always guarded so closely, and now she was my rival.

For a moment I hated her fiercely; my heart throbbed in angry pain; I could have struck her in my blind rage had it not been, that some restraining hand seemed to hold me fast. What was it? Perhaps it was the shadow of the coming event of sorrow which gave me fortitude to stand quietly looking at her while she boasted of the sweetness of the affection she bore to the man whom I felt was mine, mine alone.

As she innocently chatted on to the sister in whom she felt she could fully confide, my heart changed within me; I must give him up and make no sign.

Will Weber must be nothing to me but a brother henceforth and forever. It was agony to me, and I could not trust my voice to speak.

"Bel, what makes you act so queer?" asked Maude at last. "Oh, I know you think I ought not to talk like this, even to you, until he has spoken to me of his love. Never mind, Madam Propriety. I feel that it will not be long before he speaks now."

"Did papa tell you we were all going out to Mr. Weber's place this afternoon and have a look at papa's treasures?"

"Yes, he did," replied Maud; "And I have been thinking that perhaps I may be invited to be the mistress of the mansion before we leave it."

I turned away with a burning pain at my heart, and making an excuse I remained in our little room while Maud, happy in her love-dream, went down to luncheon with papa.

Shortly after this Mr. Weber came for us with one of the strange little carriages peculiar, I think, to modern Rome, and we all started out to explore Mr. Weber's Italian residence, the former abiding place of one of the cruelest of old Italian families.

The day was delightful. Mr. Weber was in the brightest spirits. Maud was gay and witty; papa was enthusiastic over his bric-a-brac, and I alone was silent.

Occasionally Mr. Weber glanced around at me as if to inquire the reason for my quietness, but I gave him no responsive glances, and it was not long before we reached our destination.

The place was new to Maud and myself, our only knowledge of it being gained from the gentleman's reports of it and an occasional ride past it upon our donkeys.

A closer acquaintance with it revealed many a feature which we had not before suspected. It was old, very old, and some way it brought back to me all the weird old Italian history I had ever read. The very air seemed suggestive of the assassin's dagger and the terrible crimes of the Borgias of old.

I kept close by papa's side when we looked over his collection, and my experienced eye told me that he had not been mistaken in the value of the articles before us.

Maud and Mr. Weber were very quiet, and after we had examined each article and had read the descriptive label papa had placed upon it, they came around to my side, and Mr. Weber said:

"Now we must all go over the old house together. Miss Maud and I are afraid that we shall meet a ghost if we go alone."

Papa made an excuse. He could not be enticed away from his treasures to overlook empty rooms, and we then started out together.

"Do you ever intend to live here, Mr. Weber?" I asked by way of making talk.

"Um, no, I hardly think that I shall. That fancy passed away as the novelty of the place wore off. I hardly like the impression the place gives me."

"It seems rather gloomy," I replied.

We passed from one apartment to another, up, down, all over the mouldy old white marble palace, and at length we three paused in a little room with three of its sides composed of finely-sculptured marble columns connected with the most delicate lattice work.

"My Lady's bower," cried Maud, gayly flitting about the room. "What a lovely place!"

Mr. Weber did not reply. I felt that his eyes were fixed upon my face.

I turned away from him and was going over to Maud's side, when she exclaimed, in a half frightened voice:

"Oh, oh, Mr. Weber, look here. See what I have done."

Mr. Weber was at her side instantly, and after a momentary examination said:

"You have touched a spring to a secret drawer, Miss Maud, and been fortunate enough to discover what we have never seen before."

It was as he said. One of the white marble blocks had moved forward from its place in the side of the wall, and we saw that it was hollowed out into the resemblance of a drawer.

At first it seemed to be empty, but Mr. Weber's gray eyes had discovered something at the bottom.

"A ring," he cried, bringing forth a dusty circlet of gold. "Worth more than all your father's collection, too. A jewel unworn since the middle ages undoubtedly. See, Miss Mable, it has a setting too; just note the peculiar luster of the stone."

I glanced at the jewel which he had polished with his silk handkerchief, and its dull, unnatural gleam made me shudder. It reminded me of the light in the eye of a serpent.

"This jewel must have an owner," said Mr. Weber, looking straight at me. "But which of the two fair damsels shall it be?"

He held it up as he spoke and Maud blushed rosy red.

Mr. Weber moved a little nearer toward me. It seemed as if I were to be his choice.

I turned quickly and ran out of the room and down the steps leading to the hall where papa was awaiting us.

I did not tell him our discovery, but I could not help eagerly waiting for the appearance of Mr. Weber and my sister.

They came at last, and I saw that the ring encircled Maud's finger.

Mr. Weber began to relate the strange circumstance and Maud came straight to me.

"Bel, dear sister, coax papa to return at once. I do not feel right."

"Did he say anything?" I whispered.

"No, I'm provoked at him; nothing only that I had a right to the ring as its discoverer. Let's go, papa," she continued, "I am tired."

I glanced at her face. It seemed as if some light in it were extinguished, and I hastened our departure.

Papa could talk of nothing but Maud's jewel all the way back to the hotel, and I think no one noticed but myself the death-like palor of her face.

"I am faint," she whispered, as we alighted at the ladies' entrance.

"Lean on me dear sister," I replied, throwing my arm about her.

We had entered our room, and I was removing her wraps when she staggered and fell headlong in a faint as I thought.

I hastily called papa, and Mr. Weber ran for a physician.

Maud could not be brought out of the strange state into which she had fallen, and it was with raptures that I welcomed the physician when at length he came.

He was an Englishman, and a well-learned man.

"She is dead," he said at once. "I think she has been poisoned."

Every doctor in the ancient place was summoned, and no one of them disagreed with the verdict of the first comer.

Our darling, my little sister, was dead, but who could there be that was enough her enemy to have wished her death.

This puzzled us for hours, but at length a wrinkled, yellow, little old Italian saw the ring which now lay upon our dressing table.

"See, the cause of her death!" he cried in broken Italian. "The ring, the poisoned ring."

His words were shortly verified. There was a tiny puncture upon Maudie's finger just under the spot where the ring had rested, and there the poison had entered her system and did its fatal work.

All the English people and the Americans in this city came to condole with us, and to see the remnant of the dark days of Italy, which has found its way to the light only to deprive us of our darling.

It formed a sensational item for the newspapers of several of the great capital cities of the world, and then Maud was forgotten by all but us three. I speak in that way because Mr. Weber remained with us. He told me that he never had cared anything for Maud save as for a sister, having loved me from the first, and is now my own loving husband.

So by her death Maud was saved the pain of loving one who did not care for her, and I, too, perhaps gained my happiness, for certain it is that I never should have accepted a lover at the cost of my sister's happiness.

And yet, ah yet I often think why is it that such things must be?—*Sara B. Rose, in Chicago Ledger.*

Bogus Cheese.

Is it not about time those friends of the dairy who were active in getting measures through Congress to prevent the sale of bogus butter to begin to take steps for the suppression of bogus, skimmed and adulterated cheese? They were by no means the mass of dairymen, who preferred urging on the dogs of war while they sat quietly at home enjoying the sport carried on for their special benefit. But the men active in the work of curbing butter frauds had no special end to serve except those of justice and the welfare of the public. They have the same interest in suppressing bogus cheese. But when some of the dairymen, "who have some of the pork," are approached on the subject of regulating, if not suppressing, the manufacture of skimmed lard and rancid-butter cheese, they hold up both hands and say "we ought not to be contented now that we have got the anti-oleomargarine law, and let matters adjust themselves without further legislation!" The fact is that the kinds of cheese we have named, added to the tons of cheese that have been spoiled in making and curing, are injuring the cheese market, at home and abroad, as much as bogus butter was injuring the butter markets; and the marvel is that sensible dairymen will resort to this kind of thieving, after the disastrous experiences of the past. They injure the market not only with the buyers but with the general public, by discouraging home consumption. The consumer may not know what the matter is with the cheese set before him on the table. He may not even know that there is anything the matter with it, but he does know that he does not relish it and is not obliged to eat it, and he will not eat it. It is time that all other bogus practices in the name of the dairy, as well as the manufacture and sale of bogus butter, were suppressed. Let us have honest goods or none. If it is possible to enforce a general anti-adulteration and anti-counterfeit or anti-imitation law, let us have it. We are now daily imbibing the very spirit of dishonesty and rascality with our food, and the end must come somewhere. If we do not apply a reasonably and seasonable remedy it will be the worse for us, for it will come sooner or later in the form of business disaster and general wretchedness. It is not possible to always run to the bad without meeting the dire consequences.—*U. S. Dairyman.*

An Awful Prospect.

"How many lodges did you say your husband belonged to?" she suddenly asked.

"Fifteen."

"Mercy on me, but think of a man being out fifteen nights a week! I'm really glad that I'm a widow.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HERE AND THERE.

It is estimated that since 1792 4,470,000 men have been killed in wars.

A poultice of cranberries is recommended as an excellent thing for erysipelas.

Two hundred and thirty-five railroad companies have officers in New York.

Heavy rains are helping to extinguish the forest fires in northern California.

Marysville, Cal., is so filled with gamblers that complaint of them is being made.

The postoffice department has refused to name a Nebraska postoffice "Old Maid."

Kate Proctor, an Oregon girl 17 years of age, has killed seven bears in the last six months.

It is reported that a woman 60 years of age, at Roseville, Ark., recently gave birth to twins.

Twenty-one thousand dollars has lain unclaimed in a Hartford savings bank for twenty years.

A railroad man dropped $600 cold cash in a poker game at Chattanooga, Tenn., the other night.

A young lady at Austin, Nev., has just finished a dress which she knit out of spool thread.

There are said to be quite a number of walnut trees in Philadelphia which are over a century old.

Gen. Greely wants the next congress to appropriate $10,000 for a bolloon for weather service.

Terrifying thunder-showers are said to have prostrated from fear many hotel people in the Catskills.

The best lecturing sections are said to be in the west—Ohio, Kansas, Wisconsin, and Michigan.

The village cart drawn by a patient donkey is one of the latest ideas in locomotion at the summer resort.

"A toad who disgraces his own warts" is what one Mississippi editor says in alluding to another editor.

The first Polish newspaper ever printed in America has been started in Buffalo. It is called *The Ojczyzna.*

A sulphur-bottom whale, measuring sixty feet in length, was captured at Pigeon Point, Cal., a few days ago.

Out of 192 appointments in the Philadelphia postoffice under alleged civil service rules only two were republicans.

A San Francisco business firm have a female drummer in the field. She is having great success in the interior towns.

The veteran firemen of New Haven, Conn., to the number of one hundred will attend the Philadelphia centennial in a body.

Candid young ladies are free to admit that if there was no beaux at the seaside or in the mountains they would not care to go.

About 6,300 Chinamen are employed in the laundry business at New York. The Chinese population of that city and Brooklyn is 10,000.

The "Yankeries" in London, which were at first regarded as a failure, are now quite as thronged as the "Colonies" were in their prime.

One fair swimmer at a watering-place performs the feat of eating bonbons in the surf. She carries the sweets in a water-tight silver casket at her waist.

Some Philadelphians are discussing with New York sportsmen the feasibility of organizing a Philadelphia running meeting and a Philadelphia jockey club.

Physicians in New York feel some alarm at the increasing number of young women who indulge to a great extent in deadly stimulants and narcotics like chloral or opium.

The largest man in the world is Henry A. Cooper, of Lockport, N. Y., who is 8 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 350 pounds. His hand is 13 inches and his foot 17 inches long.

"What did Adam and Eve wear before they put on aprons?" asked the teacher. And after a moment's hesitation the new boy from Hardacre Crosslots said: "Nothin' but bathin' suits."

The following advertisement appeared recently in a Liverpool daily paper: "A lady who loves Christ wishes to meet a gentleman who loves Him, too. Address F 53, *Mercury* office."

A man walked into the Michigan Central depot at Columbus, O., Tuesday, and was recognized by O. S. Whitten, one of the clerks, as his brother, whom he had not seen for thirty-six years.

The confederate Soldiers' home at Richmond has 125 inmates. It is maintained by contributions chiefly from people of that city. It is proposed that each southern city shall erect a memorial college.

When completed and full the Walnut Grove dam, near Prescott, Arizona, will contain in round numbers 15,000,000,000 gallons of water. It is 130 feet long, and when finished will be 130 feet high.

Alfred Krupp bequeathed $250,000 for the benefit of employes. His son Friedrich has added $125,000 to the amount for the people of Essen. The town council of Essen has voted $15,000 for a statue of Krupp.

As the sardine crop is an utter failure this year, packers will probably resort to the old-time custom of cutting up ordinary herring into proper lengths, putting them up in cotton-seed oil, and branding the boxes with a foreign label.

Ten of the twenty young men recently examined at Westfield, Mass, for a West Point cadetship were rejected by the physician because they had the "tobacco heart," brought on by cigarettesmoking and were unfit for West Point service.

It is seldom, says *The Boston Journal*, that in August one sees such fresh landscapes as now along the New England coast. The lawns in the Boston suburbs are a brilliant green shade, to which the geraniums and colored plants add the shades of gay mats spread upon a carpet.

