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NO. 19.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

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

Mrs. W. P. Hall opens a full line of Millinery and Fancy Goods today at 821 Kansas Avenue. Call and see them.

The best and most complete line of millinery is always found at Mme. Marmont's. New goods arriving every day. You will be well repaid by calling in to see them.

Mrs. S. M. Savage's Millinery rooms Corner Seventh and Quincy is the place to go for the best goods at the lowest prices. Go and see for your self; don't take our word for it.

The latest, most select and artistic millinery will be found at Mrs. Metcalf's 803 Kansas Avenue. Her elegant opening last Thursday and Friday was a convincing proof to ladies who attended.

FELLOWSHIP, FLORIDA, Apr. 7, 1887. Dr. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, Pa.

Dear sir: I was agent for the sale of Antidote for malaria at Elizabethtown Ky. When chills were almost universal every season. The medicine cured when all else failed. It was my habit to say that I could live in a frog pond without danger to myself, but that conceit has been taken out of me, for last fall I had a violent attack of chills. I remembered the Antidote, procured a bottle, and was cured immediately. I now say to every one suffering from Malaria, don't fool with quinine; it may be good, but Shallenberger's is better, and don't make you deaf, either.

Your friend, E. H. HAYCRAFT.

The publishers of the Poultry Monthly Albany, New York, are sending their fine illustrated Magazine to January 1, 1889, to all subscribers, at the regular price of \$1.25. This gives two numbers extra. Specimen Copy can be seen at this office. We will include the Spirit for some time, and send both for \$1.50. Now is the time to strike.

FOR COAL go to J. V. McNEELY, Corner of Adams and Fourth.

\$250 IN CASH! 3 Worcester's and 3 Webster's Dictionaries, worth \$89, and 4 Dictionary Holders, worth \$15.50, given as PRIZES for best essays answering the question "Why should I use a Dictionary Holder?" For full particulars, send to La Verne W. Noyes, 99 & 101 W. Monroe St., Chicago, the maker of Dictionary Holders. Or inquire at your book store.

TOPEKA MILL AND BUCKWHEAT MILL Has now commenced making BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, and will pay highest market price for buckwheat. Salesroom 304 Kansas Avenue.

Olof Thelin who resides in Swygart's addition, owns a dog which bit a little boy two or three days ago. The dog has the reputation of being vicious and is a nuisance. Thelin lives outside the city limits and claims that the city has no jurisdiction over him. He has been arrested and the case will be heard Thursday morning. As the boy was bitten inside the city limits the court claims jurisdiction.

Ladies wishing the latest and most select styles should not fail to consult Mrs. Metcalf at her fashionable millinery emporium, 803 Kansas Avenue.

When you want fine photos, Atherton is making the finest in the city, call at Atherton's new gallery, North Topeka.

Miss Florence B. Eddy will depart to-day for her home at Lawrence, to take a much needed rest and recreation.

A fresh invoice of elegant millinery to be sold very cheap at Mrs. S. M. Savage corner of Seventh and Quincy.

Ladies desiring well made and accurately fitting dresses should have them made at the Dressmaking Parlors south east corner Second and Quincy.

Messrs. Hamilton & Miller have opened a Wholesale Flour, Feed, Coal, Storage and Commission Store at No. 127 north Kan. Ave. in the building formerly occupied by the cracker factory.

The concrete work has been completed on Jackson and Quincy streets from C to E streets; and the asphalt is being placed thereon.

Miss Emily C. Hart of Great Bend will spend the winter here with her sister, Mrs. C. A. Bridge.

Mrs. Kate Smith for the past six years a teacher at Quincy school, has resigned in order to accept a similar situation in the Grant school.

Master Mechanic Hackney has found it necessary to cut down the force at the Santa Fe shops, the work having fallen off considerably in the last two or three weeks. He began cutting down the force last evening, when nearly 200 men were laid off. This is being done in all departments. The men laid off are for the most part single men; those who have families to support are retained. It is said that the work may be better in a short time, in which case the force will at once be increased.

Topeka Stove Repair Foundry and Machine Shops.

No. 114, 116 & 118 Van Buren street opposite R. I. Depot.

Few of our patrons are probably aware of the existence of this most valuable institution, which, though founded but a short time ago, is now shipping \$75 to \$100 per day. Their customers number hundreds and are found in Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Texas. Their sales of last year amounted to 200 tons, showing them to be a valuable acquisition as a manufacturing institution.

They also do general casting as well as cast an immense amount from old cracked stove bowls and odd and broken plates, etc. The machine shop is managed by Mr. T. D. Cook, one of the most expert machinists, and it contains some of the finest and best machines in the west.

For Robert T. Lincoln.

After the adjournment of the republican convention it was requested that those who desired to join a Bob Lincoln club remain. The following signed the roll, agreeing to support Robert T. Lincoln for president: A. K. Rodgers, M. H. Wilson, J. H. Foucht, A. D. Hollister, A. W. Fowkes, D. C. Jones, C. L. Vanderpool, F. A. Studer, George A. Anderson, B. F. Williams, L. Collins, P. H. Goodrich, D. E. Davis, J. J. Fisher, Byron A. Patten, C. W. Edson, C. P. Bolmer, W. F. Brubaker, T. J. Cox, A. L. Stratton, Joseph Heslop. It was thought best not to organize a club and no action was taken.

Ex Mayor Coffran's fine residence on Jefferson street is progressing rapidly. The ceiling ornamentation being in plaster Paris, is being executed by Henry Gruber, who is an expert in such artistic work.

Special assessment notices of the amount required for sewer purposes are being sent out from the city attorney's office. If the full amount is paid at once the interest is saved.

We understand that DEMONSTRATOR'S MONTHLY has been making extensive changes in its editorial staff. It parallel results could always be obtained, we would advise every publisher to go and do likewise; for the November number, which has just arrived, is certainly a grand success. DEMONSTRATOR'S MONTHLY has always been in the front rank of family magazines, but the new blood that has now been infused into it puts it ahead of all rivals. Before subscribing for your family magazine for the coming year, you should see DEMONSTRATOR, for they say with truth that "it contains a dozen magazines in one, and furnishes information and amusement for the whole family." Published by W. Jennings DEMONSTRATOR, 15 East 14th Street, N. Y.

Under our present system, the poorer people pay for more than their proportion of taxes. The fact is that a larger portion of our citizens should be exempt from taxation, and a large revenue should be raised by a tax on income. The men who make money should pay taxes.

In the front of the October Wide Awake is tale of adventure, shipwreck, smuggling and piracy the hero of which was a boy full of Robinson Crusoe—a real boy—so he says—and the boy is Maurice Thompson who writes it.

Next comes a harrowing tale of a kidnapper the pitcher-plant. Here is a sentence: "The inside of the pitcher is lined with stiff bristles pointing downward. It is easy enough to walk over them with your six legs, supposing you are a fly, going downward; but the minute you try to turn back you find yourself imprisoned." Grant Allen writes it.

Charles Egbert Craddock's story comes to an end; and Little Rosy wasn't Jerrys'! Began in the August number.

The Catskill Bear Story is very short. So was the wrestle; and the bear got away.

That series of papers telling how banking is done takes the banker to Europe in search of railway capital.

The President of Wellesley College lately resigned, who though a Miss still under thirty has been one of the most efficient of college presidents. is the subject of a biographical sketch with a portrait.

In contrast with the cruel account of the pitcher-plant there is a learned paper on the Sports and Games of Animals C. F. Holder.

We have said enough to justify every reader in sending five cents to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, for a specimen copy of Wide Awake.

KAUFMAN & THOMPSON

DEALERS IN STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES, 418 Kansas Avenue, California Fruits and Canned Goods a Specialty. Telephone 170.

WESTERN FOUNDRY

AND MACHINE WORKS. R. L. COFFRAN, Prop. Manufacturer of STEAM ENGINES, Mill Machinery, &c. Write for Prices. TOPEKA, KANSAS.

J. E. WALLIN, MERCHANT TAILOR,

612 Kansas Avenue. Upstairs. North Topeka. Perfect fit guaranteed. Repairing, cleaning and all other work in my line promptly attended to.

Fine Cabinet Photographs only \$2.00 per dozen at

DOWNING'S GALLERY.

During November and December.

Now is the time to get good photographs cheap. DOWNING is often asked how can you do as fine work for \$2.00 per dozen as your competitors do for \$3.00 to \$5.00 per dozen? FOR THREE REASONS

FIRST. He does more work and can afford to work on a smaller margin. SECOND. His immense business requires him to keep one, or more men, at each branch of the business, and therefore does more work of as fine a quality as his competitors. THIRD. He buys his goods for cash and in larger quantities and therefore buys cheaper.

It will pay you who want good work to call at once, as the very low price given above will be raised the first of January. We guarantee all Photos satisfactory. Remember the place.

DOWNING GALLERY, 617 Kan. Ave. Topeka, Kan.

A young man who gave his name as W. E. Ealler who went through Massey's boarding house on the north side carrying off some jewelry, razors, revolvers etc., was fined \$50 in police court, and not having any money to pay the fine was committed. He will be tried in justice court on a state warrant.

For the latest and most fashionable millinery, and newest designs in art needlework and embroidery materials, go to Mrs. Sly, two doors south of the Fire station on Kansas Ave. North Topeka.

CARPENTER & SLOO, Abstracters.

Room 33, Office Block. TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

MRS. H. WEST, Fashionable Dressmaker.

Cutting and Fitting a Specialty. 824 Quincy Street. TOPEKA, KANSAS.

BAKER & WARDIN, Store of Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware and Spectacles.

727 Kansas Avenue. TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

FINE FRENCH PANEL PHOTOS

Equal to the best made, 50 CENTS PER DOZEN, AT THE INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, 400 Madison Street. Cabinets \$1 a doz.

FOR RENT.

I have a good farm for rent to a careful, industrious man that has a Good Team and Farm Implements, with no small Children. Address

C. DUNN.

No. 733 Kan. Ave. TOPEKA, - KANS. Can give possession immediately.

THE DYING APACHE.

A Dakota Wildcat Devours a Wounded Indian.

How the Puma of the North Scent Its Prey—A Thrilling Sketch of Life on the Plains.

We crept on hands and knees through the tangled underbrush and vines to the edges of the cliff, and looked over. We were fifty feet above a valley—a little paradise, in which the flowers blossomed, the sweet grass grew knee high, and the ground birds built their nests without fear of an enemy.

Each man of us feasted his eyes in silence. It seemed as if a word spoken aloud would shatter the picture which Nature had painted solely for herself.

There was a long five minutes before any of us looked straight down, and then we saw a sight to make our blood tingle. An Indian warrior, evidently shot through the hips and his lower limbs paralyzed, had dragged himself along the base of a cliff to a spring just under our faces. We looked to the right and followed his trail to where a point of thicket ran into the valley. He had come inch by inch, leaving his life-blood to crimson the white-faced flowers and dye the grass a dull red.

"Sh!" We bend over to note the last few feet of his progress. He is a representative warrior—tall, strong and full of such courage as nature gives only to her children of the mountain and prairie. He draws himself along as if he were a log. Every movement must cost him terrible pain, but even here, alone as he believes himself, he will not cry out.

He reaches the water and laps it like a dog. It seems as if he could never drink enough. He has been hours crawling this half mile, and all the time a horrible fever has been scorching every vein and parching his tongue.

He finally turns from the water, pulls himself about with a heroic effort, and now he rests on his side and faces the valley. It is as if he felt his last moment approaching, and meant to die with his face to the beautiful picture. He must have been armed, but in that terrible struggle to reach the spring he has lightened himself of every thing which could make the journey last a second longer.

Cry out and encourage him? Seek a place and descend and succor him? He is an Apache. Let that be the excuse for making no movement. He was born to hate the white man. Such a feeling as gratitude never entered his heart. In his dying hour he would slay the man who bent over him with water to quench his fever. Implacable—bloodthirsty to the last—leave him to die as he has lived. Were the film of death already covering his orbs he would concentrate his last strength into one yell of alarm to bring his fellows upon us.

Look! The great cat of the mountains—the puma of South America, the panther of the deep wilderness of the North—has crept out of the thicket, and is sniffing at the bloody trail. The soft breeze bore the scent to her hair as she slept, and she awoke to show her yellow fangs and lick her blood-red lips. Never had she sniffed at such a trail. Never did drops of blood lead so surely to a victim.

Ah! Her tongue has licked the blood from the daisies, and she arches her back, shoots fire from her eyes and tears at the grass with her long claws. Ten drops of human blood have aroused all her ferocity. Her long tail sweeps the ground, her lips fall away from the cruel fangs, and she crouches down to follow the bloody trail. The lion or tiger would have taken it with a rush. The great cat works herself along like a snake. The trail is zigzag. She follows every curve.

We can see her, even to the flash of her eyes—the working of her muscles—the quiver of impatience that runs through her now and then. She must pass around a large rock which has fallen from the cliff into the valley before she can see her victim, or before the warrior can see her.

Three white men with hearts which know pity—three rifles which carry to the death. Shall we shoot?

No. The sound of a rifle might bring a score of Apache devils hunting for us. The cat might lay dead before their eyes—the wounded warrior might owe us his life, but we should go to the stake for all that—to the torture by fire and knife and tomahawk. They could not forgive us for being white men.

Ugh! The cat halts now and then to lick at a larger spot of blood—a place where the warrior, overcome by pain, had to take a longer rest. It makes the flesh creep to see the glare in her eyes and to hear the deep growl she utters in ferocious satisfaction.

Now she slowly and carefully creeps around the rock, hugging the ground until one standing beside the spring could hardly have made her out. She is in full sight of the warrior, who lies only two hundred feet away. He must also see her, for his eyes are turned that way.

Ah! Did you notice his start of surprise? It was not fear. The Apache warrior fears nothing which inhabits the earth or the waters thereof. He is wounded and defenseless, but he does not fear. He can die, and die bravely. Not another movement—not even a lifting of the proud head.

Watch, now! You will never see such another spectacle, although you

live a thousand years. The shadow of death and the footsteps of Fate are imaginary. Here is the reality. Here is the shadow, but there are no footsteps. In place of them is a creep, creep, creep, that makes our hearts rise up until we can hardly breathe.

And such a shadow! And such merciless Fate! With eyes which seem to be red balls of fire—with claws which dig deep into the soil—with teeth uncovered until every one can be counted—the great cat creeps on and on—nearer and nearer.

The warrior has her full before his eyes. We look square down upon him. We can count his respirations. There is no tremble—he breathes as evenly as one asleep. Such nerve—such courage to face sure and awful death, must be born with the child.

Creeping—crawling—nearer—nearer! We look into each other's faces. Our hearts beat like triphammers. The stone upon which I clench my fingers would scare the cat away if hurled to the grass in front of her. I lift it—I—

No! He is an Apache. They never spare a prisoner. They burn and torture with devilish malignity. They spare neither old nor young.

It is coming! The great cat is within twenty feet. She scents the hot blood as it oozes from the wound. Settling flat down on her stomach, she gathers her feet under her, lashes her tail in fury, and we see a yellow ball sail through space, hear a scream of rage, followed by the clear, loud war-whoop of the Indian warrior, and the chapter is closed. We draw silently back, afraid to witness more.—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.*

A STRANGE FAMILY HISTORY.

Victor Almqvist Finds His Father After Fifteen Years' Separation.

The history of August W. Almqvist, solicitor of patents, No. 23 Park row, New York, is a strange one, says *The World*. About twenty-seven years ago he married a young woman of Irish extraction named Kate Ferrigan, who bore him four children—Victor, Lily, Frances, and Leopold. Mr. Almqvist is a Swede and a free-thinker, while his wife is a strict Catholic. During the first ten years of their married life they lived happily enough, and it was only when a sister-in-law and mother-in-law appeared upon the scene that trouble came. Then, it is said, the wife became a monomaniac, charged her husband with attempting to poison her, had him put in prison and during his incarceration sold their effects and fled with her four children to St. Louis.

When Mr. Almqvist was released he spent a good deal of money on detectives in a vain search for his children. Years rolled on and one day about this time last year a "drummer" from Chicago, seeing the rather peculiar name of Almqvist on the door, called in to his office and asked the female stenographer if Mr. Almqvist—who was out—had any children. She, not knowing anything about his personal affairs, said she thought he had never been married and the drummer went away. When informed of the visit the bereaved father grew excited, instituted a search for the drummer, sent letters, telegraphed, and employed detectives, but all to no use.

