

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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## SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

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Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.

Advertising \$2.00 an inch per month.  
Entered in the Post Office in Topeka, for transmission as second class matter.

There were \$200,000 worth of building permits issued by Geo. O. Wilmarth last week.

**For Sale or Trade for Real Estate.**  
A fine Millinery & Hair Goods Business. Nice central locality and a large established custom. Enquire at this office.

For every thing in the drug line call on Dr. Herring's No. 616 Adams Block, North Topeka.

Order your new fall hat or bonnet of Mrs. Metcalf if you wished to be pleased. Remember her new rooms at 803 Kansas avenue.

The Cooke locomotive works at Paterson N. J. are preparing to build ten rotary steam snow-shovels, two for the Union Pacific.

The council has at last determined that some action must be taken at once in reference to the Sixth street viaduct. Their directions to the Missouri Pacific and Santa Fe roads are to build at once and to stand not upon the order of the building.

Pension Agent Geo. W. Glick received a communication from General John C. Black, commissioner of pensions in which he states that he will visit Kansas October 12 on which occasion he will accompany the board of managers of the National Soldier's Homes.

The Missouri Pacific on Sunday began running a train between Topeka and Ottawa. It leaves Topeka about 5:30 in the evening, and returns in the morning, giving people along the road an opportunity to pass the day in Topeka, without remaining over night.

Dr. John Punton, who has been in charge of one of the departments at the insane asylum, has tendered his resignation to the state board of charities. The doctor has held the position for a long time and his work has been conscientiously done. The resignation will take effect October 15th.

The ordinance passed by the council entitled the "license ordinance," is in general about the same as the ordinance under which the city government has been carried on for fifteen years. It will bring into the city an income of about \$10,000 per year, which at present will be a welcome replenishment for the city treasurer.

A team attached to a wagon stood upon the embankment of the Kansas river at work on the city park grade Saturday. The bank was eight or ten feet high was artificial and the team having got close to the edge, rolled down into the river. The wagon was loaded with dirt, and horses and wagon turned twice over before they landed in the river. One of the horses was almost drowned before he was rescued.

I. Moore, the colored tough who was fined \$151 on three different charges, the principal one being for resisting and interfering with an officer, and who was committed to the rock pile, made his escape from the jail yard Saturday, and after being chased to the western edge of the city took to the brush and made escape. The guard, Geo. Charles, left the yard for a short time, and the gate having been left open, Moore made a run for liberty. He had a prospect of five months service on the rock pile.

The Rock Island trains no longer arrive and leave from the Union Pacific depot, but from their own.

A drawing of the new cotton mill to be built here is now exhibited upon the walls of the board of trade rooms.

The Barber asphalt company which is putting down so much paving in Topeka, is said to represent a capital of \$20,000,000.

Governor Crawford will put an electric passenger elevator into the new building to be erected on the corner of Jackson street and Fifth avenue.

The Union Pacific has met the rate given by the Santa Fe and Rock Island, and are selling round trip tickets to St. Louis for 8.85.

The Central National bank has purchased the splendid business lot on the southeast corner of Seventh and Kansas avenue for \$32,500, and will at once proceed to put up a magnificent building, four stories in height, and 150 feet long, that will be an ornament to the city.

In Justice Salyer's court on Monday there were seven criminal cases for disposition. Christian Smith and wife Laura Smith, T. D. Morris and wife Ellen Morris, all charged with disturbing the peace, and their cases continued until Monday, the 26th inst. Howard Melhado—failing to pay his poll tax—was tried Tuesday afternoon. Charles Fox, arrested for the same offense and let go on his own recognizance, failed to make his appearance.

The new passenger service of the Rock Island, between Topeka and Kansas City, went into effect last Sunday, the first train starting from here to Kansas City at 3:55 p. m. The trains are well equipped, and new reclining chair coaches will be added. The time table between Kansas City and Topeka will be as follows:  
Leave Topeka..... 4:00 a. m.  
Arrive at Kansas City..... 6:15 "  
Leave Topeka..... 3:55 p. m.  
Arrive at Kansas City..... 6:00 "  
Leave Kansas City..... 9:55 a. m.  
Arrive at Topeka..... 12:00 m.  
Leave Kansas City..... 9:05 p. m.  
Arrive at Topeka..... 11:10 "

T. B. Hartzell, brother of Mrs. A. D. Thatcher, will arrive in Topeka Saturday morning early, from San Diego. He will bring with him two African ostriches raised on an ostrich farm near San Diego. Frank Thatcher has ordered fifty pounds of cabbage and all kinds of vegetables for the ostriches. The ostriches will be taken to St. Louis for exhibition. They are valued at \$1,000 each, and weigh about 400 pounds each. Mr. Hartzell will bring a car load of California grapes, and he invites all Topekan to come down to the depot and partake of the delicious fruit during his short stop here. Mr. Hartzell will remain until 1 p. m. Saturday, and persons desiring to see a fine pair of ostriches should avail themselves of this opportunity.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Three colored men, Wash Matthews, Cyrus Sims and Asa Bright, were arrested for disturbing the services of Mount Zion Baptist colored church a few evenings ago. Two of them are preachers.

The common mistake in dealing with Malaria is to treat symptoms. The poison may be in the system in large amount without chills and fever. The evidence of its presence may be disordered liver, or stomach, or both; with headache, backache, &c. To get rid of all the trouble at once, take a few doses of Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria. It cures all the symptoms by destroying the cause. Sold by druggists.

### School Board.

The board of education met Monday night, the following members being present: Welsh, Chase, Callahan, Beck, Burnett, Shull, Priddy, Whaley, Mrs. George and Mrs. Chesney.

The resignations of Miss Laura Sturgis and Miss Clara Reiser were accepted. The finance committee was instructed to pay \$544.69 for the paving in front of the Jackson street school property provided there was a sufficient sum in the treasury.

The claim of J. W. Tobias, amounting to \$45, was allowed.

Janitors were appointed as follows: High school, Peter Roundtree; Adams school, Henry Morton; school corner of Tenth and Jackson, M. Sim; Washington, Ed. Halten.

Mr. Knowles, of the building committee, invited the members to visit the new rooms at Harrison school and also to examine the trees on the west side, which he believed ought to be cut down, as they obscure the light in the school rooms.

The board decided to admit non-resident scholars to the high school whenever there was room, on payment of \$25 per year tuition.

Most of the evening was devoted to a revision of the rules governing the schools and the board.

### Council Proceedings.

The city council met Monday night with Mayor Metcalf in the chair, and the following members present: Umy, Newland, Eversole, Stickler, Ramsey, Lull and Keith.

A petition was presented to the city council by the Topeka stove company asking permission to put in scales on First street. The petition was referred to the committee on investigation.

A communication was presented to the council signed by D. Boutwell, P. H. Corney and others, asking the release of G. T. Anderson, A. R. Agy and J. H. Reed, confined in the city jail on account of drunkenness. The petition stated that they were G. A. R. veterans, and if released arrangements had been made for them to attend the St. Louis reunion. The city attorney stated that if they were released it should be upon the ground that they tell where they got their whiskey.

Councilman Lull said he would not be in favor of letting them out if they would tell where they got it.

The council then voted in favor of the release of said prisoners and the petition was granted.

A petition signed by P. I. Bonebrake, W. A. Sells and William Sims was presented the council asking them to request the business men of the city to close their places of business on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons in behalf of the state fair. The petition was granted.

A petition signed by seventy-one citizen residents and property holders of West Sixth street prayed the council for the paving of West Sixth street from Van Buren to the west limits of the city. The petition was referred.

A petition was read and referred, asking that the former grade established by the city engineer, be restored on Clay and Eleventh.

Mayor Metcalf called attention to the fact that pools were being sold upon the horse races to take place upon the fair grounds, and asked if there was not an ordinance against it. The matter was referred to the city attorney.

A resolution was passed providing for a special meeting of the council October 3rd.

City Clerk Tauber asked a leave of absence from September 23rd to September 30th to enable him to attend the G. A. R. encampment at St. Louis and the same was willingly granted.

An ordinance was passed, the purpose of which was to prevent the scattering of dirt and sand upon the streets by compelling all teamsters to provide their wagons with engates.

The council then adjourned until next Wednesday week, September 28th.

### The Capital Iron Works.

Among the manufacturing industries of this city which are building for themselves first-class reputations for excellent work, and displaying on the part of their management energetic business ability, none are more noticeable than the Capital Iron works.

Within the last three months improvements of such a substantial and important nature have been added to the plant, that they are enabled to fill successfully any order in iron work, either wrought or cast, that may come to them; new and improved tools have been added to the machine shop, enabling the corps of skilled mechanics employed there to do as fine work as can be done anywhere. The foundry has been rearranged with a view to turning out first-class architectural work as well as heavy or light machine castings. The heavy stove branch of the foundry has been retained; in this department the Santa Fe road is now having most of their heavy caboose and office stoves made, as well as all their way-bill presses. The blacksmith shop is well equipped, using constantly two large fires, one for heavy forging such as well-drill tools and the other for light work.

The management of the Capital Iron works is under C. H. Rodemer, general manager, and T. M. Comstock, superintendent whose policy of employing only the best skill and acting upon the theory that good work is the cheapest, is sure to place it in the front rank of their class of institutions. Mr. Comstock is well known as a practical mechanic and draughtsman; it was his talent which furnished the idea of the machine for raising stone on the state capitol; this machine makes available the electric motor for many purposes from which its great speed had debarred it.

In addition to the improvements that have been made, a department for brass castings will be added within the next thirty days that will make the Capital Iron works the most complete plant in the state.

Wednesday morning a number of the horses were on the race track exercising Willie Craig, of North Topeka, fell from a horse which slipped while making a turn and the horse falling upon him injured the boy internally. Dr. Gibson was summoned and the boy was taken to his home near the First M. E. church in North Topeka.

James Elverson, Philadelphia, publishes a handsome illustrated and interesting youth's paper called GOLDEN DAYS. It should find a welcome in every home for the young folks, for the reading is wholesome, and such literature should be encouraged by prompt subscriptions. If the youngsters catch a glimpse of it they will find they need it as a recreation after study hours.

Samuel C. King, a man 60 years old met a terrible death on the Rock Island road near Rushville, on Monday. He was walking on the track when the passenger train came up, a warning signal was given, but King paid no attention. The train was so near him that it could not stop, and King went under the wheels and was torn in pieces. The train was stopped, and the remains gathered up in a blanket and taken back to Rushville, where an inquest was held.

A quarrel took place at Maple Hill, twenty miles west of Topeka on the Rock Island railroad, about 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, which resulted in the serious wounding of Oliver Wade, who endeavored to act as peacemaker.

Two young men, Henry and Abbie Ogee, while at the depot, after talking a short time began to quarrel over an old difficulty of several years' standing. The boys became furious and began to fight. Oliver Wade, who is a cousin of the two boys, attempted to interfere, but was told by Henry to get out of the way. He paid no attention but rushed between the combatants and endeavored to separate them. Henry Ogee then pulled out a pocket knife and struck at Wade, who received the blade in the right side of the abdomen. Wade still endeavored to stop the fight, but received another stab in the left side of the abdomen, which extended across the body and met the first gash, almost disemboweling him. Wade fell upon his knees and in order to escape his murderous assailant, crawled under the passenger platform for refuge.

The belligerents were soon separated after the stabbing affair, and kind hands brought Wade from under the platform, where he had fainted away.

A physician was soon called and the wounds were pronounced very dangerous. He was placed upon a cot and moved on the Rock Island train to this city where he could receive better medical attention. It is thought the wounded man will recover.

At nine o'clock Wednesday evening, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Farnsworth, Right Rev. Bishop Vail performed the impressive and beautiful Episcopal wedding ceremony which united Julia Isabel Farnsworth and Pliny Leland Soper. The bride, a young woman greatly beloved by all her acquaintances, was born in this city and is the daughter of Topeka pioneers who have been most closely identified with the progress of this community, and who are a part of its great prosperity. The groom is a graduate of the state university and lately of the Columbian law school. He is at present in the law office of Glead and Glead and has a most promising career before him. This happy union was an important society event.

The Topeka Steam Dental establishment, No. 729 Kansas avenue, has a most unique and perfect miniature dental office in Exposition hall. Uncommon and attractive display of artistic dentistry. Beautiful and unexcelled artificial teeth at only \$3. One-half the customary cost. Lilliputian steam engine in full blast. The reputation of this dental establishment for turning out the best work at half the prevailing prices, is established by the hundreds of citizens of Topeka and the state at large who have been using it, and the careful and satisfactory exhibit at the fair grounds, highly creditable to both the proprietor and the city.

