

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

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

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

FOR COAL

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

Ladies desiring dresses made by a careful and stylish modiste will do well to leave orders with Mrs. Widgen whose card appears in our columns. From specimens of her skill which we have seen we should judge her to be thoroughly competent and abundantly able to give satisfaction in her line of business.

The statements in this paper week after week about Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria are not made solely to get your money; we would despise ourselves for doing any such thing. Please don't make that mistake. If you are a sufferer from Malaria, get the remedy at any cost or trouble, and you will know there is one honest proprietary medicine about which the truth only is told.

I give honor to whom it is due. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me of Brigh's disease and Gravel. Four of the best physicians had failed to relieve me. I have recommended it to scores of people with like success, and know it will cure all who try it.—Mrs. E. P. Mizner, Burg Hill, O. Send 2-c. stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. for book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders. Mention this paper.

"What ye sow, that shall ye also reap." If we sow good seed, we may confidently expect good results; hence, it behooves every man and woman to carefully consider where the best seed may be obtained. Seed that is warranted pure, fresh, and raised on his own farms, is what the veteran seed-grower, James J. H. Gregory, of Marlborough, Mass., offers the public, and his well-known integrity makes his warranty a valuable one. Send for his 1888 catalogue.

One of Our Exchanges.

One of the largest and best of the agricultural papers with which we exchange is Colman's Rural World, of St. Louis. It comes to us regularly every week filled with the latest and best reading matter pertaining to agriculture, horticulture, the sorghum industry, cattle, horses, sheep, swine, poultry, the dairy, apiary and the grange. Its home circle department is particularly good, and its market reports always brought down to the last hour of going to press. It is the best dollar's worth we know of. Subscriptions will be received at this office or may be sent to C. D. Colman, 705 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

A number of the citizens of the north side visited Silver Lake on Tuesday evening for the purpose of attending a meeting called by the citizens of that place for consideration of the proposition to vote bonds to the North Topeka, Silver Lake & Rossville Rapid Transit railway. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. H. C. Safford, Prof. D. C. Tillotson and J. C. Watt, explanatory of the purpose of the company, and expository of what they denominated the misrepresentations of those who were desirous of defeating the enterprise. Enthusiastic speeches were made by a number of prominent Silver Lake gentlemen, and an almost unanimous feeling prevailed in favor of building the road.

The proposition to vote bonds in Menoken township will be submitted this week, the president of the company, J. C. Watt, having made affidavit of the requisite number of signatures for that purpose.

To-day upon opening a package of goods purchased at the Great Five Cent Store 423 Kansas Avenue we were much amused upon reading a certificate of purchase. The same is being given away with every package of goods bought at the above store, which is an idea that originated in the fertile brain of the proprietor, F. E. Brooks. He has the largest and finest selection of Holiday Goods in this city. The following is a fac-simile of the certificate we received.

Dealer in Almost Everything.

5c, 10c, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 Counters, Lamp and Miscellaneous Departments.



"Brother, the wild waves say, 'Wish you a Merry Christmas,' and they say that
THE GREAT FIVE CENT STORE,
is the largest and cheapest store of the kind in the west."
No. 423 Kansas Avenue,
F. E. BROOKS, Prop. Topeka, Kan.

This Certificate of Purchase
ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO ONE COUNT IN OUR
CUSTOMER'S HOLIDAY PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

EXPLANATION.—One of these certificates will be enclosed in every package of goods bought at this store. Prizes will be awarded to the person who presents the greatest number of certificates up to the date mentioned below.

RULE.—The name of the buyer must be endorsed on the back of each certificate. Certificates must be put in an envelope marked with the name of the buyer, and the total number enclosed, and sent in not later than the day mentioned. Envelopes containing certificates endorsed by two persons will not be counted as one lot.

Certificates will be issued up to December 26. Certificates must be sent in by January 2, 1888. Prizes will be awarded January 7, 1888.

FIRST PRIZE.—Twenty Dollars worth of any goods in stock.

SECOND PRIZE.—Ten Dollars worth of any goods in stock.

THIRD PRIZE.—Five Dollars worth of any goods in stock.

To be given to the three persons presenting the greatest number of certificates bearing their names.

THE GREAT FIVE CENT STORE,
Dealer in
ALMOST EVERYTHING.
Articles from 2 for 1 cent to \$75.00 each.

F. E. BROOKS,
PROP.

In district court yesterday the case entitled the City of Topeka vs. Shawnee county was argued and submitted. City Attorney Bird appeared for the city, and County Attorney Curtis defended. The arguments lasted all day. This is an action brought by the city to recover some \$2,000, half the amount expended in repairs upon the Kansas avenue river bridge in 1886. The bill was paid by the city and charged up to the county. The county board refused to pay. The case is one of considerable importance from the fact that it involves the question of liability for repairs on the bridge for all time to come. County Attorney Curtis argued that the bridge being within the city and the city having the power ordinarily conferred in respect to bridges, streets and walks within its limits, owes to the public the duty of keeping the same in safe condition for use in the usual mode by travelers. Various sections of the statute were cited to show that the city had power to levy tax to keep up repairs and to vote bonds to build, etc. It was also set up that the city of Topeka was a city of the second class when the bridge was purchased; at that time the bridge was within the city limits; that cities of the first class have the same powers as cities of the second class; that under the law the country was in no way obligated to help keep it in repair, although it did help to build it, for if the bridge was within the city limits when built, or as soon as it became so, the duty of the city attached and the duty of the country ceased. The gist of the argument on the part of the city was that the bridge being a large bridge, and costing many dollars to repair, it was the duty of the country to share in the expense of keeping it in order; that it was used equally by the people of the city and county; and that the law only contemplated that the city should repair small bridges and culverts, and not bridges on public highways used fully as much by people outside of the city as by the people of the city.