A rancher in New Mexico the other day gathered in a novel crop. His unfenced farm was infested with the jackasses of his neighbors, the Indians of the Jicarilla reservation, and, butcher-knife in hand, he sailed forth and cut off the ears of five of the beasts. It was for him a bad cropping job. He was made to replace the mutilated jacks with sound ones, and then was hauled up for cruelty to animals.

BILL NYE IN A BOBTAIL.

He Takes a Cheap Excrusion Without Going Out of Town.

How often during the heat of midsummer we madly rush out of the frying-pan of mild prostration and discomfort at home, into the fire of long railroad trips, flies, mosquitoes, and expensive clothes. What a strange, restless, unreasonable, evanescent fly-up-the-creek man is. No other being that breathes the breath of life can ever hope to equal him in doing things which he afterwards bitterly regrets, admitting always, however, that his wife led him to it. No other anthropoid, plantigrade, pachyderm or mollusk can ever hope to compete with high-browed thinking man, in making a large, oval chump of himself and then coming out frankly and admitting that his wife is to blame for it. No other male mammal, when it pounds its thumb with a tack hammer, turns and throws the hammer at the female of its species.

But I started out to speak of the summer excursion more especially and to say that we often make long and useless journeys for the joys that elude us, while continued calm, a cob pipe and a chance to take off our coats and show our new suspenders, are a few of the comforts that cluster about our own fireside.

Looking back over that paragraph, I am sorry that I used the word fireside at this season of the year, but I will let it go.

Once more, coming back to the question of where to go for the summer, and having tried a good many of the best places and formed many delightful friendships among those who will no doubt, look back to this summer as one of the most delightful and brainy summers they ever passed, I still say that we are prone to go too far and to forget the joys that await us at our own doors.

Why should we buy a ticket over the Red Hot Valley and Skewgee Railroad and pay extra baggage on $732 worth of new clothes, when the Manhattan Elevated scenic route, with kind-hearted and scholary guards, ready at any and all time to gather in a few thumbs from the great moist masses by means of those cute little iron gates, stands ready to take us to and beyond the Harlem?

Why should the young lover go hundreds of miles from home, far, far from his mother, and where he will therefore have to black his own boots or have it done? Why should he put himself to all this expense in order to stroll at twilight beneath the worm-decked boughs of the elm, while we have the same thing right here at home? Why should he go to a high-priced summer resort where the bartender and the head waiter divides the gross receipts, when both of these features are found in New York the whole year round? Does he go away in order that he and the one he loves best in all the world may stroll up and down a crowded promenade and murmur large, sweet prevarications into each other's ears? If so, he can do the same thing on Park row and wear the elbows of our best people in the pit of his stomach just the same as he would at a summer resort.

No, there is no need that we should spend the good money of our parents, seeking out the varied catalogue of hot-footed insects and the dry and squirtless fountains that lurk in the hazy distance, for we have them right here.

On the redirect examination, I might also ask why we should go away fifty miles in order to ride on a make-believe horse in the merry-go-round, when we can stay at home and ride in the voluptuous bobtail car for five cents? To ride in a bobtail car is to teach one how small he is and what an insignificant atom he is on the face of the earth. He may leave the pulpit or the forum with the applause of the multitudes still ringing in his ears, but when he enters the bobtail car he sinks his identity and becomes a plain American citizen with another American citizen standing on each of his feet.

He need not go away to Saratoga in order to cower in the presence of a hotel clerk who, in his time, has looked through and through some of our most eminent men, but go on about four blocks down the street. He can pay five cents to a bobtail car, and in the presence of a driver and the old man with a mouth like a midnight assassination who stands on the rear platform and smokes a Pride of the Pest-house cigar. If he cannot cower enough in twenty minutes to last him six weeks he is a mighty difficult man to please.

It is here, also, that we are thrown in contact with the corpulent old lady who tries to put a nickle into the contribution-box just as the car starts, but who suddenly changes her mind and deposits it in the eye of a man who has made bimetallism a study, but not before at such close range.

The great specialty of the bobtail car is to keep its temper till you go to pay your assessment, and then rise up and belt you across the brains. That is the reason it is frequently called the Belt line.

There is also less restraint on a bobtail car than at a fashionable resort. Yesterday a drunken man with feathers in his hair, large mosquito bites on the back of his neck and an illicit breath, leaned his weary head on my breast and with a little fluttering sigh like a tired child, went to sleep. He slept from about forty rods below Spnyten Duyvil to a point where the county line road crosses section six. There I woke him up and gently taking his roguish hand out of my pocket, I leaned him over the other way, with his head against the shoulder of an old lady who had rested a bag of moist and mushy pears on my knee for two miles, and got off the car feeling as well pleased in every way as I would had I been on a long, expensive excursion.

Then there is the old man who runs three-quarters of a mile to catch the bobtail car, and just as he has paid his fare finds that the street crossing he wants to get to is the one where he got on the car, and he tries to have his money refunded. On the bobtail car you cannot ride from one point to another, but you can help lift the car on the track and feel perfectly free, if you are fat, to rest your stomac on the break while not in use. While the brake is not in use, I mean.

There is also the woman who is intent on thinking how she will chisel some great dry goods emporium out of 27 cents' worth of samples, and who gets off the car forgetting her baby, which is asleep on the seat. She always rides in a bobtail car and although she frequently leaves her baby on the seat that way and always wildly attacks the driver about it the next day, and very rarely gets the baby returned to her, she does not seem to refrain from riding in the bobtail car, and she never seems to run short of children.

Someday I am going to write a New York society novel called "The Flight of the Bobtail Car." It will be full of thrilling passages, and will contain sparkling New York society dialogue which will be good to speak in school. The book will also contain a graphic description of a race between two bobtail cars; also a chapter detailing an attack on a bobtail car at Desbrosses street, in which the driver is forced to defend the car against a band of road-agents, attend to his horse, keep his eye on the cash-box, sell packages of small change to passengers, look at the little mirror over his head to see if his hat is on straight, squirt tobacco juice spray through the front window when running to the windward, watch for punched coins, avoid running over a demonstration, keep the boys off the rear platform, watch the car for a hot box, operate the brake and invent new cuss words to shower on truck drivers.

The book will be full of thought and dash. I will supply the thought and the driver will furnish the —.

I have not yet decided on the plot of the story. All I have settled in my mind is the price. Friends who wish to see America take a front rank in the literary world will do well to write me inclosing $2.—*Bill Nye, in New York World.*

STRANGE CASE OF MR. POTTER.

A Harrowing Tale of What Befel a Buffalo Man After His Demise.

James Potter, of 77 Sycamore street, died last winter, and was, in accordance to his wishes, cremated. His lachrymose relict placed the terra-cotta urn containing his ashes on the parlor mantel, between a couple of soap lithographs. Last Friday morning the new domestic, while dusting, knocked, both pot and Potter to the floor. The ashes, in their wild desire to get a sniff of fresh air, forced off the cover, and spread out like the genie in the Arabian tale, till they filled every corner of the room, and, flying up the servant's nose, caused her a tremendous fit of sneezing. "Sure, and its a quare place to keep the pepper," she remarked to herself, and restored the urn, with the remaining dust, to the mantel.

When preparing dinner she found the pepper-caster needed replenishing, and, having none of the condiment in the spice-closet, bethought her of the pepper-pot in the parlor, which furnished her a sufficient quantity. After dinner had reached the second course the widow, with a plaintiff sniff, declared that "suthin' in the air reminds me o' James. I can really smell his breath. Jest as it used to be when he came home from the lodge." A young man who boards with Mrs. Potter finally observed that "this here pepper's pretty white, and I can't see it seasons up much."

The servant, on being questioned, explained that "the pepper was all out and there was some in the shtone crock in the parlor." "What do you mean?" inquired the widow; "there's no crock in the parlor." "Troth an' there is, mum, jist on the mantel shelf wid the black shtripes around it." The widow, who had partaken of her husband sprinkled on a dish of succotash, here shrieked and fainted, while the young man who has eaten about an ounce of Mr. Potter in connection with his brekfast, turned pale and rushed away to his physician. The widow no sooner came to than she faintly but firmly ordered the domestic to pack up her trunk and go, and Mr. Potter now reposes at the bottom of a chest in the garret.—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Heroic Brakeman.

It required a brave man, with a steady eye and hand, to do what John Wilder, a brakeman, did at Bedford, Ind., on Tuesday. As a yard switch engine, returning from a water tank, rounded a curve at a high rate of speed a baby was discovered a short distance ahead sitting in the middle of the track. The engine was reversed and the brake put on, but she forged ahead. Bystanders shut their eyes and turned away, but Brakeman Wilder, in full possession of his wits and nerve, crept down on the pilot and reached his hand far out ahead of the engine and snatched the baby from the track amid the cheers and applause of the people. —*Indianapolis Journal.*

A SUMMER IN CUBA.

How to Exist in a Country Where It Is Really Hot.

These July days make me think of the summer I spent in the torrid zone. My days were passed in Havana, but I was advised by physicians not to sleep in town, so I went each night to Vedado, one of the suburbs of the Cuban capital.

Vedado is the principal watering-place, or rather bathing-place of the Havanese; it lies not more than two or three miles from the city on the northern coast, looking straight up across the Atlantic. The drive along the beach is more than pleasant when you once emerge from the dusty and dirty purlieus that surround the exit from Havana. You pass a cemetery and a hospital for lepers, and, turning from these reminders of the worst ills of life, leave all the hot city behind you. The road is not good, but might easily be made admirable. It winds along sometimes within a few feet of the sea, a line of rock and shell on the right, another of bluffs and broken hills on the left, on the highest of which stands the Castillo del Principe, the chief of the fortifications of Havana.

At last you reach the baths. Here too, is a glorieta, and beyond this are the most peculiar facilities for bathing that I remember to have seen. A long high reef has been cut and hollowed into a dozen seperate wells just where the surf tumbles against the shore. These cavities are 12 or 14 feet square and 6 or 8 feet deep; in each there is a hole or window opening toward the sea and as large as the body of a man. Through this the water finds entrance, standing perhaps 4 feet above the floor. A wooden roof stretches over all these pits, each of which is fenced off separately above the water, and thus converted into an excellent bathing-room open toward the sea. There is a wooden floor at the entrance with sufficient furniture, and a flight of steps cut into the rocks, by which you descend to the bath. The sea flows in and out incessantly through the aperture; the bottom of the pit is rough and the sides rugged; the crabs are crawling in your huge tub, and the sea-weed comes in at the window; but the whole effect is unique and delightful. You can look over the rocky wall to the ocean beyond, and the breeze is constant and unobstructed, for the boarding between the rooms reaches only half way to the roof, which is fifteen feet above the water. In very high seas the tide submerges the baths, and sometimes in a storm the whole wooden structure is swept or blown away.

Some of the pits are large enough for half a dozen bathers, and these are called public; but the private ones can be taken by a party of two or three or by a single person. To rise at 5 or 6 and reach the bath almost before the sun, and spend half an hour in the Atlantic in one of these strange tropical crannies, half natural, half artificial, is the most delightful preparation for a Cuban day in July that can be conceived.

After this I sometimes strolled along the beach, which is cool at this early hour, and looked out on the great sweep of the sea that always seemed bluer there than anywhere else in the world, and calmer than any ocean surf that I have known. The waves were boisterous, the line of breakers never high unless in absolute storm, while the water itself, though stimulating and exhilerating in sensation, was softer than other sea water, and left none of that stinging and sometimes disagreeable effect upon the skin that ocean water often produces. Then I found my way back to my hotel, as different a summer resort as possible from those at Newport or Long Branch, or Dieppe or Scarborough, or at any other seaside place on either continent.

The hotel was kept by an American, a creole from Louisana, and was supposed to be in the American style, but it puzzled one to discover the Ameriism. Two long one-storied buildings, thrown into one, stood at the junction of a couple of streets, or rather unpaved country roads, and fenced perhaps forty feet in each direction. A wide, uncovered piazza reached along both fronts, and all the windows came to the floor; they were, indeed, mere apertures, huge double doors usually thrown open for air, with no glazing or sashes of any description, only gratings on the inside. The shutters were closed when the sun or the heat was inclement, but at other times the entire domestic arrangements of the house were exposed; bed-chambers were as open as *salas*, as the ordinary sitting-rooms are called.

The entrance to the establishment was a brick-paved court, in which a carriage was always standing, and one part of this court was the dining-room. It is high fashion in Cuba to keep your carriage in the *zaquan*, or entrance hall, and those who do not own a carriage or a horse often hire a vehicle, which they never use, and keep it there for furniture or ornament. At little tables in the coach-house the guests of the hotel took their meals; a cup of coffee and an orange after the bath, or a pineapple soft enough to be eaten with a spoon, and of a flavor that those who have not been in the tropics can positively not imagine, for nobody knows what a pineapple is until he has tasted a fresh one in the torrid zone.