A sneak thief found his way Thursday night into the house of Mr. Carless on the corner of Twelfth avenue and Monroe street and securing Mr. Carless' trousers carried them off. In addition to this wearing apparel the thief also secured a pocketbook containing about \$40 in paper money.



### A RAINY DAY.

BY H. S. KELLER.

When the summer sky is heavy  
And the grass is wet with rain,  
When we hear the ceaseless patter  
Of the drops against the pane,  
Let us hasten to the attic  
Where the shadows darkly crown  
The cobwebs and the claspboards,  
And the rafters grim and brown.

There it stands back in the corner,  
Covered o'er with dust, the wheel  
That our granddame used for spinning,  
And the quaint old-fashioned reel.  
There's the musket old and rusty,  
'Twas granddame's long ago  
When he hastened to the battle  
In his valor and his glow.

Hung on pegs, a row of dresses,  
Bonnets, garments out of style;  
Could you see them deck their wearers  
You would only stop and smile.  
Dainty slippers, slim and peaked,  
High-heeled, very trim and gay;  
Now they're only dingy satin  
With their rosesles sombre gray.

There's a spinet with its wires  
Covered o'er with yellow rust;  
Touch the keys—no chords of music  
Follow, but a cloud of dust.  
But 'tis said your granddame used to  
Woo the gallants to her side;  
And 'tis said she rent their bosoms  
With the spinet's rattling tide.

Here's a chip hat old and battered,  
And the remnants of a doll;  
Here's a wire cage your uncle  
Brought from China with a poll;  
Here's a hoop you used to trundle  
When you wore your pants at knees;  
Here's a kite you used to gaily  
Sail upon the summer breeze.

Here are countless precious treasures  
Put with loving hands away,  
Just to greet your grown-up fancies  
All upon a rainy day.  
But the summer sky is clearing,  
Quit the attic and come down;  
Leave the quaint old tokens up there  
'Neath the rafters grim and brown.

—Detroit Free Press.

### JINKS'S TOOTHACHE.

A Story of a Man's Courage and of a Woman's Cowardice.

"If there's one thing more than another that's perfectly disgusting," said Jinks, the dentist, "it is, to see the way a woman will perform when she comes in to have a tooth drawn. There's my wife for instance; worked an hour and a half by the clock yesterday with that woman, trying to get that little aching snag, and then she went home with it in. One hour of the ache is worse than having it drawn three times over," and Jinks snapped his finger in contempt of the whole transaction.

"Squeezed, did she?" asked Hobbs, the doctor, to whom the facts were being related.

"I should remark that she did," resumed Jinks in an injured tone, "squealed when I looked at it, squealed when I selected the forceps, and once, when I actually got them on the tooth, I thought she would take the roof off."

"Men never act that way," said Hobbs, musingly.

"Men, well no!" replied Jinks, "a man steps in like a man, opens his mouth and never stirs till the tooth lays in the spittoon, but a woman, bah!"

"That reminds me of a story," said Hobbs. "You know Harvey, the horse doctor over at Carroll? Well, one day Perkins came into his office with his head tied up and groaning with the toothache."

"Why don't you go to the dentist and have it out?" says Harvey.

"Dar—out," mumbled Perkins, "he'll break my jaw; that tooth's got louble and twisted, back action prongs an' aw'bery pulling won't boost it a particle."

"Let me pull it," says Harvey, in a riding way, and Perkins falling in with a joke, said, "aw right," and sitting down on a horse medicine box, opened his mouth like a yawning contribution box, and indicated the tooth.

In an instant Harvey and his great horse forceps on the tooth, on the whole side of his head in fact Perkins thought, and with one mighty jerk, not only the double and twisted back-action grinder, but another shining molar that was perfectly sound, came out, and stuck up in triumph at the end of the forceps. "Jerusalem rickets!" whooped Perkins as he lanced all the steps he knew in his anguish. "Did it hurt?" asked Harvey, coolly. "N-n-o-o," replied Perkins, gamely, "the sick one didn't, but the well one twinged a little," and, if you'll believe me, Perkins is mad, and is lying low to play a trick on Harvey."

"Well, he ought to be thankful that he escaped as well as he did, since he refused to go to the dentist," said Jinks, with professional feeling. "I do despise a womanish man!"

One day, not very long after this conversation, Jinks came into Hobbs's office in a pitiful plight; his head was done up in a napkin, and an aroma of ammonia, laudanum and various other drugs filled the room as he stepped into it.

"What's the matter?" asked Hobbs, airily; he scented a joke at once.

"Got-er-er-toothache?" mumbled Jinks, crossly. It was enough to make a man cross to see Hobbs's heartless smile.

"How long have you had it?" asked Hobbs, trying to draw his face down to a becoming length.

"Three days," growled Jinks. Swelled up bigger'n your fist.

Well, sit right down here, and I'll take it out for you quicker'n you can say Jack Robinson," said Hobbs, bringing out a dainty pair of shining forceps. "It's too sore," replied Jinks, looking at the forceps with an unfriendly eye; they didn't look nearly so well to him as his own shining instruments of torture, arranged so neatly on a little

table in full view of the silly women who occupied his chair at times.

"Uc'erated, eh?" said Hobbs.

"Yes," replied Jinks, "clear from here to there," and he indicated the top of his head and a point under his cravat.

"Well, just let me look at it," said Hobbs, carelessly slipping the forceps into his pocket.

"And you won't pull it," said Jinks, anxiously.

"Why of course not," replied Hobbs, deceitfully, "not unless you want me to, old fellow."

"I—dassent trust you," said Jinks, bobbing up, as Hobbs drew near. "You look too plaguey tickled about it."

"Oh, bother," cried Hobbs, getting out of patience, "sit down like a man, and have it out. One hour's ache hurts you worse than to have it out three or four times."

"I can't," whined Jinks, "I've been trying to come to it these three days, and I can't."

"I'll put petticoats on you, you great over-grown baby, if you don't stop this," said Hobbs, trying sternness; "what does your wife say to you?"

"S-she knows how to p-pky me," whimpered Jinks, sheepishly.

"Well, I den't," replied Hobbs, severely.

"Now, sir, when you see fit to let me look at that tooth, I'll see what I can do for you," and so saying he turned his back on Jinks, and went on compounding pills, while the sufferer walked the floor, and groaned, and used reprehensible language at intervals.

"Say, Hobbs, I den't care if you look at that tooth," he ventured after a time.

"Pretasy," said Hobbs, crustily, and ranging his pills in neat, mathematical order.

"Oh!" replied Jinks, "I thought you had a burning curiosity to see it," and he meekly resumed his walk.

"I say, Hobbs, won't you please look at that tooth for me?" he said presently, as an extra twang of pain gave his courage an upward twist.

"And you won't back off the instant I come near you?" inquired Hobbs.

"Time's money, remember."

"No, pon my honor," replied Jinks, sitting down on a chair as cautiously as if he suspected there was dynamite in it, and opening his mouth in a small crack; his faith in Hobbs was not yet fully established.

"Open that mouth!" roared Hobbs.

"I—I can't," said Jinks, his courage beginning to ebb.

"Oh, very well, then," returned Hobbs, coldly. "I've got some plasters to spread."

"I—I'll try to, honest I will! It's swelled, you know," cried Jinks, as Hobbs was turning away.

The mouth flew open; there was the tooth, an innocent-looking affair, loose from the ulceration, and with a tiny swelling on one side the size of a split pea; out came the forceps, and before Jinks knew just what was happening, Hobbs had him.

"Leggo! leggo!" he roared, clutching Hobbs's arm with a howl.

"Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Hobbs, holding up the tooth in the forceps.

"Bless you, my friend, bless you," said Jinks, jumping up with an ecstatic revelation of feeling, and embracing Hobbs as if he were a long-lost brother, and afterward dancing a jig in his delight. "I'll do the same good turn for you some day, old boy, see if I don't."

"Have to see a man have a tooth drawn," said Hobbs, reflectively, as Jinks strutted up and down the room with the air of a conquering hero.

"He just comes in and sits down in the chair like a man and never stirs until the tooth is out; but a woman—"

But Jinks was gone, and Hobbs, the wretch, laughed till the bottles jingled on the shelves, and now he never wearies of telling, when he can catch the dentist in a crowd, how Jinks had the toothache. —*Evening Lamp.*

### Glad That He Met Her.

The other day a gorgeously-dressed lady sailed into a Kearney-street dry goods store and said blandly to the clerk:

"I want to buy some nice dresses, please."

"What material, madam?"

"Oh! I don't care—anything you've got."

"We have some beautiful silks at fifteen dollars a yard."

"That will do nicely. I'll take some."

"What shade did you wish?"

"Oh! any shade. Suit yourself about that."

"Er—ahem—how many yards?"

"I don't care—as many as you like."

"You'll want trimmings, I suppose?"

"Oh! certainly. Wrap me up a whole lot."

The clerk stood dumbfounded for a moment, then slowly regained his composure.

"Madam," he said, with a voice broken with emotion, "I have been fifteen years in this business, and—thank heaven, I have lived to see this day! Why—"

But just then a couple of Stockton asylum keepers rushed in and captured the shopper, who had escaped from them while on the way to the train. That explained it. —*San Francisco Post.*

### Home, Sweet Home.

Magistrate (sternly to tramp)—The address you gave as your place of residence is a vacant lot.

Tramp—Yes, yer honor; that's where I sleep nights. —*Puck.*

### THE CHEERFUL HORSE DOCTOR.

An Equine Sufferer that Absorbed the Tenderness of the Entire Community in Dakota.

People who think that dumb beasts are abused, and that the average man has no sympathy for them, should come around when a horse is sick and see that they are mistaken, says *The Dakota Bell*.

There was a sick horse in the neighborhood last week and he commanded the attention of the entire community and a veterinary surgeon with a pale blue eye and a sad, downcast expression, as if the sufferings of the equine race were driving him to an untimely grave.

"What ails that sick horse," said the first man who arrived on the scene where the animal had laid down back of the barn, "is that he has been worked too hard—he's all run down—that less needs rest, that horse wants to be turned out in the pasture 'bout a month; that's what that horse needs, that's what any horse needs that acts that way."

"Then the man sat down on the edge of the board, and began to pick his teeth with a piece of fire-wood.

The owner looked perplexed and said mebbe the man was right, and he reekoned—

"Here, git that horse up'n his feet, an' run him around 'fore he dies!" broke in another man, coming up out of breath. "Lift him up an' run him 'round—he needs exercise—been standin' in the barn too much—needs to be drove—I knowed what ailed yer horse soon's I seen him!"

The owner stretched his head and loved he didn't know—probably the horse did need exercise. The man who claimed he needed rest was going to say something when a short, fat man came up, looked at the horse very critically, walked around twice and then said:

"My opinion, sir—mebbe you don't want it, mebbe you don't keer what ails yer horse?"

"O yes, I do," replied the owner apologetically, "I want to know bad."

"The trouble with yer horse," continued the other solemnly, "is that you have went over and fed him—like a durned fool, too, I should say. If you'll get some blisterin' stuff and blister yer horse he'll get well. If you don't he's a dead horse, that's jes' all there is 'bout that!"

He went over and took a seat on the fence, just as a tall, one-eyed man came along. The tall man took up a pitchfork, stuck the tines in the ground, and leaned on the other end while he looked at the horse.

"I expected it," he said at last.

"Why?"

"Seed it comin' onto him for a long time. It's lung trouble—wouldn't wonder if it had been comin' on to him for ten years. How old is yer horse?"

"Six this spring."

The tall man didn't act as if he heard and continued:

"What you want to do is to get some med'cine into him mighty quick."

"What kind of med'cine?"

"Hoss med'cine, of course—regular hoss med'cine," he added, as he stepped in the barn and returned with a black bottle half full of some yellow liquid, "this'll do the business."

"But mebbe it ain't intended for this disease," said the owner.

"That don't make no difference, the hoss needs med'cine an' this pears to be all there is."

"But I b'lieve, come to think 'bout it, that that's lin'ment an' motmed'cine a tall."

"Well, s'pos'n it is—air you goin' to let yer horse lay there an' suffer? Here, jes' git kolt of his head while I pour this down him."

This seemed to have no effect on the horse. The crowd continued to come and go for some time. At last the owner dispatched a boy after a veterinary. When this personage arrived he made a long and careful examination of the horse and then said:

"Mister, yer hoss is sick."

The owner looked somewhat relieved at this intelligence. Then he continued:

"You go down an' git quite a lot of nux vomica an' some bell donna, with a dash of strychnine, an' mebbe a touch of arsenic, an' give him a dose every ten minutes."