A Novel Business Calendar and stand.

A most novel, convenient, and valuable business calendar for 1888 is the Columbia Bicycle Calendar and Stand, just issued by the Pope Mfg. Co., of Boston, Mass. In this calendar a new departure has been made, decidedly unique and different from any previous attempt in calendar construction. The calendar proper is in the form of a pad, containing 366 leaves, one for each day in the year, to be torn off daily. The leaves are 5½ by 2½ inches, and a portion of each leaf is left blank for memoranda, so arranged that the memorandum blank for any coming day can be turned to immediately at any time. The pad rests upon a portable stand, and when placed upon the desk or writing-table the entire surface of the date leaf is brought directly, and left constantly, before the eye, furnishing date and memoranda, impossible to be over looked. Upon each slip appear, as in the previous Columbia calendars, quotations pertaining to cycling from leading publications and prominent writers. The paragraphs are entirely new, and although there seems to be but little when read from day to day, altogether the items would make a medium-size pamphlet,

and added to the collections of other years, a large volume—a collection of quotations which illustrates the popularity and universality of cycling the world over.

Major William Sim, secretary of the state board of agriculture, has returned from the east, after an absence of three weeks, having attended the national farmers' congress at Chicago and the national meeting of the grange at Lansing, Michigan, as a delegate to each from the state of Kansas. It was largely through Major Sim's efforts that the next annual meeting of these two national organizations were secured for the city of Topeka; especially was this so with the national grange meeting. Major Sims went to Lansing with the intention of capturing the next convention if it could be done by fair and honorable means. The Major is grand master of the Kansas grange, and his earnest invitation to the national grange to meet in Topeka in 1888 had great weight with the delegates. Major Sims said regarding the selection of this city for the next meeting: "When the first vote was taken, there were several cities asked for it, but about the fourth ballot the contest narrowed down to Washington, D. C., and Topeka. The fourth ballot was a tie between these two cities. The claims of Washington were very ably presented by Norman J. Coleman, commissioner of agriculture, who was very desirous of having the next meeting held in that city. The Kansas delegation, however, were too much for him, for on the fifth ballot a majority voted for Topeka. The convention to be held here will be an unusually important one; the Grange is a very strong agricultural organization, and there will be delegates at the Topeka convention from nearly every state in the union. By accident, the next meeting of the National Farmers' congress and of the National Grange have been fixed for the same date—the third week in November. Topeka will have an opportunity to do herself proud in the entertainment of those two important national conventions. Among the prominent gentlemen present at the Lansing meeting were Governor Robie, of Maine, who is master of the grange of that state, and Governor Luce, of Michigan, who is master of the grange of that state, and also Commissioner Coleman. The latter gentleman, who was master of the first grange organized, has a plan to make Washington the headquarters of the national grange, and have all annual meetings held in that city hereafter. He thinks that a portion of the \$50,000 now in the grange treasury should be used for that purpose.

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. COFRAN, Prop.

Manufacturer of

STEAM ENGINES,

Mill Machinery, &c.

Write for Prices.

TOPEKA, KANSAS

The daughter of Mr. R. E. Church, who has been sick for the past two weeks, is reported convalescent.

Clay Bowen mourns the loss of a noble steed which had weathered the chilling blasts of thirty-three long winters—a ripe old age for a horse.

Dr. L. A. Rider's legion of friends will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed to the important position of medical examiner for the Kansas Mutual Life Insurance association, of Hawahata.

Mr. C. H. Rhodes, the veteran breeder of black cochin fowls, recently took several first premiums at the national exhibition at Chicago. Among the premiums were the following: Best display of black cochin fowls, first premium; best pair of fowls, first premium; highest scoring cockerel, score 95½ points, first premium; also the second, fourth and fifth premium for the same and the first premium for the highest scoring pullet.

TOPEKA MILL AND BUCKWHEAT MILL

Has now commenced making

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,

and will pay highest market price for buckwheat.

Salesroom 304 Kansas Avenue.

MRS. H. WEST,
Fashionable Dressmaker.
Cutting and Fitting a Specialty.
321 Quinner Street,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

H. REISNER,
Candy Factory.
307 Kan. Ave. NORTH TOPEKA.
Candy Cheap and Lots of it.
Toys, Dolls, &c. in endless variety.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; old or young; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address Tink & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FISHING TACKLE Shot Guns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

THE Chinese minister at Washington has issued cards for a large dinner at the legation on the 30th of this month.

A YOUNG woman in Englewood, Ill., avows her intention to open a darnery and mendery among the foot sore denizens of Chicago.