Not very long after a young man of 25, refined and handsome, entered the office, and embracing Mr. Almqvist, announced himself as his son Victor. He told him how his mother had taken him and his sisters and brother to St. Louis fifteen years before; now, when she learned detectives were on her track, she fled to Kansas City, and so far as he could remember had them placed in a monastery or some religious institution. He met the drummer a year previous, to whom he told his story, and said he would like to find his father, and the drummer promised to search for him in his travels. He met the drummer again, who informed him a man named Almqvist had an office at No. 23 Park row, New York, but could be nothing to Victor, as he had never been married. This did not satisfy Victor, who remembered his father well, and he resolved to satisfy himself by coming to New York, with the result already stated.

Mr. Almqvist's daughter Lily is living on Twenty-fourth street, New York, with her aunt. Mr. Almqvist, meanwhile, is engaged looking up his youngest son, Leopold. The little girl Frances is dead.

Macaulay's Wonderful Memory.

Lord Macaulay the historian and essayist, possessed the most remarkable memory of any man of modern times. He could repeat "Paradise Lost," and once said if there was not a printed copy in existence, he could reproduce it from memory.

While only fourteen years of age, Macaulay, while on a visit to the house of a friend, came across, for the first time, a copy of Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

He read the poem about half through that day, and that evening on returning home repeated three cantos to his mother and started on a fourth, when she stopped him.

Later, when on a three days voyage, he found himself without anything to read save a solitary German grammar. Though he had never studied German, by the aid of this book he learned to speak and write the German language in less than three days, and afterwards astonished his friends by his sudden knowledge of German.—*Will Lisenbee, in St. Louis Magazine.*

EMBARKING THE AMERICAN MAILS.

Scenes on an Ocean Steamer at Queenstown.

He must be a very unimpressible person, says *The St. James's Gazette*, whose interest is not roused by the scene on an American mail-steamer on the day after she leaves Liverpool, as she steams along the Irish coast in the bright sunlight of a breezy morning. The varying forms and colors of headland and shore would alone be worthy of notice; but the curious mass of humanity gathered on the great ship is perhaps more interesting. And it must be admitted that the saloon passengers, taken as a whole, have to the observer less of interest and character than the miscellaneous throng who collect in the less favored quarters of the ship. There is a monotonous appearance of comfort and prosperity about the saloon passengers—each with his private chair—which renders them a little dull. But every step among the steerage passengers gives rise to a guess or a reflection. Here is a sturdy fellow from a Yorkshire iron-works on his way to the States to seek for employment. Close by the saloon door is a laborer from Wilts—tall, rawboned, with a couple of children and a weary wife. The whole family have an air of despondency about them which does not augur well for their future. A couple of Italian masons are laughing and joking with very light hearts indeed; and so one by one, each differing from the other—sad or glad, hopeful or despondent, full of confidence in the future or feeling that across the ocean life can not be harder than at home—the miscellaneous throng moves about the ship.

But the white buildings on Roche's point gleaming in the sunlight tell that the vessel is nearing Queenstown, and a feeling of movement and bustle comes over passengers and crew. There is talk of a run ashore; there is an eagerness to see the last British port, a haste to post the last letters to friends in England. The ship slowly steams up the harbor, past the heights of Carlisle fort, and on as if she were bound straight to the white terraces of Queenstown. Gradually she ceases to make headway, and comes to a standstill between the little village of Whitegates and the bleak sides of Spike island. The tender is approaching; but already boats full of untidy girls, selling apples, and with baskets of bog-oak ornaments and lace, have surrounded the ship. As the tender draws alongside it is evident that the mails have not arrived; there are only piles of luggage and a pile of passengers. Some are English or Americans who have crossed through Ireland to shorten the voyage by some sixteen hours, or to visit Killarney; most are emigrants from Ireland. Soon the throng of Irish pours over the gangway—a widowed father carrying his infant, followed by a half a dozen brown-eyed gentle-looking children; a stalwart youth with a comely sister; a hard wizen-faced old farmer in a coat of frieze down to his heels, with his wife. Nothing is more striking than the fresh beauty of the Irish children and the withered hardness of the middle-aged and elderly men and women. Most of them carry their worldly goods in a bag or a handkerchief. Their heaps of bedding, with the tin utensils for the voyage fastened to them, are pitched one after another on the deck, while the owners vainly try to push past the line of seamen to secure their property. It would be a sad sight, this hurrying of these people from their homes, if one could forget the squalid misery from which they are escaping. But the tender has been emptied, and is off again for the shore to meet the mails. The train has just drawn up, and soon files of porters, like a line of ants, are putting the sacks on board, and the tender is prepared to make her second trip. This time she has scarcely any other burden but the mails; and so, when she comes alongside of the steamer, a dozen of the crew are very soon at work piling them on the deck of the ship. An officer counts the bags as they come on board—"one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, tally." So they go over the gangway by tens. They took up a great part of the space on the tender, and they make a huge pile on the steamer; some three hundred sacks of letters and papers make it possible to realize the vast correspondence of the present day. But for some time the great ship has been slowly moving seaward with the tug attached to her amidships, and the line of seamen hurrying, each with his sack, across the gangway. The long dark sides of the mail-steamer, and her lofty upper deck, quite dwarf the tender; the captain looking down from his bridge seems far aloft. The railings are lined with hundreds of faces—there are fully a thousand passengers on the ship—watching the mails come on board. Every one except the regular passengers between New York and Liverpool, of whom there are always several on board, look a little anxious. Most of the poorer men and women are sad.

It is a curious spectacle to stand on the bridge of the tender and look along the sides of the ship at the great vessel and the varying faces on her. But the last bag is on board, the bell on the steamer is sharply struck, and a few friends of passengers, a newspaper-boy, and some other miscellaneous persons hurry on board the tender to go ashore. The hawsers are cast off and the little tug steams ahead of the big ship, rounds to for the shore, when she has got some lengths astern, and is

soon, with the quick rapid strokes of her wheels, making for the quay at Queenstown. The great steamer steals away to the sea with a kind of irresistible and almost imperceptible motion. The passengers' forms soon become invisible, and the big, black hull and high masts gradually grow less distinct as "the liner" passes away by the mouth of the harbor heading for the west. As the tender touches the quay side the mail steamer is rounding the headland by the sea, and in a few minutes all that can be seen from the shore is the distant line of smoke which tells of her course across the Atlantic.

Wanted a Realist.

A thoughtful looking man entered a large publishing-house and asked for the manager; and, having been shown into his office, said:

"I saw your advertisement."

"Yes, sir, have a seat."

"You stated that you want a writer who has devoted himself to the school of American realism."

"Yes, sir."

"Well I am that man. I was for several years the editor of the *Realistic Verbiage*, and am the author of several novels."

"Realistic novels?"

"Oh, certainly. I wrote the 'Simper of the Mayfield Girls,' and 'The Short of the Man Who Had Caught Cold.' I am sorry that you have not heard of them."

"Do not let that worry you, since my not hearing of them is to their credit. A realistic novel to be a success must be read by only a small circle of intimate acquaintances."

"You state that you have work for a genuine realist."

"I have."

"I would like to secure it. My writing, though meeting every requirement of truth in the art of fiction, has not been remunerative. I suppose you would want me to perform literary criticism—and permit me to say that in this line I am an acknowledged master. I have picked out the slobbering and wet-eyed faults in Dickens, and have shown Thackeray to be a glittering crank."

"You deny the existence of genius."

"Most emphatically."

"And you believe, with Mr. Howells, that all the stories have been written."

"As a realist I cannot believe otherwise. Literary criticism, permit me to add in advocacy of my claim, is my impregnable-fortified stronghold, my castle which yields to no assault. At the start I would like to take up that sensational charlatan, Rider Haggard. I would pay no attention to his piracy, for that all his readers are aware, but, sir, with the red-hot pincers of truth I would pull off the toe-nails of his methods."

"You are apt in illustration."

"Our school enforces that accomplishment. We are, however, drifting from a matter which should be settled. I am willing to work at a very reasonable rate. The students of our school are advocates of economy."

"I don't want you to do literary criticism," said the manager.

"Ah! Essays or anything of that sort? You advertised for a realist, you remember."

"Yes, because I thought his training would fit him for the work. I want him to read proof on a fruit tree catalogue and then compile a lumber report and—why, he's gone." The manager added to himself. "These realists, while they only claim talent, possess the eccentricity of genius."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

The Prettiest Woman and the Window.

The prettiest woman in the car—she is always the one who gets you into scrapes of this kind—wants the window wide open of course, because there is a perfect cyclone of ashes, dust, and invisible sparks, superheated air, and red-hot, three-cornered cinders ready to sweep in on the people behind her. With the amount of intelligence Providence has seen fit to burden that sort of a woman with, she essays to open the window by daintily catching hold of the lower edge of the window-frame with the tips of her fingers, and trying to upset the car. The gods always provide a man to help this pretty woman. Half a dozen men spring to her assistance; the lucky fellow lifts his hat, says "May IP" in the kindest tone, laughingly remarks that it's all in knowing the little trick of the complicated catch of a car window, does the little trick and as he lifts says, "This one seems to work rather reluctantly," and gives a lift that brings the blood to his head. Begs pardon and steps up close to the window, gets a grip with both hands, gives a yank that makes everything turn black and crimson before his blood-shot eyes, tugs with the desperation of madness when he hears the other passengers grunt for him in mockery; examines the catch and lifts again, till he hears his spine crack; his face is so hot he wants to die; he tries to be pleasant, but one more tug that bursts all the blood-vessels in his brain settles him; he swears at the window between his teeth, the woman draws herself up in insulted dignity, and requests him to go away, and as he leaves a brakeman comes carelessly along, reaches out for the window without looking at it as he passes, and tosses it clear up to the roof as he shouts, "Asylum! All out for Asylum!" And a man wants to get out and stay out.—*Burdett.*

Young Bob Garrett should drop the B. and O. deal and let him to a kindergarten.—*Louisville Commercial.*

HERE AND THERE.

The southern states manufactured thirty million yards of cotton last year.

Only Canadian-made projectiles are here after to be fired by Dominion batteries.

Sixteen parties of excursionists are booked to arrive in Los Angeles, Cal., during the month of October.

The Dominion government will soon send a car-load of lobsters to the Pacific coast for propagating purposes.

Marysville, Cal., has lost \$2,632,000 by fire since 1850, which exceeds the present assessed valuation of city property.

There are ten thousand milliners in New York and Brooklyn; about one bonnet-builer to every fifty adult women.

It is said that in Covington, Tenn., there has not been more than rain enough to lay the dust since the 7th of March.

The only slate-pencil mill in the country is said to be at Castleton, Vt. It employs seventy-five men, and turns out thirty thousand pencils daily.

A Texas newspaper claims to have received in payment of a subscription "the oldest hen on record." The editor says she was imported from Mexico by the local physician eight or nine years.

Very extensive preparations are being made for the firemen's tournament to be held in Ilion N. Y., Oct. 7. Companies from Canastota, Little Falls, Mohawk, Oneonta, and some other places have already signified their intentions of being present.

The price of cotton seed in North Carolina is higher now than in a long time previous, being quoted at 23 cents per bushel, with a probability of running up to 25 cents. Oil mills are buying freely, and have men out in the country securing all possible.

One of the grand jurors in Winsted, Conn., was asked to issue a complaint against a young man whose name was presumable unknown, who entered a militia drill-room while drunk and made a row. The complaint was made out against John Doe, and he proved to be the grand juror's son.

A Bridgeport, Conn., man presented at a bank another's check for \$24. The maker of the check had only \$23.37 on deposit, and the bank refused to cash the check. Then the man with the check deposited 63 cents to the other man's credit, again presented the check, and got the money.

The government has begun the purchase of the most noted and valuable of the ancient mounds, earthworks, and fortifications found on this continent. These mounds are located in Ross, Highland, and Adams counties, Ohio, and are the best-preserved ancient works to be found east of the Rocky mountains.

A negro in Americus, Ga., bought a trunk at a store for \$1.50. An hour afterward he returned and said he guessed he'd got too much for his money. The trunk was filled with the storekeeper's stock of Mackinaw straw hats that had been packed away in it for the winter. They were worth from \$75 to \$100.

Maine farmers have been "taken in" by a man who sold patent churns. He took in payment notes payable on demand and made "not transferable," and pledging himself not to demand payment within a certain long period. Then he changed the note to note, and sold the notes, and the farmers were called upon to pay up.

Addison P. Adams is dying of lockjaw at home in Huron, N. Y. He was walking in his slippers about the grain-barn on his farm last Thursday, when he stepped upon a rusty nail that penetrated the flesh over an inch. On Monday he was attacked with lockjaw, and a physician has pronounced his condition unusually alarming.

When the public printing ring can collect \$90,000 from the state treasury in less than three years, and charge 30 per cent. more than the best job offices charge for the same class of work, says *The Louisville Commercial*, it is time for the members of the legislature to consider a bill of letting the printing to the lowest responsible bidder.

"The late unpleasantness" as a euphemistic phrase descriptive of the war between the states must give way, says *The Richmond State to The Nation's* phrase. That paper gravely affirms that the people, or the northern army, was in 1862 and 1863 engaged in "revising the constitution." And didn't they revise it with vengeance?

The old question as to whether the upper part of a carriage wheel in motion goes along faster than the lower part seems to have been settled by instantaneous photography. In the photograph the outer ends of the upper spokes appear indistinct by reason of the motion, while the outer ends of the spokes in the lower part of the wheel are photographed with distinctness.

An English dish for vegetarians is composed as follows: "Very gently fry about two dozen mushrooms in a little salt butter until they send forth a delicious aroma, then put them into a pie dish with the following accompaniments: Salt and pepper, a wine glass of cream, two of port, and quite a tumbler of tomato juice, or peeled slices of that fruit. Cover with a very light puff paste and bake."

The Roman Catholic authorities of Boston are planning to establish one great common cemetery for all the cities in adjacent parts of the state, to which the railroads are expected to run special funeral trains daily, the cars going directly into the grounds and all expense of carriages being done away with, the undertaker carrying the body to the station, the city and the railroad landing it at the grave.

A Tallahassee, Fla., letter says: The sale of liquor is now prohibited in twelve or thirteen counties. This practical sweep of the state by prohibitionists has been unexpected, but it is complete. That prohibition would ever be reached in this state was never seriously considered, but the prohibitionists have gained their point by utilizing the negroes, a thing never heard of in this section before.

While workmen were digging out a well at Point Pleasant, W. V., and which was abandoned several years ago, they found at the bottom the skeletons of four persons all evidently men. Years ago a public house was kept at the place, and there are still stories told among the old inhabitants of mysterious disappearance of travelers from the country inn. The skeletons seemed to have been buried from thirty to forty years.

FARM MANAGEMENT.

Causes of the Great Increase of Tenant Farmers in Most Parts of the Country.

Men of Wealth and Culture No Longer Desire To Be Classed as Country Gentlemen—The Desirability of Selecting and Preparing Land for Seeding During the Fall Months.

Increase of Renters

A Champaign county correspondent of *The Times* called attention, last week, to the large number of persons in eastern and central Illinois who are desirous of renting farms. He states that the number of such persons is increasing every year. Another large landowner in the same portion of the state says there are twice as many persons who desire to rent farms as there are farms to rent. Such is the demand for farms to work for a share of the crop or at a fixed money rental that tenants are constantly bidding against each other in order to secure places. As a consequence, rents are advancing, while the prices of almost every kind of farm produce are declining. Young men with families are not inclined to "go west and grow up with the country." If they are willing to go their wives are not. The latter prefer to live where they can enjoy some social pleasures. Life on the border has no attractions for them. If ambitious men live for the future, women and children live for the present. Other things prevent young farmers from taking up and improving land in the western territories. They have not the means to make the journey, to erect buildings and fences, and to purchase stock and tools. They are not so situated that they can wait two years for sod to rot so that they can raise a variety of crops.