Then the doctor went away. He came again in about half an hour and looked in the barn where the horse was then standing and said:

"Hoss dead?"

"No."

"Ain't I 'lowed that he would be—ke is a mighty sick hoss. Keep on givin' him the med'cine—though he's bound to die."

Then he went out and sat down by the side of the barn and looked sorrowful. In about twenty minutes he again looked in and remarked:

"Ain't that hoss dead yet?"

"No."

"Well, great Scott, seems 's if he wa'n't never goin' to die. Air you givin' him the med'cine reg'lar?"

"Yes."

"He's bound to die sooner or later." Then he went out and waited again. It was half an hour this time before he appeared at the door. When he saw the horse was alive yet he looked disgusted. Then he examined him again and said:

"That hoss can't hang on much longer." Then he got around behind him and added: "He's dyin' now—can't nothin' save him—he won't be 'live in ten—"

"The horse kicked with both feet like a circus mule, and landed the phy-

sician out the door. Then he backed out and kicked at him again as he tried to get over the fence, and it took his owner and two other men to get him back into the barn. He hasn't been sick since.

### Man of Great Ability.

Two men who had just arrived in the White Oak "settlement" were speaking of some one named Tompkins, when an old fellow who had been standing near advanced and said:

"You air talkin' about young Tob Tompkins, I reckon."

"Yes," one of the men replied. "Are you acquainted with him?"

"I reckon I oughter be, when he used to be my stepson, before his mammy got a divorce from me, like she dun from his father an' married another fellow. Tob has got the brightest mind o' any man in this community. You may talk about Steve Harker, that's gone to congress, an' Ab Joyner, that belongs to the legislature, but Tob he's jest nackerully got the mind."

"Smart, is he?"

"Smart! Why, he jest nackerully lays over anything in this community; an' when it comes to sense, w'y, thar ain't nobody in the state that ken touch these here folks. Smart w'y, lemme tell you, if Tob ain't the gov'ner o' this here state befo' the next six years thar'll be a slaughterin' sight o' folks in this part o' the country that will be goin' 'round axin' the reason why. Smart—w'y, lemme tell you what he done. He had a old one-eyed, stumblin' sway-back hoss, a rope-bridle an' a saddle made outen a sheep-skin an' some bar'l staves. The folks laughed at him for riggin' up sick a lay-out, but never mind, says he, 'Old Marster has made big room in this here community for a fellow to snatch up ability an' swing it around by the tail; an', gentlemen, let me tell you that he done it. He started out with that disgustin' rig, an' befo' the end o' two weeks he had as high a steppin' a hoss as you ever seed, a saddle that made a noise like a year-old baby cryin', an' a 'bridle that looked purty-enough to take holter an' chaw."

"He was lucky," said one of the men.

"Lucky! Why, I tell you that he's got the brightest mind in the state. Lucky! Step out in the road an' make a hoss 'bridle an' saddle. Smart—w'y, let me tell you. He had a old cow that you couldn't squiz nor a ton draps o' milk outen with a cider press. What did he do? Let her die on his han's like many a smart man woulder done? No, sir. He started out, an' in less than a week he came back driven a great big fine cow that laid the dust with milk as she walked."

"He is unquestionably a skillful trader."

"A skillful trader! You have heard o' genius, I reckon. Well, Tob's a genius; plain flat-footed genius."

"And you think he will be governor of this state, eh?"

"Just as sure as you live in this munit. W'y, sir, lemme tell you; with his genius he ken take the office o' justice o' the peace an' keep a tradin' fur fast one office an' then another till the first thing you know he'll land slam bang in the governor's chair. Smart! W'y, some time ago, befo' the folks acknowledged his genius, he fell in love with a gal so ugly that the green persimmons fell off the trees as she went along the road. What did he do? Did he marry her? Well, so. He started out tradin', an' now he's engaged to be married to the prettiest woman in the state. Oh, thar ain't nothin' that's beyond the reach o' his ability. He's jest nackerully bright, an' as I say, if he ain't the governor o' this here state you ken skan the 'stonishment o' this community with a spoon." —*Ashland Times.*

### The Usual Fate.

The youth overflowing with joyous thoughts, with anticipations so high, went forth to see the race of the yachts with a bright hope in his eye. He sat him down on the headland height and waited in anxious thought, through the morn and the afternoon and night, but the yachts they started not. And he sat next day thro' a blinding storm, but the yachts did not appear, and the moss began to grow over his form and the grass grew out of his ear. One day the yachts are lost in a fog, the next they collide with a scow, or they stop to rescue the cap'n's dog that fell from the bounding prow. And so he waited in calm despair, while the years fled by so fleet, while the robins build their nest in his hair and the sea gulls roost on his feet. He grew old, and died, and passed away from the cold world's scorn and scold, and the yacht race occurred the very day that his funeral came off. —*Yankee Blade.*

### She Kept Tally.

"That makes six times you have turned square about and looked me straight in the face, sir, since I got into this car," indignantly remonstrated a Chicago lady, addressing an ill bred man the other morning, "and," she continued, "I don't like it, sir."

"You are sure it was six times?" inquired the brute, still gazing intently at the lady's eyes.

"Yes, I'm sure it's six times, for I kept correct count."

"Well, madame," he retorted, "I guess I'll let you keep tally all through the trip; I never was very good at figgers myself." —*Chicago National.*

### HERE AND THERE.

Labor day is a legal holiday in New York state.

The new laboratory at Yale, costing \$75,000, is nearly finished.

Nevada City has the best water system of any town in California.

The new crop of olives is beginning to appear in San Diego market.

The New York Central has permanently discontinued the use of car stoves.

The Oregon State board of immigration is to suspend operations for the want of funds.

A collection of butterflies owned by Herman Stricker, of Reading, Pa., is valued at \$13,000.

An engine used by a Toronto newspaper runs nearly six thousand miles without a single visit to the repair shops.

Plaster busts may be cleaned by dipping them into thick liquid cold starch mixed with cold water—and brushing them when dry.

A railroad eighty-six miles long which runs to the summit of the Andes near Lima, Peru, has already cost the government \$23,000,000.

Fifteen hundred students from the various colleges in Georgia will take part in and be one of the principal features of the parade at Atlanta on the occasion of President Cleveland's reception.

The law requiring the placing of ropes and fire escapes in hotels is being generally complied with by the hotels of York state. The expense of fitting up an ordinary hotel, according to the requirements, is \$500.

The Austro-Hungarian regulars and militia are to be supplied with Maulochor repeating rifles by 1891. The number required will be 1,200,000, and the cost will be 43,000,000 florins. It will take the empire ten years to pay for the weapons.

Steamboat explosions occur once now where they occurred five ten years ago. The employment of professional engineers is attributed as the cause of the improvement. Once it was the custom to employ anyone who could learn the signal bells.

It was not many weeks ago that the cable here to this country the news of the death of Prof. Hermann, the celebrated magician yet the Louisville papers of Tuesday were full of notices of an exhibition of legerdemain given by a gentleman of that name.

Nevada City, Cal., is the Queen of the Sierras. It stands 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, and is not troubled with snow in winter nor heat in summer. In it are 6,000 happy and healthy people, all of whom have a vine and fig tree under which to sit.

Here is the longest correct sentence of "that," says *The Boston Journal of Education*, which has been seen for some time: "I assert that, that that, that that that that that person told me contained, implied, has been misunderstood." It is a string of eight "that's" which may be easily "parsed" by a bright pupil.

A citizen of Mansfield, O., became so enthused over the prospect of getting a little natural gas that he offered to give away \$25 worth of anthracite coal. Another wanted to trade off his cook stove for a supply of gas pipe, while a third told his wife what an easy time she would have kindling the fire this winter. They have all thought better of it since.

A New York firm recently tried the experiment of importing seventy thousand tooth-picks from Yokohama. These "cured cuds," as they are described in the invoice, come in natty little boxes containing one thousand each, in bundles tied round with green silk. They are cut from hard wood, have a point at only one end, and cost 35 Mexican cents a thousand.

The manager of a Los Angeles newspaper sent out the following notice on a postal card: "The real estate boom has robbed us of our editor, printer, and office boy, and the manager having opened a real estate office it has become necessary to suspend the publication of this journal until all hands have become millionaires, which of course will be in the near future. Until then fraternally yours."

All Canada is to be asked to give money for a monument to those who fell at the battle of Lundy's Lane in the war of 1812. The Welland (Ont.) county council will be the executive and trust committee. The battle was hardly a British victory, though our countrymen withdrew from the field leaving behind them the cannon which they had captured, because there was no way of transporting them.

A New Haven man who has reduced the manufacture of artificial limbs to a science, has received an order from a distinguished woman in Sweden for an arm. His work is very neat perfection, and the arm is so shaped, and provided with such fine mechanism that it is almost as useful as the natural arm. All parts of the arm and hand can be moved readily by the wearer, and such operations as writing, eating and playing on a piano can be performed.

"Old Uncle Tom" Samuels, of Birmingham, Ala., is one of the well-to-do members of the colored race. He was at one time the property of Col. Samuels, of Richmond, Va. After the death of the colonel "Tom" passed, as part of the estate, through several hands, and was finally made a free man by the great proclamation. He went to Alabama and living economically. About thirteen years ago he bought twelve acres of land near Birmingham at \$10 an acre. The growth of the city has made his property valuable, and he sold six acres a year ago for \$1,000 an acre. He has refused \$18,000 in cash for his remaining land.

A small boy glowing with brass buttons opens the door of an aesthetic men's boot store in New York, and the proprietor, says *The Graphic*, greets you ingratiatingly. He will do you the distinguished honor to measure you himself. The sparkling diamond on his finger throws circles of light about your foot. He handles you, oh! so tenderly. He makes a mild, deprecating gesture when you ask him the price. He passes it lightly off as an indication of bad taste on your part. Before you leave he hints broadly that a trifling *pourboire* would be welcome. You probably give it to him. Another man meets you on the way out. He selects the leather for the shoe. You remember him. When the boy reopens the door he greets you unmistakably. You see him. The boots which finally issue from this den of thieves cost \$18, exclusive of tips.

# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Sept. 24, 1887.

Cumberland Grange, No. 2, Rhode Island, has just conferred the degrees upon fourteen new members.

Manchester Grange, Connecticut, received fifteen new members at its last meeting.

The new Grange Fire Insurance Company of Massachusetts, with its over \$500,000 of insurance, had its first loss, by lightning, and it was paid in less than nine hours.

## Arkansas Resources.

The recent report of the Arkansas secretary of agriculture makes the following facts known: The amount of timber at present in the state is estimated at 250,000,000,000 feet, board measure, hardwood and pine, of which 80,000,000,000 feet is merchantable pine; the number of railroads in operation twenty-nine; length 2,000 miles; of navigable waterways 3,470 miles; number of counties with both rail and river outlet 39; number of counties without river or rail outlet 23; superficial area of the iron fields 1,500,000 acres; number of acres of United States land, approximately, 7,000,000; number of acres of land for sale by the state 1,500,000; area of the marble district, 2,300 square miles.

## Manhattan Notes.

Prof. Kellerman's text-book on botany has recently been adopted by the College of the City of New York.

There is a very considerable demand, both by letter and otherwise for information about boarding and rooming places; and the indications seem to point to a large attendance this fall.

Numerous applications for catalogues and information about the College, from nearly every county in Kansas, and from many other States, are being daily received and answered by the President and Secretary.

The repairs and improvements of the summer have been so extensive that it is scarcely possible to have all things in readiness for the opening term. It will be but a few days, however, before the proverbial neatness and order will reign as usual.

Why pay \$1.25 or \$1.50 for a Topoka weekly paper, when you can get the Spirit of Kansas and the Leavenworth Weekly Times, the leading weekly of the state, both one year for \$1.00. Now is the time to provide for your next year's reading. Before doing so, call at the North Side Printing House, 835 Kansas avenue. Don't forget it.

## Cultivation of the Sunflower.

**AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST:** The average product of the seeds per acre of sunflowers is about 500 pounds and these contain about 15 per cent of oil. The only commercial use of the seeds is for expressing the oil, which is used for burning, soap-making, etc. A small quantity of the seed is used as a dietetic food for horses, and as poultry food. The supply for these uses is generally home-raised and does not enter into commerce. The chief obstacle to the profitable culture of sunflower seeds in this country, is one not mentioned in the French objections above stated, namely: that we have in cotton seed, formerly nearly a waste product, and one which, being produced incidentally, must always be cheap, a material which produces a vastly better oil than sunflower, and one which no crop, grown especially for its oil, can profitably compete. Besides these obstacles to the profitable culture of the sunflower in this country, there remains the fact that even a fair yield can be attained only upon the richest soils, and as it is one of the most exhaustive of all known crops, the stems containing an enormous amount of potash, which is the constituent our soils most need, our farmers can not afford to grow the sunflower, save in a small way for domestic use. We can not see a single favorable feature in sunflower culture for the American farmer. It is a case of "don't."