A TAILORING firm at Crawfordsville, Ill., advertises that a marriage license will be given every young man who will buy his wedding suit of them.

A NEGRO at Eden Station, Miss., ate twelve boxes of sardines in the space of thirty minutes, and then asked for a box of potted ham, which was refused him.

A MICHIGAN boy who had one thousand buttons on a string explained it by saying that his father is a minister and "has the sorting of the collection basket."

ANNIE MERCER, of Missaukee County, Mich., promises to become a giantess. She is only in her twelfth year, and yet she is a trifle over six feet in stature.

SAYS "Fighting Joe" Hookers cook in war times: "The only time I ever saw Hooker shed a tear was when Kearney was killed. He sat down and cried like a baby."

A PREDATORY buzzard brought famine to the door of the Port Gibson Record man by flying away with the weeks ration of beef, which the butcher had hung on the front gate.

CAPTAIN JOIRS, of Brussels, Belgium, who had been deaf for fifteen years, accompanied an aeronaut in a balloon ascension a few weeks ago, and when he reached the earth found that he had been entirely cured.

HENRY WARD BEECHER never smoked tobacco himself, but often presented his friends with a pipe. He had a great fancy for amber, that beautiful mineral so highly prized by smokers, and never failed to buy a fine specimen whenever he saw it.

TEXAS prospectors recently saw a battle between eight big gray wolves and a herd of three hundred cattle. The wolves separated a cow and calf from the rest and attacked them. The herd came to the rescue and drove the wolves away.

A BRITISH sea captain says that whales are increasing in numbers so fast that the accidents to ships from running into them will soon be of frequent occurrence. A sailing ship under a five-knot breeze might as well strike a tree as an old bull whale.

TWO years ago Alexander Hansen, of Chicago, offered his sweetheart \$1,000 if she would marry him. She accepted the offer, but he has since refused to pay either the money or the interest on it, and she has brought suit against him for \$1,500 damages.

ONE of the curiosities of this curious age was caught in the waters of the Choptank River, Maryland, a few days ago. It was a good-sized terrapin with a healthy, well-developed oyster on his back, and was both literally and figuratively on yoster on four legs.

In a Pennsylvania town a man recently went into a drug store and asked if they kept "consecrated lye." The urbane clerk replied that they did, and after purchasing the article, the man went on his way, content that he had bought what his wife had sent for.

JOHN VARNEY and his wife, who have lived on Moosehead Lake, Maine, for twenty-five years, during that time have together killed over four hundred bears, beside many deer and caribou and much small game. Mrs. Varney accompanies her husband on all his excursions.

EARL CAIRNS, who, as Viscount Garmoye, had to pay Miss Fortescue \$50,000 for failure to marry her, has just inherited \$5,000,000 from a foolish uncle. Now Miss Adele Grant, who refused to marry him because he couldn't pay for the wedding presents, may be thoughtful.

A NEWLY-INVENTED car-stove was dropped from the roof of a seven-story building in Chicago last week, after a roaring fire had been built in it. The inside cylinders of the stove were shattered to pieces, but the heavy boiler-iron casing outside was not broken, and no fire came out.

LIFE AT HONG KONG.

Dining at All Hours of the Day—Pidgin English and Its Difficulties.

While Hong Kong is not a typical Chinese city, says a letter to *The New York Mail and Express*, since it is under English government, the Chinese element predominates, and differs decidedly from that of the neighboring cities of Canton and Shanghai. The principal hotel, the Hong Kong, is under the management of an American who was for many years the manager of the Baldwin house in San Francisco. For the modest sum of three Mexicans a day, about \$2.40 of our money, I was able to "take mine ease in mine inn" in almost Sybaritic luxury.

The European taste is catered to as far as the food or "chow," as it is called here, is concerned. The cooks are all Chinamen, and very excellent cooks, for while they look with pitying eyes on the "foreign devil" who has the bad taste to prefer roast beef to stewed dog or fricasseed black cats eyes, they yet roast the beef to a turn, and run a French cordon bleu very closely in the piquancy of their sauces. The curry and rice, which might almost be called the piece de resistance, so regularly does it appear at both tiffin and dinner, is better here, to my taste, than in India, the land of its birth. The condiments eaten with the curry constitute its charm.

My boy, Ah Cheong, brings to my room every morning when I awaken, coffee, with narrow, crisp strips of buttered toast; breakfast proper is served at 9 o'clock, tiffin or luncheon at 1, and dinner which is the event of the day, at 8. As there is nothing to do after dinner—no theater, no opera, no amusement of any kind—the pleasure of dining is prolonged to the latest possible moment, and I do not know a more attractive sight than the dining room of the Hong Kong hotel from 8 o'clock to 11, or even later. The room is large, brilliantly lighted, filled with small tables ornamented with beautiful flowers and exquisite china. The junkies in constant motion keep the air cool and fresh. Everybody is in evening dress, and every nationality nearly is represented. The servants are all dressed precisely alike in long gowns of blue cotton and wear little black satin skull caps with a red button on the crown. There are about as many servants as guests, and they move noiselessly about with no confusion, perfectly impassive, their expressionless almond eyes ever on the alert, their long pigtails dangling behind. It is an evidence of want of respect for a Chinese servant to enter your presence with his cue twisted around his head; as unpardonable, for instance, as for your butler to present himself to wait on table without his coat. The head waiter is called "number one boy," and you send for him in all cases of emergency. He speaks pidgin English, as does everybody. And nearly all Chinamen understand it well enough to transact business with foreigners, but in the hotels all servants are provided with note or "chit" books, and if you can not make yourself understood you write a "chit," which is carried to an interpreter in the office. It is astonishing that such an abominable combination and arrangement of words as one finds in pidgin English should have obtained as it has in China. It is so difficult to speak, that is, to speak well (?), that there are places where it is taught.