As most ambitious field hands aspire to become farm tenants, so it appears that a very large proportion of the owners of improved farms desire to be landlords. To be a country gentleman, to live on a finely-improved place, to manage a landed estate, to enjoy life on a farm, was once the ambition of nearly every man of fair means and prospects. Such is not generally the case now. A large proportion of successful farmers divide up and sell their places after they have them well improved or let them out to tenants and move to the several large towns. Absentee landlords are becoming as common in this country as they are in Ireland, though they may live somewhat nearer the places they own. The last census put the number of rented farms in the country at 1,024,601, while those cultivated or managed by their owners numbered 2,984,306. Singularly enough, the proportion of rented farms was larger in the western than in the eastern states. Illinois has 80,244 farms worked by tenants, Missouri 44,872, and the new state of Iowa 44,174. The owners of most of these farms once cultivated them, but they left them after they were improved and went to live in towns. The taste for country life appears to be declining. Few men of considerable means now wish to live in the country during the entire year. The men of wealth who do so live are not generally engaged in farming. They are fruit-raisers, nurserymen, breeders of fine stock, or cattle-feeders. They are engaged in trading quite as much as in producing. Some of them are speculators, who are always ready to take advantage of the misfortunes of their neighbors. It is certainly to be regretted that so few men of wealth, taste and intelligence are now ambitious to be country gentlemen. Such a class exert a refining influence, erect buildings, and lay out grounds that serve as models for others, and introduce new varieties of field and garden products. They also cause the places where they live to be visited by superior people. They are able to give employment to many poor persons. Probably the insecurity of money and other valuables in farm-houses has caused many wealthy country families to move to large towns. A police force can not be maintained in the country, and it is very difficult to obtain assistance from neighbors in case burglars visit a farm-house. The authorities of a county composed of farming townships are reluctant to appropriate money for the purpose of detecting crimes or punishing criminals.

Another difficulty connected with living in the country is that of obtaining help in the house or field. Female domestics do not like to live in a farm-house, even if it is more comfortable and commodious than in a large town. They want to be where there is excitement and an opportunity to attend places of amusement. They are as fond of society as their employers are, and will sacrifice as much to enjoy it. Such to a less extent, perhaps, is the case with men. The town has greater attractions for them than the country furnishes. They like to live where they can pass their evenings pleasantly. It is not likely that reliable and capable farm laborers can ever be secured in this country till the practice of employing married people, and allowing them to live in cottages on the place, becomes general. A man with a family will be more likely to be contented, and to remain for years on a farm, than one who has no place to live except a room in a garret, and who has no associates beyond the hands employed on neighboring farms, whom he rarely sees except

on rainy days, or when the thrashing-machine is paying its annual visit.

Preparing Garden Soil.

If farmers expect to have good gardens next year they should commence to prepare the land this fall. In the spring there will be too much to do in the fields to admit of spending much time in putting the garden spot in a condition to plant. If the old site is to be used again, the rubbish on it should be cleared off after the roots are harvested. All the weeds, bean and pea vines, as well as the stalks of sweet corn and potato-tops, should be collected in heaps and burned when the weather is favorable. Cattle will eat most of the tops of beets, carrots, and turnips, and any that remain can be buried in the ground, which they will help enrich. Succulent vegetation, like the vines of cucumbers, melons, and squashes, and the leaves of plants raised for their roots, will soon decay when they are covered with soil, but hard substances are best disposed of by burning. By reducing them to ashes a most valuable fertilizer is obtained, and the soil is freed from substances that would interfere with the use of the spade, hoe, and rake. Fire will destroy the seeds of many weeds, as well as the eggs of insects, and be of considerable benefit to the soil.

If another piece of ground be selected for a garden, as one on which corn or potatoes was raised this year, it should be cleared in the same way. A good garden can be made on land now covered with a clover or tame grass sod, and such land has the advantage of being free from the seeds of weeds. If the sod is covered to the thickness of three inches with well-rotted manure, the grass and clover will be killed, and it can be plowed later in the fall. The plow should run deep so as to cover the sod and manure. Land which has produced two crops of red clover is well adapted to gardening purposes. It is ordinarily free from weeds. The roots, stalks, and leaves of red clover soon decay when they are buried, and make excellent manure. A clover lot that has been used for a hog pasture can be converted into garden with little trouble. Unless a farmer is willing to be at considerable trouble to apply manure, it is advisable to change the location of the garden every three or four years. Most plants raised in a garden are very gross feeders, and soon exhaust the fertility of the soil, thus rendering the liberal application of manure absolutely necessary.

Farmers generally fail to have good gardens because they are not sufficiently liberal in the application of suitable manure. They think that land which is rich enough to raise a good crop of potatoes will produce as fine vegetables as they see in market gardens near large cities, and as many of them. In this they are mistaken. Not often can a natural soil be found that is sufficiently rich to produce large crops of very fine vegetables. The quality of most garden vegetables will not be good unless they grow quickly, and rapid growth is only secured by the liberal application of fertilizers. The like is true in respect to a large yield. A vegetable garden calls for a large amount of work, and most of it will be spent for naught if the soil is not very rich. The quicker plants in a garden attain a size to shade the ground, and the more luxuriant their growth, the less will be the amount of the work required to properly tend them. As manure hastens and stimulates the growth of the plants, it effects a saving of labor. By applying suitable manure to the soil of the garden in the fall, and in liberal quantities, the work required in it next summer may be greatly reduced.

The best general fertilizers for a garden are the dung of cattle and horses and the droppings of fowls, the latter being very valuable for plants that grow in hills. Stable manure should be well rotted before it is applied to a garden soil. Rank manure, especially that taken from the hog-pen, is unsuitable. It is likely to destroy the vitality of seeds and to impart a vile flavor to roots. Wood ashes are very desirable on account of the large amount of potash they contain. More benefit will be derived from bones than from almost any fertilizer that can be applied to the garden, as they contain the most phosphorus. Bone meal is expensive, as it is bones treated with sulphuric acid. But it is comparatively easy for farmers to prepare the bones they can collect so they will be of great value to the garden. If they are first burned, they can be readily pulverized. They can be softened so they can be pounded up by placing them in a heap of manure that is fermenting, or in a barrel in connection with wood ashes and keeping them moist. The parings of the hoofs of horses, that can be obtained at blacksmiths' shops, are very valuable, as they are rich in ammonia, which is given off gradually as they are decomposed in the soil.—*Chicago Times*.

No Family Objections.

Mrs. De Million—My poor friend, how can I console you?

Mrs. De Corner—Console me? What about?

"Oh! Then it isn't true. It was reported at Mrs. De Fashion's party last evening that your son had eloped with an actress."

"Yes, that's true. We told him we thought an elopement would look better than a public wedding."

"What! You didn't object?"

"No, indeed. My husband got caught in a wheat crash, and we are both glad the poor boy has found someone to support him."

A PECULIAR AFFLICTION.

Railway Employee Subject to a Disease Known as Railway Brain.

At a recent meeting of the Physicians of the Charity Hospital in Berlin, Thomsen exhibited a patient whose case he described as one of "railway brain," a neurosis resembling in many respects the condition already known under the name of "railway spine." A healthy railway employe, aged 30, without history of alcoholism, or of any predisposing neurotic condition, by the sudden motion of his train was thrown violently against the side of a car, striking his head.

He sustained no wound, and at the time of injury consciousness was preserved. Some hours afterward, however, he was suddenly seized with syncope, with mental terror, lost all sense of location, could not recognize the simplest familiar object, and described what he saw erroneously; his one objective symptom was absolute anesthesia of the entire body. On the fourth day of his injury he had violent headaches, a pulse rate of 44, and, in addition to the cutaneous anesthesia, loss of olfactory and taste sensations, with difficult hearing. On the fifth day the psychic symptoms suddenly ceased, he could remember nothing which had happened, and had no explanation for his condition.

The patient subsequently became very melancholic, complaining of insomnia, headache, spinal pain, weariness, and failure of appetite; no sensations of terror or disordered dreams were present. The objective symptoms remaining were well marked cranial and spinal hyperesthesia; failure to distinguish between white and colors; loss of smell and taste, and impaired hearing; numbness, and at times paresis and spasms of the region supplied by the facial nerve were also present. He was discharged from the hospital as improved, but two months afterward his condition was unchanged; he was unable to work on account of headache and weakness. Thomsen's diagnosis was "railway brain," a condition of profound disturbance of cerebral functions from shock.

The increase in mechanical appliances, and the immense extension of railways, afford abundant opportunities for observation of nervous shock, both in its fatal and milder forms. While postmortem demonstrations of hemorrhage and structural lesions, explain the course of these cases when fatal, it is evident that we must rely upon the continued observation of surviving patients to determine the development of lesions which will illustrate the pathology of the production of degenerative changes in nervous matter, and cerebral conditions causing permanent mental impairment, is an interesting question for neurologists, and, in its medico-legal aspects, for the corporations whose property may cause such injuries to their patrons and employes.—*Medical News*.

In a Storm of Dust.

An English traveler, Mr. A. R. Hope, writing from South America of life on the pampas, relates some experiences that were new and strange. Here is his account of a storm he witnessed one afternoon while he was visiting some herdsmen on the plains. "A dust storm!" they called to him, and almost before he had time to make any inquiries it was on them. The air was crowded with birds flying before it.

The next indication of its approach was that we felt particles of dust blown in our faces, and soon this dust not only increased in denseness, but was mingled with pieces of plants and other substances carried along by the wind with such violence as to make the skin smart wherever it struck it. The whirling clouds grew larger and larger, and every one, putting his hand over his mouth, began to make for shelter. A few drops of rain began to fall, and these in passing through the dust acquired the consistency of mud. Peals of thunder were heard not far off, and before long the force of the wind was so great that it was difficult to keep one's footing.

At the first signs of the storm the cattle grew restless. The herdsmen tried to round them up; the great herd swayed to and fro and began to move before the wind. The last thing we saw before the dust got so thick that we could see no more was the whole mass going off at a long, swinging trot. By this time most of us were safe in the house, where soon it was so dark that lights had to be brought into the room.—*Fouth's Companion*.

One Cashier Safe.

"I see that you have a new cashier," remarked the president of one bank to another.

"Yes, we set him to work yesterday."

"Had any experience?"

"Lots of it."

"Under heavy bonds, I suppose. Our man is under \$150,000."

"Well, no; we did not require big bonds."

"Great heavens, man! he'll run off in two weeks with the whole bank."

"We have every confidence in him."

"Well, you'll pay dearly enough for it. He'll be in Canada inside of a month."

"I think not. You see he has just run away from a Canadian bank with \$200,000. I think he is safe enough."

—*Minneapolis Journal*.

A woman's rites are usually dedicated to male God.—*New Haven News*.

Medical Properties of Honey.

There is another reason for regarding honey as something more than sugar. If the two were isomorphous, although identity of composition by no means implies identity of character, we would be less inclined to assail our august authority, but honey has one more equivalent of oxygen than has sugar, as established by Prant, Gay, Lussac and Thenard; therefore the two are not alike to produce the same physiological effect. According to Draper, we have specific chemical tests to distinguish one from the other. Liebig's analysis of honey and sugar stands as follows—Carbon, 36.36; hydrogen, 7.08; oxygen, 56.55. Sugar—Carbon, 42.30; 6.38; 51.31.

The chemists named, previously render the oxygen in sugar only about 50.00, giving still a greater excess of it to honey. I have no doubt that on the law of chemical affinity, if the analysis could with strict accuracy be made, it would amount to one whole equivalent 8.013.

Honey has two specific effects in its route through the system in which it differs from other saccharine substances. The mellic acid in the honey (it is evidently this acid which is referred to in the American Cyclopaedia on the subject of honey), is an irritant, often distinctly felt in the throat after eating it. It is not always of uniform proportion in the honey. It has its beneficial function to perform, but when in excess, it poisons the honey, and like the Trebizond honey, may be dangerous to use. I know that poisonous honey is supposed to be derived from poisonous flowers, but of this I have my doubts. When honey is taken in the stomach, the mellic acid unites with the gastric acids, and will excite and favor digestion. Especially advantageous, too, are its antiseptic properties, which, being more positive than sugar, tend little to gastric fermentation.

It is well enough to observe in cases of dyspepsia and idiosyncrasy, where the mellic acid does not receive the co-operation of the gastric acids to favor digestion, it may develop a strong, untoward effect, even to cause sickness. But such cases are not common, and upon the whole, honey is a wholesome diet, a good, mild medicine, and even a potent prophylactic of diseases. But the most important physiological action of honey in passing through the system, is its election for the liver, on which organ it expends the whole of its glucose material. Starch and sugar follow the same route, but only by means of a highly complicated operation. In the glycogenic process of the liver on honey, no special reconstruction is needed as is the case with starch and sugar. The latter have first to be converted into glucose, much like that of honey, before its assimilation in the liver. It is self-evident that this economy of labor on the part of the liver on honey makes it an excellent hepatic with laxative and diuretic effects. There is perhaps no other hepatic like honey, all others stimulate the liver in action at a certain vital expense; honey facilitates its operation on a reverse principle, that is, by lessening its labor, and still perform the normal amount of work.

It may here be proper to state that the mellic acid is hardly ever conveyed to the liver, but decomposed by the alkalinity of the chyle. Should it be taken to that organ, causing violent bilious vomiting and purging. The history of some cases that may be confounded with idiosyncrasy, I think, will establish this as a fact. Honey leaves its highest blessing not only on the liver, but through its easy but thorough assimilation in that organ, it necessarily holds a healthy sympathy with the operations of the kidneys. By some fault of the liver, it may turn starch and sugar into glucose, but fail in the elimination, throwing the burden on the kidneys, often a most dire disaster, unfortunately too common, which would not take place by the use of honey.

In my article on the "Medical Properties of Honey," is given a full list of the same, both as a local and constitutional remedy. Perhaps the list has appalled Dr. Spencer. Of course they are not all of an immediate character, some are primary, some secondary and reflex, and of such nature as only Dr. S. and other medical scientists can determine. In determining the medical properties of a remedy, much depends upon circumstances, and the way a skillful physician prescribes it. For example, take ipecac. Yet it cures vomiting, and thereby becomes an anti-emetic. In a disease of the lungs, you put the patient in bed, and it is administered as a diaphoretic and expectorant. Give it to one, and turn him out-doors, and it is likely to prove diuretic and hepatic. In fever, as a febrifuge; in cholera and convulsions, as an antispasmodic; in labor as a parturient; in dyspepsia, as a tonic; in constipation, as an aperient; in diarrhea, as a sedative; in hemorrhages, as a constitutional hemostatic; in intermittent fever, as an anti-periodic; in hysteria, as a nerve, and in many forms of chronic diseases as an alternative, etc.—*Practical Farmer*.

If you hope to be permanently happy, my son, let the jewel of consistency ever shine on your chevrot shirtfront.—*Duluth Paragon*.

When a man has been indulging in an "elevated" too freely he finds it hard work to setle down to walking.—*Washington Critic*.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Pigs' FEET.—Put four feet in a saucepan with cold water, pepper, corns, whole cloves and allspice, adding salt, and boil them until the bones are loose. Remove all the bones and put the meat in a stone jar. Strain one quart of the water in which the feet are boiled, add one pint of vinegar and boil for five minutes. At the end of this time turn the vinegar and water over the meat from the pigs' feet, completely covering it, and keep in a cool place. The mass will be like jelly, and is cut as needed. If desired, it may be put in bowls and turned out on the dish before serving.

TRIPE.—Take tripe, premising that it has been carefully cleaned and partly cooked, 1½ or 2 pounds, cut it into pieces three or four inches square and boil it until it is perfectly tender throughout, about two hours. Half-boil in water in another saucepan four good-sized onions. Then pour off water and finish boiling in milk. When soft enough to mash take them out and mix with milk, a bit of butter and a teaspoonful of cornstarch, if you have it, if not, flour, previously smoothed with water. Let it come to a boil, return onions to it, season with salt and pepper and let it come to a boil again. Now, the tripe being done, transfer it to a deep dish and pour the onion sauce over it. Or, having boiled tripe and cut into pieces as directed above make a batter of two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour and half a pint of milk. Have boiling in the frying pan "a lot" of the drippings of roast beef or roast veal. Dip each piece of tripe twice into the batter, then lay it in the pan and fry it brown. Tripe is an extremely digestible substance and brings no unpleasant dreams.