## FACTS FOR FARMERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## AFTER DRIVING.

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

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

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

—She (emphatically)—How kind of nature to bestow on the blind the faculty of distinguishing colors by the sense of touch! He (philosophically)—Yes, but it's not altogether confined to the sightless. In this hard world a fellow needn't be blind to feel blue.—

—Book-binder—Will you have it bound in Turkey or Morocco? Purchaser—Certainly not. What's the use of sending Turkey oil there? Have it bound in Saw Logs.—*St. Louis.*

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

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

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

Among those who are carried as debtors on the treasury ledgers are: President John Adams, who owes \$12,898 on account of "household expenses;" Major-General Lafayette, who owes \$4,895, on account of an overpayment made to him, and Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, who owes \$61,855, on account of various expenditures made before 1834. The diplomatic, and particularly the literary men, who have been sent abroad as Ministers and Consuls, seem to be more generally in debt to the Government than any other class of public servants. James Russell Lowell owes \$93.68 in his account as Minister to Great Britain in 1865; John Lathrop Motley owes \$2,498 as Minister to Great Britain in 1871; Reverdy Johnson owes \$5,388 as Minister to Great Britain in 1869; Bayard Taylor owes \$102 as Minister to Germany in 1879; Washington Irving owes 8 cents as Minister to Spain in 1847; Alexander Everett owes \$893 as Minister to Mexico in 1826, owes \$924; James Gadsden, Minister to Mexico in 1857, owes \$540; Andrew J. Curtin, Minister to Russia in 1872, owes \$944; E. W. Stoughton, Minister to Russia in 1879, owes \$12,160; John Bussell Young, Minister to China in 1885, is debited with \$3,145 and is credited with \$507; Stephen A. Hurlbut, Minister to the United States of Colombia, is debited with \$13,228 in 1871 and \$7,000 in 1873; James A. Bayard, Envoy to Ghent, is debited with \$400; Adam Badeau is debited with \$10,572 as Consul-General to London in 1882 and with \$9,165 as Consul-General to Havana in 1884; William D. Howells is debited with \$24 as Consul to Venice in 1863 and credited with \$71 in his account for 1865; John S. Mosby is debited with \$2,118 as Consul to Hong Kong in 1885; Thomas J. Brady owes the Government \$3.75 as Consul to St. Thomas in 1874; Titian J. Coffey is debited with \$1,990 as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1870 and 1871; Beverly Tuelburg is debited with \$21,264 as Consul at Liverpool in 1862, and Simon Wolf with \$293 as Consul General at Cairo in 1882.

On the other hand the statement shows that the Government owes John Quincy Adams \$1,600, as Minister to Russia in 1818; Alphonso Taft, \$1,940, as Minister to Russia in 1886; John M. Francis, as Minister to Austria in 1885, \$3,000; Edward F. Beale, as Minister to Austria in 1877, \$1.11; John A. Bingham, as Minister to Japan in 1885, \$2,950; John Howard Payne, as Consul at Tunis in 1863, \$205.92; Bret Harte, as Consul at Glasgow in 1885, \$185.16, and Henry Bergh, as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1865, \$135.44. One of the largest debits in the list is Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, \$389,267.46, on account of bullion deposited with A. J. Quirot, treasurer of the mint in New Orleans, in 1866. Dr. George B. Loring's disputed account for \$20,808.89, as Commissioner of Agriculture, is, of course, charged up against him.—*Washington Cor. Chicago Herald.*

## A LAWLESS LIFE.

The One Redeeming Virtue of a Professional Criminal.

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

## ABOUT FUSSINESS.

A Great Office of Which No Housekeeper Should Be Guilty.

There is no foe to domestic peace and comfort like that of fussiness. It arises largely from a lack of system or plan and from too great attention to minor details. Some housekeepers have the habit of stirring up everything at once. They begin their day's work anywhere without any relation to what is most urgent or necessary to be accomplished. They lose sight of the always excellent rule—one thing at a time, and that first which is most important. It is a good plan to sit quietly down at the beginning of each day and take a survey of the domestic field. Decide what must be done, and what in case of lack of time, or the intervention of other duties, may be put off, and then set to work without undue haste to perform necessary duties. Learn to do it quietly, without noise. Be careful to take no useless steps. There is a vast amount of strength expended in this way, and nervous energy wasted.

I know a young housekeeper who accomplishes more in one day than the majority of women do in two. She never seems to be in a hurry, never gets into a "stew" but she works as noiselessly and steadily as the sunlight. What she has to do she accomplishes without any indirection. She has no cross purposes to contend with. She aims right at the mark through every movement of her hand and by every footstep. If she has housecleaning to attend to she doesn't commence by tearing up every room in the house, and putting the entire establishment in a chaos of confusion. But she takes one room at a time, has it cleansed and purified and put to rights again before there is any further upheaval. The usual spring cleaning comes and goes in that family without producing any discomfort or any great amount of inconvenience.

I was once a guest in a household where confusion was the law of daily experience. The poor little housekeeper never seemed to know what should be done first, and there was always such an array of things to be accomplished she was never serene, but went about like a small cyclone, stirring up every thing with which she came in contact, leaving things "all in a heap," as she flitted off in the direction of whatever occurred to her as needing attention. Her house was never in order, and she was never at rest. She wanted to do everything at once, so nothing was ever complete. She charged all along the line, yet never stopped to carry the work at any one point. So she was always routed, and domestic affairs were uniformly in a state of insurrection. As a result she was always "fussing."

System is an essential in the government of the household as in that of the State. Order, promptness, punctuality, industry and good judgment are the necessary and efficient forces in the home. To these add cheerfulness, patience and a thoughtful care for the general comfort and happiness of its members, and you will avoid all unpleasant friction, and make the home what it should be, the center of all that is best and dearest to the human heart.—*The Household.*

## MISER GREENLEAF.

A Man Who Lived the Life of an Anchorite to Enrich a College.

Harvard's latest endowment comes from an unexpected source. A miser named E. P. Greenleaf recently died, leaving property amounting to nearly \$600,000, the bulk of which he had willed to Harvard College. Mr. Greenleaf lived the life of an anchorite. He was a thoroughbred miser, so to speak; hoarding up every cent he accumulated and denying himself even the comforts of life. His appearance was that of a tramp or a beggar, and yet, unlike the tramp, he refused companionship at all times. He seemed to have just one desire, one ambition, and that was to be immortalized by Harvard. For this he lived; for this he became a miser; for this he hoarded his dollars and denied himself every thing. He died, leaving his property and his photograph to Harvard. Some men, not misers, worth ten times his wealth, have died and left little or nothing for anybody or any thing outside the family circle. Some men, possessed of multiplied millions, will read the story of the life of Miser Greenleaf, of Quincy, Mass., and be amazed. The world is full of surprises because of those who give, and because of those who do not give.—*Detroit Tribune.*

## Disinfection for the Household.

The importance of disinfection of bedding, clothing and other personal and household articles in contagious diseases demands that health authorities should have under their control establishments where disinfection can be carried out on a large scale and at public expense. Such institutions are now in use in Berlin, Dusseldorf, Gottingen, Strassburg, Breslau, Leipzig, Danzig and other cities in Europe. The results are pronounced to be exceedingly beneficial. Steam under pressure is regarded as the best disinfectant.

On stains may be removed from paper by applying pipe clay powdered and mixed with water to the thickness of cream; leave on for four hours.

## GAMBLERS' OMENS.

Sporting Men Who Will Make No Bet on Certain Things.

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

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

"Busted?" was another laconic inquiry.

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

"Are you superstitious?"

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

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

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

"You gamble on cards, do you?"

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

"Does your superstition affect you in playing cards?"

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

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

## Rob's Turkey.

Rob's mother had been expecting the old coting turkey-hen to hatch. One sultry morning he came to her sitting-room, bearing the dead bodies of some very wee, baby-turkeys stretched upon a board.

"Why, my son! where did you get these?" she questioned.

"I broke 'em out of the eggs," he explained. "They was so hot in there, and I let 'em out to cool, and now they've just gone to sleep."

It is needless to add that they never awoke from their slumbers.—*Youth's Companion.*

## Treatment of Insect Stings.

The stings of insects, such as gnats, mosquitoes, etc., says *Le Pharmacien Populaire*, are often painful. In such a case apply spirit of hartshorn or volatile alkali to the part. Spider bites are not only painful, but often venomous, and it is necessary to wash them with salt water or diluted vinegar. The sting of the bee is harmful only when the sting remains sticking in the wound. So the first thing to be done is to press the wound in order to make it bleed, since the blood that flows will carry along a portion of the poison. Then suck the wound and wash it well with water and then with a solution of knop powder. This latter, which is much used in England, consists of three parts of chlorid of lime to eight of common salt. An ounce of this powder is to be dissolved in a tumbler of water. If this composition is not to be had, Goulard's extract may be used. For the sting of the scorpion volatile alkali should be used, and after the pain subsides, an emollient cataplasm may be applied.

The keenest sorrows of the world are in the homes of people of affluence, who are so much envied by those who struggle in daily toil for bread, says the *Philadelphia Times*; but if the skeletons of the homes of the honest sons of labor could be compared with the skeletons of the homes of the rich both would learn that there is no happiness in idleness; no wealth but the content of industry.

Boys destroyed a quantity of water-melons on the farm of William Avery, near Paris, Ky. Avery's hounds followed the trail and chased one of the boys up a tree after a run of several miles.

**PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.**

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD.

The first State in which members of the Grange have taken formal action in testing the Interstate Commerce law is Vermont. State Master Alpha Messer, representing the State Grange, started the ball in motion by addressing Gov. Ormsbee, calling his attention to the fact that Canadian products are carried over the railroads of the State to Boston and other markets at lower rates of freight than those charged Vermont farmers for a shorter distance. The result has been, the State Grange has entered formal complaint against the Central Vermont and other railroads for violation of the Interstate Commerce law. Under the State law the Governor has the power to assign counsel on behalf of the State to assist the Grange in presenting the matter before the Commission, and exercising this right Governor Ormsbee has appointed Hon. Kittridge Haskins, who is preparing the case for the State Grange, and United States Senator Edmunds will make the argument before the Commission. This will be a test case of the law and will be watched with much interest. It is encouraging to know that the Governor and the people of the whole State will, with the aid of eminent legal talent, defend her farmers from injustice. That the result will be on the side of justice and right is the wish of all friends of good government.

The Texas State Grange held its thirteenth annual session at Marlin, August 9, 10 and 11. The Worthy Master, A. J. Ross (who is also Chaplain of the National Grange), in his annual message suggests some thoughts for Patrons and farmers everywhere: "There are important lessons to be learned by many that are essential to our success, prominent among which is patience; patience to await results. Often, when we reach the point where the goal is in sight our patience is exhausted, and we foolishly turn our backs and run after new and untried schemes. Therefore let us cling to the principles as originally formulated by our Order, and not be turned aside by any will-o'-the-wisp that may flash in the distance."

"Civilization is the outgrowth of co-operation. The secret of social development, and the great question of improved economical and social life, finds a solution through the agency of co-operation. By co-operation all things for good may be carried forward to success, and by it all things for evil may be removed. Its power is increased for good in proportion to the increased intelligence of those who are engaged together for a given purpose. Success is widened and increased in proportion to the perfection of unity. The Gospel of Christ is carried to the nations of the earth and churches and Sunday schools are established and made a power of good upon this principle. Governments are founded, built up and sustained upon the principle of co-operation; and upon this principle schools are organized, and the cause of education promoted in proportion to the unity of action obtained by trustees, parents, teachers and pupils. And it is upon this principle that our National, Subordinate, County and State Granges were organized and maintained. By this unity of action we are now enjoying his pleasant reunion."

"Other classes see and take advantage of the great power there is in unity of action. Ever ready with advice, counsel and means to aid each other when their interests are involved. For instance, look at the managers of the great railway systems. They may fall out, cut their rates—and often do—but when any outside attempt is made to interfere with their well systematized plan of operations you will find no division. A meeting will be called, the members of each system notified, and they will be represented at the time appointed, standing shoulder to shoulder with a

will and determination not to be interfered with. Minor differences among them do not prevent their hearty co-operation in essentials. Your attention is cited, as an instance, to the Interstate Commerce law recently recently enacted by Congress. These powerful corporations proceeded at once to call meetings at great railway centers to consider this law. The services of the most able legal men of the age are secured to investigate, and, if possible, find some defect by which they could take advantage of it, and to unite in one solid phalanx to put in motion a plan to make the law as objectionable as possible. They also secured the co-operation of others whose personal interests are likely to be affected to appear before the Commission to plead for them. The true secret of success in any vocation is through united effort."