The clerk of the hotel, a young Englishman, having given a room on the first floor to a stout gentleman who had just arrived from New York, the boy by some mistake conducted him to a room at the top of the house, no insignificant error in a hotel where there is no lift. The fat gentleman, discovering his mistake, descended to the office exceedingly limp as a collar, and also exceedingly wrath, whereupon the clerk undertook to pacify him by berating the offender.

"Who boy one fat piece man top-side number fifty one (fifty-one) room han take?" he demanded with great ferocity, and continued to harangue the boy with such energy and such a barbarous combination of words that the "fat piece man" shrieked with mirth and ordered champagne cocktails all around. A Japanese servant, however, is insulted if you address him in pidgin English, and I remember when I first went to Yokohama—a graduate in that lovely language as she is spoke in Hong Kong, Canton, and Shanghai—that I said very glibly to my Japanese servant:

"Boy, catchee me one piece chicken chop-chop, can do?"

Instead of replying as a Chinese servant would—"Missy, s'pose my no can catchee, how can no?"—he drew himself up, and with a glance of contempt said:

"Madam, I regret to say that the fowl is out."

So much for the march of civilization.

There are horses and carriages in Hong Kong, and comparatively few jinrickshas. Everybody is carried about in a chair or palanquin slung on long bamboo poles, which rest upon the shoulders of the coolie bearers. A public stand for these chairs is just across the street from the hotel, arranged precisely as the cab stands are arranged in New York, with this difference, that the moment you emerge from the doorway and raise your finger to signal for a chair, not one, but the entire force bears down upon you with such a rush that you are completely engulfed in bamboo poles, chairs, and coolies, the latter screaming at the

top of their voices: "Take my, Missy, take my," and they only disperse when you finally fall helplessly into the first chair whose coolies succeed in tripping you up by the legs. Sometimes a policeman appears upon the scene, and then they scatter, followed by the policeman at full tilt who, if he can grab the coolie by his cue and drag him around the block. These chair coolies get 16 cents an hour, and for that price they trot like mad, stopping occasionally to patronize a chow stand, and, sometimes, but not to rest.

As the Chinese language is so difficult to learn, no foreigner pretends to speak it, except, of course, the missionaries, but everybody says "chin-chin" (how do you do?) "Chop-chop" (hurry up), and "man-man" (stop). A little learning is, however, a dangerous thing, as was exemplified in the case of my friend, Miss Jackson, who, the day of her arrival among the heathen, took a chair with four bearers to see the sight. The coolies were instructed by the interpreter at the hotel before she set out on this John Gilpin expedition (as it proved to be), to take her through the principal streets and bring her back in three hours. All went well for some little time, the coolies trotted peacefully along the Queen's road—my friend enjoying the novel and fascinating motion of the chair, and taking in the strange sights. Finally a curious shop attracted her attention, and wishing to stop she rapped sharply on the side of the chair and said "Chop-chop." To her great surprise, the coolies quickened their pace somewhat and pranced gaily on. "Chop-chop," she said again with rather more energy than before, and faster the bearers trotted. She now became thoroughly alarmed, and imagining the coolies were going to take her to some out-of-the-way place and slay her, she took out her purse and holding up a handful of Mexican dollars, said imploringly, while tears started to her eyes "Chop-chop!"

"Chop-chop." At this the bearers broke into a run, and up hill and down dale, along the Queen's road, through the Chinese quarter of the town, along the Bund everywhere, in fact, those zealous, breathless coolies tore, bearing their helpless victims gallantly aloft, and finally brought up at the hotel on a dead run exactly on the stroke of the hour, their eyes starting from their heads, the perspiration streaming from every pore, their pigtailed standing out straight behind, but "sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust" that the handful of Mexicans would be theirs. Poor Miss Jackson was clinging desperately to the sides of her chair, the incessant and rapid jolting had knocked her bonnet over one eye, her hair streamed down her back, blank despair was depicted on every feature, while between her sobs she still continued to ejaculate faintly at intervals: "Chop-chop!"—"Chop!"

Ordinary mortals have two bearers, the swells have four, and most people find it cleaner as well as cheaper and more satisfactory to purchase their own chair and livery for the bearers, instead of hiring from the public stands. The livery consists of a suit of cotton pajamas of any color fancied, trimmed with braid of contrasting color, and is usually of dark blue trimmed with white, red, or black braid, or of white cotton trimmed with red or blue braid. The demi-monde who flourish on that eastern soil like the green bay tree, are always distinguished by the pure white livery of their bearers, unrelieved by the slightest shade of color.