WASHING COLORED GOODS.—Powdered borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent their fading, also red stockings or calico or muslin dresses with bright colors. Delicate blues may be saved from fading by putting an ounce of sugar of lead into a pailful of water. Let the article soak in it an hour or two, then dry it, and it can after that be washed without changing color. But be careful and not put the hands into the water. If there should chance to be a scratch or cut, or the skin off the hands, the sugar of lead will poison one. Put the cloth under the water with a wooden spoon or clean stick. Take it from the water in the same way and throw it across the line out of the sun. When it has drained a few moments pull it out smooth on the line by a prudent use of the fingers.

VEGETABLE FAMILY SOUP.—Two pounds of lean beef, half an onion, one large carrot, one turnip, quarter of a cabbage heart, two fair-sized potatoes, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, two stalks of celery, pepper and salt, three quarts of cold water, browned flour. Put the beef over the fire in cold water, and cook slowly three hours. An hour before taking it from the fire prepare the vegetables. Shred the cabbage, cut turnips, celery, carrots and potatoes into dice, and slice the onion. Cook them half an hour in boiling, salted water. Drain this off and throw it away. By this time the meat should be tender, but not in shreds. Add the parboiled vegetables to it and the broth, put in the parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Cook all for fifteen minutes; stir in a great spoonful of browned flour wet with cold water; boil up and pour out.

BOILED RICE.—One and a half cups of rice are carefully picked over to remove all unhusked kernels. Wash the rice thoroughly in several waters to remove every particle of starch, so that the last water is perfectly clear. Have a gallon of well-salted water boiling, bubbling on the range. Turn the rice into this and let it boil for ten minutes. Then drain the rice, letting it stand on the back of the stove half covered till it is dry, and serve. Each grain of rice will be thoroughly cooked and distinct. The rice must boil ten minutes. The large quantity of water keeps the rice active, preventing it from adhering to the pan.

Convulsion in Children.

Convulsions are very alarming to persons who are not accustomed to them. They are rarely fatal, and with an adult the principal thing to be done is to prevent the sufferer from hurting himself. Any smooth object can be put between the teeth to avoid the tongue being bitten. The handle of a toothbrush or of a spoon, a paper-knife or anything of a like nature that is at hand. The clothes should be unfastened, particularly any bands confining the waist, and the sufferer laid down. If the hands are thrown about they should be held. When the fit is over the person must be put to bed and kept quiet for a time. Babies sometimes have convulsions when teething or from some derangement of the digestion. If the fit lasts for more than a moment the child should be undressed, wrapped in a blanket and put in a warm bath to relax the muscles, the head being covered with a cloth, wrung out of cold water. The doctor will lance the swollen gums and prescribe a course of diet which will prevent a recurrence of the attack. It is generally not as alarming as it seems to the mother, but a physician should be consulted to discover and, if possible, remove the cause.—*Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, in Good Housekeeping*.

The fisherman has no difficulty in making both ends meet when he catches an eel.—*Boston Courier*.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Oct. 22, 1887

The anti-third termers made a good fight at the county convention, but Dr. Hibben's friends were too much for them.

A clever short story by George Parsons Lathrop will be found in the November Harper's, with the name 'A Man and Two Brothers' representing the social slavery and despotism of some phases of New York life.

Prof. Charles F. Thwing publishes in the November Harper's the results of his studies of reform prisons and House of Refuge in their moral effect upon young criminals, showing the vicious influence which is derived from most of the so-called "reform schools."

President Cleveland is making a tour of the west and south, and is meeting with a reception everywhere that does honor to the American people. The president maintains a dignity worthy of his great office, and everywhere gives evidence of his ability and comprehensive statesmanship.

A petition is being circulated in this city asking Governor Oglesby of Illinois to extend executive clemency to the condemned anarchists. The petition has received the signatures of a number of prominent citizens, among them Hon. David Overmeyer, W. P. Tomlinson and Judge John Martin.

The county democracy met in convention last Saturday, and nominated a ticket which we give elsewhere. The resolutions adopted are very crude, and are utterly devoid of principle. They endorse the president but condemn his democratic appointees who retain republican subordinates. The city administration is pronounced indecent, but specific charges are avoided. It was a mistake in not making a sharp, incisive set of resolutions, if they must have a platform, and if things are as frightful as they intimate. Possibly they had no one who could work up the material.

The Grange takes very decided ground against the Henry George movement, as well as against the Socialist generally. Some articles that we give elsewhere are authority on this subject, being furnished us by the grand lecturer. There can be no hope for any political or general reform movement in this country that does not command the support of the great agricultural classes, and any movement that does have their general endorsement will be sure to triumph.

To protect her farmers France has a tariff so high on beef, pork and grain that it is prohibitory, and last winter the French Congress increased the tariff on raw sugar at the very time our Congress was discussing "free" raw sugar (and all "free" raw materials). Spain increased her tariff on cereals last winter 25 per cent. Statistics tell us that over sixteen million dozen of foreign eggs (largely from France) landed in this country last year and free of all duties. If France and Spain, by tariff, close their markets for our beef, pork and grain, let us close ours in the same way against their pauper hens. Let us try a tariff of 78 per cent. on eggs (the average on manufactured goods) and see if we cannot build up this "American industry."

It is manifest that Robert Lincoln is rapidly coming to the front as the most available republican candidate for president. That he is so we do not believe can admit of a doubt. And it is availability that the republican party must first consider in the coming campaign if it expects to succeed. It is very doubtful indeed if even Mr. Lincoln can be elected, but if he cannot, it is quite apparent that no other republican can. Fortunately Mr. Lincoln is not only more able to command votes, but he would make a far better, and more practical president than either Mr. Blaine or Mr. Sherman; the republican party will be very short sighted if it nominates any man except Mr. Lincoln.

FACT AND FANCY.

The Salvation army has invaded Vicksburg, Miss.

A white coon is on exhibition at Mount Vernon, O.

The pay of circus clowns ranges from \$20 to \$50 a week.

Forty-eight charcoal ovens are in operation at Decatur, Ala.

The school population of Hot Springs, Ark., is two thousand.

There are said to be thirty thousand blind people in England.

The corn crop of Mississippi is estimated at thirty million bushels.

Fig trees are bearing a second crop of fruit near Tallahassee, Fla.

The Gila and Salt rivers, in Arizona, are reported to be very full.

Dressed frogs sell at \$2.50 a dozen in the San Francisco markets.

Twenty cotton compresses will be operated in Mississippi this year.

The landlords of Birmingham, Ala., have raised rents 50 per cent.

The sum to be raised by taxes in New York city this year is \$31,303,174.

Monkeytown is the name of a new postoffice in Yazoo county, Mississippi.

A tree planted to the memory of Charles Darwin in Cambridge was recently stolen.

The October exhibition at Little Rock, Ark., will embrace exhibits from seventy-five counties.

The Indians of the first canon of the state of Jalisco must begin wearing pantafoons after Sept. 1.

A mill-owner at Ripley, Tenn., ships weekly 800,000 feet of poplar and oak lumber to northern markets.

The Salt Lake Tribune thinks ground will be broken for the railroad into Nevada within twenty days.

One of the sights at Coney Island recently was a bulldog wearing a linen collar and flashy necktie.

The melograph is an invention by which persons can improvise on a piano and have the music recorded.

There is a movement in France to declare the day of Joan of Arc's entrance into Orleans a national holiday.

It has been discovered that eight out of every ten boys in Dayton, O., carry a revolver, dirk, or slungshot.

What is the difference between a high churchman and a Baptist? The one uses candles and the other dips.

A dispute over 2 cents ended in the death of Jesus Leon at the hands of Filomena Kulz at Tucson, Nev., Sunday.

One million bushels of edible oysters, it is estimated, were caught in the waters of Long Island sound during the past year.

The water from the Daniel spring, Georgia, is said to be a natural hair dye. Bathing gray hair with it will change the color to black.

The martins at Martinsville, Va., have made systematic war upon the English sparrows, and completely driven them out of the place.

A cashier takes the bookkeeper's place at Warren, O., after serving five years in the penitentiary for stealing \$100,000 from the bank.

The less business a California town has in these times, the more it feels the want of a bond of trade, says The Virginia City Enterprise.

In a Hebrew school: Teacher: "What crime did Joseph's brother commit in selling him?" All the pupils in chorus: "They sold him too cheap."

The night watchmen of the city of Queretaro, Mexico, struck for back pay last week. The strikers lost their positions, and were locked up in prison.

Reports from Lake county, California, state that the hop crop in that vicinity is greatly damaged by hop vermin, and in many cases the picking has been abandoned.

A watermelon weighing sixty-two pounds was among the crop of big melons raised on mining slickens ground on H. B. Nichol's ranch, Nevada county, California, and without irrigation.

Funeral director is the name now given to the undertaker. A call has been issued, so it is said, for the assemblage of all of those in Richmond in September to form a state association.

A church member in Oakland was rebuked for doing a real-estate transaction on Sunday. He excuses himself by saying that if land, like bread, will rise on Sunday it must have attention.

Newspapers are so fond of praising dead men that any man of prominence gets a good notice the moment he departs this life. In this way some mighty mean men may possibly get to heaven.

French toy manufacturers are complaining of the crushing rivalry of the Germans, who are charged with making false custom house entries to secure low duties, and with imitating French goods.

The amount of bacon used in the American navy foots up over one million pounds per year. How fifteen or twenty men manage to get away with so much is none of the business of foreign nations.

So much trouble is experienced by Boston business men in handling telephons and with district messengers that they are talking of going back to old and sure methods of transacting their business.

A Tennessee 5-year-old was taken by his mother to witness a hop at a hotel for the first time in his life. Noticing an elderly musician playing on a harp the youngster looked into his mother's face, saying, "Mamma, is that David?"

A little 6-year-old, doubting a statement by her uncle that the moon is made of green cheese, was advised by the divine to ascertain for herself. "How can I, grandpa?" "Get your bible and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "Begin at the beginning." The child sat down to read about the creation of the stars and the animals, and came back to her grandfather, her eyes alight with the excitement of discovery: "I've found it grandpa!" "It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

SCIENCE NOTES.

Item of Scientific Interest Gathered from Various Sources.

Spots may be taken from gilding by immersing the article in a solution of alum in pure soft water. Dry with sawdust.

A weak carbolic acid solution rubbed over the skin will, it is said, effectually drive away mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

Fibrorite is a new insulating material made from wood pulp, and is being used for storage cells and by various electrical concerns. It is said to give satisfaction.

The intensity of the strain of city life is suggested by the fact that while from 1883 to 1883 the population of Chicago increased 1.1 times, and the death-rate 3.7 times, the deaths from nervous disorders increased 30.4 times.

The Chronique Industrielle gives the following recipe for a polishing paste that will remove rust and not scratch the finest polished surface: Cyanide of potassium, sixteen grams; soap, fifteen grams; chalk, thirty grams; and water sufficient to make a thick paste.

Indian-hemp, in doses of eight, and morning of one-half grain, and increased, if need be, to a grain, and continued for some time, is spoken of by Dr. Stephen MacKenzie, lecturer on medicine at the London Hospital, as the most valuable remedy he has met with in the treatment of persistent headache.

An insulating plate, which, while very thin and light, is absolutely impermeable to moisture and to air, may be made by taking two leaves of tinfoil coated with a thin layer of gutta percha solution (dissolved in benzene or carbon bisulphide) and placing them face to face, separated by a leaf of thin paper of close texture. This suggestion is due to M. Bandsept.

Any good photographer can easily become an expert sketcher in pen and ink. Let him make a silver-print from his negative, go over the outlines of the subjects on it with ink, shade them, pour a solution over the print, and let the photograph be eaten in its stead. Thus very artistic sketches may be produced by a simple chemical process.

A new building material called stonbrick, harder than the hardest clay brick, is made from simple mortar, but a scientifically made and perfect mortar—in fact, a hydraulic cement; and the grinding together of lime and sand in a dry state, including also some alkali, which is usually present in sand and the subsequent heating by steam, giving the mixture the properties of the burned hydraulic cement at present in use.

The fifteen great American inventions of the world-wide adoption are: 1, the cotton-gin; 2, the plowing-machine; 3, the reaper and mow; 4, the rotary printing press; 5, navigation by steam; 6, the hot-air engine; 7, the sewing machine; 8, the india rubber industry; 9, the machine manufacture of horseshoes; 10, the sand blast for carving; 11, the gauge making; 12, the grain elevator; 13, artificial ice making on a large scale; 14, the electric magnet and its practical application; and, 15, the telephone.

The discovery of a new gas is a rare and important event to chemists. Such a discovery has been announced in Germany by Dr. Theodor Curtius, who has succeeded in preparing the long-sought hydride of nitrogen, ammonia, diamide or hydrazine, as it is variously called. This remarkable body, which has hitherto baffled all attempts at solution, is now shown to be a gas, perfectly stable up to a very high temperature, of a peculiar odor, differing from that of ammonia, exceedingly soluble in water and of basic properties. In composition it is nearly identical with ammonia, both being compounds of nitrogen and hydrogen.

It is found that cloth may be tinned by preparing a mixture of finely pulverized metallic zinc and albumen, of about the consistency of thin paste; this to be spread with a brush upon the linen or cotton cloth, and by means of a hot steam, coagulated, the cloth to be then immersed in a bath of stannic chloride, well washed and dried.

Running the cloth through a roller press the tin film which has thus been imparted is said to take a fine metallic luster. Designs cut in stout paper, letters, numbers, etc., when laid between cloth and roller, are impressed upon it, and it can also be cut in strips, corners, etc.

Soldering Cast Iron with Tin.

Many ornamental articles are made of cast iron, variously decorated. The smaller specimens of this kind break very easily if carelessly handled. Then the question arises of how to mend the broken article, a question that has puzzled many, as it is so very hard to firmly unite pieces of cast iron. It is hard to find a simple method, because cast iron has but a slight affinity for tin solder. The soldering can be made much easier by first cleaning the faces of the broken parts from all impurity, which is not necessary when the fracture is of recent occurrence and the broken parts are perfectly clean on their faces. With a brass wire scrubbing brush, the faces of the fracture are continually scrubbed until they finally appear perfectly yellow, thus in a certain sense being "dry plated," with brass; the rough cast iron rubs off brass from the fine wire very quickly. The brazed surfaces are tinned just as brass is tinned, and then with no greater difficulty the parts can be soldered together.—Der Metallarbeiter.

How They Telegraph in China.

The San Francisco Chronicle says: "The Chinese Government officials have lines of wire from Shanghai to the north and south well established and in good working order. Since 1873 there has been a cable between Hong Kong and Shanghai. Other lines are in working order. It requires about 7,000 characters to conduct the everyday ordinary transactions in Chinese mercantile affairs. A book containing these characters, numbered from 1 to 7,000, has been printed by the telegraph authorities, and if a man wants to send a message he simply wires numbers, representing the characters, and the receiver marks down the number at his end of the line. Reference is made to the book and the characters are ascertained. This system has been working for the past thirty years, and has given great satisfaction."

The recent 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 Inquirer; 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.

A SON'S SACRIFICE.

Serves Three Years in the Penitentiary to Save His Guilty Mother.

A Boston dispatch says: Three years in state prison is what a son took to shield his guilty mother. Now she is dead and he seeks release.

On Thanksgiving day, 1883, John F. Toomey died very mysteriously in a house on Tucker's wharf, in Salem, where lived the mother of Jack Curtin.

There was an autopsy, and Toomey was found to have died from a singular fracture of the skull, apparently a blow from an extraordinary weapon.

The physicians could not account for its radiating appearance until the family kettle was found. Then the fracture was explained to the satisfaction. The police took up the case, and suspicion fastened upon Curtin, who had fled the state to avoid arrest.

He was followed to Gloversville, N. Y., where he was captured after a hard chase. He asserted his innocence to the last, and declared that he had never committed the crime. He refused, however, to say who did, and went to prison. His mother was completely broken down, and died apparently from grief, a year and four months after Jack's imprisonment.