"We have a good cause, and success will follow, provided we act together, but if we lend an ear to those who have other purposes than ours in view, we are thereby aiding them to defeat us in our plans. The farmers have the elements of success to achieve every purpose of the Order. But it is true that so long as these elements remain separate, so long as they are not united, they are powerless. Twenty years ago the Grange was instituted for the purpose of uniting elements for noble and wise purposes. At the time of its advent all other callings were organized for the promotion of their interests, while the farmers were acting separately and alone. The Grange found the farmer out of the path of prosperity and happiness; isolated, living too much unto himself, thereby increasing his selfishness and strengthening his prejudices; and it invited him to give up self and live for others, and avail himself of the power there is in a combined brotherhood."

"The Grange is our school, where we are to discuss all important questions that affect the public welfare, and to the extent that we are enlightened will intelligent action be taken. The interests of the great body of the people are identical in the need of good and wholesome laws. Such as will properly equalize the burdens of taxation, whether it be by the government to meet its expenses, or by private corporations to meet their demands. To insure such legislation will require more information among the farmers. Such information as will enable them to place statesmen at the head of departments of government, who are honest and capable. One important lesson has been learned by many members of our Order that should be learned by all farmers: That standing idle and grumbling will not change results. This is not the course pursued by others. There is ever present in our legislative bodies those who seek the enactment of laws granting social privileges and benefits even at the expense of others, and often do they obtain legislation which is detrimental to the best interests of the country. From the information acquired through the Grange, we have learned that by indifference and neglect of duty as citizens, the farmers are in a great measure responsible for this adverse legislation."

**PROGRESS.**

**ONE MORE NEW GRANGE:**  
Brazilla, No. 525, Chautauqua county, New York.

E. Taylor, Secretary of the Georgia State Grange, reports the reorganization of Brookville grange No. 205 Randolph county; Stonewall, No. 132, Randolph county; Chenubba, No. 208, Terrell county. He says "the zeal and enthusiasm of their first love is being manifested in many places in our State."

The farmers "Field Day," of the Patrons of Rhode Island, at Oakland Beach, was one of the largest gatherings of farmers ever held in the State. Headed by State Master James Draper, a special excursion train of twelve cars came from Massachusetts. J. H. Hale, State Master of Connecticut, and a good delegation of Connecticut Patrons also assisted. Governor Davis delivered an address, and other prominent citizens were present. Several more new Granges are "in sight" in Rhode Island.

**❖ DON'T FORGET ❖**  
**To Attend the GREAT Sacrifice Sale of**  
**Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Gent's**  
**Furnishing Goods, Carpets and Cur-**  
**tains, Cigars and Tobacco, Teas**  
**and Coffees, and in fact, most**  
**anything you can**  
**mention.**

This Stock has got to be sold in order to make room for

**A LARGE**  
**BANKRUPT ❖ STOCK**

That will arrive in a few days.

Don't miss this chance, and don't forget the number

**308 KANSAS AVENUE.**

Between Third and Fourth Street.

**R. RIBLET.**

**Sale Now Going on.**

The October HARPER's will contain a suite of Abbey's exquisite illustrations to an old ballad by George Wither, called "A Love Song." The quaint poem is not found in ordinary collections. It begins:

"I lov'd a lass, a faire one,  
As faire as e'er was seen;  
She was, indeed, a rare one,  
Another Sheba's queen;  
But, foole, as then I was,  
I thought she lov'd me;  
But, now, alas! sh'as left me,  
FALLEN, LENO, LOO."

To the thirteen stanzas there are nine charming illustrations, one of which will appear as the frontispiece.

"A SPECULATOR IN PETTICOATS," by the celebrated French novelist, Hector Malot, is in press for immediate publication, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, and is one of the most remarkable books of the day. The heroine, Madame Fourcy, belongs to a class of speculators which the last Empire made no uncommon one in Paris. Her cool head, her beauty and ability, her utter lack of principle, and the cold-blooded manner in which she sacrifices her lover who worships her, but whom she has used as a mere tool, is admirably told. Fourcy himself wins our admiration; his quick sense of honor, his keen sense of right and wrong, his faith in his wife and devotion to his family are depicted with pathetic power. The scene in which he discovers his wife's infidelity, is one that ought to be seen on the stage as well as read. The plot is skillfully managed, and its ingenuity is quite worthy of Gaboriau, and, as in his books, a detective figures largely and brings out the final consumation. It will be issued in a large duodecimo volume, price 75 cents.

The Housekeeper for October will contain a full account of the wedding of the managers of that paper, in the Minneapolis, Minn., Exposition, on the evening of September 23, together with accurate descriptions and illustrations of the participants' wedding dresses and presents.

A copy of this issue will be mailed free to any of our lady readers sending their address to

THE BUCKEYE PUB. CO.,  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

**The Century.**

The September CENTURY has both a holiday and political flavor, in each of which respects it makes a strong appeal to current interests. The second papers of out of door life are devoted to "The Amateur Photographer." The Centennial centennial is taken note of by an article on "The Framers and Framing of the Constitution," which is contributed by Professor John Bach McMaster. Two pictorial papers relate to Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, of whom there is a frontispiece portrait. The illustrations of these papers are by Harry Fenn, and show with much completeness the interesting and curious features of the home that Jefferson designed for himself, as well as the University of Virginia, near by, in Charlottesville, also planned by Jefferson. Of the two papers, one by Mr. J. G. Nicolay deals with the earlier and one by one Mr. Stockton with the later years of Monticello. The Lincoln History reaches a subject of special current interest, namely, Lincoln's nomination and election; letters of much interest, hitherto unprinted, are presented. Among the illustrative material are facsimiles of Lincoln's letter to Pickett concerning the presidency, and of his letter of acceptance, also views of the Republican Wigwam, at Chicago, in which Lincoln was nominated, the State-house, at Springfield, and a group of the famous "Wide-awakes" of the Lincoln campaign. In Professor Atwater's series on "The Chemistry of Food and Nutrition," we have the fourth paper, dealing with the much discussed question of "The Digestibility of Food." The subject of the present installment of the War Series is "The Siege of Petersburg," including four short untechnical papers fully illustrated, and presenting the two chief events of the siege. The illustrations have much variety and the highest possible authenticity. "Topics of the Time" includes "The First Century of the Constitution," "The Great Teacher" (the late Dr. Hopkins), and "Shall We Plant Native or Foreign Trees?" In "Open Letters" the centennial interests is continued by two communications on the relations between the State and the general government.

A hundred years ago September 17, the Constitution was adopted by the Convention sitting in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia.

The September Wide Awake celebrates the event with a paper by Annie Sawyer Downs setting forth in brief the situation out of which the Constitution came; with engravings and portraits.

This paper is so important as a very short and easy statement of one of the greatest achievements in history that we should be glad to print it entire.

For contrast, skipping some bits of poetry, Lucy's High Tea, by Sophie May, comes next—a little story for very little girls, which every reader of whatever age will find more than delight in.

There are the usual eighty pages: Charles Egbert Craddock's story, and a great deal more.

The publishers offer to send a specimen copy (back number of course) for five cents. [D. Lothrop Company, Boston.]

The coming October HARPER's will be enriched with a beautiful series of drawings from E. A. Abbey, C. S. Reinhart, A. B. Frost, Harry Fenn, W. H. Gibson, Howard Pyle, and Du Maurier; besides copies of paintings by John S. Sargent, in an article upon him. The authors represented form a brilliant group, including Henry James, Kate Field, E. C. Stedman, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Blanche Willis Howard, Rebecca Harding Davis, Amelie Rives, W. D. Howells, Kathleen O'Meara, George William Curtis, Charles Dudley Warner, Bishop Hurst, and others.

Peterson for October is on hand, and one of the best numbers. The steel-engraving is charming, "A Maiden Fair to See," and the fashion-plates, and designs for the work-table are capital. The offers to persons getting up clubs for next year are very tempting; few magazines award premiums that approach the valuable books and engravings "Peterson" bestows. The attraction for 1888 are numerous—new writers to be added to the staff of favorite old contributors, more costly engravings and wood-cuts—in fact, novelty and fresh variety in every department. Terms: Two Dollars per year. Sample copies sent free to those desiring to get up clubs. Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

MR. PERCIVAL LEIGH, one of *Punch's* original staff, is still actively connected with that brilliant journal.

THE physician in charge of ex-Sheriff Rowan, of Philadelphia, says he is slowly regaining his full mental powers.

THE duke of Westminster is brother-in-law to his own daughter, his second wife's brother having married his daughter.

DR. MORELL MACKENZIE'S bill for attending the crown prince of Germany is 54,000 marks, or a little more than \$11,000.

THE duke of Marlborough has eased the minds of his many friends in Newport by informing them that the proper pronunciation of his name is Marbro.

ON the day of his departure for Bulgaria Prince Ferdinand attempted to insure his life for \$400,000, but the four principal offices in Vienna declined the honor.

MR. WALTER BESANT only devotes three or four hours a day to producing copy. The rest of his working time he devotes to revision and to gleaming fresh material from the world about him.

JOHN SEVIER, the first governor of Tennessee, whose grave is in a lonely spot on the plantation of J. W. Walker, near the south bend of the Tallapoosa river, in Alabama, is soon to have a handsome marble monument erected by popular subscriptions.

THE empress dowager of China has issued a decree ordering that the expenses of the ceremonies at the approaching marriage of the young emperor be as low as possible. It is estimated, however, that it will cost the people of China \$10,000,000 before his royal highness enters the bridal chamber.

BARON ALBERT ROTHSCHILD, the head of the Vienna firm has lately taken to the study of astronomy, in which Dr. Pallisa, the well-known discoverer of planets, gives him instruction. According to the Vienna *Allgemeine Zeitung* the two spend entire nights together in the observatory at Wahrung, a suburb of Vienna.

MRS. ELLA WHEELER-WILCOX and her husband are to spend the winter in New York. They will occupy a charming flat on West Sixtieth street. Mrs. Wilcox, who has an independent income from her literary work, has just signed a contract to write exclusively this season for *Literary Leaves*, edited by Mr. Bok, of Brooklyn.

A NEW design in clocks is in the shape of a balloon. The bag is of copper, and is covered with a network of gold wires. The face of the clock is on the side of the bag, while directly behind is a compass. The balloon is complete in every respect, even to the coils of rope in the bottom of the basket, and the whole has the appearance of being tied to a flight of steps of oxidized bronze.

FELIX REGAMY, a Parisian artist, well known in Boston, has made the interesting discovery that a French plaster molder named Hubard has in his possession a full-sized bronze copy of the marble statue of Washington by Houdon, which he will sell for \$800. M. Regamy suggests in the Paris *Figaro* that the United States government purchase the bronze statue and present it to the gallery of the Louvre.

THE meanest man in Boston has been reported. He calls himself a practical joker, and it is said that having noticed that on a certain day of the week a pudding was placed on the ledge of a window to cool, he brought a bean-blower and a box of mandrake pills, and when the pudding next appeared he blew it full of pills. It is also said that puddings are no longer exposed on that back window.

JUDGE "Tom" Hughes passed through New York last week on his way to visit the English colony at Rugby, Tenn. He is fairly contented with the success of his colonization scheme, but still hopes for bigger things. Before returning to England, Judge Hughes will go to Kansas to visit a son who lives there and will also stay a few days in New York. His health is excellent, and he is the same genial man that he has always been. If he is growing old, no one would suspect it.

## EXPERT ACCOUNTANTS.

A Class of Detectives of Which the Public Knows Little.

Murder isn't half so sure to come out as is fraud in financial transactions, says *The New York Commercial Advertiser*. There is a comparatively small but exceedingly industrious and shrewd class of men whose business it is to run down such frauds. It is the class of so-called expert accountants. A better name for them would be business examiners. In such cases as the recent Ives collapse the whole responsibility of arriving at the absolute condition of affairs often rests with one or more of these accountants. On their investigations is based the whole action in much important litigation.