The dining-room at the hotel opened into an oblong uncovered area at the center of the house. This space contained a few palms or banana trees and well on one of the sides was the kitchen, where the horse was a frequent visitor, and a high brick wall; on the other a tier of bedrooms, all level with the court, all with double doors reaching to the roof, for there was no upper story. These doors were the only windows, but the bedrooms, of which there were five or six in the row, were all connected by other huge doors, which could be thrown open if the occupants chose. You never felt in these rooms that you were alone.

At the further end of the court there happened to be a large square structure, separate from the remainder of the house; it had once been a kitchen and hardly seemed like a room at all. It was paven with brick, and had double doors on two of its sides opening into the court-yard; these doors took up nearly the entire wall. This apartment was the largest and coolest in the house and I secured it. Here I slept, on hot nights with all the doors wide open, and feeling as much exposed as I ever did in bivouac, and far more so than when I lay in camp. You could hear your neighbors talk if there were two of them in a room, and you knew all the noises of the vicinity. There was a cow next door that I distinctly remember after four years break in our intimacy, and a dog that howled all night long and no one to interrupt or intercept the baying. As for cocks and pigs and the horses in the stable, their music was a matter of course; they belonged to the family.

"Johnny Appleseed."

The horticulturists of Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, and, perhaps Indiana, owe a debt of gratitude to Jonathan Chapman, who was undoubtedly the pioneer of fruit culture in the western wilderness, while it was largely under the dominion of the sons of the forest. His true name was known to but few, as he was generally known by that of "Johnny Appleseed," from his gathering up, in the settled portion of the country—most frequently in Allegheny county, Pa.—quantities of appleseed which he carried out beyond the confines of civilization and planted in secluded spots, left to take care of themselves and become trees to be ready to form orchards for the hardy settler, as soon as they had cleared a few acres. His simple manner of life, with his gentleness and kindheartedness, made him welcome everywhere, both among whites and Indians. When the trees grew up he sold them or traded them for articles of apparel; but quite as often gave them away; as he did religious books he carried, separating the latter (oddly enough) into fourths or less when he would run short, so that each one might have at least partial benefit. R. I. Curtis of Moundsville, W. Va., in the Ninth Report of the Ohio Pomological Society (1859) states that Mr. Chapman whom he knew well in early life, was a native of England, and that he had unusual facility in handling the ax, being able to "chop as much wood or girdle as many trees in one day as most men would in two. His benevolence was unbounded. If he had a pair of shoes, and saw anyone that he thought needed them, he would take them off and give them to him. He never resented an injury. I once saw him outrageously abused by a man much smaller than himself, for some offense he had unwittingly committed, all of which Jonny bore with great meekness and totally unruffled. He never carried a gun; never killed any game," pushing to extreme the principle of his life that he would do no harm to any creature. By way of illustrating one phrase of his character an incident is related by Mr. Henry Howe, in his Historical Collections of Ohio: One of the early itinerant ministers, preaching in the public square at Mansfield, exclaimed, "Where is the bare-footed Christian traveling to heaven?" "Here he is!" cried Johnny, raising aloft his bare feet from a pile of lumber on which he was stretched. His trees not being grafted bore natural fruit, most of it rather sorry in quality; and yet in the primitive condition of the country it must have been acceptable. Like Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, as the country became settled he kept in advance; living sometimes for days on nuts alone; sleeping in the woods on his journeys, and carrying water from the creek in his hat to extinguish the fire which was rendering him comfortable for the night, because he found the insects were flying into it in the darkness and losing their lives. Strange unheard-of tenderness and consideration! According to a notice in the Ohio Cultivator of March 1, 1847, he died in Fort Wayne, Ind., in the spring of 1845.

The Organ-Grinders' Monkeys.

I have always had a curiosity to discover where the organ grinders' monkeys get their outfits. The other day my craving was gratified. In a Broom street basement I discovered a pretty girl trimming a monkey's coat. The hats and caps which complete the costume of the melodious ape were only present to the extent of a boxful. There is not a very heavy demand for these costumes, says the pretty girl, and their manufacture is only part of that of cheap dolls' clothing and queer rag rabbits, cloth cats, and other articles of vertu such as are sold by street venders. You can dress a monkey decently for half a dollar and provide him with a uniform cut to order, warranted to fit and splendid enough for an opera bouffe field marshal, for $1 50, cash down. The credit system, without which dudedom would be in a bad way, does not prevail at this class of monkeys' tailors.—*Cor. New York News.*

PITH AND POINT.

A legal blank—the idiotic lawyer.—*Washington Hatchet.*

The sensation of the day—mosquito bites.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Loaning money strengthens the memory; borrowing money ruins it.—*Newman Independent.*

People who tell big yarns ought to be compelled to take out a special license.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Plantation Philosophy:—De greatest truth is sometimes told by de biggest liar.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A society girl wants to know on which finger a gold thimble should be worn.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Trying to run down every slander is like trying to pick up quicksilver with your thumb and finger.—*Alta California.*

Keely expects to rival Methuselah in the longevity business. He says he will live to see his motor finished—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

You can't build up a town out of newspaper falsehoods any more than you can run a bank on search warrants.—*Des Moines Leader.*

In ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for a headache. It is difficult to improve upon some of those old-time remedies.—*Lancaster Examiner.*

Dog days are here. The dog that owns this one can have it, if he will only take it away with him, and no questions asked.—*Bangor Commercial.*

When a young man detects the first evidence of hair on his upper lip he feels elevated, when in reality it is sort of a coming down.—*Yonkers Statesman?*

The person who has not concluded that the weather indications do not indicate much has given very little attention to the weather.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It was before the Grace Darlings and Ida Lewises were known that the government thought it must "man" a life-boat in time of danger.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Every man who has decision of character will have enemies, and the man who has no decision and no character can have no good friends.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Some one says there is more trouble on foot with the Apaches. Trouble always goes on foot with them, and it keeps ahead of retribution on horseback.—*San Francisco Alta.*

Say, you Chicago fellows! If you are getting too faint-hearted to hang those anarchists, just ship them up here, and we'll relieve you and do a good job.—*Granite Falls (Minn.) Tribune.*

If something is not done to retard the upward flight of tobacco, Mr. Gould will within a twelve month be the only man chewing and the Vanderbilts the only smokers.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Men are regarded in about the same light as music by the women. Minors are usually soft and melancholy, though frequently pleasing. Majors are by far the most popular, and if a major isn't handy, a lieutenant will do.—*Washington Critic.*

At this time of the year a Mississippi editor seems to divide his time between acknowledging the receipt of phenomenal watermelons from "old and valued" subscribers and getting killed by his hated rival's shotgun.—*Alta California.*

In fact it isn't safe to snub the American boy, whether he blacks your boots, runs your errands, or is met on his way to school. You can't tell whether you are not laying up an injury for some president of the United States to remember you by.—*Watertown Times.*

There is a young lady at Saratoga this season who is only 17 and speaks seven languages. The trouble with most of our bright young ladies is that they learn all the modern languages except English. We want a little more corn-bread and a little less French candy in our educational methods.—*Atlanta Consitution.*

Death of a Wealthy Miser.

An old miser has just died in Paris, leaving a fortune of 1,000,000 francs, or £40.000 sterling, behind him. The Pere Denizot, as he was called, lived in an old house, No. 10 Rue de Brosses, in the Quartier des Archives. He was the laughing-stock of all the neighbors and the street boys as he hobbled along in his mendicant's rags. He lived all alone, and used to make his own soup, driving hard bargains with butchers for bits of offal which almost dogs would refuse. He succumbed alone and unattended on Tuesday to an attack of apoplexy. The district inspector of police came to verify the death, having been summoned by the neighbors, and he had just drawn up his report and was going away when he knocked over a rickety old table, out of the drawer of which several rouleaux of gold fell on the floor. Suprised beyond measure, the officer poked about the wretched abode, and found in various hidingplaces sums of gold and silver amounting in the aggregate to £4.000 sterling. With these were numerous securities and bonds, which enabled the authorities to make a tolerably accurate estimate of the value of Pere Denizot's succession, the heirs, assigns, and executors of which will be the state, as the old miser is supposed to leave no heir. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Somebody suggests hard work as a remedy for ill-luck, but many people regard the remedy as worse than the disease.—*Baltimore American.*

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Aug. 27, 1887.

What we need is not more political parties, but better ones.

No games of chance will be allowed at the Lawrence fair.

Public office should never be permitted to become a source of wealth.

The labor party is composed of a lot of factions. The term "United Labor" is not all opportune.

Nebraska claims that they will have nearly an average crop, and desires to be put in as the banner state

Let it be remembered that the defeat of prohibition in any one or any dozen states does not end the fight.

One of the great reforms needed is such a reduction in public fees and salaries that no one can afford to use money to secure office.

Some democrats are giving assurance that but few republicans are now left in office, and that the president is a thoroughly reliable democrat.

What will the negro do with the white man in this country in two hundred, or perhaps in one hundred years from now? As things are now moving it will not then be said that this is a white man's country.

Four presidential tickets will be in the field next year, democratic, republican, labor and prohibition. Both the labor and prohibition vote will be large, and now it is simply idle to predict results. A party in power always has great advantages.

The people, without regard to party, would be better satisfied if the politicians would use less blarney in trying to secure or hold the Irish and the colored vote, when it is so notorious that all that their interest in the Irish or the negro is in the vote that he casts.

A southern writer in the N. Y. Voice says that the letter of Jeff. Davis, against prohibition in Texas has alienated many of his best friends. Prohibition has taken deep root in the south, and has a stronger claim upon the present generation than the barren sentimentality that clings to the great confederate leader.

We suppose it will be considered arrant treason to Kansas, but in view of so much booming of Kansas we cannot help the reflection that Missouri far surpasses this state in all the varied natural resources that go to make a great and wealthy commonwealth. The one essential thing that Missouri does lack is enterprising settlers.

The United Labor Party of New York has met in state convention and nominated a ticket. It is probable the ticket will poll 150,000 votes. Henry George is placed at the head as candidate for secretary of state. For mayor of New York he received 68,000 votes in that city. A possibility to elect is claimed. Socialism was pointedly disavowed.

Rev. Bernard Kelley wants to succeed Gov. Martin. It is said that he claims to be able to carry the Third Party Prohibition vote. It is not true. The Prohibitionists of Kansas will have a candidate of their own. At all events we are certain that a hundred prohibition republicans in the state would tote ten times the prohibition vote that Bernard Kelley can shoulder.

Kansas is a big state and there is lots of wind in it. We incline to the opinion that it would be better for the state if there was less wind. It is said that the hot winds from across the staked plains have destroyed more crops than the drouth. In some places damage has been done by cyclones. Other winds are not so destructive perhaps, but still it is a question whether our papers do not blow too much.

Kansas trade made Kansas City. Kansas trade is now making Kansas cities.

Another Indian outbreak in western Colorado. It is said that this will be the last that can occur, but that was said of the late Apache war.

The socialists of New York, who were left out of the late united labor convention, are meeting and denouncing Henry George and his platform.

Considerable opposition has developed against the city council making a ten year contract with any party for lighting the city. There is also opposition to the big tower system.

Arkansas City down on the border, is a frog that imagines itself to be the size of a bull. Look out for an explosion. Arkansas City, like all other Kansas cities, is a bully town though.

There seems to be an undue ignorance of the provisions our State has made and is making for this class of her unfortunates, judging from the large number of persons who have not taken advantage of the benefits offered through this Institution.

The anti-prohibition republicans are showing fight. The Des Moines Register assures us that it will not be be very formidable. It may not be a very formidable opposition but it will be very determined, and the party is not in condition to treat any disaffection with contempt.

In her discussion of "The Domestic Money Question" in the August COSMOPOLITAN, Gail Hamilton expresses dissent from the theory that a separate purse for the wife is a solution to this vexed problem. Her own theory of the matter as set forth in her trenchant style will make interesting reading for every married woman.

CHARLES SUMNER'S sweet tooth is the subject of an interesting paragraph in the reminiscent article on the great statesman in the August COSMOPOLITAN by Arnold Burges Johnson, for many years his private secretary. He was especially fond of chocolate creams and held that as long as he could eat candy, his digestion was in excellent order. He never smoked and never tasted of whisky but once.

The prohibitionists of Ohio have nominated a full ticket, and adopted a platform that is perfect milksop on the suffrage question. Ohio politicians are slow to adopt advanced ideas. Even Senator Sherman has not yet got over his old prejudice against the colored man, but for him to stumble over the negro question is not so unexpected as for the prohibitionists to hesitate to declare for citizen suffrage.

A great number of envelopes containing a circular on which the prices of various kinds of liquors are quoted, have been distributed in Topeka. On one side of the circular is a blank order for the customer to fill out. On one corner of the envelope is printed in large letters "How and where to get whisky and beer." If prohibition did not prohibit there would be no need of such schemes as these. If there were no saloons in Kansas City, in Missouri nor in the other states, it would be still more evident that prohibition is no joke.