Now the prisoner by his attorney asks for a conditional pardon on the ground that he never committed the deed. He petition recites that he was not in the room at the time Toomey was killed. It is declared that John F. Toomey came to the house and entered the bedroom of Jack Curtin's sister, and Mrs. Curtin, the mother, bade him begone. Then Toomey attempted a second assault and Mrs. Curtin enraged, seized a polishing-iron and struck Toomey the blow that caused his death. The son told his mother he would leave, state to draw suspicion upon himself, and did so. He declares his ability to prove his statements ample to the satisfaction of the governor and council, and application will be made for a writ of habeas corpus to bring Curtin before them. He has been an excellent prisoner during the three years and three months of his incarceration.

The evidence at Curtin's trial, though conflicting, was generally direct, and one—Casey—swore positively of seeing Curtin strike Toomey with the kettle. The medical experts present at the autopsy testified that Toomey died from a stellated fracture of the skull, which could hardly be produced by any other weapon but the kettle. An effort was made to prove an alibi.

The mother of Curtin, before the murder a woman of strong characteristics, was completely changed after the crime. She wasted to a shadow of her former self, but it was believed that it was because "Jack," her favorite son, was convicted. Every week, as long as she had strength, she dragged herself up to the state prison to see her boy. She died finally of exhaustion.

His Sweetheart Saved His Life.

One of the best-known men in Nashville owes his life and success to his sweetheart. He was born and reared on one of the British Isles, the son of a prosperous banker. When nearly 21 he had a serious illness, with his father and was held in never to darken the doors of his ancestral home. It was late at night when he left the house and wandered along the moor which bordered the family domain. He was prostrated with grief and remorse and determined to take his life. He sat down and took his pistol out. As he reflected, he took a photograph of his sweetheart from an inner pocket of his coat and scanned the well-known features with eyes dimmed with tears. Thinking upon her, hope returned, and he determined to live for her sake, if not for his own. He hastily shoved the weapon into his pocket and started for the railway station. He came to America and drifted to Nashville. He prospered in business and is now a highly respected citizen.

Unfortunately the romance ends here. For years he had no communication with his family, and the letters he wrote his sweetheart miscarried, for shortly after he left his family moved to a distant town. He returned home a few years ago and sought out his early love. She was married, and three children played about her knees. He has consoled himself with a fair American, and considers himself one of the happiest of men. But he has never ceased to thank his stars for the girl who once saved his life; that her influence did prevent him from suicide he frankly stated to one who is familiar with his life.—Nashville American.

When it is considered appropriate to shoot the hat, it soon becomes the proper thing to chute the coal as it arrives before your door.—Toronto Grip.

The Personal Devil.

Do I believe in a personal devil, son?

Don't I? I don't know of any creature in the universe more given to personality than this same devil to whom you allude.

I believe in demoniacal possession. I myself have seen men possessed with devils exceeding fierce. I have seen a child which had a dumb spirit. Why I myself have been grievously vexed with a devil. Not once, my son, but many times; not only 25 years ago, but yesterday, possibly to-day; more than likely to-morrow.

Why, my boy, did you never get up in the morning with a demon of ill humor, of perversity, of hatefulness, in full possession of you? You feel strong, vigorous, well; your head doesn't ache; your vision is clear; your debts are paid; the day is bright, sunny, beautiful; nobody gives you a cross word; everybody in the dining-room speaks pleasantly to you as you come in, and the bitter, mean, waspish devil of perversity that has possession of your snarls out a hateful answer the minute you open your lips to speak; makes you say something you never intended to say; puts into your mouth words that make your own heart ache as your eyes see the lips that you love quiver with pain at your harshness.

Have you never maintained a surly, mean, cruel humor while a brave, loving face, looking up into your clouded brow, was cheerily trying to cast out the evil spirit? Have you never done some mean thing at which your better nature revolted? Never been ill tempered all day when you had no cause, no reason for it and were torturing yourself even as you tortured those whom you most dearly loved?

Ah, yes; you have writhed in the clutches of these devils of perversity, obstinacy, ill humor, unreasoning and unreasonable meanness fiercely crying out against the love that would cast out the evil spirits.

But this, you say, is owing to physical and mental cause. The body is in ill-health, and there is in the human organism an integration and coordination of different vital actions, which—There; that will do; I always feel one coming into me when I hear you talk in that way. Physical health has nothing to do with it, because some of the greatest sufferers the world has ever known have been entirely free from this demoniacal possession, while some of the meanest men I ever knew have lived in perfect health to their eightieth year. You know yourself that when you feel that way you are possessed of a devil.

Do I believe in him? My boy, it does not make a particle of difference whether a man with the "jumping toothache" believes in the toothache or not; he's got it; the toothache is in possession just the same. And, between you and I and the man named Legion, he acts for all the world as though he did believe in it.—Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.

A Bad Spell.

A few months ago old gentleman was seen nailing a notice on a fence on the South side of Austin avenue, says The Texas Siftings. A friend passing, said:

"Why don't you have the notice put in the daily paper, where people can read it?"

"Waal," said the old gentleman, "if I took it to the newspaper office them newspaper fallers would get it spelled wrong, and then somebody would think I didn't have no education."

The notice read: "Howz far rent inchoir on premisses."

Wanted Protection Against Water.

"Can you assist me to a few pence, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp.

"I kin give ye some breakfast," said the woman. "but no money."

"I've had all the breakfast I want," he said, "I'm a very light eater."

"What d'ye want of money," the woman demanded, "to buy licker with?"

"No, ma'am, the nature of my profession keeps me from under shelter most of the time, and I am trying to raise money enough to buy and umbrella."—Tid Bits.

A Poor Shot.

A.—"What are you still alive?"

B.—"Yes, it looks like it."

"Didn't you throw dice that the loser should shoot a bullet into his best, and didn't you lose?"

"Yes, that's all so."

"Then why'd you not as a man of honor comply with the agreement?"

"I did try three times, but I missed myself every time. You have no idea what a poor shoot I am!"—Texas Siftings.

"Bear with me a little," said the grizzly as he hugged the hunter.—New Haven News.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

It seems to us that it is about time the laboring classes should get the whiskey out of them and begin to see where they are drifting and make an estimate of the time it will take to make serfs of them all at the rate they are now moving in that direction.

Thirty years ago there were 20 men in the United States worth a million dollars, now there are 1,500 millionaires and over 10,000 men worth half a million each.

There is a rapid increase of wealth in the hands of the few and out of the pockets of the people. If this increase continues for the next thirty years the money of the nation will be in possession of a few, and the great mass of people will be serfs just as the people of England and Ireland are today. Eighty years ago there were 30 tenants to one landlord, but to-day there are one thousand tenants to each landlord. A few men own the lands of that nation. The lands of this nation are being rapidly bought up by capitalists in large bodies, twenty millions of acres of which are owned by foreign capitalists. Do you see the tendency? Then stand together and throw off this yoke of bondage before the claims of slavery are forged and clinched around you.—Toiler.

We believe "the land theory" will be repudiated by farmers and in fact by all who own land. It will be possible to find thousands, yes, hundreds, of city workers who are willing to blindly follow any glib-tongued leader who can offer a plausible cure for poverty. Let this leader go before men who have property interests to represent the results of frugality, temperance and industry, and he strikes an entirely new class of hearers. They will take nothing for granted, and they have something to do besides worshipping a brilliant leader. This is a poor country for a one-man party.

Henry George is trying to persuade the Socialists not to insist on admission to the new labor party, as he desires to throw out a bait for the farmers. He fears that the presence of Socialists in the new organization will frighten the horny-handed agriculturists, leaving it without followers in country districts. Mr. George need not lie awake nights devising means to keep the followers of Most out of his new party in order to induce the farmers to join it. His own land doctrines will slam the doors in face of the farmers more effectively than the presence of a dozen Most. The farmers believe in the righteousness of private ownership in land, and they are not anxious to assume the entire burden of taxation, either. Mr. George will have to bait his hook with something more attractive than his cranky land doctrines if he expects to catch the farmers.—Philadelphia Times.

The farmer who can now sell his property, in case he desires to, for \$10,000 would then be able to command only from \$1,200 to \$2,000, the State having confiscated from 80 to 90 per cent. of the capital value of his land. Remaining on his land, under the new system he would be burdened with town and city taxes, and be made a renter on his own property after being deprived of eight tenths or more of its value. Cottage and shop owners in the cities and town would not fare much better. In Cook county for instance, there are 25,000 or 30,000 wage-working families that own cottages and lots on which they pay taxes of from \$20 to \$50 but under the rental value single-tax system they would be assessed from \$60 to \$200. Permitted to retain their houses on condition of paying three or four times the present tax they would be deprived entirely of the capital value of their lots, and if they desired to move these families would find from \$1,000 to \$3,000 worth of their property confiscated by the state. Nothing short of war will ever compel either city or country real estate owners to submit to the George scheme.—Chicago Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN.

EARLY LIMA BEANS.

It is a good plan to save the lower pods of Lima beans for seed, as they are always the earliest. Like begets like in this respect. Some seed growers have obtained in this way Lima beans so much earlier than the common kind as to merit the claim of being a distinct variety. It is a good plan to begin growing Lima beans by planting this early kind.

OATS AND PEAS AS GREEN FEED.

It is the practice of some milkmen to sow a mixture of oats and peas in succession for green feed. The oats are cut just as they are coming in head, by which time the pea vines will be pretty well podded. Though the bulk is not so great as from sowed corn, the cows eat it readily, and it makes a richer and better milk-producing food than does most sowed corn.

PROTECTING FRUIT FROM WINDS.

It seems every Fall as if there is greater prevalence of high winds, and it becomes therefore more important to have fruit trees in places where there is some natural protection against them. A block of woods or a high hill on the windward side of the orchard is a valuable feature, and adds enormously to its productiveness. If these are not already provided, a wind break of evergreens should be planted, so as to protect the orchard on the side most apt to be exposed.

SEED AND PLANTS IN FLOWER-POTS.

More inexperienced persons fail from sowing or planting in flower-pots than in any other way. As used by gardeners, they are plunged in moist, warm earth, and with a good deal of care to keep the temperature even they are all right. But the flower-pot is porous. As it stands on the shelf exposed to winds at all seasons the moisture in the earth inside passes off, leaving the plant to perish. A wooden box is far better for plants; and even the soil in it should be mulched.

SAVING STRAW FOR FEED.

Straw has considerable nutritive value if rightly used, though to try to winter any stock on it alone is such an abuse of it as to make the possession of a straw stack an absolute injury to any one who attempts it. At present prices of grain and meal one or both may be fed in connection with straw, the latter giving bulk and all the nutriment of which it is capable. If fed alone stock will not eat straw readily, and their digestion will be so poor that they cannot get full benefit of what they do eat.

PROPPING BEARING TREES.

It is better to use props under overloaded fruit trees than to have limbs break down from weight of fruit. In most cases, however, these overloaded trees may be better saved by judicious thinning of the crop. The prop may be knocked out, and the sudden jar will then surely break the limb dependent upon it. Possibly the thinning may have to be done twice, as it makes a great difference in size of the remaining fruit. Usually, however, at the second time of thinning the fruit will be large enough to use.

JERSEY SWEET APPLE.

For a delicious Summer baking apple there is nothing better than the Jersey sweet, when it grows to perfection. It is rather small, but sweet almost as honey when ripe, either raw or cooked. It bakes soft, and, having small cores, may be eaten almost entire. Baked apples and milk are a luxury that ought to be within reach of all. The Jersey sweet bears every year, one full crop and the other half a one. It is in prime only in August and September, its short duration being the greatest objection to growing it extensively.

CUCUMBERS FOR PICKLES AND FOR SEED.

Few men can do more than one thing well—trying to excel in several opposite points, they fail in all. The poor cucumber plant, expected to produce cucumbers for seed, for cutting up on the table and for pickling, is in this same predicament; it is not a success in anything. Anyone who has tried it knows quickly the ripening of one seed cucumber will exhaust the vine so that it will not produce any pickles worth mentioning. It is better to grow one or two plants purposely for seed and save only the earliest well-grown specimens. This will help to retain the early-producing quality in the variety.

SWEETNESS IN SOUR APPLES.

Most people can at once distinguish the difference in taste between sweet and sour apples. The latter, term is, however, a misnomer. The apples, if high flavored, are not absolutely sour, but only tart, their sweetness being obscured by the acid they contain. The fact that so-called sour apples have considerable saccharine matter in them is shown by their making good cider vinegar, which they would not do if entirely sour. The more sweetness there is added, either in the form of sugar or molasses or sweet apples, the

stronger and better the vinegar will be, and the more rapidly it will ferment after this process is once well begun.

DRAINING WET LANDS.

The latter part of Summer is in some sections the only time when swampy places can be drained to advantage. The excess of moisture at other seasons make it impossible to get on the ground, and though the soil to be thrown out is easier worked when somewhat moist, all excess of water greatly increases the labor. But the drain if begun now should be finished and covered before Winter, and wherever a ridge has to be gone through to drain the swamp it is good policy to get as great depth as a good uniform fall will allow. In all cases see that the fall through the ridge is perfect, as an obstruction here is especially difficult to repair afterwards.

TURKEYS UNDER COMMON HENS.

Turkeys eggs are so much more valuable than those of the common barnyard fowl that the latter are generally used for breeding the first or second litters, leaving the turkey hen to follow with the later final brood. While young the turkeys are safer under a foster-mother, as their own mother gads about too freely; but as they become older the young turks thrive better, to range everywhere. They should be fed only at night or early in the morning. This will accustom them to return to the same place for roosting. During the middle of the day turkeys with free range need no extra feeding. They are extremely active in catching grasshoppers and other insects.

WEIGHT OF FODDER PER ACRE.

An acre of ground contains 43,560 square feet. Two tons of dry hay are considerably above the average yield, but it is only about one pound to every eleven square feet, an amount so small on such an area that it would seem hardly worth gathering. Grass in drying into hay loses both bulk and weight, especially the latter. A crop of twenty-two tons per acre, as has been grown of fodder corn and sorghum, is only a trifle more than one pound per square foot. But greater weight though not bulk has been produced in England, in the enormous growths on such soils of mangelfurzel ruta-bagas. When we realize fully the size of an acre of ground, some of the biggest stories told in the papers about large crops will not seem quite so incredible. The greatest weight even of fodder corn is not secured by having every square foot of soil covered with plants; there is a greatly increased tendency upward if they are left far enough apart to allow cultivation between them. This is still more true of root crops. A small excess of plants in those almost entirely destroys their value. A crowded root, which is obliged to grow upward for lack of room to grow an other way, is practically worthless. Two roots side by side are the worst kind of weeds for each other, as each wants the same kind of food.

Excluding holidays and Sundays, there is a trifle more than three hundred working days in the year. Comparatively few people, however, work nearly as many as this. In cities many take vacations of one, two or more weeks during hot weather. On the farm in our northern climate there is a long Winter, when little out-of-door work can be done. Besides, as every farmer knows, there are many rainy days even during the busy season, when out-door employment is not possible, and these wet days add largely to farm expenses, making weeds grow while it is difficult to get at them, also adding to the labors of turning over and setting out harvested grain. The help hired by the month is practically useless at such times. Men may be set at some indoor job, but it will rarely amount to enough to pay their board. It is this fact that induces so many good farmers to hire as much as possible by the day. One man, or on a large farm, two, may be employed through the season, yet as a rule, their help will be really more costly than that given by the day laborer at a higher nominal rate of wages. The latter, if a householder, can usually find better pay for the work he can do at home nights and mornings on rainy days than most farmers can afford to pay him for these odd moments or days when he has little for them to do.—American Cultivator.

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Why He Didn't Marry.

Gentleman (to Uncle Rastus)—I wonder, Uncle Rastus, that you don't marry again. Your wife has been dead over a year, hasn't she?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, but I's too conscientious fo' ter marry agin under de circumstances.

Gentleman—How is that?

Uncle Rastus—Well, yo' see, sah, I's nebber paid fo' de gravestone yit.

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60. Money. Part IV.