The public gardens are very beautiful, and are kept in perfect order. The loveliest flowers, the most luxuriant palms, and the graceful bamboo are there in lavish profusion. The band plays in these gardens every Sunday night, and the English and American colony sally forth on masse to listen with devout attention to "God save the Queen" and Sullivan's "Lost Chord." If Sullivan ever finds that "chord" I hope he will send it to the bandmaster of Hong Kong. He needs it. The cemetery—appropriately named Happy Valley—is also a charming spot. Filled with flowering shrubs and clambering vines, sparkling fountains, shady arbors, covered with huge masses of fragrant honeysuckle, and under which little rustic benches are invitingly placed, it is a peaceful nook in which to lay one's bones—"far from the madding crowd, far from the haunts of men."

Sparks and Flashes.

A mellow-dramatist—A fuddled playwright.

Open to question—The mouth of an inquisitive person.

The largest apple is not always the most toothsome.

When little children gambol they do not play for money.

Phasesius supposes all the leaders of small society to be "Boss-tony" uns.

Would the pugilist be rated as a "mill" operator by the accident insurance man?

It seems as if the bread and pastry cook might not inappropriately be termed a dough-mestic.

A rural contributor writes to ask if a treatise on the gooseberry would be a welcome addition to currant literature?

The exceptional good nature of one of the officers at the police station has obtained for him the sobriquet of "the Jolly Copper" Smith.

"My son," exhorted a Bay View sage-humorist the other evening, as he fondly stroked the tangled locks of his mate offspring, "seek diligently after that in which you may excel, and, having found it, cling tenaciously to it. Hold the forte, as it were."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HANGING IS SERIOUS.

A Case Where an Innocent Man Was Sent to the Gallows.

In America, hanging people has been indulged in until it has become a serious affair. But few men can speak from experience regarding death by hanging, consequently we have in our literature but few autobiographical accounts of the execution of capital punishment act. In the main, the phrase "capital punishment" is correct when capitalists agree that a man shall be punished, the courts generally render their decisions accordingly.

While the man in the title-role of execution undoubtedly bears the bunt of the performance, yet the spectators are not wholly free from anxiety. Hilarity at a hanging requires a rather uncommendable strength of nerve. A strict observance of the old law renders it necessary that the sheriff should wear a solemn cast of countenance, and that all his verbal communications should be delivered in a voice slightly shattered by emotion. There is no standard ethics defining the polite usages and good breeding for reporters, but it is generally conceded that these restless nerve centers of the press should cease asking questions of the doomed man shortly before, or at least immediately after, the death-trigger is touched. If the hanging take place quietly and modestly in the corridor of a jail, it is not necessary for the reporters to crowd the doomed man away from the position to which he is, by the decision of the court, entitled, neither is it thought to be in good form for a reporter, just previous to the conventional "dull thud," to advise the title-role performer to take certain remedies for a cold or any other indisposition from which he may be suffering. On the occasion of a public hanging in the country the new reporter is afforded an excellent opportunity for an impressive display of the distinctive privileges which are granted to the press. With note-book and pencil proudly exhibited, he stands on the scaffold, and with that india-rubber smile whose legitimate parents are Mr. and Mrs. Extreme Self-Satisfaction, he surveys the breast-heaving crowd. He shows the people that in discharge of his great though merciless duties he feels no stirring emotions. He lifts up the hem of the doomed wretch's black robe and examines it; pulls at the rope hanging from the beam above; touches the wretch on the shoulder and asks him a foolish question; writes a few words in his note-book; and then, by his air, announces he is ready to see the law vindicated.

"Who is that man, standing off yonder, slundering?"

He is an old reporter.

As nearly as I can remember, I have "written up" twenty-six hangings; and, in truth, the last one affected me more than the first. I have seen men tremble, have seen their knees knock together, but I have never heard a condemned man utter a word of fear. Some of them, swayed by religious enthusiasm, shouted under the black cap; others believing not in a future existence, smiled at the reading of the death warrant. I shall never forget the execution of a negro named Clint Anderson. He was convicted of a nameless crime and was sentenced to be hanged in Little Rock. I have never seen a more powerful man, physically; and I have never seen a black face—even as the dusky shadows of the old "mammy" days come before me—which held so many of those indescribable lines that draw an expression of kindness. Anderson quietly but firmly protested his innocence, and such pressure had been brought to bear in his behalf that up to the time when the noose was adjusted he expected a reprieve or commutation of sentence.

"Anderson," said the sheriff when he had placed the law's victim on the trapdoor, "all hope is dead. The governor is deeply grieved and has worked day and night trying to find something in the evidence that would entitle you to mercy, but has found nothing."

He stood towering above the officers of the law. What a perfect model for a statue of Vulcan! After a moment's silence he replied:

"Den may God he'p de folks dat hab gin de evidence."

The black cap was adjusted. Hole on! he said. "Please, sah, take dis off an' lemme look at de sun one mo' time."

The sheriff removed the black cap. The giant glanced at the sun. "Ah," said he, "I see looked at yer many er time w'en I was plowin' in de fiel' an' wondered if noon would neber come. De noon o' eternity is at han'. Put de cap on."