The American farmer ought to have more to say than he does about the government of the state and nation. He is the prime producer of the wealth. From him comes the manhood of the country, and in him lies the future hope. But he will never have the power that belongs to him so long as he travels the ordinary political ruts. When he rises above party and acts independently he will be a power, and not till then. Party politics is engineered in towns, and not only the farmer, but the ordinary town voter in such cases, becomes a mere politcal puppet when he gets to the polls.

No Beating Around the Bush.

Some of the republican papers are charging Neal Dow, Gov. St. John, and other political-prohibitionists with working to destroy the republican party. There need be no secrecy about this. It might just as well be admitted first as last that the Third Party prohibitionists are doing their very best to break up the republican party. Why should they not? The prohibition party owes the republican party nothing. They are as much at enmity as the democratic and republican parties. There is nothing in common between them. No one thing is more to be desired by the prohibition leaders than the utter and absolute overthrow of the republican party. They scheme for it, they work for it, they pray for it.

No intelligent republican has reason to ask or expect anything else than the undying opposition of the prohibition party. The republicans have nothing to gain by a prohibition policy. It is idle folly for them to expect to secure the return to the party of those who have gone into the prohibition ranks. The anti-saloon policy, which has really come to be a high-license-saloon policy, will not do it. At best it can only retain some prohibition members that are left. But a prohibition plank in the national platform would drive out all the anti-prohibition voters It would not catch prohibition democrats, for when they leave their party they will go to the prohibition party. Hence the political imbecility of the Griffin movement. The prohibition leaders are perfectly conscious of these facts, while many of the republican leaders are not. They are aware of the helpless condition of the republicans in relying upon prohibition, and knowing that the democracy has intrenched itself behind the saloon, they regard the republican as the weaker party, and so they are using every effort to secure its final collapse.

No astute politician will say that this is not good tactics. It shows the keenest political shrewdness. Republican majorities have been on the decline for years. More states are now doubtful than ever before. The prohibitionists will throw their demoralizing influences into these states and if possible wipe out republican majorities.

The politicians may say, as really they do say, that this is in the interest of the democracy, but this does not follow. Both republican and democratic parties are recognized by the prohibitionists as their enemies, and in seeking the overthrow of the republican party first, they believe they are attacking the enemy at his weakest point.

We imagine this to be their course of reasoning and from an independent standpoint it is reasonable enough. At all events the prohibition party is now clearly aiming its most deadly efforts against the reinstatement of the republican party. There need be no double dealing about this.

The Garden City Sentinel says tha, Orange Judd, of the Prairie farmer who has been visiting that part of the state, has become a convert to the practice of irrigation. It is possible that Mr. Judd has learned more of irrigation, but it is not probable that he needed conversion. It may almost be said that there are no intelligent agriculturists of this day who do not know enough about irrigation to believe in it.

Our neighbor, the daily Cayital, thinks it very significant that so many well-known republicans sign the anti-saloon circular recently sent out. The Capital is either very fresh or very willing to mislead. Nothing is to be lost this year by individuals taking position on this question, and it may have some effect on local elections. Then next year when the matter is presented to a national convention and no action taken they can point to this record, and to any quasi-attempt they may then make, but the action of the majority in refusing to endorse the principle in the platform will be given as sufficient to satisfy every loyal republican. The party will not commit suicide.

Albert Griffin's By-Play.

A highly respected exchange takes us to task for opposing Bro. Griffin's anti-saloon republican movement. We do not oppose it. We would not favor it except we desire to disrupt the republican party. We aim to take it for what it is worth. All agitation in favor of prohibition is good. So far we favor the anti-saloon republican movement.

We ridicule it when it is attempted to make the people believe that prohibition can be secured through the republican party as a party principle. The time was when the party might have advanced on this line. It is too late now. We believe it was too late in 1884 when St. John asked it of the national republican convention. At all events it is too late now. Let the national republican party incorporate a prohibition plank, or a moderate anti-saloon plank into the next national platform and the republican party will be irretrievbly ruined. Albert Griffin may not realize this. At best he is not noted for political sagacity, but the majority of the convention will know it when it assembles as they know it now. As political claptrap it is well enough to agitate, as it is supposed to have a neutralizing effect upon the prohibition party. But even this result was nullified when the originators of the movement consented to come down from a plane of prohibition to one of regulation and gradual suppression.

There is, therefore, nothing in the anti-saloon movement to injure the Third Party Prohibitionists; there is nothing in it to weaken the democracy; there is nothing in it to strengthen the republican party. Why, then should it be adopted as a party policy? Certainly there is no reason. In Kansas there may be no objection to it, but the policy would lose every doubtful state to the republicans, if made a part of the national platform.

The third party politicians want nothing better than for the republicans to now declare in favor of prohibition. It will place the republican party at once on the defensive, at the same time that it drives away the entire liquor interests. It will be impossible for the party leaders to explain why the party should take a position on this question in 1888 that it refused to take in 1884.

Te republican party was the outgrowth of two great moral issues. It was not simply antagonism to the spread of slavery that gave it vitality in an early day. It was the fact that it really was, as it was contemptuously termed, the "God-and-morality party." In those early days it was a question whether the temperance reform or the anti-slavery issue should have precedence. Garrison was a prohibitionist before he was an abolitionist.

Events beyond the control of men gave direction to party movements. The republican party was formed without much reference to the principles of the abolitionist. It had very little care for the personal welfare of the slave. In pure sentiment over the condition of the colored man the republican party was never remarkable, and even when the war came on there were many soldiers who had voted for Lincoln who were not willing to fight with a "nigger." As time went on the party was strengthened by hordes of men who had time and again stigmatized the early republicans as "nigger worshippers." Still the party claimed to be the exponent of moral ideas. Nominally at least, it was such exponent, and its better elements had a right to expect, and even demand, that after the end of slavery the party should move forward to the extirpation of the liquor traffic which had been more strongly than ever intrenched as one of the collateral results of war.

At that time the democratic party was demoralized and practically without organized force. It contained strong moral elements, that would readily have crystalized about an advanced movement like one for the suppression of the liquor evil. It was then that the republican party might safely have revived the old Washingtonian movement and marching along step by step, reached national prohibition before to-day with all sectional bitterness wiped out.

When it failed to do this, it committed its most grevious sin, its fatal mistake. What it lost then it cannot recover now.

That so great an opportunity was lost nearly a score of years ago, appears to be a matter of deep regret. Whether truly so or not, it certainly seems that the party is not now in condition to sustain any such violent strain as that certain to come from the adoption of the anti-saloon policy.

The Deaf and Dumb.

Superintendent Walker, of the State Instituaion for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, at Olathe, Kansas, sends us word that the next term of school will commence Wednesday, Sept. 14th, and that it is desirable that all persons knowing of deaf childern of school age who have not yet attended that Institution, should communicate with him early, in regard to admission. A large $50,000 addition is under erection, and the number of students in attendance will probably be 230—all from Kansas. A common school education is given, along with instruction in cabinet-making and carpentry, shoe-making and type-setting, for the male students, and domestic work and drawing and painting, for the female students. The corps of teachers numbers 15 in the literary department and 4 in the industrial. The Institution is under the control of the Board of State Charitable Institutions, Jacob Stotler, president and is free to residents of the State of Kansas.

It is estimated that something over 200 in this state should be in this school who are not. Persons knowing of deaf children or those who are "hard of hearing" would be performing a charitable act by putting them in correspondence with Superintendent Walker.

Gossamer fabrics are very fashionable, especially for rainy days.

This paper is always discontinued when the time paid for has expired.

Ohio democrats expect to float on a free trade platform. In two months the craft will go to the bottom.

It is a little presuming in Wisconsin to claim precedence over Illinois in the G. A. R., and to ask the right of the line.

"Yellowish greens have been the most fashionable this year," says a fashion journal. That means dandelion greens we suppose.

Purple is a favorite color this year. The city marshal had a fellow in charge a few days ago who had considerable of this shade about the eye.

A north side girl and her brother each made a mash, one day this week. She seemed to feed on her mash, but the young fellow gave his to the horse.

The biggest attempt to get up a corner on whisky is that made by prohibitionists. When they succeed, the evil will be treated as one would a wolf that is cornered.

Roscoe Conkling is said to be a good swimmer. Senator Sherman is an excellent floater, while James G. Blaine is an expert diver who comes up every four years with wonderful regularity.

Big rustic buttons are coming in style for outside wraps. One fastened just below the bustle has a pendant attached, so that with the button it makes a convenient stool when the wearer would sit down.

New Hampshire is considering a railroad law that provides that any road that pays ten per cent on the par value of its stock, shall limit its passenger fare to two cents a mile. There are but few railroads in the country that cannot afford a regular rate of one cent a mile. The government could make this rate if it had the control of the roads.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Aug. 27, 1887.

In about a week the Barber asphalt company and the Topeka street railway company hope to have the avenue cleared of all obstructions.

The Topeka City railway will buid another track down Kansas avenue to Euclid avenue. The line will also be extended to Highland Park and Pierce's addition.

H. T. Hartzel, an old resident of Topeka, but now of Witshita, stopped in this city this week accompanied by his wife. While enroute from California to their home.

Rev. Sidney Smith, the new superintendent of Christ's hospital, arrived Saturday from Cameron, Mo., accompanied by his family, and at once assumed charge of the hospital.

A cold wave struck Topeka Monday evening, and by 10 o'clock the temperature had fallen thirty degrees. It became very chilly, and quite a number of fall overcoats were brought out.

Saturday morning O. J. Steward, who works at the Topeka sash factory and resides at 918 Polk street, met with an accident whice cost him three of his fingers. He was working with a buzz saw.

The corner stone of the new Baptist church (colored) at the corner of Madison and Kiowa streets, was laid Sunday afternoon in the presence of a very large concourse of colored people; Rev. Young, of Wyandotte, officiating. The Odd Fellows cornet band of Wyandotte and the "Tennessee town" colored band were present and rendered some excellent music on the occasion. This event has been deferred from time to time and the present successful effort is the fourth one.

Willis Johnson's wife, who gave the testimony which resulted in placing her husband in the city jail for twenty-five days, has repented of her cruel conduct toward her Willis, who "nevah struck huh but once in his whole life, sah," and yesterday was down to see poor Willis, who now has to spend his days wheeling rock across the jail yard, and that don't bring a cent into the family coffers. Willis is a big colored man and he and 'Mandy have been married eight years. She is now as anxious to get him out as she was to get him in. It promises to be a happy reunion if his sentence is shortened by good conduct.

The democratic county central committee met last Saturday afternoon in this city, with all members present. George W. Clark was chosen chairman in the absence of Mr. Matthews, and J. B. Oliver, of Silver Lake, was chosen secretary. It was decided to hold the primaries to elect delegates to the county convention on October 1. The delegates convention will be held in the county court house on the afternoon of October 8. It was decided by the commitee to put a full straight democratic ticket in the field for county offices. The members of the commitees were almost equally divided on the question whether to call a delegate or a mass convention. The suggestion, however, was not acted upon.

Sunday morning August Forson, of Salina, notified the marshal that he had been robbed. He told the following story: "About two months ago my father employed John Jenkins as a farm hand. Last week he proposed that we go on a hunting expedition. He said he had a camping outfit at Caldwell. I shipped my clothes, gun &c., to Topeka in his name, as he said he was acquainted with the express officials. When we arrived in Topeka my friend informed me that the things we had shipped had not arrived, and suggested that we take a box car for the west. I called at the express office and found that my friend had taken the goods. I then had Jenkins arrested." Forson had $50 in his possession and Jenkins desired to get him in a box car and rob and perhaps murder him. It would seem it was a deliberate and premeditated scheme to "do up" the young man.

—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 per cent., 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.*

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

Our August Pansy has come with its forty pages of boy and girl stories and pictures.

We wish we could lend it to all the young folks we know. But, what is better, send to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, for it. The subscription price is $1 a year; but they will send you one number for five cents—it may be a back number. It is a veritable missionary.

St. Nicholas For September opens with a delightful frontispiece, illustrating "Tib Tyler's Beautiful Motuer," a tale of life at a seaside watering-place, by Nora Perry. There are several seasonable little morals tucked away in the story, together with some dainty drawings. A paper that will interest boys is the article on "Christ's Hospital,"—the famous "Bluecoat School" of Lonon,—where the scholars never wear hats, dress as the boys did hundreds of years ago, and have many quaint customs. Both girls and boys will be interested in the account, in E. S. Brook's "Historic Girls" series, of "Christina of Sweden," who was in fact, crowned "King" of Sweden. The "Boyhood of William Dean Howells" is pleasantly treated by William H. Rideing, General Adam Badeau writes thrillingly of the "Battle of Gettysburg" and of Pickett's glorious but futile charge; while George J. Mason shows the young man who is "Ready for Business," and wishes to become a "Sea Captain," the bright and seamy sides of a sailor's life. The serials by Miss Baylor and by H. H. Boyesen are continued, with joy for "Juan and Juanita," and sorrow for Fiddle-John's Family." The "Brownies" indulge in "Archery;" and there are poems, pictures, etc.