61. Money. Part V.

62. Money. Part VI.

63. Money. Part VII.

64. Money. Part VIII.

65. Money. Part IX.

66. Money. Part X.

67. Money. Part XI.

68. Money. Part XII.

69. Money. Part XIII.

70. Money. Part XIV.

71. Money. Part XV.

72. Money. Part XVI.

73. Money. Part XVII.

74. Money. Part XVIII.

75. Money. Part XIX.

76. Money. Part XX.

77. Money. Part XXI.

78. Money. Part XXII.

79. Money. Part XXIII.

80. Money. Part XXIV.

81. Money. Part XXV.

82. Money. Part XXVI.

83. Money. Part XXVII.

84. Money. Part XXVIII.

85. Money. Part XXIX.

86. Money. Part XXX.

87. Money. Part XXXI.

88. Money. Part XXXII.

89. Money. Part XXXIII.

90. Money. Part XXXIV.

91. Money. Part XXXV.

92. Money. Part XXXVI.

93. Money. Part XXXVII.

94. Money. Part XXXVIII.

95. Money. Part XXXIX.

96. Money. Part XL.

97. Money. Part XLI.

98. Money. Part XLII.

99. Money. Part XLIII.

100. Money. Part XLIV.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

PRINCESS BISMARCK in speaking of her illustrious husband never refers to him otherwise than as "Bismarck."

KALAKAUA, the phantom king of Hawaii, is said to be engaged in compiling a volume on "The Myths and Moais of the Sandwich Islands."

It is said that the late Judge Guy Humphrey McMaster, the author of "Carmen Bellicosum," was only moderately successful in the practice of the law.

PAUL BLOUET, alias Max O'Rell, is a typical Frenchman. He wears a single eye-glass, is a brunette, with bright, sparkling eyes, and is 39 years old. He is coming over here to lecture.

BELGIUM glass-workers are now preparing to make glass into various shapes and patterns by running sheets of it at just the right temperature to work nicely through steel rollers.

THURLOW WEED BARNES, grand son of the famous political "boss" of New York, will soon be married to an heiress. He has accepted an offer to connect himself with a Boston publishing house.

OLD FRANCIS GENAIL, who died the other day in St. Louis, once had an opportunity to buy a plot of land in St. Louis for \$10 that is now worth \$25,000,000 at the lowest valuation. He was nearly 93 years of age when he died.

ALTHOUGH CHEVRUL, the French savant, who recently celebrated his 101st birthday, is the president of a wine society he never drank more than a pint of wine in his life. His parents, who lived to be over 90 years old were great lovers of wine, and always had it on the table.

A RELATIVE of Mme. Gerster who has recently arrived at New York says the stories about the songstress losing her voice and her not coming to this country again are all false. She can sing as well as ever, and is already under an engagement with New York managers.

DR. ALEXANDER, the Protestant bishop of Londonderry, having lately entertained Justin McCarthy and his daughter at dinner, some persons, who are supposed to be loyalists, expressed their indignation by painting during the night the word "Ichabod" in several conspicuous places on the front of the bishop's palace.

THE German crown prince's voice has not yet recovered its full tone, but he speaks aloud without difficulty. When questioned about his health not long ago he replied: "Well, I am not yet able to sing, but I feel so well that I hope to be all right again in a short time." He took a six-hour walk the other day, showing no traces of fatigue.

CARL SCHURZ is said to be permanently crippled by the result of the fall on the ice last winter that was at first believed to have caused only a sprain. His invalid condition has forced him to abandon such exciting topics as politics, and he amuses himself with the Shakspeare-Bacon question and the reading of Heine and other favorite authors.

THE story that Joaquin Miller is worth some \$200,000 is pronounced absurd by a correspondent of a New York paper, who says that the poet three years ago wrote syndicate letters from New Orleans to raise money to pay a mortgage upon his "Cabin" in Washington. The house has since been sold, but the poet is not yet in circumstances that could by the widest stretch of the imagination be called affluent.

THE finest houses in Washington are owned by Ohio men. Col. Anderson's, at the corner of K and Sixteenth streets, has for years been one of the "show-places" of the city. Another at the corner of Sixteenth and H streets is owned by Col. John Hay, who moved to Washington from Cleveland about two years ago. The third, and perhaps the finest, will be ready for occupancy this winter. It is situated on K street, next door to the house where W. M. Everts lived when secretary of state under Hayes, and where his daughter dispensed to thousands the celebrated "Everts chocolate." This new place is the property of B. H. Warder, formerly of Springfield, O., where he amassed a fortune as a manufacturer—a fortune to which he has since added by prudent real estate ventures in Washington.

TYPICAL HAND-SHAKES.

Let me touch a few types with which most of us are familiar, and although the shakes may be of various degrees of intensity, yet they are as truly living and moving models as any ever exhibited by a peripatetic showman. The bony shake is not confined to either sex; it may be found alike in tall and short, stout and thin; and consists of an offer of the bones only of the right hand; not until your hand closes around the shaker's palm can you feel the coldness, the lack of fervor in the greeting; there is no responsive grip to your own; but the muscles only of the fingers and the palm lie in your hand, as though you were handling that which may be fitly described as belonging to one of the lemon squeezers of society, one who is a wet blanket on all enjoyment, sees clouds in sunshine, coffins in the candle, whose talk sets your teeth on edge, and in whose unexpressive eyes you can find no trace of sympathy or feeling. The bony fingers should have already warned you that to trust such a one will entail on you disaster and defeat.

The Condensing Shake.—Have you never felt it? How lightly the fingers (sometimes three, seldom four, and never the whole hand) drop into your palm; you do the shaking because the condensing fingers lie passive in your grasp, and the hand itself would tell you, if it could, how much it feels the ineffable sweetness of its own disposition, in even allowing you so great a privilege. The same hand once, maybe, met yours with a grasp as genial as your own, but you have remained stationary, whereas Tom had a windfall, and curious, isn't it, to see cause and effect? The genial hand-shake has become more high-toned and placid; and the nervous grasp of the fingers is changed for a gentle dropping of the digits in your outstretched hand; as one writer hath it:

With finger tips he condenses
To touch the fingers of his friends;
As if he feared their palms might brand
Some moral stigma on his hand.

Yet make the most of it, for unless you gain a step in the social ladder you'll soon be beneath shakes, even the condescension of the fingers will be thought too great an effort for the wealthy man to make.

The Retentive Shake.—Sweetness long drawn out; it begins vigorously, pauses as if to take breath, and then starts again with unimpaired vitality, until you wonder where the end will be. Sometimes the shaker is anxious about family matters. "So your'e all well at home, are you?" (Shake.) Have the children got over the whooping-cough? (Shake.) I've just heard some capital news. (Shake.) Come down to-night and we'll talk it over." (Shake.) Mind you don't forget." (Shake.) You gaze after the retreating form and feel if your elbow still works right or whether you have a single shake left in you.

The Fishy Shake.—Cold and clammy strikes the hand you grasp; giving you a feeling of dissatisfaction and disgust, as you instinctively think of *Uriah Heap* and, under one pretext or another, furtively take out your pocket-handkerchief to whip off the moisture which seems to have passed from the palm of the shaker into yours. Possessed as a rule by those whose tempers have gone wrong, whose milk of human kindness has turned sour, or whose hidden purposes it is impossible to fathom, the clammy hand frequently belongs to those with whom it is not pleasant to deal. In all fiction the ghostly hand is icy cold, or else a fishy, clammy grasp—either will do to fill up the harrowing detail; even grim death himself is supposed to touch us with a similar grasp; take warning in time, never try and perpetrate a joke with a man who has a fishy hand-shake for a greeting.

The Mechanical Shake.—Who is not familiar with the action of a pump handle as it is pushed up and down? and in some hand shakes the same principle is at work. There is no soul in it; the lifting up and down of the arm, which when it is released, falls down flat against the owner's side; the mechanical utterance of a few commonplace words, spoken like an automaton, all these tell you enough of the character of the man who stands before you. You cannot gather grapes from thorns, or else you might expect miracles to occur again on earth; and if you think there is any enthusiasm below the surface in the mind of the mechanical shaker, why, all we ask is, try and force it out of him, if you can. An earthquake might do it, because earthquakes somehow have a knack of waking people up; but no human agency can accomplish such a feat, and, after all, when you come to consider what consequences might ensue, it would scarcely be wise to disturb the serenity of so great a pump—(we beg pardon)—mind.

The Gushing Shake.—The how-are-you shake, with the how very large and loud, the sort of greeting that fairly takes your breath away, and makes you fear you will be eaten up before you know it—the jolly man or the jolly woman, to whom life is a pleasure, and whose existence is a series of delights, who wants everybody to be as happy as he is himself, and whose pride of spirits fairly infects you with some measure of the same good humor; your usual sober-mindedness, maybe comes to the rescue just in time; however, you get over the slight attack of unwelcome frivolity; yet when the shaker has gone, it almost seems as if a ray of sunshine had shone on you, and the

day seems all the brighter for the gleam.

The Dignified Shake.—Much affected by the professions. You are, maybe, immersed in some pursuit for the good of mankind at large, or for your own special town (for we trust you are respectable and belong to somewhere); big with importance, you stroll along, and, so strolling, you meet the dignified shake; you had thought of communicating your opinions to the lady or gentleman you have now met, but—one touch of the hand, and away flies the fancy! Like the frozen mutton of the antipodes, you will want thawing in the want of friendship before you can talk to anyone again; and, as the gushing shaker gave you life and light, so the dignified shaker gives you a douche of cold water, which takes away your energy and spirit for the day.

The Friendly Shake.—The hearty grasp, which without being too violent, either to crush the bone or to hurt the fingers, is yet warm enough, fervid enough to tell that the heart is right. You have only to look into the eyes of such a one to be able to read the honesty of purpose that shines through the lamps of the soul; a grasp that tells of a loving heart, in whose recesses there are sympathies that can share the woes as well as the joys of others; that can afford to laugh at the narrow-minded, the selfish and the wicked; but can afford to those whom they respect the genial handshakes; wherein every muscle, every nerve, tells a desire to do all they can to cheer the path in life of those they meet, and inspire within their fellow creatures' heart the knowledge that there are among us still those who are ready to offer at all times and seasons the fervid grasp that tells of friendship, of fellowship and goodwill.—*Home Journal.*

Microscopical Wonders.

"Suppose we look at a fly's tongue?" "All right," said I. "Flies have been investigating me for a long time, and nothing would give me more pleasure than to see a fly's tongue transfixed, and to investigate it calmly under a microscope."

Accordingly, Mr. Hopkins placed the subject in position, and turning the table, I brought my eye to bear upon the object. The fly's tongue is certainly a complicated piece of mechanism. No description would do it justice; it must be seen to be appreciated.

The next subject was a section of horse-fly, showing the complete set of tools with which he pursues his investigations into the flesh of horses. There was a fine saw with teeth plainly visible, a piercer for irritating the wound, which causes the blood to flow, and all arranged for use. Then we look at the saw-fly, which frequents rose and gooseberry bushes, and saws places in the twigs and deposits its eggs. The stinging apparatus of the ordinary honey bee next claimed our attention. Having had some experience with a bee's business department, I congratulated myself that the mystery of its operation was about to be unveiled. The sight confirmed me in my purpose, previously formed, of giving bee hives a wider berth in the future. A bee's stinger looks formidable under the microscope. Teeth project from the side like a sword-fish, and attached to it is the poison-bag which contains the substance, which, when inserted into a man's hand by an enterprising bee, makes him wish that he had never been born.

"You will see," said Mr. Hopkins, "that by increasing the power of the microscope, the formation of parts of the various objects is clearly shown, and the more complete they appear. There are no botched jobs in nature."

"Do your investigations," I asked, "lead to the conclusion that all these complete and beautiful things were evolved from an incomplete germ?"

Mr. Hopkins replied very emphatically: "No, sir; they do not. I take no stock in the modern conclusion on that point."

The hornet was next investigated. It has been said that he differs from the flea in this respect, that when you put your finger on him you know he is there. Much as we dislike to meet the hornet and be interviewed by him, especially when seated on the grass eating loaf cake at a picnic, he appears remarkably well under a microscope. Mr. Hopkins called my attention to an interesting fact. On the edge of the hornet's wings are a series of hooks, which, at certain times, are used to hook the wings together, but no one has as yet succeeded in hooking or unhooking the wings of the captured insect. The hooks were plainly visible through the instrument. A bee's foot and a fringed paddle of the water beetle closed our investigations among the insect tribe. A section of the outcrop plant was next shown. It was covered with little stars, perfectly formed. These stars are composed of silica, and if the leaves are burned the stars are not consumed. Diatoms are a subject for special study. They are vegetable plants comprising innumerable varieties, which can only be seen and classified by the aid of the microscope. Diatoms have been seen upon which 125,000 lines have been shown by the aid of the most powerful microscopes. Polarized light is another department of microscopical study. The polarizer is attached to the microscope, and by its means the most beautiful colors and forms are seen. There are an infinite number of available subjects in this realm. Chemical crystals, mineral subjects, nickel prisms and objects from vegetable life all show a vast variety of forms and colors.—*Chicago Mail.*

NO EXCUSE FOR DYING.

According to Believers in Christian Science One Can Live Forever.

A Hartford dispatch says: In the latter part of February last Joseph Mann, of Broad Brook, was accidentally shot through the left lung with a pistol ball, the ball coming out at the back. His life was despaired of and the family had gathered to see him die. R. C. Hannon, a "Christian scientist" from Boston, was called to attend the wounded man. The moment he entered the room Mr. Mann began to show signs of recuperation, and in a few days he was completely recovered. He is now studying the Christian science art of healing. Mr. Hannon, who is a young man, says that he was cured of cancer in the chest, tumor in the stomach, and Bright's disease "all at one swoop" by Mrs. Mary Barker G. Eddy, the founder of the Christian scientist school in Boston. He says of his teaching:

"We have reduced the matter to a science and apply it to everyday life. We do not teach how to die, but how to live. That is far better isn't it? To know that you shall not die, that you have not to suffer unless you choose, that you need not lose your children and dear ones—isn't all this preferable to the present reign of the worldly idea?"

He bases his idea of living forever and without disease on the scriptures, that while "in Adam we all die, so in Christ we are all made alive," and contends that the Christian scientists are now living under the revelation of St. John the Divine, first verse of the twelfth chapter; "And a great sign was seen in heaven, a woman arrayed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." The Christian science healing has nothing to do with mind cure or faith cure.

In broken limb cases Mr. Hannon usually calls a surgeon to reduce the fracture, but this he does, not because it is necessary, but to "ease the patient's mind." We are bound down so by old beliefs that we cannot escape the conclusion that something must be done through with, although he has "studied" a broken limb to recovery without setting. The excitement which Mr. Hannon's cures have produced in Hartford county is very great, and tracts and books on the subject of healing by believing are in great demand. Patients learn the science so as to cure themselves.

How Women Lose Their Height.

Women, especially those of the upper classes, who are not obliged to keep themselves in condition by work, lose after middle age—sometimes earlier—a considerable amount of their height, not by stooping, as men do, but by actual collapse, sinking down—mainly to be attributed to the perishing of the muscles that support the frame in consequence of the habitual and constant pressure of stays and dependence upon the artificial support by them afforded. Every girl who wears stays that press upon these muscles and restrict the free development of the fibers that form them, relieving them from their natural duties of supporting the spine—indeed, incapacitating them from so doing—may feel sure she is preparing herself for a dumphy woman. Failure of health among women when the vigor of youth passes away is but too patent, and but too commonly caused by this practice. Most women, from long custom of wearing these stays, are really unaware how much they are hampered and restricted. A girl of twenty, intended by nature to be one of her finest specimens, gravely assures one that her stays are not tight, being exactly the same size as those she was first put into, not perceiving her condemnation in the fact that she has grown five inches in height and two in shoulder breadth. Her stays are not too tight, because the constant pressure has prevented the natural development of the heart and lung space.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Broke Out Again.

"Julius," said an old colored man to his son as they came down town together yesterday morning and saw the street decorations in honor of the Army of the Tennessee, "dis ar' too late fur fo' th' July."

"Can't be dat, daddy."

"An' it's too airy fur Christmas."

"So it ar'."

"Den what's all dis fuss about?"

"I doan' jst know, but it's sunthin 'bout de sojers and de wah."

"What! Has de wah dun broke out again? Looks dat way fur sure! Julius, take me by de hand an' lead me to de place whar' day pay \$300 ward bounty fur ebary recruit an' if you let on dat I is a day over fo'ty years ole, I'll take yer home and make ye jump jim crow powerful lively! Lead on, Julius. I want to die fur my kentry."—*Detroit Free Press.*

She Was in There.

"Bub," said a patrolman to a boy on Brush street, "I am looking for a crazy woman. Have you—?"