They have framed the motto of the famous detective, "We never sleep," to the more cogent phrase, "We never fail." So far as the actual success of their labors are concerned this is true. The public frequently has no chance to judge, however, because the results are concealed by others. Outside the courts, where an expert accountant occasionally appears on the witness-stand, they are rarely brought to notice. Their work is essentially private and confidential. In fact, of their methods, their extensive labors, their immense value to the community, and their silent influence in the transactions of everyday business life, the general public has no sort of idea.

An old accountant, one who has been in the business thirty years, recently gave me some interesting facts about the business. One of the things about the discovery of fraudulent money transactions, such as embezzlements and forgeries by trusted employes, that strikes the unbusiness mind as peculiar is that the swindler himself having exclusive charge of the books and being adroit enough to steal for a considerable time, and at the same time conceal evidence of his thefts on the books should leave on them, patent to the expert, a record of his crime.

"Why does he not destroy all evidence of the fraud, so that when he is gone it will be undiscoverable as it was when he conducted the swindle?" I asked the veteran expert. "Can he remove all traces of his criminal operations?"

"No," said the accountant, "It is absolutely impossible for a dishonest bookkeeper, for instance, and his opportunities are by far the best, to so cover up his thefts that an expert can not discover them. That is, unless all the books and papers are destroyed, which is proof positive of fraud on its face."

"Well, why is that true?" "To answer that question I must give you an idea of the whole business of expert accounting. It is not difficult to comprehend but very difficult and very tedious to do sometimes. In the first place there are only two methods of stealing: Method No. 1, abstracting goods or money without record; No. 2, doing the same with record, and falsifying the accounts by failing to acknowledge money received for such goods sold, or for stocks sold, or otherwise. Let us take this case No. 2 first. The accountant, being convinced that the accountants are falsified or a balance 'forced', that is, made to appear where there is none,—proceeds in this way:

"He first compares the cash on hand at the time of the examination with the balance shown on the books. If this balance is correct the next step is to trace specimen entries by means of returned checks, which, of course, are never destroyed. For example, if a certain cashier receives from a debtor a check for \$500 and no entry is found on the cash book, by applying to the debtor the expert finds whether the debtor received a returned \$500 check indorsed by the defaulter on the day when the swindle is supposed to have taken place. An affirmative answer from the creditor is, of course, a sure clue. But if the books have been kept so that the cash is right to all appearances, and yet the accountant finds that some defalcation must exist because of the difference shown by the trial balance, he very frequently discovers that shipments have been made and no copies of bills retained nor entries of them put down. He at once compares the original shipping receipt books with the original entry of sales or checks them off, as we call it. Here again, of course, if there is any discrepancy or omissions we have positive proof of sharp practice.

"Swindling method No. 1, by receiving cash and keeping no entry at all, is generally practiced by bunglers, or men who become dishonest through force of circumstances. Nearly always such frauds are revealed in one of two ways: either by means of false additions or by supplying fictitious accounts. False additions, of course, are easily discovered. Where fictitious accounts are used the expert often has great difficulty in unraveling them. For instance, I frequently have found on ledgers the names of fictitious firms credited with money and charged with small amounts of goods, whereas the actual shipments were to some bona fide firm and for much larger amounts.

"In this case the expert can only find out by extensive letter-writing to whom the goods were shipped on that date. The firms can tell, of course, by their books, whether they received goods of the sort in controversy about the time of the fictitious shipments. Sometimes, however, it involves an almost endless amount of inquiry, running through all sorts of complicated dishonesty, to get

the whole skein of such frauds in hand. But exposure is inevitable sooner or later. The swindler can falsify his trial balance so that, to a casual observer, the books will appear straight. But he can not so falsify all the books, vouchers, and cash records involved as to ultimately elude the detective ability of an expert accountant."

"How long does it ordinarily take to straighten out the books where there is fraud?"

"That depends altogether on the shrewdness with which the fraud has been perpetrated. Some accounts can be straightened out in two weeks. Others take many months. I have worked nine months on a tangled set of accounts. The work always involves an immense amount of reference. It is necessary in many cases to go through several years of bookkeeping item by item. Great numbers of letters must be written. Banks must be called on for the record of checks and drafts. Incidentally features requiring entirely different procedure than any the expert has before met will arise. Then, besides the tedious examination of the books, he must resort to new and ingenious devices. This is what lends a zest to his researches."

"Do you stumble upon many interesting cases?"

"Yes, indeed. It is a fact that the public hears of only a small part of the actual dishonest dealings. Frauds are often covered up for personal, social, or political reasons. I have worked on seven cases within a year and found crooked work with them all. But in only one case, and that where the fraud was small and insignificant, did the business house concerned prosecute the swindler.

"One of the most ingenious and daring frauds I ever discovered, and a case in which the swindler was finally punished, I found in a Chicago bank where I worked. The swindler was an 'individual ledger' book-keeper. It was a part of his duties to examine checks which came in through exchanges; that is, checks received from other banks through the clearing-house. His mode of operation was this: He opened an account at another bank under a fictitious name. He would then draw a check for, say, \$100, or other even amounts, on his own bank, forging the name of some heavy customer on his individual ledger and deposit this check to his own account in the other bank. This check would be presented through the exchanges the following day to his own bank for payment, and, of course, go to him to be examined. He would pass it and charge it on his ledger to this customer. Then the check would be filed away with others and at a convenient moment, before the customer's book was written up, he would destroy the check. On writing up the customer's book he would simply make a memorandum that one check of \$100 had been mislaid, as frequently happens in banks.

"Adopting the careless method common to business men of accepting the bank's balance as correct, and finding that they had several outstanding checks of \$100, the firm took it for granted that the mislaid check was one of them. As no large customer's balance always agrees with that shown by the bank's books, it was easy for the swindler, choosing each time a new victim from the several hundred on his ledger, to steal \$10,000 in less than two years. He was finally detected by the merest accident. But for that accident, he might have gone on indefinitely, as the checks being destroyed, there was no tangible evidence of his guilt that an outsider could have found.

## The Horse Wore Goggles.

A horse with goggles was one of the attractions of the Clinton Square market place Saturday afternoon. The Manlius farmer who owned him said he discovered recently that the animal was very near-sighted, and an oculist to whom he took the nag said so, too. The eye man took the necessary dimensions and, sending to New York, had a pair of concave spectacles made expressly for Dobbin. When the farmer tried them for the first time the horse appeared to be startled, but, recovering from his surprise, manifested every symptom of pleasure. They are made so as to be firmly fastened in the headstall and cannot be worn without that piece of harness.

"When I turn him out to pasture," said the farmer, "he feels uneasy and uncomfortable without goggles, and last Sunday he hung around the barn and whined so plaintive like that I took out the bit and put the headstall and goggles on him, and he was so glad that he rubbed my shoulder with his nose. Then he kicked up his heels and danced down to the pasture. You ought to have seen him. I hate to let him wear specs all the time, though, for fear he will break them."—*Syracuse Standard*.

## The Origin of Kissing.

There is a Scandinavian tradition to the effect that kissing was first introduced into England by Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist. Again in Comwell's time, when the banished Cavendish visited a French nobleman at his own chateau, the mistress of the house, at the head of her maidens, thus greeted him: "Forasmuch as ye be an Englishman, whose custom it is in your country to kiss all the ladies and gentlewoman without offense, and although it be not so here in this realm, yet will I be so bold as to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens."—*Modern Society*.

## BOOMS IN CALIFORNIA.

A Variety of Anecdotes—What the Irishman Offered to Do.

It's no use. I've got to talk about the boom, says a writer in *The San Francisco Chronicle*. The air is so thick with it that it gets in to the ink and comes from the point of the pen. It is so universal that a dry-goods clerk, behind the counter measuring dress patterns and ribbons and things, could not get it out of his head. The lady was buying a piece of dress goods.

"How much did you say there was in the piece?" she asked.

"Fifteen yards, ma'am."

"Oh, that's too much."

"You can cut it up and sell it in town lots, ma'am."

Then he recovered and apologized.

Neither of them went much on the boom. The Irishman had a little ranch near San Jose, and some time ago, when the boom was very, very young, the city man made him a little proposition. He offered \$4,000. The Irishman wanted \$6,000 and as they could not agree the city man went back home and the Irishman stuck to his ranch. But the city man got a little more faith, and he thought that the owner of the ranch might perhaps be willing to let it go in spite of the growth of the boom. It was some way out, and the Irishman was a quiet, retiring sort of a man, not much in town. So he went down again and called at the ranch.

"Well, how is it?"

"Oh," said the Irishman, "they're talkin' about the boom, but I don't go much on boom."

"And you're still willing to sell your ranch?"

"O yes. Booms is all well enough; but gold coin's pretty scarce, and it looks better than paper."

"You're right. This boom looks well, but I guess money's the best talker."

"To be sure it is."

"Well, I want to invest a little money. I don't go a cent on the boom, you understand. I don't want any boom prices. I'm willing to give you \$5,000."

"That's a raise, isn't it?"

"Yes; it's a raise, and not a bad raise at that."

"I asked you \$6,000, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, of course, I don't go a cent on the boom, but you can't expect me to come down in my price."

"There's some sense in that. All right; \$1,000 shan't part us. I'll take it at \$6,000."

The Irishman scratched his head. The city man felt a kind of a glow go through him.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the Irishman; "you give me \$30,000 and the boom can go to—"

The female sex are all in this land boom. Well, it will help to solve a very troublesome question. Men have always had to get houses and lots to have a home to bring their wives to. It has always, except in a few odd cases, been expected that the man will come to the woman, go down on his knees and say:

"Respected madam, I would marry thee. I have a house furnished; I have money in the bank; I can give you a little home, over which you shall rule as queen. Come and be my wife!"

Then the young woman packed up her clothes and took away from the house of her father and mother all the little bric-a-brac other fellows had given her, and flitted off to rule in her own little domain. Now for a small amount a woman can buy a lot; she can for another small sum build a house, and for a third small sum furnish it. Then she can go up to a man who hasn't any home but lodgings and who lives at a restaurant, and take him by the arm and say:

"Respected sir, I have a house and lot close by a cable-car line. I would marry thee. I can give you a home as is a home, where you can reign as king; where you can get something to eat as is worth eating; where you'll be happy as a clam."

Then the man will go home and give his landlady a week's notice, buy a new suit of clothes, burn all his knickknacks given him by other girls, and move into the house and lot, and when the king begin to assert his authority in that 25x120 kingdom, the queen will get up and put on her crown, and get hold of her scepter, and bang it over his head and say:

"There an't no Salic law in this kingdom, I reckon."

Then it will be millennium time for women.

But ministers have caught the boom. They withdraw their attention from mansions in the skies long enough to invest in lots out at the park and elsewhere. It was Monday morning, and the two ministers were on the San Jose train. Perhaps it was merely an accident that they were on the San Jose train, and perhaps the boom in Santa Clara valley had nothing to do with their being there. But I doubt it. They were talking about lots and hundreds of dollars and profits and other things that suggest a worldly train of thought. It was Monday. One of them had just said:

"I saw in yesterday's *Chronicle* that lots were selling—"

When he caught sight of somebody looking and listening. He immediately added:

"Not that I read the Sunday papers, except sometimes of a Monday morning."

Something has got to be done to get this state properly known in the east.

A friend of mine has just come back from a tour which took him as far as New Orleans. He met a gentleman there who very civilly asked him where he belonged to and where he was going.

"California," he said.

"California?" said the New Orleans man. "California? Let me see. That's in Los Angeles, isn't it?"

It used to be, but now Los Angeles is made up of several of the eastern states of the union.

## SPEED IN STENOGRAPHY.

Two Hundred Words Per Minute and Fifteen Seconds to Spare.

"All this talk about speed," said a shorthand writer, "reminds me of a little experience that I had away back in 1866. I was then located in New York, and was a mere lad and comparatively new in the business. I had never been in a court-room and knew absolutely nothing about the form of trials. I could write shorthand, however. There was a big murder trial going on in North Carolina, and they sent to New York in hot haste for a stenographer. I happened to be the only one at the time available and Graham sent me down.

"I shall never forget that experience. About the first man I came in contact with was the judge advocate. He was as gruff and sarcastic as a cross-cut saw half a mile from an oil can. He looked me over in a sneering way that I shall never forget, and seemed to be sadly disappointed over the fact that there was not more of me.

"The man whose shoes you have been sent to fill cut," he said gruffly. "How many can you write?"

"I don't know exactly, sir, I stammered.

"Well, I'll drop into your room in the morning before court opens and put you through your paces," he said sarcastically.

"When I got to my room I was about the worst frightened boy ever saw. This was a nice sort of a man for one who knew nothing whatever about courts to encounter. About the first thing I saw when I entered my room was an old volume of Webster's speeches. An idea at once struck me. I picked out one of these and practiced on it most all night. The consequence was that I had committed it to memory and had it right at my finger ends. All that remained was to devise some scheme to get the judge advocate to select that particular speech for the text. Bright and early the next morning he came into my room.