The September Eclectic recommends itself by a goodly table of contents. The place of honor is given to a collection of Emin Bey's letters from Central Africa, which throw light on the career of this remarkable man, to whose relief Stanley has gone. The article on "Gold" is of interest, and of Holman Hunt's account of his painting his great picture, "The Scapegoat" will be read with attention. "Flags and Banners" brings together a good deal of curious archæological knowledge. "Theocritus in Sicily" is a charming sketch, and readers will find quaint interest in the story of "The Twins," which the writer locates in China. The critical study of Crabbe will enlighten the many of the present generation who know but little of a man who has a unique place in our literature. Prof. Seeley is the author of an exceedingly valuable article tracing the expansion of British territory since the incoming of the Hanoverian dynasty. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subsciption for 3 months $1. Eclectic and any $4 Magazine, $8.

LIPPINCOTT for September opens with a brilliant romance entitled "The Red Mountain Mines," by Lew Vanderpoole, in which the pioneer life of California is painted with a firm artistic hand. An article of great and timely interest, in view of the approaching Constitutional Centennial to be held in Philidelphia, is Moncure D. Conway's "A Suppressed Statesman." It deals with the life of Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, a name now almost unknown, to whom Mr. Conway insists that the initiation and ratification of the Constitution were especially due. The reader will be surprised to earn how important a personage Randolph was in his own day. He was a statesman, an orator, a political writer, a philosophical thinker. At every stage in the development of our hationality his influence was paramount. "His criticisms of the Constitution partly anticipated those of Mill, Bagehot, Karl Blind, Louis Blanc, and other authors of Eurrope. Indeed, a number of works have recently appeared in our own country, in advocacy of organic reforms, whose writers seem unconscious that they are repeating points made by Randolph a hundred years ago." Genie Holtzmeyer (Mrs. Sidney Rosenfeldt) contributes an amusing bit of autobiography entitled "How an English Girl Sought to Make a Living." Frank Carpenter reports a conversation with the man who captured John Wilkes Booth.

—Alexander Stewart, of Staunton, Va., aged ninety-one years, recently attended the funeral of S. G. Wayland, aged eighty-one years, who had been his best friend for half a century. The next day while Mr. Stewart was recalling to a party of visitors scenes and incidents in which he and his friend Wayland had participated, he fell over on the ground and died in a few minutes.—*Washington Post.*

—Tom Scott, of Waco, Tex., had a rather unusual experience recently. He went to see his mother, who is sixty years old and resides in a neighboring town. On arriving at his home he found that the old lady had eloped with a man half her age. When Mr. Scott returned to his own home he was paralyzed by the information that his wife had gone with a handsomer man. Then there was music in the air.—

Pennsylvania prohibitionists charge the railroads with discriminating in favor of tne republican party, and the charges are to be investigated. Their new platform denounces the liquor traffic and demands the prohibition of the same by constitutional amendment; upbraids the present great political parties for cowardice toward the saloon power at the ballot box; favors the protection of American labor and capital, the restriction of immigration as against pauper and criminal classes, the reservation of public lands for actual settlers, popular education, with the retention of the Bible in the public schools, just pensions to dependent soldiers or their families, civil service based on personal character and official fitness, and a wise, economical administration of public affairs. The platform also favors equal taxation, arbitration in labor disputes, and woman suffrage, and denounces the "Continental Sunday."

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 courtsey 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 agected 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.

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 thre months, and Dr. Foote's Health Hints

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

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

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

Mr. B. paid $2.50 for 500 loose noteheads. Our price, better paper, in tablets, trimmed, $2.00.

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

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

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

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

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

When you feel that you are dangerously sick, you will send for an educated physician of acknowledged skill, without considering the cost. You wish to get well. Have you malaria in your system, and do you wish to get rid of it? Dr. Shallenberger's Antidote is the remedy. The doctor is a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, thirty years in practice. The medicine will cost you one dollar, but it will cure you, and is safe in any dose. Sold by druggists.

In District Court,
Shawnee County Kan.

MARY FORD, Pl't.ff., vs HENRY FORD, Def'n't.

To the defendant, Henry Ford: You are hereby notified that you have been sued in said court and must answer the petition of said plaintiff on or before the 18th day of October, 1887, or the petition will be taken as true and judgment divorcing plaintiff from you and giving her custody of her two minor children will be rendered accordingly.

GUNN & STARBIRD,
Att'r'ys for Pl'ffs.

Attest W. E. STERNE, Clerk.

NOVELTIES IN TOYS.

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

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

He Forgot the Combination.

A wealthy citizen of a neighboring city had been out until the small hours, with convivial companions. It was not exactly a "dry locality" that he had visited, and he arrived home slightly exhilarated. He managed, by describing several erratic rather than geometrical lines, to get to his bedroom and into a chair. Then he called to his wife in a stage whisper:

"I can't get my boots off."

"What's the matter with your boots?"

"Nozzin," (in a faint whisper).

"What's the matter with your hands, then?" she cross-examined.

"Nozzin."

"Why don't you pull your boots off, then?"

"Maria, I've forgot the combination!"—*Boston Record.*

Decrease of Immigration.

The immigration to this country shows a great falling off for 1885, the total number of foreigners landing in New York aggregating but 291,066, against 354,702 in 1884. This is the smallest number since 1879. Germany sent us 97,913 immigrants, Ireland 35,277, England 25,657, Russia 16,835, Sweden 16,045, Italy 15,740, Hungary 11,665, Austria 10,882, Norway 9,974, the balance being natives of other European States. It is a singular fact that nearly 84,000 of these foreigners remained in New York. The percentage of agricultural laborers was comparatively small.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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

—In Stuttgart, Germany, the tricycle has been adopted by the Government for the postal service

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. Oxydized 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 woolens are seen.

Striped velvets and plushes are a leading feature in elegant novelties. They come in solid colors and in various tints and shades, showing a number of tones in one stripe of about an inch wide. Both cut and uncut pile is formed into stripes or alternate blocks and the effect of arranging tints and colors in these goods is surpassingly beautiful. The brocaded velvets are gorgeous. Long pile goods with plain 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.*

CHICKEN-HEARTED.

A Couple of Strangers Call at a Grocery and Are Dismissed Sans Ceremony.

"You see, the way of it was this," he was explaining to a patrolman on Baker street yesterday; "I was in the grocery alone when two men came in. They warmed their hands at the stove, and one of them suddenly began snuffing and sniffing and then called out:

"Say, mister, your kerosene is leaking all over the cellar!"

"That rattled me, and I grabbed a couple of matches and ran down stairs. I was down there a couple of minutes before I remembered."

"Remembered what?"

"That my kerosene was up-stairs at the back end of the store! I hurrid up as quick as I could, but it was too late."

"They had robbed the till and gone, of course?"

"Oh, no. They had gone around the counter, and my big dog had corraled one in the potato-bin and the other between two molasses barrels, and was biting them at the rate of forty bites a minute."

Then how was it too late?"

"Why, when I called the dog off and looked the fellows over I hadn't the heart to kick 'em across the street. I just led 'em to the door and gave 'em one shift apiece and asked 'em to call again. I wish I wasn't so chicken-hearted about such things—I really do."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

THERE is no delivery of letters in London on the Sabbath.

T. NAST, caricaturist, is passing the summer at Canonicut, R. I.

THE regalia worn by the sultan of Johore is valued at $500,000.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS is in the east on a tour of the watering places.

CHRIS MAGEE, the Pennsylvania politician, is explaining the mysteries of stalwartism to New York statesmen.

A THOUSAND people were attracted to the Cincinnati cemetery Sunday to witness the incineration of Mrs. Schwarzenberg.

MRS. CLEVELAND is making a collection of New England mosses and ferns for the adornment of the white-house library after her return.

IT is so easy to secure laborers from Europe that Brazilian planters are thinking of liberating all their slaves within the next two years.

NEW YORK will be well supplied with potatoes this winter, as it is estimated that the yield on Long island will average 500 bushels per acre.

A PEACH tree 40 years old, at Sonoma, Cal., has produced 250 pounds of fruit this season. Most of the peaches measured over eight inches in circumference.

IN filling out a death certificate a Buffalo physician attested that the contributing cause of death was a croup cure made and sold by another doctor of the same city.

THE youth who recently passed a successful examination for appointment to a West Point cadetship in "Sunset" Cox's district, New York, is Matthias Crowley, a gold-pen maker, who obtained his education almost entirely in evening schools.

THE scrub girl, whose duties are to rise with the sun and clean the hotel office and parlors on top of Mount Washington, was for ten years a teacher in the public schools in England. She is a good musician and an excellent scholar in the languages. French and Latin books are her constant companions when off duty.

IN San Francisco, one night recently, two pugilists were engaged in a prize-fight when the chief of police entered the ring and stopped the exhibition. Then he demanded to see the gloves, and insisted that a round should be sparred in order to assure him of its peaceful character, and, being satisfied, he withdrew and the fight went on.

WHEN a friend of M. Jules Claretie, director of the Comedie Francaise and a writer of great ability, recently suggested to him the propriety of dramatizing one of his novels for the Comedie Francaise, Claretie replied: "I shall not accept any one of my plays; I shall mercilessly reject it; I shall not permit myself to submit one of my plays to myself."

IT is a common thing for sailors on westbound English steamers to find from ten to fifteen stowaways. The freight-handlers are great friends to the tramps who wish to make an inexpensive voyage. In vessels that bring over brick the loaders will build up a little room around two or three men, and in several cases from a dozen to two dozen men have thus been secreted.

A MARRIAGE took place Monday, at 11:30 o'clock, by telegraph from Fort Supply to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, a distance of two hundred miles. The contracting parties were Mr. Clark Smith and Miss Emsey Nason; Joseph Fox, United States commissioner officiating, and William Garvey and H. F. Ambrose witnessing. Everything went lovely, and a full ceremony was given by means of lightning.

A STRANGER, who claimed to be a slater, applied for work in Newark, N. J., one day recently, and was given employment on the roof of an unfinished house with another workman. A few minutes after the other workman, not getting an answer to a question, looked around and found himself alone on the roof. Peering down the hole where the chimney was to be placed, he saw the stranger lying at the bottom—sixty feet below. He gave the alarm, and brandy was procured and administered. "An hour afterward the stranger dragged himself to a street car and rode away."

INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

The Forests of the United States.

Benefits that Might Be Derived from Introducing Trials of Skill at Agricultural Fairs.

Timber for the Future.

Prof. Sargent, one of the special agents of the tenth census, gives it as his opinion that the forests of the United States, notwithstanding the great and increasing drains upon them, are capable of yielding for many years longer a larger amount of material than has yet been drawn from them, even with our present reckless methods of forest management. It is true that the great pine forest of the north has already suffered fatal inroads; that the pine that once covered New England and New York has disappeared, and that Pennsylvania is nearly stripped of what once appeared to be a nearly inexhaustible supply of the same wood. But the great northwestern pineries are not yet exhausted, and, with the newly-introduced methods by which logs once supposed inaccessible are now profitably brought to the mills, they may be expected to increase the volume of their annual product for a few years longer in response to the growing demands of the great agricultural population which is fast covering the treeless midcontinental plateau.

The area of the pine forests, however, remaining in the great pine-producing states of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota is dangerously small in proportion to the country's consumption of white pine lumber, and the entire exhaustion of these forests in a comparatively short time is certain. The wide area now covered in New England by second growth of white pine, although insignificant in growth and productiveness in comparison with the forests that it replaces, must not be overlooked in considering the pine supply of the country. These new forests, which are already yielding between 200,000,000 and 300,000,000 feet of lumber annually, and capable of great future development. The pine belt of the south Atlantic region still contains immense quantities of timber unequaled for all purposes of construction, although unsuited to take the place of the white pine of the north. The southern pine forests, although stripped from the banks of the stream flowing into the Atlantic, are practically untouched in the gulf states, especially in those bordering the Mississippi river. These forests contain sufficient material to supply all possible demands that can be made upon them for a long time.

The hardwood forests of the Mississippi basin are still, in certain regions at least, important, although the best walnut, ash, cherry, and yellow poplar have been largely culled. Two great bodies of hardwood timber, however, remain, and upon these comparatively slight inroads have been made as yet. The most important of these forests covers the region occupied by the southern Alleghany mountain system, embracing southwestern Virginia, West Virginia, western North and South Corolina, and eastern Kentucky and Tennesee. Here oak unequaled in quality abounds, walnut is still not rare, although not found in any very large continuous bodies, and cherry, yellow poplar, and other woods of commercial importance are common. The second great body of hardwood, largely oak, is found west of the Mississippi river, extending from central Missouri to western Louisana. The forests of Michigan, especially those of the northern peninsula, still abound in considerable bodies of hardwood, principally maple. Throughout the remainder of the Atlantic region the hardwood forests, although often covering considerable areas, have everywhere lost their best timber, and are either entirely insufficient to supply the local demand of the present population, or must soon become so.