Two years later a woman lay dying in Lonoke county. She was a white woman, but lived with the negroes.

"Is yer soul restin' easy?" a negro preacher asked.

"No."

"Is dar anything on yer mine?"

"Yes."

"Tell it ter me."

"Clint Anderson was not guilty of the crime I charged him with. I swore his life away. Will God send me to hell? Oh, my God, will I go to torment?"

"Let us hope an' pray not, poor 'oman. Put y'r trus' in Him dat died widout guilt ter sabs dem dat dies wid guilt. Oh, 'oman," cried the preacher, breaking down with emotion, "may de Lawd forgive yer awful crime."

The old preacher was Clint Anderson's father.—*Opie P. Read.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

On the 20th of next month the waltz will be one hundred years old.

O. J. Conant, after having served twenty years as postmaster at Rockland, Me, has retired.

The postoffice department has commissioned a man named Snow as postmaster at Wintertport, Me.

Typhoid fever is still epidemic at Cincinnati. It is estimated that there are six hundred cases in that city.

At Titusville, Pa., one day recently, a telegrapher sent 83 words a minute for 46 minutes—an unprecedented feat.

"Little children in need of shoes" are to be objects of special attention on the part of the New York S. P. C. C. this season.

Broadway, the longest street in New York, extends ten miles, while Benson, the shortest street, is not more than one hundred feet long.

A New York laborer who is employed on the sewers of that city says he likes his job, and that sewer gas is not unpleasant "when one gets used to it."

St. Peter's parish in Morristown, N. J., is to have a new church, which will cost \$110,000. At the least, its style will be fourteen century architecture.

A tower now being erected on the highest point of the Mount of Olives by the Russians will be so high that the Mediterranean and Red seas may be seen from the top of it.

Card-playing is becoming a great social craze in London, and it is said that thousands of young girls in that city are thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of the jack-pot.

The New York Free-Trade club has decided to establish a fully-appointed club-house and expects to start with a membership of four hundred, at \$3 initiation fees and \$35 annual dues.

A. P. Foss saw a live chicken floating and struggling in the canal at Suncook, N. H., and pulled it out. Attached to its leg was a pickler weighing over two pounds, which had grabbed the chicken's leg in such a way that it could not let go.

It is probable that New York and New Jersey will be connected by a bridge across the Hudson within a few years. The idea is to build it on the cantilever plan from Stevens point, Hoboken, to Forty-second street, the narrowest part of the river, its height to be 165 feet above high-water mark.

Charley Bates, of Tremont, Mass., claims to be the champion cranberry-picker of Cape Cod. His record was made this fall, when in nine and three-quarters hours he picked 450 quarts, or five barrels. He has picked one barrel in ninety-nine minutes, and three barrels in five hours, and six quarts in three minutes.

The English postoffice officials advise the disuse of sealing wax on letters for countries beyond the seas. It often happens that the wax is melted by the heat under the tropics or the fumigations to which mail bags are subjected. Letters are often thus stuck together and the addresses destroyed.

One of the most accomplished sportsmen in New York is J. H. Silkirk, who resides at a station named after him on the West Shore railroad, near Albany. Up to the 21st of this month he had killed 502 partridges on ground adjacent to Castleton. There are few shooters who can beat his record. The birds were divided up among Mr. Silkirk's friends.

At the recent meeting in Alexandria, Va., of the Interseminary Missionary alliance, Mr. Wilder, of the Union Theological seminary, and Mr. Forman, of Princeton, said that they had made a canvass of the seminaries and colleges of the United States, and in them found 1,300 men who expected to be foreign missionaries. Of these 130 are in Oberlin.

A detective at Columbus, O., recently came into possession of several 3-cent pieces which had been passed as 10-cent pieces. The modulus operandi of making 7 cents on each piece is to place a dime on each side of a 3-cent piece and by squeezing them in a vice, flatten the 3-cent piece and leave a dim outline of the dime on either side. The coin, after the defacement, very much resembles a 10-cent piece which has been considerably service.

The Worcester Gazette recalls a story about a New Haven belle who, with a friend, was passing a group of undergraduate rosters on the college fence, when one of the youths remarked in an undertone, but loud enough to be heard by the passers: "B-e-a-u-t-y-y, beauty." To which came the prompt response from the New Haven girl, "B-double-o-b-y-by, booby," and the young man put away his orthography till the rest of the fellows got over laughing.

The city of Montreal has not yet decided to celebrate the usual winter carnival in February. A meeting is called for next week to decide the matter. The snowshoe clubs and the amateur athletic associations, which in the past have done all the hard work, while hotels and railroads reaped the benefit, are not so enthusiastic as in former years. Many of the original promoters of the carnival favor its being run either by a paid committee or by a joint stock company.

An honest old school director at Pottstown, Pa., whose hallmarks are not first-class, concluded to visit the school in his district last week. A little girl in the school-yard spoke to him in such a manner that he severely rebuked her, when she ran into school and told the teacher that a tramp in the yard had been impudent to her. Thereupon the big boys of the school were detailed to disperse the tramp, which they effectually did with clubs and stones. The next day there was consternation when the identity of the "tramp" became known.