"Yes, sir, I know where she is. She's right in that house."

"Ah! Then she went in there, eh?"

"Yes, sir, and she's my mother."

"What?"

"She asked pa for \$4 this morning, and he said she must be crazy. Please don't call the wagon and get all the neighbors out, but take her out the back way."—*Detroit Free Press.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

The lake of Merjean, in Switzerland, has disappeared.

The principal attraction at a Boston baby show is a red-haired negro infant.

Frost killed a great number of tobacco plants near Asheville, S. C., the other night.

New York will be better supplied with music and drama this season than ever before.

One of the violins made by Amati for Louis XIV. has just been sold at Buda-Pesth for \$3,500.

The shirt Craig Toller wore when he was shot is on exhibition in a Louisville bar-room.

Steamed oysters are now recommended by physicians in preference to those prepared in any other way.

The stone piers of the bridge now being constructed at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., will be completed by Nov. 10.

A woman waiting for a train in a New Haven (Conn.) railway station the other day had eight cross-eyed children with her.

In some parts of Oregon the hop crop will not average one-half what it did last year, owing to the present unusual dry season.

Sept. 18, 1893, will be a big day in Washington. It will be the hundredth anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of the capitol.

A statistician has figured out that "there is a bag of coffee in store in the United States for every 130 people—men, women, and children included."

It is said that George L. Schuyler is the only living member of the syndicate that built the yacht America, and won the cup from Great Britain in 1851.

A graphic way of realizing the extent of Alaska is by noting that from California it is as far to the western extremity of Alaska as it is to New York.

The demand for the minor coins—dimes, nickels, and cents—is so great that the Philadelphia mint, where by law they are required to be produced, is unable to keep pace with it. They are used to an extent never known before in the south and west.

An old timepiece is shown in a Philadelphia window. The front of the clock is a large, round water. The hours are marked on a dozen outer shells. A small plate, garnished with slices of lemon, conceals the works, and the hands are a knife and fork.

During August 230,000 boxes of lemons were received in New York from Sicily. Last year over 3,000,000 boxes of lemons and oranges came to this country from the Mediterranean, and more than 1,250,000 boxes were sent inland from the state of Florida alone.

A telegraph operator flatly refused to teach a Wall street broker telegraphy. The broker said he was in the offices of many other brokers during the day, and thought that if he could understand the ticking of the telegraph instruments he might obtain valuable information.

In the course of a recent violent storm on the Florida coast an eleven foot alligator crawled out of the St. John's river where it flows into the sea and started out to find shelter among the sand dunes. He was captured alive by fishermen, and will be sent to the subtropical exhibition.

In a recently published history of Connecticut appears a description of a grand wedding in the later colonial days. The historian says: "On the day after the marriage ninety-two ladies and gentlemen proceeded to dance ninety-two jigs, fifty-two contra dances, forty-five minuets, and seventeen hornpipes."

Dr. A. P. Burns, of Elicott City, Md., has petitioned the circuit court of Howard county to have his name changed to Arthur P. do Burns Radcliffe. He claims to be the only male descendant of James Radcliffe, Earl Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1715 for participation in the Stuart rebellion of that year.

There are four couples in Killingworth, Conn., who were married in 1837, and three other couples are living in other places who were married in Killingworth in the same year. Twelve of the fourteen individuals are natives of that town. The ceremony in each instance was performed by the same minister.

James Williamson, of Toronto, O., captured a live crow in his corn-field. While carrying it home he was attacked by hundreds of other crows. He first tried to run away; then he made a vigorous attempt to defend himself with a club; next he sought shelter in a shed, where the besieging crows kept him prisoner for more than an hour.

An orange-grower near Lake Eustis, Fla., found on one of his trees a fruit that seemed to be about two-thirds orange and one-third Japan persimmon. The latter resembles a full-grown and ripe red-pepper. He dug down to the roots of the orange tree, and there found the living root of a Japan persimmon tree twined among the orange tree roots.

The engineers of a heavy double-header train saw a child on the track near the village of Rock Glen, N. Y. They whistled for brakes, and when the train was almost upon the child, one of the engineers leaped from his locomotive, and, running ahead, caught the infant from the track. As a reward, the mother has recorded the engineer's name in the family bible.

A writer in *The Nineteenth Century* mentions the case of a man who, while addicted to the morphine habit, fell in love with a girl. With a view to marrying her, he placed himself under medical treatment for the habit, but found when restored to health that his love had vanished so that he did not care for the girl. Whether he relapsed and then married his dream love is not stated.

The Scotchmen stopping at the up-town hotels in New York are fond of Scotch whisky. They will not drink rye whisky, and only occasionally care for brandy and soda. They are as fond of Scotch whisky as the German is of beer, and their complaints are loud and long at the whisky set before them. They say it is as different from the Scotch whisky of their native hills and cities as beer is from gin.

One of the features of the Lackawanna county, Pennsylvania, fair was a baby show. The managers, however, avoided the perils of attempting to award the prizes for beauty, but stood on the safe ground of avoirdupois, and graded the babies like prize pigs, the first and second weights not over 1 year old receiving \$16 and \$10, respectively, and the lightest weight between 9 and 12 months being awarded \$5.

RUTH RODNEY'S ROMANCE.

The Conflict of Love and Circumstances in Life.

BY FRANCIS FOOTE.

"Ruth!"

A girl with lightly clasped hands, and thoughtful eyes, her whole attitude suggesting happy day dreams, was leaning against the trunk of a dead tree at the foot of an old fashioned garden.

"Ruth!"

The peevish, impatient voice had at last reached her, and her expression changed to one of love and anxiety.

"Yes, dear, I am coming," she called in her clear young voice, as she ran up the narrow path towards the house.

"How neglectful I am of you!" in a tone of self-rebuke as she entered the little sitting room and gazed tenderly at a man who was seated in a large easy chair before a desk covered with half sheets of paper.

"It was time for your medicine long ago; here is your paper to read, and I have let you write so much and worry your poor brain without my trying to stop you. Father, you mustn't let me get into a thinking mood, it spoils me," and she lightly kissed his forehead.

Mr. Rodney drew back from the caress and coughed nervously. The girl stooped and looked directly into his eyes.

"What is it?" she said at length. "You were to have no secrets from me, remember!"

One could tell that these two were father and daughter. They had the same low, broad forehead, the same large gray eyes, thick brown hair; but here the similarity ended, for the man's face was careworn and this from illness; his eyes and mouth showed the result of dissipation, and his shoulders had a stoop from constant writing.

The girl, on the contrary, was health personified. You could see it in the firm, supple curves of her wrist and waist, in her clear complexion, elastic gait, and frank, sweet eyes.

"What is it father?" she asked again.

Frank Rodney shifted his gaze unsteadily from one object to another. He found it more difficult than he had imagined to tell this girl, the one creature whom he thought he loved unselfishly, that they had come to the end of everything.

"Where's Tom?" he asked suddenly. "Still in Iowa, papa, and doing very well." Ruth's voice shook a little and she turned her head. "Can it be that he has had news from Tom?" she wondered.

Tom Russell's father and Mr. Rodney were cousins, and college chums. When Mr. Russell died he appointed Mr. Rodney guardian of his only son, to whom he left a small fortune. Tom had passed all his vacations at his guardian's house during his college years, and naturally he and Ruth had been much together.

Then he went into business in the western part of the State, lost nearly all his money, and the year before had made them a short visit, before going West to see what ranching would do for him.

It was during this visit that he fell violently in love with Ruth, "just because I'm not worth a penny, and can never tell her of my love," he thought.

For three days he fought manfully with himself but the last evening of his stay with them he asked Ruth to walk down to the old tree. Perhaps something in the beauty of the night, something in Ruth's manner, caused him to forget his resolutions. However that may have been, before he was telling her of his love and asking if he could not go away happy in her return. That was all; there was no engagement, but Ruth's answer must have been satisfactory, for one can judge from the long letters which came regularly and the little boyish picture which she wore in the vicinity of her heart.

This was the state of affairs when Mr. Rodney asked so suddenly for news from Tom.

He paid little attention to Ruth's answer, and began to beat a tattoo on the table with his pen.

"It's no use, Ruthie," he said finally, "we are in a tight place. You know we are mortgaged way up; well the interest was due last week; Mr. Marsh came for it and I put him off. He comes again tomorrow, and I haven't one hundred dollars ready money."

"Where is the money from your last book?" Ruth's eyes were wide with astonishment and pain.

"That er—well, hem,—it's all gone; how, I can't say." Mr. Rodney blushed under the searching look of his daughter. He knew too well how it went.

"Haven't you stories at the publisher's?" she asked again.

"Yes, a short tale or so, but they won't bring in much, and the worst of it is since my sick turn I haven't an idea. I can't write. It's an impossibility. I simply sit here and waste time and paper. That is the hardest blow of all to have my genius desert me, and become an old man at fifty-three." Mr. Rodney dropped his head in his hands and groaned.

Ruth was at his side directly, softly caressing his heavy hair, "Don't, papa," she cried. "Don't. It will all be right. I don't understand it quite, but you have some place in which I am to help. Trust me, dear, and I will do

my best. We have each other, and if the old place must go we can live for each other somewhere else."

"Ruth," said her father gently as he placed his arm around her. "wasn't Mr. Marsh in love with you at one time?"

"Why yes, and you used to tease me about my ancient admirer."

"He is only forty," said Mr. Rodney shortly.

There was a short pause. "Did he ever ask you to marry him Ruth?"

"Certainly, I told you of it at the time, and how he said that possibly in the future I would change my mind."

Mr. Rodney's eyes still rested on a worn spot in the carpet.

"He's a rich man, Ruth," he said sheepishly.

The girl's face flamed, her eyes grew dark. "You wouldn't sell me to him father?" she asked in a low voice.

The man was immediately on the defensive. "Why will you put things so bluntly," he said, fretfully. "Of course you will marry whom you choose, but you are in love with no one—and that scamp of a Tom doesn't count, (in answer to a look from Ruth.) "and Marsh is by far the best catch here. He would make you a good husband. You would have everything you could desire and know that you were saving me from much trouble and worry. I have lived my life and am only telling the truth when I say that marriage with the person one loves is not the height of happiness. Your mother and I adored each other, but our very love made our married life wretched. She was suspicious of me and I was often unjust to her. Had it been a matter-of-fact friendship which we had entertained for each other we should have done very well. This love is a delusion and a snare."

The girl rose to her full height. "I hate your cynical ideas, your cruel skepticism; you are not yourself when you sneer at the highest thing in our natures. My mother loved you, but she had no trust in you. That was the bottom of it all. The man who wins my love will as a natural consequence have my utter confidence. It couldn't be otherwise; you have lived your life, and this is the result. Let me live mine, and I will ask for nothing more."

Mr. Rodney's lips curled. "You are dramatic. Quite right; you will do for a character in my next novel. For the villain we will have an unjust father, who warns his daughters against all which has made his own life unhappy."

His whole manner changed suddenly. Sarcasm never appeals to Ruth. She was too much like himself.

"Forgive me, dear, I am nervous and sick and your words hurt me. Do not think again of marrying Mr. Marsh if it is so distasteful to you, and then perhaps by this time he has changed his mind. But we must get through some way, for to-morrow the money is due. This is the only plan; could you go to him, forget your pride, and beg for a little more time? He would not oblige me."

The girl's face became hard and set. "You think if I ask him his old love for me would conquer his fondness for money and he would yield?"

"Your conclusion is quite what it should be. I really think Ruth, that a six months' trip abroad would make a new man of me; and you see Marsh to-morrow?"

"I don't know," she said abruptly, as she left the room.

"I can not do it," she cried as she hastened toward the old tree. "Beg from the man whose love I have refused, and yet it is for father, and I am all he has. My pride against his happiness! O Tom, dear, why did you leave me? It is more than I can bear." She flung herself face downward at the foot of the tree and sobbed.

It was dusk; the lamps had been lighted and Ruth did not return.

Mr. Rodney smiled calmly as he rolled his chair toward the grate.

"Fighting it out with herself," he said, "as she always has from her childhood, and I am not afraid of her conclusion, for my words had more effect upon her than she realized. And really I am not selfish. Tom will not amount to anything for a number of years, and I want to see her happy before I die. This love is an infernal nuisance." And yet as he thought he knew deep down in his heart that had he his life to live over, Ruth's mother would still have been his first choice.

The door opened quietly and in a moment two hands were placed caressingly upon his shoulders and a sweet voice said, "Tea is ready father, and I have a surprise for you in the shape of the most delicious waffles you ever ate. After tea we will finish that novel; there are only a few more chapters."

Mr. Rodney glanced at his daughter and knew the house was safe. He was not sure in regard to her plan, whether she would accept Mr. Marsh or gain a reprieve because of his love. It made little difference to him any way. Of course the marriage would be preferable, as the latter course would only ward off events for a time; still he had but put the case plainly before her and would trust in her.

"She shall never be able to say that I urged her into a marriage with a man for whom she had no love," he thought. "I have merely hinted at what I imagined would be for her best interests."

By a tacit understanding nothing more was said, and when Ruth came in the next morning dressed in her dainty walking suit to kiss her father good-by, he asked no questions as was his custom concerning her destination.

His only remark as she left him was,

"You are prettier than ever to-day dear, and I wish you good luck."

As Ruth reached the stairs leading to Mr. Marsh's office her heart beat violently and the color left her face.

To what was she going? What would happen before she could again walk up the long shady street with that mortgage lifted from her father's shoulders? Her plan had been simple; she would ask Mr. Marsh if he could let the interest run a little longer, and if he agreed, and then was cowardly enough to ask for her love as a reward, why she would promise to marry him.

Her own life would be ruined but her father would be happy, and he should always be first.

Mr. Marsh was sitting in his office alone gazing into vacancy.

He was a stout, well-meaning man of forty with firmness and determination written upon every line of his face; keen and hard in business transactions, but scrupulously honest; punctual in his payments, and as punctual in demanding his dues. He said once to a friend, "I am under obligations to no man, and I wish no man to be under obligations to me. I live up to that, for it is the only way to establish an equality."

He had never married because he thought that no one woman was worth a life's devotion, and he was so just, that if he did not marry no woman but his wife should ever come into his life.

These were his ideas when he first noticed that Ruth Rodney had changed from a remarkably pretty school girl into a graceful, beautiful woman.

This was two years before the story opens.

He made a great exertion one evening to talk with her and found her not only clever, but original.

She interested him, and he had reached the age where he liked to be entertained.

By degrees almost unconsciously he came to the conclusion that she was the one thing needful to make his life a success.

It upset his theories, but what of that? He asked her to marry him and she refused.

He had lived so in himself, and for himself, that such an idea had never entered his mind. He had bowed himself out from her presence, not a line in his face disturbed, and had made a firm resolution that in some way she should be his. By what means time only would tell.

Now as he sat in his office he was thinking that Mr. Rodney's interest was due, "and it must be paid to-day," he said, "or the house is mine. Rather unromantic, to turn one's love out of her home, but she could come to me at any time, and that might hasten her."

He heard a slight tap at the door. "Come in," he said, lazily turning his head.

"Ah, Miss Rodney," his voice free from all surprise which he may have felt, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. This seat by the window will suit you I am sure."

Ruth's cheeks grew pink. "Thank you, Mr. Marsh," she said in a low voice, "but my errand is unpleasant, and I prefer to stand. I have come to beg." Mr. Marsh raised one eyebrow and looked at his large, well kept hands. Ruth glanced at him despectively.

"You know my father depends on his writing, and his sickness has put him back so that he has little ready money just now. That interest on the mortgage is due today and I have come to ask if you would wait a few months as a great favor. It shall surely be paid and—"

"So your father said two months ago," interrupted Marsh with a bland smile. Ruth's eyes flashed, "I thought as a favor you would."

"Excuse me," said Marsh, "but may I ask what favors you have ever done for me? This is a business transaction, and you know my rule is that, as I pay my creditors, so must my debtors pay me. Now there is only one way out of this decidedly unpleasant situation for me to be true to myself and at the same time benefit you. That way is to make it into an unbusiness transaction. How can we do it? Why the easiest way in the world. You marry me and the mortgage shall be your wedding present."

Marsh stood opposite the girl and calmly waited for her reply; only by the faint twitching of his under lip could you see that he was the least excited.