In the Pacific region, the great forests of fir which extend along the coast region of Washington territory and Oregon are still practically intact. Fire and the ax have scarcely made a perceptible impression upon this magnificent accumalation of timber. Great forests of pine still cover the California Sierras through nearly their entire extent. The redwood forest of the coast, however, once, all things considered, the most important and valuable body of timber in the United States, has already suffered seriously, and many of its best and most accessible trees have been removed. This forest still contains a large amount of timber, although its extent and productive capacity have been generally exaggerated. The demand for redwood, the only real substitute for white pine produced in the forests of the United States, is rapidly increasing, and, even at the present rate of consumption, the commercial importance of this forest must soon disappear.

The pine forests that cover the western slopes of the nothern Rocky mountains and those occupying the high plateau and inaccessible mountain rages of Arizona and southwestern New Mexico have not yet suffered serious damage. The remaining forests of the Pacific region, of little beyond local importance, are fast disappearing. The area of these interior forests is diminished every year by fire and by the demands of a careless and indifferent population, and their complete extermination is probably inevitable. The forest wealth of the country is still undoubtedly enormous. Great as it is, however, it is not inexhaustible, and the forests of the United States, in spite of the fact that the climatic conditions of a large portion of the country are peculiarly fovorable to the development of forest growth, can not always continue productive if the simplest laws of nature govering their growth are totally disregarded.

The judicious cutting of a forest in a climate like that of the Atlantic or Pacific coast regions entails no serious or permanent loss. A crop ready for the harvest is gathered for the benefit of the community; trees that have reached their prime are cut instead of being allowed to perish naturally, and others take their place. The permanence of the forests in regions better suited for the growth of trees than for the general agriculture may thus be insured. Two causes, however, are constantly at work destroying the permanence of the forests of the country and threatening their total extermination as sources of national prosperity—fire and browsing animals inflict greater permanent injury upon the forests of the country than the ax, recklessly and wastefully as it is generally used against them.

Exhibitions of Skill at Fairs.

That our agricultural fairs have become very monotonous, not only in respect to their management but in regard to the articles on exhibition, is generally acknowledged. The premium list of most associations for the fair of any given year is for the greater part a reprint of that for the previous year. The only substantial changes are in the time of holding the exhibition. One county fair "differs from another in glory" about as much as two successive waves in the sea or two stars of the same magnitude seen by the naked eye in the distant firmament. They are about as nearly alike "as two peas in a pod" or two eggs in a nest laid by the same hen. Prizes of nearly the same amount are offered for similar articles, and are often taken by the same exhibitors. If two successive fairs in the same county differ to any considerable extent, it is owing to the weather during exhibition week or to some peculiarity of the season. A rain may make the attendance poor, and a drought may cause the exhibits to be inferior.

The managers of most fairs, mindful of the fact that the exibitions are monotonous and unattractive, generally seek to secure some attractions that will draw a crowd. As a rule they arrange for a series of horse-races and sometimes for mule and men races. A balloon ascension is often advertised, and occasionally a series of gymnastic and sleight-of-hand performances. Military drills on fair-grounds are not uncommon, and this year several sham battles are advertised. These exhibitions are about as instructive as circus performances. Occasionally some one is invited to make a speech, and when this is the case the orator is generally a politician who is a candidate for office at the approaching election. The procurement of these attractions is an open confession on the part of the managers that the display of live stock and field and garden products is not worth the price charged for admission to the grounds. They are like the chromos and jack-knives offered as inducements to country people to subscribe for cheap papers.

Novelties are certainly very desirable at fairs, as people tire of seeing the same things year after year. It is easy, however, to obtain novelties connected with some departments of husbandry. These will awaken interest in the matters in which farmers are engaged. Contests of skill in doing any kind of farm work are very desirable. Years ago there were plowing-matches held in connection with nearly every agricultural fair, and they attracted much attention. Prizes were generally offered to boys under 18 years of age who would plow a certain amount of land in the best manner in the shortest time. These matches made young farmers ambitious to learn how to train and drive horses and to turn a good furrow. It is difficult to find a reason for dispensing with these plowing-matches. Persons familiar with farm operations in European countries generally state that while the plows in this country are superior to those used abroad the work done with them is much poorer. Plowing-matches are still kept up in Great Britain, and are considered of great value in educating the young in the most important work on farms. They also serve to determine what kind of plows are the best for doing different kinds of work.

In England, Ireland, and France milking matches have become leading features at agricultural shows. Butter-making matches have also become common and popular. The contestants select their own churns and other implements, and manufacture, work, and salt the butter in the way they are accustomed to, the committee, composed of experts, deciding on the merits of the different samples produced. The prize takers are generally able, if they wish, to obtain situations on dairy farms, the owners of which desire to obtain a reputation for the butter made for sale. A competitive trial also affords an excellent opportunity for judging of the merit of different kinds of churns, as they can be seen in operation side by side, the time required to convert cream or milk into butter noted, and the quality of the butter examined. That much of the butter made in this country is very poor is generally acknowledged. Most persons first learn how to conduct any mechanical operation by seeing it done. They learn more by witnessing a butter-making contest than by reading a dozen books on the subject by the manufacturers of butter.

Horseshoeing contests, which were inaugurated in France, have extended into other European countries, and have become very popular. It is a kind of work in which every farmer is deeply interested, and in which the greatest skill should be acquired. There are many other mechanical operations connected with farming or associated with it that are worthy of encouragement, and for which it would be well to offer prizes at fairs. Every farmer should know how to slaughter, skin, and dress cattle, calves, pigs, and sheep as quickly and as skillful as city butchers do. Making thatch for covering buildings, hay, grain, and straw stacks is a much neglected art in this country, and one in which many foreigners, could give instruction if small inducements in the form of prizes were offered. Contests of skill in doing any kind of work would interest many persons who could not make creditable exhibits of live stock or farm products at agricultural fairs.—*Chicago Times.*

Farmers' Wives.

In discussing the reasons why so few boys born and bred on the farm follow their father's calling, there is one that is entirely creditable to them and that is too little considered. Most of them expect to marry some day, and seeing how hard a time their mothers usually have, are properly unwilling to oblige the girls they love to assume such arduous responsibilities. In fact, they cannot oblige a girl to become a farmer's wife if they would. The time for such obligation has not yet come, and in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, ambitious girls, who like a young man well enough for himself, suppress their feelings and give him the go by, if this be the prospect in life that he holds out "for better or for worse." It is unfortunately not altogether a prejudice that thus influences young women against the farm, or rather it is the natural prejudgment of their own fate from the facts in farmers' wives experiences with which they are themselves familiar.

Undoubtedly the greatest improvement in farming life now needed consists in greater comforts and conveniences for farmers' wives. The farmer himself has all sorts of labor-saving machinery. The wife often has to do with only the same conveniences provided for her mother and grandmother before her. As social duties become more exacting her time and leisure are less than formerly. Children on the farm do not "rough" it as much as they used to. Just all the difference in their appearance marks so much the greater care thrown upon the mother. It is more difficult than formerly to get good help in the house in the country. Girls who work in private families prefer city life. They, too, had rather find a beau among the young men in some city avocation than on a farm. Now as far as possible, a farmer should either make his wife's work proportionately as easy as his own, or he should quit the business if satisfied that this cannot be done. Usually the hardest job in the house may be saved by a little timely thoughtfulness on the part of the husband and menfolks. Having a good supply of wood or other fuel in a convenient place ought to be a requirement from every housewife. So, too, should good hard and soft water convenient for use. Many steps may be saved by constructing sewage drains to convey slops from the house. This drain should terminate in some receptable at a distance from the house, which kept disinfected will more than pay its way in providing fertilizers for the farm.

It is presumed that most farmers' wives have sewing machines. They are as great help in the house as mowers and harvesters are on the farm, and may be used many more days in a year. The icehouse and creamery should be maintained wherever a cow is kept. They make a great saving in the labor of caring for milk, and are besides well worth their cost in making more and better butter than the old laborious methods. The ice-cold milk from the creamer is an excellent drink for hard-working men. With every particle of cream removed, it is as nutritious as it ever was, and its coolness, combined with nutrition, makes it valuable for a drink to men in the hay and harvest fields. "Then, too, with plenty of ice it is easy to have ice cream easily, made cheaply and better than nineteenths of what is sold in cities. With beautiful home-grown flowers in the doorvard, and perhaps a greenhouse for them in Winter, the farmer's wife need ask no odds of her city sisters with equal wealth in the pleasures and refinements of life which each may enjoy.

The trouble with most farmers is that they do not make the most of little things where they can easily and cheaply increase the comforts and luxuries of life. Lacking these, they look with greater envy on the supposed advantages of city residents, and of course become discontented and unhappy. If farmers asked the advice of their wives more than they do about household arrangements, and give them their way in these, they would find the comforts of their homes greatly increased thereby. Perhaps then their sons, whom they hope to leave as prosperous farmers, would not be deterred from their father's business by their inability to find lovable and intelligent young women willing to share such a life with them.—*American Cultivator.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DUMPLINGS FOR SOUP.

Mix with one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-half teaspoon of salt; wet with one cup of water, roll out one-half inch thick, cut into shape, and drop in the boiling soup.

NUDELS FOR SOUP.

Beat three eggs very light; add flour enough to make a stiff batter, and a pinch of salt; roll out thin, sprinkle with flour and roll up tight; begin at one end and shave off like cabbage. Be sure that the soup is boiling when they are dropped in.

COD FISH.

Pick the fish fine, and let stand in cold water over night; put in a saucepan with sufficient milk to cover it well; when it boils, thicken with flour and butter.

LEMON PIE.

Take the grated rind of two lemons, add one and one-half cups of sugar, two tablespoons of flour, small piece of butter, yolks of four beaten eggs and one quart of milk; bake with an undercrust. When done pour over the top the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth and sweetened; then set in the oven to brown.

BLACK PUDDING.

One-half pound each of raisins, currants, chopped suet and sugar; one pound of bread soaked in milk and beaten smooth, one-fourth of a pound of flour, spice to taste. Put in a bag and boil six hours.

BROWN BREAD.

Three cups each of flour and sour milk, two cups of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, five cups of Indian meal, one tablespoon of soda, one teaspoonful of salt. Let rise then bake in a moderate oven.

CORN BREAD.

Two cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, one-half cup shortening, one-fourth of a cup of sugar, two teaspoons of baking powder, pinch of salt, one cup each of milk and water. Bake in a quick oven.

VEAL FRITTERS.

Remove the bones from two pounds of veal and chop fine; add one-half pound of cracker crumbs, three beaten eggs, salt and pepper. Make into flat cakes and fry brown.

OMELET SOUFFLE.

One quart of milk, two cups of flour, one-quarter of a cup of butter; scald all together and when cold stir in the yolks of five eggs; mix well and stir in the whites beaten to a froth; bake in a quick oven.

APPLE CUSTARD.

Peel eight apples and put in a baking dish; add one-half cup of water, one cup of sugar; bake brown, and when ready to serve spread over the top the whites of six eggs. Sweeten with sugar and flavor with nutmeg.

SALMON CROQUETS.

Mix one can of salmon with one quart of mashed potatoes, the yolks of three eggs and one-half tea cup of butter. Season with pepper and salt, roll in cracker crumbs and fry brown in hot lard.

CORN OYSTERS.

Cut from the cob one pint of corn, add one pint of milk, two eggs, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a batter; fry in hot lard.

PARSNIP CROQUETS.

Mash fine cold boiled parsnips, to six parsnips add one egg beaten light, salt and pepper and flour enough to hold them together; form into small flat cakes and fry brown.

JUMBLICE.

Chop fine cold cook ham, add the same quantity of chopped onions, and twice the quantity of cold boiled rice. Stir all together and cook in a frying-pan with a half cup of water and a good sized piece of butter; season to taste.

MUFFINS.

Two eggs, one-fourth cup of sugar, two cups of sweet milk, three teaspoons of baking powder, two tablespoons of butter, four cups of flour, bake in muffin rings.

A Monte Carlo Sensation.

I remember that during one of my visits, when the weather was exceptionally hot, a cab horse, after cantering up the hill of Monte Cristo, fell in a fit at the Casino door. It was necessary to kill the horse, and when the carcass had been removed some blood remained on the gravel. A few moments later a French newspaper correspondent came up, and perceived the blood, immediately concluded that somebody must have committed suicide. The horror of the imaginative journalist was considerably intensified by the approach of a director of the Casino, who with the greatest unconcern, walked on the blood stained sand and, unmoved, entered the gaming-rooms. A few hours later the press of most of the capitals of Europe re-echoed with the heartrending story of the youug man who, having lost in a few hours at roulette the entire fortune his father had taken a lifetime to accumulate, blew his brains out at the very doors of the Casino. But the directors, unmoved by the ruin they occasioned, acually trod in their victim's blood. Their consciences were so hardened by perpetual crime they had not even the decency to remove the blood with which their boots were bespattered.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

A Fair Bargain.

A Main street mother was whipping her boy the other day, and as she applied the rod she shouted: "Will you behave?" "Yes," blubbered the throbbing boy, "I will if you will."—*News London Day.*

WEARING OUT THE CARPET.