A strange and beautiful bird was captured a few days ago near Waverly, O., by Gus Shrader. It is immaculately white, with black spots, the bird largely predominating. Gus caught the bird in his chicken-coop, where it was tearing a chicken to pieces, and when he took up the bird to measure its wings it held fast to the hen's carcass, and it required a vigorous jerk to extricate it from its claws. When stretching out the wing quick as lightning it snapped a piece from Mr. Shrader's finger. It measured five feet and one inch from tip to tip. The oldest inhabitants say the like of its species has never been seen in those parts before.

BARBER-SHOP FOR WOMEN.

Where They Can Have a Hair-Cut or a Shampoo.

Now that the women barber has budged and blossomed and faded away like a flower show out of season, the latest new thing, says *The New York Sun*, in the tonsorial line is a woman's barber-shop—not a mere hairdressing establishment, but a shop where women can run in any time of the day and have anything, from a plain hair-cut to a shampoo, just as a man can in ordinary barber-shops. There is a large one on Fourteenth street. It is different in some respects from a male shop, but its general principle is the same. It does not have a striped pole for a sign, for fear it might be mistaken for a hosiery emporium, perhaps, and its interior decorations lack the giddy wealth of high cigarette art and the pink weekly literary attractions that are so lavish a feature of the places where men are shaved. It is up in the third story, over a store where ladies complexioners and figures are sold, and its furnishing is quietly suggestive of a parlor with three or four chairs in a row along one side. They are not the complicated arrangements with patent head rests, trap-door backs, and other attachments that are necessary to put a man into position to have his beard taken off. The chairs are plain, everyday chairs, not even armchairs. A counter and showcase in one part of the room are dimly reminiscent of the case of shaving soap and twenty-five cents for ten Connecticut Havana cigars of the male shop. There are five barbers in the Fourteenth street shop, and one woman to tend the counter. She has not yet been educated up to chase customers about with a whisp, periodically ejaculate "Shine, ma'am," or fill the other duties of a regular barber's assistant.

The patrons of the shop buy a check in the store down-stairs. For a plain hair-cut it is 50 cents, a shampoo costs 50 cents extra, and for a quarter extra a guaranteed, cant-be-old-from-life complexion will be put on.

Up-stairs the patrons sit in a row along the wall, and wait for the first barber at leisure to call out:

"Naixt! Five seventy-two!"
The woman with check 572 steps forward, her wraps removed, and puts herself at his mercy. A deft touch and two motions place her in the chair facing a big mirror.

"Vat vill it be?"
"I want my hair cut."
"Oui; how vill it be?"
"Pointed, please, and cut back on each side."
"Oui, oui; short or long?"
"Just medium, I think."
"Oui, oui, oui!"

Two whisks and a jerk place a huge calico bib around the victim's neck, and a few delicate and lingering touches tuck it away under the collar. Then the hairpins come out and three pulls and a twist bring the hair down in a cataract over the back of the chair. Then with a bottle of tonic or something in one hand the woman's front hair in the other, the barber alternates squirts of the liquor with vigorous pulls and rubs of the hair.

"Do I hurt? Oui! No! Ah!"
Then with a pair of scissors in the hand that held the bottle, seventeen flourishes and five snips cuts the straying ends, of the bangs into the desired shape.

"Dus it suit? No! Guil! Ah!"
More flourishes and several long slashes trim the ends of the long hair to a fitting evenness, and then one dab loads a finger with vaseline, and an infinity of rubs and plunges gets it thoroughly into the front hair.

"Ah!"
One pose and three motions satisfy the barber that he is all right so far and he dashes off to a gas-stove and gets a long curling-iron. A gingerly touch and a smothered d-m prove that this is not all right at all, and it takes a dozen weird brandishes through the air to reduce it to a proper degree of temperature.

"Za ees better."
"It takes three twirls and seven motions to curl every lock of hair, and a stand off and a pose go with every curl. All the time the barber is chattering French with the other four men, and the hapless victim, unless she understands French and knows that the talk is to the effect that it is a nice day to-day, and they are going to get a new girl at Mrs. La Peters boarding-house, imagines all sorts of dire comment and chaff about herself passing back and forth.

"Ah!"
A final pose and a grand swoop puts the curling iron away, and then, with both hands advanced and an air of timidity, the barber approaches until his outstretched finger tips nestle in the hair of either temple. Three different sets of wiffing caressing touches, with a different pose of timidity to each, scatter the curls in a good imitation of waywardness over the forehead, and the barber springs back into a new pose and a distortion.

"Nice?"
"Yes, very nice."
"Ah!"

A long swoop removes the calico bib, and three bows and a motion induce the woman to rise. A grab and seven flourishes with interjectatory quivers with a small broom brushes the dress off back and front, and a hop and two skips place the barber in possession of the woman's wraps.

"Allow me?"
A grace learned at French balls and burlesque shows puts the wrap over the

shoulder and adjusts the drapery becomingly. A pose and a grace of admiration complete the job.