"Have you got anything here that I can read to you from?" he asked.

"I don't know," I replied, as carelessly as possible. "Let's see. Ah, here's a book which seems to belong to the room. It's Webster's speeches. Maybe this might do."

"I opened it carelessly at the particular speech which I had practiced upon and handed it to him. He examined it carefully, and all the time my heart was in my mouth. I was afraid he would turn the pages and pick out some other speech. But he didn't.

"I should think this would do," he said, and proceeded to count off two hundred words.

"Well, at it we went, and when the two hundred words were written I still had fifteen seconds of the minute to spare. He timed me with one of those old stop-watches, and I can see it yet."

"Hum!" he said. "I guess you'll do, and after that he seemed to think I was more of a man than I looked!"

## How Calico Got Its Name.

The derivation of this word is very interesting as of such an ancient date is its origin. Mrs. Leonowens says in her "Travels in India" that in the year 1498, just ten months and two days after leaving the port at Lisbon, Vasco da Gama landed on the coast of Malaba at Calicut, or more properly Kale Rhoda, "City of the Black Goddess." Calicut was at that period not only a very ancient seaport, but an extensive territory, which, stretching along the western coast of Southern India, reached from Bombay and the adjacent islands to Cape Comorin. It was at an early period so famous for its weaving and dyeing of cotton cloth that its name became identified with the manufactured fabric, hence the name calico. It is now generally admitted that this ingenious art originated in India in remote ages, and from that country found its way into Egypt. It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that calico printing was introduced into Europe. A knowledge of the art was acquired by some of the servants of the Dutch East India company and carried to Holland, whence it was introduced in London in the year 1676. It is surprising for grown-up children, as well as our young folks, to learn that "Pliny as early as the first century mentions in his natural history that there existed in Egypt a wonderful method of dyeing white cloth." Calico cannot be despised when it boasts of such antiquity. The shoddy make-up of the present day may look down with contempt upon the calico dress, but "what kind of lineage has it?" the calico can proudly ask.—*Yankee Blade*.

When a man puts himself up for office, and the boy says: "You don't get it," that settles it.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Perhaps the mercury is only crouching for a big jump.—*New York Mail*.

## FARM MANAGEMENT.

### Suggestions on the Best Methods of Harvesting and Storing the Potato Crop.

#### Securing the Potato Crop.

That potatoes will be scarce and high before another crop can be raised seems certain. This season has been very unfavorable for producing a large yield or for insuring a fine quality of tubers. It has been too dry for potatoes in many parts of the country where most attention is given to them. The vines are generally small, while the hills contained but few tubers. The extremely hot weather during July and August interfered with the growth of the plants below and above the surface of the ground. As the crop will be small, the greatest pains should be taken in securing it in the best manner possible. None of it should be wasted by delay in securing it, by careless methods of harvesting, or by improper ways of storage. Potatoes will be in greater demand than during most years, for the reason that there is a scarcity of most kinds of garden vegetables. A poor season for potatoes is also a poor one for beets, carrots, turnips, and parsnips. To insure a large yield of either of them, a somewhat moist season is required. None of them will do well if there is a protracted drought.

Digging potatoes should not be delayed till frost kills the vines and endangers the tubers that are near the surface of the ground. If a small portion of a potato is frozen or becomes chilled, it is certain to decay, and in the process of rotting it will cause all those that come in contact with it to decay. One rotting tuber in the bin will cause the decay of many. They will cause an unpleasant odor to be given off, which will be absorbed by the sound potatoes that do not come in contact with it. If the digging of potatoes is delayed till a crust freezes on the surface of the hills, the crop is likely to be injured by the frost. If digging is delayed till after the heavy fall rains occur, it will be hard and very unpleasant work. Soil saturated with water is in a poor condition to handle. It sticks to the hoe or other implement used for removing potatoes from the hill, and also adheres to the tubers themselves. It will remain on the potatoes and injure their appearance if they are sent to market. It will absorb and retain moisture after the potatoes are put in the cellar or other place of storage, and quite likely be the means of causing them to decay.

Potatoes should remain in the ground till they ripen, but they should not remain much beyond the period of their maturity. The leaves fall from the vines shortly after the tubers ripen and leave the ground where they grow unshaded. If the weather is unfavorable, weeds and grass spring up on it and render digging quite difficult. If there is much growing vegetation on the ground, many of the tubers will be cut by the hoe or other implement employed for removing them. The weeds and grass will also prevent the potatoes from drying after they have been removed from the ground and prevent them from being found by the picker. It is easier to harvest two acres of potatoes on land free from grass and weeds than one acre when the ground is covered with them. If potatoes are cut by the hoe, as they are likely to be when the ground where they grow is occupied by grass and weeds, they will present a bad appearance and be likely to rot. A few cut potatoes will lessen the market value of the entire lot, whether they are intended for seed or for the table.

If potatoes remain in the ground long after the time they become ripe, they will become detached from the stalks or the connecting tie will become so tender that it will not allow them to be withdrawn. When this is the case the work of removing them from the ground is greatly increased. If most of the tubers are drawn out with the vines they are said to be in perfect condition, while their withdrawal will make the soil so loose that it can be removed without difficulty. The best implement to use in taking potatoes from the ground will depend on the condition of the soil and the skill and experience of the digger. None of the potato-diggers that are drawn by horses are economical unless the farmer has a large crop to harvest. An Irishman will dig potatoes very fast with a spade and will not be quickly fatigued by its use; but the average American or German is not accustomed to the use of the spade, and soon becomes very tired if he handles one in the potato-field. If the ground is free from grass and weeds, the pronged hoe or fork is an excellent substitute for the common hoe in digging potatoes.

Potatoes can remain on the surface of the ground till the sun and wind have caused the moisture on them to evaporate, but they will be injured if they remain much longer. Sunlight soon changes the color of the potatoes and injures their quality as articles of food. Potatoes that have been recently dug have a much better flavor than those that have been out of the ground for a considerable time. They are in this respect much like most edible roots, which lose the quality known as freshness by being exposed to the air. If potatoes are sorted as soon as they are dry, and placed in barrels that are

covered with a piece of turf that fits closely so as to exclude currents of air and prevents them from becoming dry, they will retain the nutty flavor of newly-dug tubers. This is an excellent way of keeping choice varieties of potatoes that are worthy of ranking as luxuries. Potatoes exposed to currents of air will generally become shriveled in the latter part of the winter, and will sprout as soon as weather becomes warm in the spring. These injuries may be prevented by keeping them in barrels covered by green turf.

It is a good plan to sort potatoes before they are put in the cellar. Those that are scabby, partially rotten, cut, or injured by exposure to frost or sunlight, as well as those that are misshapen or very small, can be fed to the stock, and the labor of taking them to and from the cellar saved. The presence of a few poor specimens will be likely to lessen the price received for a lot of potatoes. A good cellar is the safest place for storing potatoes, as their conditions can be seen at any time during the winter. A cave dug in the side of a hill affords a good place for storing potatoes, but on the prairies there are few places where caves or pits can be excavated. Potatoes are often kept by placing them in heaps on the surface of the ground and covering them with straw and earth, provision being made to securing ventilation. Great risks, however, always attend storing potatoes in this way in sections of country where the temperature rises as much as it does in most parts of the west.—Chicago Times.

#### Industrial Brevities.

Heavy losses through drought have taken place in the flocks of Buenos Ayres province, where fat sheep are now so scarce that some of the frozen-mutton factories have stopped working. A project for giving bounties on the export of frozen beef and mutton has been laid before congress by President Colman and Minister Pacheco and is pretty certain to be accepted. Europeans do not like Argentine beef and the government proposes to give a bounty of \$20 for every ton exported. Europeans tolerate Argentine mutton and so the bounty is to be only \$6 a ton. There is also to be a duty of \$3 each on cattle exported alive. It will be very kind of the Argentine people to pay a portion of European butchers' bills.

To show the heavy reductions at present being made upon farm rents in Scotland, a few examples of recent transactions in farm-letting in the counties of Forfar, Perth, and Dundee may be given. On the estate in Perthshire of Lord Strathmore eleven large farms have just been relet to their old tenants at a reduction in each case of 26 per cent. In Perthshire the farm of Huntington has been let at £350, while the former rent was £580, and the farm of Montague at £300, instead of £500 as formerly. In Fife-shire, the following farms have lately been let: Newton of Lathrisk at £470, former rent £663; Little Frenchie at £260, former rent £323; Dalginch at £284, former rent £400; and Randerston at £450, former rent £574.

D. B. Harrington, secretary of the Ingham County (Michigan) Agricultural society, and an extensive potato grower, has received answers to inquiries made by him from twenty-three potato-growers in sixteen different states as to the outlook for potatoes. The result may be summed up about as follows: In New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland the crop is good. In New England about two thirds of a crop. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, and Kentucky about quarter of a crop. In Missouri half a crop. Average price about 75 cents per bushel with upward tendency. There is no doubt but potatoes will be scarce and high until the next crop is grown.

At the meeting of the Royal Botanic Society of England recently among other curiosities plant life exhibited was a leaf of the Victoria water-lily, seven feet in diameter, showing the peculiar structure of the underside of the leaf, from which one might suppose the cellular structure of some ironclads and other large vessels was taken. The radiating ribs or veins resemble T-riders tied together by deep lateral walls, forming many air-tight cells, some so large as to contain ten ounces of water, and, of course, when floating on the water and filled with air giving remarkable buoyancy to the leaf, a single leaf having been known to support a weight of four hundred pounds.

It would seem as if the black mulberry would be one of the best kinds of tree to plant along roads and highways for shade. It certainly makes splendid shade and is a much handsomer tree than the locust. Its fruit is good for home use, and would serve to keep the birds from the orchards. Its wood is said to be as valuable as red-wood for fence-posts. C. A. Tuttle says that on his father's farm in western New York mulberry fence posts were good and sound after being in the ground more than twenty-five years, and V. V. Mann recalls that in Missouri, when every man was his own cooper mulberry wood was considered the best that could be had for cooperage.

Experienced bee-keepers rarely trouble themselves with the bee-sting remedies, but amateurs, and those in whom the flesh swells when stung near the eyes, often wish for something that will reduce the swelling and pain. The best remedy is a tincture of plantain, made by pouring alcohol over the freshly gathered leaves, and allowing it to remain until it turns black, when it is poured off and bottled. If this remedy is applied immediately after the

wound is given, the swelling and pain will be scarcely perceptible. If the person is severely stung a few drops of the tincture can be taken internally.

One of the largest wheat-fields in the world is that of ex-Congressman C. F. Reed, of Stanislaus county, California. It consists of ten thousand acres in one unbroken stretch along the bank of the San Joaquin river, and much of the land is protected by levees, as the stream is higher than the shore. The grain this year is as high as the back of a horse, and it is estimated the yield will be forty bushels to the acre. This will give 400,000 bushels, which will load ten large vessels.

The municipality of St. Petersburg has decided to plant two rows of trees in the streets which are more than twenty-three meters broad. There are sixty-five such streets in the city. The Dutch linden tree will be selected for the purpose, as best adapted to the climate of St. Petersburg and one of the most rapidly growing trees. It is estimated that the cost will be 25 rubles per tree, or 625,000 rubles in all, as about 25,000 trees will be required.

An Indiana farmer ordered every bumblebee nest on his farm to be burned, and persuaded his neighbors to assist in destroying all the bumblebees in his neighborhood. He discovered his mistake the following year, as he could not raise a crop of clover seed, the bees being the agents by which the pollen is carried from one blossom to the other.

The attempt has recently been made to introduce horse flesh as an article of food into England. The movement is opposed by the producers of beef and mutton, but is favored by those who own horses in towns and by those who have acquired a love of horse meat while living on the continent.

#### The Educated Farmer.

In farming, perhaps more than in any other branch of business, facts and knowledge of the process can be obtained largely by reading the experiments of others as published in agricultural books and papers, writes Joseph Allen, of Gano, Ohio, in *The Practical Farmer*. He says: No farmer can afford to make all the experiments necessary to learn the best methods of cultivating his lands and improving his soil, what it cost to feed a bushel of corn or other grain and what it costs to feed different kinds of stock. If this should be attempted, he could make but slow progress; each one would be obliged to go through the same unvarying process or routine.

But the farmer to be successful must have correct knowledge—a scientific knowledge. Some farmers may call it humbug, but scientific knowledge is correct knowledge. Scientific observation, and scientific farming is farming upon correct principles.