Among the guests at a small summer hotel were a little boy and his mother. The boy's fullness of life and richness of prankish resource kept the timid, shrinking mother in a constant state of alarm, and the servants noticing that she was afraid that her son might give offense, took pains to increase her anxiety by telling the child, in those soft but forced tones of kindness which burn worse than harshness, not to make so much noise and not to scatter bread crumbs on the steps. The proprietor's wife, an old woman whom every one said was motherly, unconsciously took a cue from the servants; and, forgetting that her own sons and daughters were once noisy children, began to oppress the boy.

"Sh-sh—don't make a fuss," she said, meeting him in the hall. "Little boys must be seen and not heard. Go and put that ball away. You might break something. Never mind that cat. Get out of my way. I wonder what your mother can be thinking about."

"Tommie," his mother called from a neighboring room.

"Mam."

"Come here."

"I ain't doin' nothin.'"

"Oh, let him alone, I pray you," said the proprietor's wife, inclining her head and smiling at the mother, who appeared at the doorway. "I was simply afriad that he might break something with his ball, but do let him enjoy himself, I beseech you. Children will be children, you know."

"I do hope he won't cause you any trouble," the mother replied. "I do the very best I can with him, but—I—I—come here, son."

She reached out, took the boy by the hand and drew him into the room.

"What makes you cry, mamma?"

"Because you are so bad, darling," she replied, taking him into her arms.

"I didn't know I was bad."

"But you are. You seem to make everybody miserable."

"What's miserable?"

"Unhappy."

"What's unhappy?"

"Go, sit down over there.

He climbed upon a trunk, twisted himself around, tore his clothes, got down, killed a fly on the windowpane, picked up a feather which he found in the corner, threw it up and blew his breath on it, turned over a work-basket, climbed upon the bed where his mother had lain down, put his hands on her face, gazed with mischivous tenderness into her eyes, and said:

"I love you."

She clasped him to her bosom. "You'll be a good boy, won't you?"

"Yessum, an' when that nigger makes a face at me, I won't say anything,"

"Well, you must not."

"An' musn't I grab hold of the calf's tail when he shoves it through the fence?"

"No."

"Why."

"Oh, because it will hurt him. Let mamma go to sleep now, but don't you go out."

"Nome."

The woman sank to sleep. The boy got off the bed and went to the widdow. He looked up at a fly that was buzzing at the top, went back to the bed gently kissed his mother and stole out into the hall. Exuberant with freedom, he began to gallop in imitation of a horse.

"Sh-sh!"

He was confronted by the proprietor's wife. "What are you racing around here like a mule for, say? Don't you know you are wearing out the carpet? Why dont you go somewhere and sit down and behave like a human being? Think I bought this carpet to have it skuffud out this way? Stop raking your foot on the floor that way."

He held up his hands as if, in begging for forgiveness, he would kiss her. "Don't put your greasy hands on me. Go on, now, and don't rake your feet on this carpet. I don't know what mothers these days can be thinking about."

"Tommie," his mother called.

"Yessum."

"Come here."

"Oh, I don't know what to do with you," she said when she had drawn him into the room. "What makes you so bad?"

"I dunno, but it must be the bad man."

"Yes, and he'll get you, too, if you don't behave yourself."

"And will he hurt me?"

"Yes, he will."

"How?"

"Burn you."

"Ho, I'd shoot him."

"You couldn't."

"Why couldn't I?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Then how do you know he would burn me?"

"Oh, I don't know that he would."

"Then what made you say that he would?"

"For gracious sake, give me a little peace."

"A little piece of bread?" he asked, while his eyes twinkled with mischief.

"Hush, sir; hush. Not another word out of you. Take your dirty hands away from my face."

"I want to hug you."

"Well, hug me, then, and sit down."

"You love me, don't you?"

"Yes, little angel," she said, pressing him to her bosom.

"More than all the houses an' railroads an' steamboats put together?"

"Yes."

To the mother the days were dragged over the field of time, like the dead body of an animal. In misery lest her son should cause offense, she watched him, and, at table, hushed him. The proprietor's wife scolded him, and at last the little fellow's spirit was cowed. He crept through the hall, and, on tiptoe, to keep from wearing out the carpets, he moved through the house. He would shrink when he saw the proprietor's wife, and in his sleep he muttered apologies and declared that he would be good. One morning he awoke with a burning fever.

"I wish you would come in and see my little boy," said the mother, addressing the proprietor's wife. She went in. The little fellow looked at her, and, as a deeply-troubled expression crossed his face, said:

"I won't wear out the carpet."

"Why, no, you won't hurt the carpet. Get up and run on it all you want to."

"I can't, now."

"But you can after awhile."

Days of suffering; nights of dread. Everything had been done and the doctor had gone home. A heart-broken woman buried her face in the bedclothes. The proprietor's wife, with tears streaming down her face, stood looking upon a wasted face which had, only a short time before, beamed with mischief.

"Little boy," she said, "dear little fellow, you are going to leave us. You are going to heaven."

"No," he faintly replied, "I will be in the way, and they won't let me laugh there."

A long silence followed and then the old woman whispered:

"He is gone."

A man with heavy boots walked on the carpet in the hall.—*Opie P. Read, in Arkansaw Traveler.*

Mistakes of Orchardists.

One of the most common mistakes made by some of the best orchardists is in having too many varieties, making more work in harvesting and not so desirable. In some cases a number of varieties have been placed in one tree. This is one of the worst mistakes. Different locations require different varieties to get the best results. Big mistakes in the selection of varieties have been made. One of the great questions with the orchardist is, what is the most profitable variety to grow and meet the wants of the present and future market? Mistakes are quite common in the distance of planting out trees. The question is largely one of circumstances. If one has more land than money, it may be best not to set so near. Where land is more costly, trees may be set twice as thick as needed, and when the trees cover the land one-half of them may be removed.

One of the saddest of mistakes is where one puts trees in old worn-out grass fields and wholly neglects them and expects to raise an orchard. All such cases end in miserable failure. Another mistake is in placing mulch so near the trunk of a tree and in such quantity that it will heat and kill the tree. The writer can testify to the loss of fifty valuable trees killed in this way.

Losses may occur from mice and the borer. Some have had whole orchards destroyed by one or both of these enemies. Careful pruning is necessary, but some have made bad mistakes in this direction; the leaves are to the tree what the lungs are to the body. Extreme cutting should be avoided.

In grafting, orchards in some cases have been nearly ruined by sawing too large limbs or hubs, setting poor scions, grafting limbs in the centre of the tree, using poor wax, neglecting to look after the scions after the work has been performed. These have been the cause of much damage. Turning sheep and lambs into a young orchard without taking the precaution to coat the trunks of the trees with manure has caused a big loss in some cases. Oxen and large cattle have proved very fatal to young trees when turned into the orchard. Allowing trees to overbear and break themselves down is a mistake. Thin the fruit but do not prop the limb.

If one has dwarf pears, as the quince root is fibrous, do not let the ground remain in grass. If you do you will make a mistake. Paying big prices for new varieties has in some cases proved a mistake.—*D. P. True, before Maine Pomological Society.*

A Reckless Husband.

A Quincy man is married to a woman who is built after the style of Socrates' celebrated spouse. During the heated term he came home one day to dinner looking as cool as a cucumber. Having nothing else to scold about, she began as follows:

"How does it happen that good men are being sunstruck every day, while a great, big, lazy, good-for-nothing booby like you does not seem to feel it?"

"Well, my dear," he answered, "You see I have one advantage over them in the way of experience. You see I have lived in hell for the past five years, and——"

The next minute a hatless man was making extraordinary time down the street, while in the house he had left there was a crash of crockery, followed by dead silence.—*Peoria Transcript.*

The supposition that Americans spend $75,000,000 a year abroad is probably correct. Most of it goes for tips.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

AN AERONAUT'S STORY.

A great crowd gathered to see me ascend. Some of the citizens had promised to go with me, but their courage failed at the last moment, and I resolved to go alone.

Whenever I had made ascensions, although in widely different places, I had always noticed among the spectators a young man whose unusual palor and deep-sunken, great eyes had impressed me. He was greatly interested in my undertaking, and pressed near to offer any assistance. I had become so used to his presence that at F. I involuntarily looked around for him as I called to my men to make ready. The unknown stood close by the barrier, paler and more haggard than ever. I sprang into the boat and ordered the rope to be cut.

At the same moment I saw a movement among the spectators, but did not heed it, as I was arranging some things in the bottom of the boat, and was stooping over and busy when the quickly-rising balloon was high in the air. Great was my astonishment when I looked up and saw that strange-looking young man with me.

"Your obedient servant, sir," said he politely.

"By what right are you here?' I asked indignantly.

"You could not escape me; therefore I have a right to be here," he said.

Perplexed by this answer I was silent. Untroubled by my amazement, he went on: "In this way we shall never go up." With these words he seized two bags of ballast and cast them out.

"Sir," I cried, angrily catching his arm. "I cannot allow that." The barometer showed me that the balloon had risen two thousand feet. "We must decend," said I; "those clouds darkening around us, and growing blacker and heavier in the south, warn us of a thunderstorm."

"No," he cried, "we must dash through the clouds; the lightning shall flash far below us," and once more two bags of ballast flew overboard. I struggled to hold him back, but he pushed me to the floor with one hand, while he carried out his purpose with the other saying: "I am very sorry, but I see you do not understand the thing, so I must take the whole control. Now, don't interfere with me again."

He continued throwing overboard bag after bag of ballast, holding me firmly back as soon as I tried to prevent his actions. I saw I had to deal with a madman, far my superior in physical strength, so I resolved to try cunning. I tried to interest him in conversation while I slyly pulled the valve-rope and hoped to bring the balloon down before he observed our course.

Suddenly he said: "You have opened the valve in spite of my orders." I dropped the string. "Fortunately," he continued, while he flung some bags over the side, "we have yet 200 pounds of ballast. I allowed you to open the valve because the gas threatened to burst the balloon, but don't you do it again." The clouds sailed under us in a glittering stream, on which the balloon cast a deep shadow. Thunder rumbled far below.

"Higher, higher! You need not know more."

With these words he flung the compass out. I was helpless as a child before the man. To my urgent entreaties to have our course changed he only cried: "I am out of patience with you. Now you shall no longer know whether we go up or down." Then he threw the barometer and half the remaining ballast after the compass. Even higher rose the balloon; my heart throbbing as if it would burst; blood flowed from my nose and mouth.

Desperation gave me strenth. I struggled with him, but I had to yield. He threw me to the floor, and holding me there, he took a knife from his pocket and cut a rope.

With a shriek I flew to the end of the boat, instinctively clung to the only remaining rope, and, overwhelmed by horror, closed my eyes.

After a long pause I opened them and found myself alone upon the boat—alone, 10,000 feet above the earth. My companion had vanished. I rose still higher, higher, rushing so swiftly through the air that every breath I drew was keenest torture. A sharp frost made my teeth chatter, but suddenly a suffocating heat took the place of the cold. I found myself in the middle of a glowing, firery cloud, and heard a terrific report—the gas had burst from its prison.

The balloon whirled with horrible rapidity as it collapsed—an ugly, formless mass.

The descent seemed long. As I neared the earth I saw I was within two miles of the ocean and feared the wind would drive me there. During the whole journey down I had been standing on the end of the boat, clinging convulsively to the rope. A violent lurch tore it from my hold and hurled me backward. I fell—not, as I expected, into space, but in the soft grass of a meadow. I was nearer the ground than I could in my unfortunate position judge. The anchor, trailing along, had luckily caught fast. I had scarcely dropped before the balloon, now unburdened, salled swiftly off over the sea. A miracle saved me from the most awful peril my exciting life ever brought me. Nothing was ever heard of my unfortunate companion.—*Leeds Mercury.*

The Old Editor.

In this western country, especially in the smaller and newer places, where nearly every man you meet is young, the sight of an old man, compelled to endure the hardships and privations of a new country, is almost pathetic in itself. But where the old man is poor, where he has known better days, and is compelled to settle perhaps alone among strangers and try to make himself a new home, it grows doubly so.

Some six or seven years ago an old man named Van Ness started a newspaper at Goodwin, a little Dakota town now almost forgotten. I struck the place the same time he did, on a little excursion of my own, and set type for him as long as he needed me.

The old man called his paper the *Deuel County Palladium.* A young man had a paper in the same place called the *Goodwin Rustler.* The old man had not the strength nor taste for gathering much local news, but he wrote long, and sometimes able editorials. *The Rustler* man could not have written an editorial of any kind if he had tried, but got lots of "personals" and items about new front gates and the births of twin calves. People took the *Rustler* and ignored and made fun of the *Palladium.*

Sometimes the old man would speak about it. "There is an editorial on our common school system," he would say, "which is better than one I once published on the subject in the *Herkimer County Palladium* while I was running that paper when it had 3,500 circulation. I hate to praise my own work, but I know that article is good. But no one will read it, or, if one should, he won't appreciate it. It is almost sxty years since I learned my trade, and I have published newspapers for nearly fifty. It makes me feel discouraged to think that after all these years my work is not valued more highly. But I am going to do the best I can, and may God grant that I may die in a community where I will be better appreciated."