Ruth's breath came rapidly, her hands clasped each other convulsively. Had he seen her eyes then he would have given her up forever even if his nature had been far more cruel, but he was looking at a tiny rip in his coat.

"I have no love for you," the girl almost whispered the words.

"I do not remember mentioning love," he said; "I am content with you now, later—"

"There will never be anything later," she replied; "as I am now, if you wish me why—". She could not finish, but he was satisfied. His blue eyes grew dark with successful pride and passion. He took her gloved hand tenderly; a feeling of remorse came over him that he had gained her by unfair means, but he stifled it and said quietly, "You shall never regret your decision, for it must be in my power to make you happy, I have wanted you so long."

Something in his words which were the most manly she had ever heard from him touched a new chord in her nature and she burst into tears. He stood awkwardly by and said nothing, which was the very best thing he could have done.

In a few moments she looked up. "My nerves are so unstrung and it is all so new you will forgive me and let

me go now. When I have thought it all over calmly it will be different."

She turned towards the door, he opened it for her and said, "I understand a little, tomorrow I will come up; now you would rather go alone."

He watched the swelling lines of her figure until she had reached the last stair then he returned to his old seat and stared thoughtfully into vacancy as before.

Upon reaching home Ruth found Mr. Rodney negligently twisting a crumpled envelope.

"Father I am engaged to Mr. Marsh."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that is good news indeed, and it never rains but it pours, here is a telegram from Tom that he will be with us this afternoon. Why, Ruth child, don't look like that, you are not faint?" for the girl had staggered slightly and her face was ashy.

"Do not touch me," she cried recovering herself by a strong effort of will. "I am not ill, it is the warm room; so Tom is coming. I will lie down, I think, to be fresh and bright, Tom is coming and I—I am engaged."

She had dragged herself half way up the stairs when she remembered something.

"Father, dear," she called, "don't worry about me, and the mortgage is to be my wedding present!"

At eight o'clock that same evening Mr. Marsh came to the conclusion that sufficient time had elapsed for Ruth to be calm and he would accordingly make his call then instead of waiting until the following day. If Ruth did not care to see him he could talk matters over with her father. "She doesn't love me," he thought as he neared the house "but she cares for no one else, and my life shall be devoted to her." Love had certainly aroused in John Marsh the suspicions of a better nature which before now had been buried too deep to assert itself.

His heart actually leaped in his throat like a bashful boy's as he reached the stoop, and a sensation of awkwardness and fear came over him. "This will never do," he thought, "I must walk down the path to calm myself."

As he approached the end of the garden he heard voices, then he saw the faint outline of two figures, a man and a woman standing facing each other, very near and yet not touching.

Surely that was Ruth's voice, no one else had such low clear tones.

He drew steadily near and crouched behind a bush. A feeling of dread crept over him. Had she a lover? He must hear and see all.

The two people beyond him gazed at each other without a word. At last the girl spoke again in a low despairing voice. "Tom, I have tried to make you think that my love for you has changed in one short year, but you know better for you know me."

"My darling," cried the young man as he flung his arms about her. She yielded to his embrace for a moment, then pushed him from her with all her strength.

"If you care for me," she said, "do not touch me, it only makes it harder for me, for Tom," she continued, "although I love you, I am bound to him, and as I have given my word to be his wife, I will be true to him with God's help."

She leaned against a tree as if needing its support.

"But you were mine before you were his," cried Tom impetuously, "and I am doing so well now that in six months we could be married, and—"

"You don't understand, Tom," she interrupted, "it is for father; I am all he has, and he depends on me. He is not well and if he were obliged to give up his home it would kill him. Tom, I love you, but don't you see I must save father even if the price is myself."

"Your idea of duty is unnatural and morbid, and you do not love me as you pretended. It is this man's money which has won you, and woman like you throw it on to some one else's shoulders."

Tom's voice was deep and angry as he stood with folded arms.

Ruth neither spoke nor moved in answer to his accusation.

Tom turned and walked a few steps towards the house, in a moment however he was at Ruth's side.

"Forgive me, love," he whispered; "I was a brute for the moment; you are all that is sweet and good, and I am not worthy of you."

He was gone, and Marsh from behind his bush saw Ruth clasp the tree with both arms, and heard her murmur, "it is all over! God help me to be a good woman and keep me from hating the man who has taken my love from me."

Mr. Marsh tiptoed softly out of the garden, without a glance at the stoop on which he had stood so timidly an hour before. When he had reached his own room he sat down to think. For two hours he scarcely moved, and his face was as impassive as his figure.

At the end of that time he wrote this little note:

My Dear Miss Rodney,
I have come to the conclusion that I have lived too long a bachelor to impose myself and my whims upon a bright young girl. I promised you the mortgage, however, for a wedding present, and here it is in advance. I understand that young Mr. Russell is with you, and I hear also that he loves you. I knew his father very well, and if his son resembles him he is worthy of your love. If at any time I can be of service to you command me.

Yours very truly,
JOHN E. MARSH.

After he had sealed the note he gave a long sigh. "Marsh," he muttered, "if love can change you and your ideas like this it must be a mighty power in the world."

Some women's memories are strongest on the point of other women's old clothes.—Boston Journal of Education.

PITH AND POINT.

A great many people hold theories who can't hold their tongues.—Oil City Blizzard.

The man who peddles his autobiography takes his life in his own hands.—Texas Siftings.

Strictly speaking, a man can not dye his mustache and remain honest.—New Orleans Picayune.

The man who robs Peter to pay Paul should at least remember what is Deuteronomy.—Texas Siftings.

A feud is about the most unprofitable thing any community ever indulged in.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

If masculine baldness is to become universal, the com(b)ing man won't have any to comb.—Texas Siftings.

Failure isn't a severe thing to a man who hasn't been in the habit of putting on too much style.—Boston Courier.

While the lamp holds out to burn, there is not much danger of the average servant filling it.—Harper's Bazar.

When a bank boodler skips to Canada now it is in order to ask: Was it the lady or the tiger?—Philadelphia Times.

It is a suggestive coincidence that anarchism and small-pox both hang out the red flag signal.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A lost symphony of Wagner's has been found. This country doesn't seem to have any luck.—Detroit Free Press.

Since Mackay's bank has lost \$6,000,000 his wife will have to economize for awhile on diamond necklaces.—St. Paul Globe.

"I often cut my oldest acquaintance," said the buzz-saw as it took off a mill-hand's finger.—Charleston Enterprise.

Somebody says the age of the coal-dealer is the tonnage. Some folks think it's the shortage.—Boston Commercial.

Science weeps over the bug that is never hatched as the lover mourns over the letter that never came.—New Orleans Picayune.

It rained in London last Monday, and the dudes of Chicago walked around with their trousers turned up.—Philadelphia Call.

If New England high-school girls do not marry, what becomes of Napoleon's fine theories as to educated mothers?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

While the lamps of a city belong to a company, it seems that many city officials have a lean on the posts of the lamps.—New Orleans Picayune.

It may be that Count Mitiwiewitz has finally concluded to be honest, having peradventure lost the ability to stack the cards.—New York Graphic.

Even John Brown's fort at Harper's Ferry has become a den of thieves. How exceedingly are our historic places defiled.—Pittsburgh Commercial.

A whole car-load of Green Tree beer arrived Thursday night. It will sell for 25 cents a bottle—when the grand jury adjourns.—Wichita Democrat.

"The nationality of a man, the temper of a woman, and the condition of an invalid are all judged by the tongue."—Binghamton Republican.

If Shakespeare was in the habit of getting drunk it is singular that he didn't give it away some time that Bacon wrote the plays.—Texas Siftings.

During Talmage's absence the great tabernacle has been further enlarged—probably to give freer scope for the great preacher's gestures.—Albany Argus.

A little girl who wanted to describe the absentmindedness of her uncle said: "His remember is so tired that he has to use his forget all the time."—Boston Journal.

A man may be honest and yet so slow that he will never pay a debt. When a young man has stealing to do he is always prompt.—New Orleans Picayune.

Police justice in Kansas City gets there with two feet and a crutch. In the case of the cable gripman it seems to have taken two crutches.—Kansas City Times.

It is the duty of the London police to pick up orange peel off the sidewalk, and the opinion prevails that this is why they are called "peelers."—San Francisco Alta.

Omaha has a man who breaks stones with his fists. Wonder if he could be induced to come down here and hit our sanitary board about once around.—St. Joseph Gazette.

If a young man has recovered from some terrible disease he can have his picture in a western paper every day for a month, at the doctor's expense.—New Orleans Picayune.

If you know anything or nothing about how a newspaper should be conducted send it in. We want to get the public's idea on the subject. Speak right out.—Minneapolis Tribune.

An exchange advances several reasons "why we will have an early fall." The best reason apparent at this writing is that all the heat of the year was utilized last July.—Norristown Herald.

Senator Evarts will establish a country home near Washington, and has bought one thousand acres of land for that purpose. It will be fenced in with one of his sentences.—Pittsburgh Post.

Colleges do the best they can for young men. They teach them what to think and how to think it. They furnish everything the young man needs except brains.—New Orleans Picayune.

War has been declared on the bed-bug in Illinois. The beg-bug has his fun in July and August and he can now laugh at a little row brought on by a badly bitten entomologist.—Buffalo Times.

INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

Raise Better Horses.

Fashion has brought about many changes in horse breeding among American farmers, and no race has set the new style more forcibly or to larger purpose than the American trotting horse. The American trotter is a horse capable of every service; there is, in almost literal truth, no limit to the speed in which he can trot one mile, and his capacity of endurance, whereof such contests are most exciting proof, is accepted as a fact in the minds of all observant men, while his patient temper, and good size, combined with the extraordinary muscularity with which true systems of breeding have endowed him, render him an exceedingly valuable animal for any work of labor and routine.

The farmer who is looking forward to improvement in his stock, must be careful in making selection of his breeding animals, and herein, it is of the utmost importance that the sire chosen be an available, valuable, and in every respect, a choice animal, possessing individually and ancestrally the best qualities which the offspring is desired to possess.

Farmers' Encampments.

These encampments strike us as likely to prove very beneficial to the farming interest. If properly managed, they can scarcely fail of being instructive and useful to the rural communities in which they are held, and indeed to all participants—speakers and hearers, exhibitors and spectators, and sellers and buyers. They combine the prominent features of farmers' institutes and clubs, agricultural exhibitions, and also of the sale or exchange fairs so common and popular in Great Britain. The results of these novel assemblages will naturally be awaited with great interest, and if they shall prove as beneficial to the rural people and communities of the South as is anticipated, farmers' encampments will doubtless soon be introduced in other sections of the Union and also in Canada. The plan certainly seems feasible, and if it shall be carried out judiciously—without the contaminating adjuncts and influences of liquor selling, horse racing, gambling, etc.—it will naturally be organized as worthy of adoption by earnest friends of agricultural improvement in various parts of the continent.

Hence, while we may be mistaken as to its practical working, we are inclined to believe the "Farmers' Encampment" a good institution, and that our Southern brethren are entitled to special credit for its inauguration as a factor in promoting the cause of industrial improvement, and the elevation of those engaged in agricultural and kindred pursuits.

Care of Work Horses.

Frequently the farm horse suffers from our feeding, and from being worked on a full stomach; for farm horses eat all the time, and look lean and wire coated—two certain proofs of chronic indigestion. Horses which have passed many hours in work, when released from harness are allowed to drink all the water their exhausted systems crave for; then, with the material of a small iceberg in their distended inner organs, they are turned loose to further injure themselves by grazing in the pasture; or, if the farmer is well to do, they go to the barn, and there, tormented by flies, mosquitoes, and other winged pests devour a carelessly prepared ration, after which the remainder of the night is passed in stamping and fighting insects. Farm horses are overfed, commonly, insufficiently groomed, and never judiciously either housed or clothed. In summer, farm work ought to commence with the rising of the sun and cease at noon, when men and horses should seek the friendly shelter of the house and stable. The horses just from the field ought then to be stripped of all harness, have their eyes and nostrils washed out, the marks of the harness also washed off and then be rubbed with a "wisp"—which is simple and inexpensive stable implement better for the horse than is a brush, whose coarse stalks irritate the skin and temper of the suffering beast. The wisp soothes and causes a healthy action of the skin, when the horses have been thus attended to, and they have cooled off.

The Lamb and Mutton Supply.

The lambs offered in the eastern markets arrive first from Virginia, shortly after the flocks of Kentucky send forward their quota, then occasional drafts are received from Tennessee. One and all of these sources of supply are abundantly increased by efforts to produce excellent early lambs, but the flocks show in the east to small advantage.

The breeds most valuable for mutton are, first, the Southdown, then the

Cheviot and the Black-faced Scottish sheep. The Southdown will thrive in lower lands than either of the others, but all sheep do best on a rolling country flanked by hills. Perfect drainage and clear running water are necessary for success in sheep growing. Close herbage is most desirable, but can be dispensed with in small farming when roots and some grain form a part of the daily ration in winter, and when the summer pasture is not over luxuriant. Thick grasses are offensive to the sheep, whereas the short but sweet herbage cropped from the hillside, suffices to keep the flocks in health, and a small extra allowance puts up the flesh which brings in the extra gain. The largest number of sheep and lambs yet offered for sale this current year in one week has been 50,000 odd. Were the flocks offered as promising as they reasonably should be from the first of May to autumn, the local markets of New York would not be overstrained by the arrival of 70,000 in seven days. Sheep of good quality since the first of January last have been scarce, and invariably proved to be in steady demand, and were firm in value.

The Poultry Yard in Autumn.

Mistake is sometimes made by poultry fanciers, and those in the business as well, in placing too many eggs under a hen for her brooding. No larger number than nine can be set with perfect safety, in the autumn; and, therefore, if it be desirable to bring out many chickens, the art of managing two or more sitting hens at once should be acquired. In such case the fancier or breeder can put two broods together, and, being careful about the night shelter, there need be no difficulty in accommodating so many broods as shall number twenty to fifty chickens to the attention of a single hen, particularly if the weather of the season be reasonably mild and settled.

Late chicks should be cared for by their mother until a few weeks old, when they can be placed together in a well sized-box, the open sides of which are covered by coarse wire netting. The floor of the box should be well covered with fresh soil, and have a simply-made brooder at one end, for the little things to run under at night. Give the chicks a place in the kitchen, for the chicks can't get under your feet, nor can rats or cats disturb them; set box and contents out in the sun when it shines warmly; change soil frequently, feed and watch brood carefully. In this way it will be not difficult to raise all successfully.

Do not keep too many old hens. Select reliable sitters and mothers, as many as are needed for that purpose. Dispose of the rest, and keep early hatched spring pullets to lay in fall and winter.

For keeping brooding hens cleanly, invest in a good bunch of tobacco leaves; put a few leaves under the sitting hens, and scatter them around the fowl house; tie some bunches on the sides also, and there will be no trouble from vermin.

Water in Butter.

While salt will readily dissolve at fifty degrees, it is not so easy to get the butter free from the surplus water, and it is by this needless water that much injury is done to butter. Fifty-five degrees would be better, and salt the butter at sixty degrees. Water is a great solvent of casein and sugar—traces of which will be found in all butter, however well worked—but the more water remaining after working over, the greater the chemical action, and acting upon the minute particles of curd or cheese, it becomes rancid by well known chemical action. Butter should not contain more water than is necessary to dissolve what salt it will retain in the form of brine, and fourteen per cent, seems to be about the amount. More water than this dilutes the brine, and defeats by so much the object of the use of salt in butter—to preserve the casein from chemical change—nor can this be accomplished save in a temperature below fifty degrees. In the usual creamery butter, and all that made by cold setting, the maker often unintentionally leaves more than twenty per cent of water in butter, not understanding that butter made from cream slightly acid, retains more moisture than that made from sourer cream. The souring breaks up the texture of the cream, and the butter separates better from the buttermilk. Then all the butter-maker needs to do is to churn the ripened cream at a lower temperature than is needed for sour, to use salt each time in washing it free from buttermilk, and when the regulation amount of salt is used to season the butter, let it dissolve, and then by gently working and preking, know that the butter is free from any excess of water about fourteen percent. Then if kept below fifty degrees, and away from the influence of the air, butter made from soured milk must keep well.—*American Agriculturist for October.*

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