There are principles underlying every branch of agriculture, which, if thoroughly understood and then applied with intelligence will, in the long run, bring success to any young man who will make farming his lifework.

There never was a time when so much was being done in the interest of intelligent agriculture as now—never a time when so many scientific men were engaged in experiments bearing upon the different branches of the subject, and in no department of science have such beneficial results been obtained.

Education is as absolutely necessary to make a successful farmer as it is in any of the professions, mercantile or any other calling, and when the mind is disciplined by study and trained by proper teachers, success is more certain in farming than in any other business. It seems strange and inconceivable that any one who has ever cultivated farm products should not feel the absolute necessity of an education in order to fully comprehend the principles involved in the work of agriculture.

Educated farmers have improved their soil by underdraining where it was too wet, and they have proved the theory of rotation of crops as the natural means of keeping up the fertility of the soil; they have had plants analyzed to learn what must be added to the soil to make it produce to the best advantage the crops they wished to raise, and then by adding the necessary fertilizers they have made it produce almost double the amount that it does for the uneducated.

Educated fruit growers have given us all the superior varieties of fruits, and the educated stock raiser has added to the fleetness, the strength and the gaits of horses. He has enlarged and improved the quality of the animals raised for food, and makes them fatten at an earlier date, quicker and cheaper. He has increased the quantity and quality of milk from cows, till the production of butter and cheese in the State of New York alone, as statistics show, amounts to over \$100,000,000 annually, more than one-fourth of the whole cotton crop of the country.

Farmers must understand that to make their children successful in their calling does not require a greater amount of hard work, but a more correct knowledge of facts and principles upon which their business should be conducted in order to make farming successful.

The land often fails to produce good crops, not because the laborers have been awkward in their work of plowing and cultivating their crops, but because the farmer does not fully understand the relation of his soil to the crops he raises. Continued daily labor on the farm without an educated judgment directing the application of principles may make a good living, but it will not produce the best results; it will not make the land yield all that it is capable of yielding.

## THE OPIUM HABIT.

### Convictions Reached by an Experienced Physician of New York.

My experience, writes E. N. Carpenter to *The Epoch*, has taught me to believe that no person who is addicted to the opium habit is sane. I do not mean to say that when a person begins to use the drug he is out of his mind, but after he has become addicted to the use of it; in other words, when he has become a chronic opium-eater, I consider him insane. I have had considerable experience with opium-eaters, and, as a rule, I do not like to have them in an insane asylum.

There is now a patient in this institution who came here seven months ago. His friends do not consider him out of his mind, but I consider him an insane man. I am of the opinion that he is unaccountable for what he does, and I think he is unfit to transact his own business or the business of anyone else. Seven months ago he was taking ten grains a day and doing well. I think it was through the power of his own will that he has reached his present improved condition, and not on account of any medical skill on my part.

In curing the habit I would show the habitue his usual dose of opium, and let him take it, but day by day I would reduce the fluid with water, but always gave him the same sized dose. A person who has been addicted to the opium habit for fourteen months is regarded as a chronic case. Three grains of opium daily is a large dose, but ten grains is enormous.

The effect of the drug on a chronic opium-eater is merely quieting; he is in a state of half-drunkenness, whether he takes large or small doses. But, in an acute case, the effects of the drug are very pleasant indeed. The victim sees visions of loveliness and grandeur impossible to describe, and catches glimpses of a heavenly state of existence. When he has become a chronic user of the drug, and his system demands it, he, to a certain extent, ceases to have these visions and rapturous dreams unless he takes unusually heavy doses—enough to produce immediate sleep. Under such conditions he will usually have pleasant dreams, though sometimes he passes through horrible scenes of torture.

The effect of the drug on the physique of a person varies somewhat. Sometimes he will become dreadfully emaciated, but if the appetite keeps good he will not decrease in weight. There is always, however, a peculiar color about an opium-eater's face, and by that he can be known; the complexion assumes the color of old brass, having a peculiar death-like hue, but it is seldom that the digestion is impaired.

Opium affects the spinal cord and the brain principally. The nerve power of the opium-eater is very much lessened without the opium, and it is very much increased with the drug until the end comes. The death of the opium-eater is not marked by any particular scenes of horror. I have seen several opium-eaters die a very pleasant death, and I do not know that I ever saw a very bad death among such patients.

The causes which lead persons into the opium habit are so numerous that no one would attempt to define all of them. The habit is often brought on in young medical students who resort to the stimulant through overstraining themselves in study. The troubles brought about in the rush of business account for others using the drug. Excessive liquor-drinking sometimes leads to the habit.

I am now attending a prominent citizen of New York city, a man of wealth, who has been a very heavy drinker. He resorted to drink to drown his sorrow over the death of a beautiful daughter. I took him for the opium habit. He took chloral and morphine combined. He would take enough chloral and morphine in a day to kill fifteen men. I reduced his allowance to almost nothing. He got so that he took a very small dose every day, but, in a short time he elapsed into his old habits, became as bad as he ever was, and the consequences as he will soon die.

There are three methods by which the drug is taken—viz., internally, by hypodermic injection, and by absorption, that is by rubbing the drug on the skin. My experience is that about one-third of the number of the opium-eaters take it in paragonic form, while two-thirds take it in the gum. Very few people take tincture of opium. Taking the drug by means of a pill is a favorite method. It can be kept more secretly about the person in that form than in any other. Paregoric has to be carried in a bottle, and it has a strong smell very similar to anise-seed. The smell is quickly noticed, while if a person chews opium, you have to get very close to him to smell it.

#### Fills a Long Felt Want.

The New York business men have started a petition to Congress begging that honorable body to authorize the coinage of the old half-cent. By all means the half-cent is just what is needed.

For all of us to give the hand organ monkey.

For some men to give their wives for spending money.

For deacons to put in the contribution box.

For delinquent newspaper subscribers to pay up their subscriptions.

For the New York millionaires to give toward the Grant monument.—*Yankee Blade*.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

### GRAPE MARMALADE—AMBER COLOR.

Separate the skins and pulp of the grapes and cook the pulps until the seeds separate, strain it and to four quarts of pulp add two quarts of sour apples, measured after cooking, the grated rind of three good lemons and nine pounds of sugar; let it get hot before the sugar is put in, and cook for half an hour after it begins to boil.

### GRAPE MARMALADE—RED COLOR.

Boil the skins of the grapes and strain them through a coarse cloth or jelly bag, to three quarts of juice add three quarts of cooked sour apples, the juice and pulp of four lemons, one ounce of stick cinnamon and seven pounds of sugar; break the cinnamon in small pieces, tie it in a spice bag made of fine white net or muslin, let all get hot together, and then add the sugar, stirring well until it is dissolved; cook for half an hour after it begins to boil; take out the spice bag when the flavor suits. To be put up in bowls like jam and covered with paper after it is cold. Will keep for years.

About one and a half pecks of good sour apples and twenty-five pounds of grapes will make the two kinds of marmalade given in above. The apples should be cooked the day before.

ELDERBERRY MARMALADE.—Pare, cut and cook enough sour apples to make nine pints after they are boiled, strip the ripe berries from the sprays and boil them until the juice can be strained from them. Add to the nine pints of apple sauce three pints of elderberry juice, eight pounds of sugar, the juice and pulp of six lemons and grated rind of three; let all get hot together before adding the sugar; stir often and let it boil well for half an hour. This and the amber grape marmalade will set like jelly.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Cut your tomatoes, boil soft and rub them through a wire-sieve. To four quarts of pulp add one tablespoonful salt, one teaspoon black pepper, one-half teaspoon cayenne pepper, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful cloves and sugar to suit the taste. When nearly done add a little strong vinegar. Boil three hours. Bottle and cork tight, seal the corks with sealing wax.

CHOW-CHOW.—Two gallons of green tomatoes, sliced without peeling, sprinkle salt plentifully over them, stand over night, drain dry as possible, and add twelve good sized onions sliced, two quarts of good vinegar, two pounds of sugar, two tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of black pepper; mix all thoroughly, and cook until tender, but not soft enough to fall to pieces.

TO DRY CITRON.—Quarter the citron, remove all the seeds and pare as thin as possible. Into six quarts of water put two tablespoonfuls of alum; after it is dissolved, drop in this alum water the quarters of the citron, press well under the water; boil slowly until you can pierce them easily with a fork, remove the pieces carefully to a pan; the same water will answer for three or four batches of citron. After the citron is drained weigh it, take half the weight of sugar and put in the stepwan with water enough to dissolve it, then lay the citron in carefully and let it boil for ten minutes. Take the pieces out and spread on large plates to dry. Put in more citron and serve in the same manner. The syrup left can be dipped on the citron with a spoon. Set them where they will dry quickly, then pack in dry sugar in a stone jar.

#### Different Kinds of Writing.

The record of that vicissitude of event and circumstance which makes up a nation's life is left not only on the page of history. It may be traced less plainly but more indelibly inscribed on the tastes, the feelings, the predilections of that nation's most ordinary sons and daughters. Even the literature which has no aim but amusement proclaims, in no uncertain voice, the influence of a national past. Take up a German and an English novel of equal power, you miss at once in the foreign work—though, perhaps, you could not name the lack—the hurry, the compression, the organized literary effect which you find in the English one. A German novel is apt to make one doubt whether Germans turn to fiction with some wish quite different from the desire for amusement which animates the subscriber to the circulating library here. Let the reader who questions this take up Goethe's "Wahlverwandtschaften" and read the scene in which the hero and the two heroines lay the foundations of a summer-house. He will surely agree with the present writer that nothing equally tedious could have been written by an Englishman or Frenchman of genius. The German language has yet to absorb the hurry of political life—in other words, it has yet to become literary. But nature, as the sage says in "Rasselas," sets her gifts on the right hand and on the left, and if the political races be more literary we should expect the non-political to be more scientific. For the student of the physical world never permits himself to use the word "trivial." He knows no hierarchy of statements; for him all facts stand on one level. All German writing seems to be permeated with this canon of science—dare we add?—heresy of literature; English writing shows comparatively little of it. French of course is the typical example of its absence. Let us make the most of our inalienable privilege. The Germans may rob us of our preeminence in trade, in empire, in national prestige; they never can rival us in a long national past.—*The Contemporary Review*.

JEWELRIES 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 up 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 slipped 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 called 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.

PRESERVED FRUITS.

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

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

A Cure for Arrogance.

"I tell you, Darringer, I won't put up with his arrogance." "Bear with him a little longer, Bromley. He'll not be so arrogant after a while." "Oh, he won't eh? Is he going to join church?" "No; he was married last night."—Philadelphia Call.

FULL OF FUN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

He Was Not An Agent. "Get out of my house instantly or I shall be compelled to eject you," said the proprietor to a man he found prowling about the premises. "What are you doing in my house, anyway?"

"I came in at the back window," said the man, "and my business is to get a portion of your money and valuables."

"Then you are not selling albums on the installment plan?" "No, sir; I am a robber."

"Oh, excuse me. Take a seat sir, I'll see what I can do for you."

He Wanted the Jury Woke Up.

Lawyer—If the court please I would like to have the jury woke up again.

Judge—The sheriff will wake the jury. If the attorney for the State will make his argument more pointed, it will save the sheriff a sight of extra labor for which there are no fees allowed by law.

DIALOGUE between two blind men—"Do you know the gentleman who gave you a franc just now?" "Only by sight."—Paris Gaulois.

—A remarkable feat of lightning was performed in the city of Washington, D. C., on the 15th inst. The lightning struck the dome of the capitol building, and the fire which was kindled by the lightning spread over the dome and the roof of the building, and the fire was extinguished by the fire department.

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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 85,277, England 25,657, Russia 16,885, 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.

—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.

PRESERVING OYSTERS.

An Interesting Discovery Made by a French Scientist.

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

Winter Shelter for Sheep.

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

Too Stupid to Live.

They were playing a nice little game of two-handed euchre and chatting pleasantly.

"Have you heard of the new game of cards?" he asked, innocently, as he dealt her a hand.

"No," she said. "What do they call it?"

"Matrimony."

"Oh," she exclaimed, rapturously. "Let's play it."

"I don't know how," replied the thick-skulled fellow, and the girl got so mad that she wouldn't talk to him any more.—Boston Herald.

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

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

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

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

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

—The system of savings banks in Massachusetts during the past fifty years has proved itself as safe as any financial system within the range of monetary experience. The total amount of losses to the depositors by the failure of savings banks in the State during that time is estimated by the Bank Commissioners at about three-twelfths of one per cent. of the entire deposit.—Boston Traveller.

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