Poor old man! I can see him yet as he sits at a rough board table in a rougher board office, both of which he had made himself, working away on an editorial on our foreign relations!

As the winter came on he grew less able to write or do other work. It was too much for him to "roll" while I "pulled" the old hand-press, so he would sit down and watch me and fold the papers while I did both, walking around the press each time. But it was not very hard even then—we only printed ninety-six papers.

After a while some of his editorials hardly read as clear as they should. I frequently had to study over and rearrange involved sentences as I stood at the case. And a few I could make no "head or tail" to at all and quietly threw away. I used to help him as much as possible, pick up as much news as I could on the street and try to get a subscriber occasionally. Van Ness would never himself ask a man to take his paper or even to pay him if he owed him. He hardly took in a dollar from one week's end to the other. He had paid me but little for a long time, but I was determined to see him through the winter at least. He lived alone in the office and just managed to get enough money from advertisers to buy food.

One week just before Christmas we were behind time with the work. I had to wait for "copy." It was Friday afternoon and was already growing dark in the back part of the room where I worked. I went to the hook and found a long piece. It would make a column and a half—more than we wanted. I spoke to Van Ness of it, but he was gazing out of the little window which faced to the west and said nothing. I returned to the case and began reading the article. It started as an editorial on Christmas and why we observed it, but it soon ran into strange personal matters, a sort of biography, long-ago boyish incidents, references to his mother again and again, and then to another, Dolly, I think, and to others, evidently his children, but it is said they were all gone, and at the end it wandered back to his mother again and his earliest childhood scenes, and the sentences and words became tangled, only I could see the old man was a boy again and that his mother was bending over him and watching him at his childish play as she did long years ago.

I laid down the manuscript and turned to where the old man sat. He was leaning back in his chair gazing out of the window. I stepped to his side; he just raised his eyes but did not appear to know me. Again he gazed out the window at the red and golden clouds in the west where the sun had just sunk out of sight. It was a beautiful sight and seemed as if spread out there that the old man might gaze on it and see beauty and peace as he passed away. "See the clouds, how beautiful they are," he said, after a few minutes, "they seem just beyond the bend in the river—the grand old Mohawk—and the trees in the woods down beyond the pasture! See them grow brighter and more beautiful—but it is cold here, very cold; let me get up and I will put some more wood on the fireplace." He tried to rise, but sunk back.

The old man had written his last editorial.—*Dakota Bell.*

They Couldn't Look Wise.

It is said that Col. Ingersoll recently received a $5,000 retainer for sitting in court and looking wise for three hours. Ingersoll is a lucky man. There are other members of the bar who couldn't look wise at any price.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE GAY EXCURSION.

Delights of a Day in the Woods With the Sunday-School Children.

We flocked in with a Sunday-school excursion which went down from Sioux Falls to Spirit Lake, Iowa, one day last week. Some twelve hundred people went, and the stranger who saw the procession was invariably impressed with the great number of "grown-up" people who were evidently connected with the Sunday-school of this city. One young lady admitted, after she got on the train, that she was under twenty-one, and the conductor was going to put her off. Three or four hundred gray and bald-headed members of some infant class struggled on to the train with baskets of luncheon in their hands.

On the way down the man who said that an accident always happens to an excursion train wandered from car to car and asked every one who would talk with him how many he supposed would be killed on this train when it went over an embakment or through a bridge. The conductor finally complied with the unanimous request of the passengers and stopped the train near Rock Rapids, and the accidet man was lynched. The conductor was very courteous and seemed bound to please.

Arriving at Spirit Lake every body went over to the picnic grounds and ate dinner.

The ham sandwich was extracted from the lemon pie and the sponge cake was probed with the hope of recovering the hard-boiled eggs.

The mustard was scraped from the cold chicken, and regrets were expressed that the custard pie should have thought best to run out of the bottom of the basket.

The cold tea which had been so carefully bottled up was wrung out of the napkins, and the warm, mellow lemonade was drank with a grasshopper in it.

After dinner the Sunday-school scholars were surprised and gratified to find that the authorities or railroad company or somebody had provided a class of amusements peculiarly fitted for the young. There were some twenty-five or thirty gentlemen on the grounds, giving their whole time to conducting innocent and instructive games for children.

The nutshell game was the favorite, and some five or six studious young men were explaining its workings at the same time on different parts of the grounds. It was quite difficult for some of the members of the infant classes to tell which shell the little ball was under. One member of an intermediate class paid $85 and then didn't find it.

A gray-bearded old philanthropist opened up a game of faro under the spreading boughs of a grand old oak on the lake shore and did a good business.

Another gentleman ran a keno game under a cottonwood tree, while still others sold ten-dollar bills wrapped around small pieces of soap or disposed of machine-forged jewelry at a great discount. It was a beautiful scene and the children derived great benefit. The City Marshal looked on approvingly and smilingly said that he liked to see the little ones improving their minds.

Some fault was found that the regular picnic thunder shower did not come up in the afternoon. Those having the excursion in charge claimed that they were not to blame for its non-appearance.

On the return trip when the train was about half a mile from Sioux Falls the engineer put out the fire to save fuel, and the train stopped. After the excursionists found out the state of things they dropped off and walked into town.

Some people claim that a fellow don't get any rest by going on an excursion, as he generally works hard a week before to get ready and then puts in the hardest day of all when he goes; but this is not so—an excursion usually makes him sick abed for a week after he gets back, and that is the time he gets his rest.—*Dakota Bell.*

Things that a Woman Can't Do.

Shoot straight.

See any beauty in a rival.

Keep track of a base ball game.

Sit down without mashing her bustle.

Endure the smell of a stranger's cigar.

Cut an old admirer without looking back.

Hold up a dress without showing her hose.

See the extravagance of anything she wants.

Tell her child's right age to the car conductor.

Lose a fiver on the races without getting a headache.

Remain in an auction room without losing her head.—*Judge.*

Frightened at Shadows.

"All engineers dread moonlight nights," said the old trainman, "and the trouble is no trouble at all—shadows. An engineer, looking from his engine, sees before him all manner of shadows. He is sure that the shadow across the track is a man, or a rock, or some kind of an obstruction. He doesn't know, and he is kept in a state of nervous excitement all the time. Going around curves, along hill-sides, very curious shadows are outlined along the track, and very often the engineer is so worked up over a night's ride, that he is scarcely able to perform his duties."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

MISSING MILLIONS.

How Near a California Judge Came to Making a Fortune.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—Recently Oscar Kidd, of Port Jervis, N. Y., dreamed that a watch, wrapped in cotton in a tin box, was secreted in a cellar of a certain house in that town. The owner of the house laughed at Oscar, who wanted to look for the watch, but finally went down to the cellar with him, and sure enough Kidd found the watch just as he had dreamed. Then the owner of the house claimed the watch because it had been found on his premises, and he kept it too.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—George Greer, of Santa Maria, Tex., dreamed three times that a box containing five thousand dollars in gold was buried under one corner of his house, and had a party of friends help him remove the building and search for the treasure. After digging down several feet and finding nothing he gave it up. It cost three hundred dollars to have the house returned to its place and his friends "cared" for.

POULTRY DISEASES.

Directions for the Treatment of Catarrh, Roup and Diphtheria.

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

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

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

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

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

SOLID HORSE SENSE.

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

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

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

One of the old writers tells of a horse that was conscious of his triumphs When he was in the Olympic games he would proudly direct his steps to the tribunal judges for his crown. This same thing is related of the fast trotters of America. As soon as the race is over they can not be restrained until they have stopped at the judges stand and had the bridle decorated with the winners' badge.—*Omaha Bee.*

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. Hale, in Chatauquan.*

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

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

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

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

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

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

The more often carpets are shake the longer they wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the thread.

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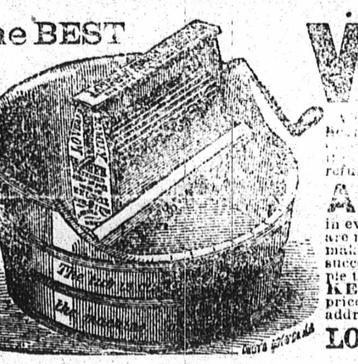

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Rats are smart, but "ROUGH ON RATS" beats them. Clears out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Water Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, Ants, Mosquitoes, Bed-bugs, Insects, Potato Bugs, Sparrows, Skunks, Weasel, Gophers, Chipmunks, Moles, Musk Rats, Jack Rabbits, Squirrels. 15c. & 25c.

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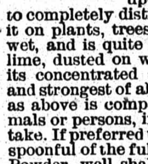
"ROUGH ON RATS" is a complete preventive and destroyer of Hen Lice. Mix a 25c. box of "ROUGH ON RATS" to a pail of whitewash, keep it well stirred up while applying. Whitewash the whole interior of the Hennery; inside and outside of the nests, or after hens have set a week, sprinkle the "ROUGH ON RATS" dry powder, lightly 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" Powder, well shaken, in a keg 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.

AN ODD TROUGH.

The Deep Moral Which It Is Intended to Convey to Mankind.

There is a watering-trough at Stockbridge, in this State, that is not wholly without interest. It was made by digging out a large hole in an uncut block of marble. Beside it stood another rough, post-like piece of marble, and on the face next to the trough is a bronze mask of a faun, copied from the antique, and whose concentrated intention and expression is to convey the water that passes through its mouth in the most spiteful and animally vigorous way. But in the Stockbridge faun the water dripples down as though it was ashamed of its very existence, presenting an incongruity of impression that can not be described. But this is only the suggestion, the delicate preliminary of the deep moral of modern missionary aims. On one end of the trough is carved in large letters this ponderous sentence: "Utility is better than grandeur." In another part of the same town there is a fountain whose intention is more human, and the moral of which is wisely left to the forcible charm of tradition. It represents a cat and dog in attitudes natural to their species. The latter, a lively Scotch terrier, approaches the former in a ready, inquiring, and doubtful way, as much as to say: "if I can get my jaws on your neck I'll paint the name of Edwards with fur." The cat crouches, ready to make a blind dog as soon as the occasion requires, and hisses through her mouth the water of the fountain into the dog's face. The older cruel interpreters of Stockbridge animals assert that this group is a symbol of the former gossipping activities of that section of Berkshire County. Later historians declare that time has not lessened the truth or force of its significance.—*Boston Post.*

—Several years ago a young girl near Aiken, S. C., was in the act of placing a pitcher on a fence-post when she was struck dead by lightning. Since then the pitcher has remained on the post, safe by superstition from the touch of negroes, who believe that the arm which touches it will be paralyzed. Storms and cyclones and earthquakes have not displaced it, although the post which holds it is fast crumbling with decay.—*Charleston News.*

—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.*

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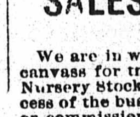

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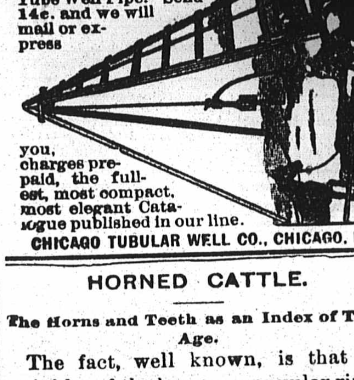

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HORNED CATTLE.

The Horns and Teeth as an Index of Their Age.

The fact, well known, is that the wrinkles of the horns are annular rings. Both males and females of the bovine race have rings formed annually—the first at two years of age and showing plainly at three years. Thereafter a ring is formed annually, and if two years are added to the number of rings the age may be definitely determined up to the age of eight years, and sometimes longer. After this time, with the age, the rings run into each other, often making it difficult to determine the age. But even this is not an exact means of determining the age of horned cattle. Quite often the second ring does not appear until the animal is five years old. Thereafter the rings are contant. As a rule the rings are annular after the animal is three years old, and hence the determination of age is more certain by the horn than by the teeth, since close or gritty pastures often wear the teeth far more than flush pastures, or in the case of cattle fed on food requiring little exertion in gathering.

Up to the time when the animal arrives at full maturity the teeth are a sure index of age, whatever the pasture. That is to say, at the age of two weeks the calf will have four front teeth on the under jaw, two only being out at birth. At three weeks it will have six teeth, and at a month old the incisor teeth will be complete—that is, eight. At eight months the incisors will begin to wear, and the two central teeth will be shrunk. This process will gradually proceed, successively, until at the age of eighteen months the two central incisors will have dropped out, to be succeeded by the two central permanent incisors. At two years old past there will be four central permanent incisors, at three years six and at four years eight incisors, the full number, will be shown. From this on the incisors gradually shrink apart again, so that at the age of ten years the relative appearance of the incisors will be analogous to that of the calf of twelve months of age. This appearance will be measurably constant, but, as stated before, the actual wear of the cutting surfaces will be governed by the nature of the pasturage and other food.—*Chicago Tribune.*