"Naixt! Five seventy-nine!"
The process is an entirely passive one on the part of the woman. She takes her tonic, her vaseline, and even her bay rum without any questions from the barber. He cuts and slashes as he sees fit. He doesn't ask a lot of questions about how you want it and then do it the other way, and he doesn't talk politics and metaphysics between snips. And yet when one of them was asked: "Do you get many tips?" he answered with a world of scorn in his tone:

"Teeps! Mousieur, it ees voeman zat we work for! Zay nefair teep."
These five barbers in the Fourteenth street shop are kept busy all day, so that women who are up to the tricks of the place buy the tickets beforehand and keep them till they are ready to use them, so that they get the first vacant chair when they go to the shop. All sorts of women go there, even some that could well-afford to have a hairdresser at their homes. It is more convenient than to have a man at the house. Especially profitable patrons are the short haired girls. Apparently every girl with a cropped head has crisp little curls all over it. Half the time or oftener these are the work of a barber and not of nature. With two or three visits to the barbershop every week the short haired girl, even in the dampest weather, can keep her hair in as bewitching a state of curliness as ever fooled an innocent and confiding man. In ordinary fall and winter weather one barbering will last a short-haired girl a week.

Ostrich Racing in Africa.

We were treated to an exhibition which was a novelty worth traveling miles to see—an ostrich race. Two little carts, the frames of which were made of bamboo and the wheels similar to those of a velocipede, weighing, all the gear included, thirty-seven pounds, were brought forth, and four very large ostriches, trained to the business and harnessed abreast, were attached to each one. The race-course was a flat piece of country about four and a quarter miles in length; the distance to be traveled was four miles straight away and return. Two of the smallest specimens of African humanity ever seen—less than four feet in height and weighing about seventy-two pounds apiece, Bojemen, pure and simple, were selected as charioteers, and all was ready. I had been provided with a magnificent sixteen hands high English hunter, having a record placing him among the very best saddle horses of Cape Town, and was quarter way toward the turn of the course, pushing my fresh steed to do his best, when the feathered bipeds started, and before I reached the turn the ostrich chariots had passed me, going and returning like a flash of lightning. I did not see them, and yet so quickly did they vanish into distance that a pen picture, valuable for its accuracy, can not be given. The time taken at the starting point by several of the spectators was, for the four miles and return, nearly nineteen minutes, not very fast for ostriches, so they said, but too fast for English hunters, I know.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Sam Jones' Fish Story.

I tell you brethren, I am a good friend of the Baptists. I love the Baptists, and have some good solid friends among them, but I'll tell you an incident, not as a joke on the Baptists, but as an illustration of what I want to say.

Some fellows were fishing in Maine a few months ago, and they all went fishing daily. When they got to the waters they were fishing in they caught, among others a very curious fish. It was the strangest-looking fish any of the men in the crowd ever saw. One looked at it, and another looked at it, and they all discussed it a good deal, and then turned to an old, Maine man and asked him:

"What sort of a fish is this, stranger?"
"Well," he said, "I don't know the real name of the creature, but we always call it the Baptist fish."
"Why? What do you call it the Baptist fish for?"
"Well," he says, "don't you know it's because they spoil so soon after you take them out of the water."—
Laughter.

A Slight Difference.

Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, of Newark, is the minister who says, "When I want a drink I take it." For the soul of me I can't see anything very remarkable in that, even in a preacher. He would be a fool to take a drink when he didn't want it. But when he does want it, that's the time to take it. Even a donkey does that; and the donkey can't be compelled to drink when he doesn't want't. So you see, my son, there is the difference between the man and the donkey. Any man, parson or layman, can do as the donkey, or take a drink when he wants it, or even refuse to take a drink when he doesn't want one. But it takes a man, my boy, to refuse a drink when he wants it. And when he has this control over himself he can practice louder and more in a day than the Reverend Pentecost can preach in a year.—*Burdette.*

Away with superstition. A Michigan girl has found 2,155 four-leaf clovers and isn't married yet. An Omaha girl who found out how to make a pumpkin pie was married in three months.—*Omaha World.*

Two Stories.

In Ireland, many years ago, so the story goes, there lived a tailor famous for his wisdom. He was a fine workman, and had met with such success, that not only was he famous for his wise sayings, but for his fine workmanship. He always helped the men of his own trade who appealed to him, and had great influence among them. At last the wise and kindly man fell ill, and was told he could not get well. He requested that all the tailors in that part of the country be sent for, that he might tell them a secret that would go far toward giving them the success that had attended his life. His wife sent word to the men, and at the specified time they reached the town, in a state of great excitement. At last they were all crowded into the sick man's room. There was a deathly stillness. Some trembled that the secret might never be told but would die with this man. Many of them shed tears of sorrow, for when this wise man died they would lose a friend that would never be replaced. With different feelings all waited anxiously about the bed. At last the sick man opened his eyes, gazed slowly about, recognized each one. He opened his mouth; all leaned forward breathlessly, that they might catch every word. Slowly, distinctly, the words came: "Always put a knot in the end of your thread before you begin to sew. It saves time." And the wise tailor was dead when the sentence was completed.

Here is a story from *True Flag*, which, like the preceding, must teach its own moral:

There was once a tailor who had a beautiful daughter. All the young men from far and near came to visit her because of her beauty. Two rivals sought her one day and said: "It is on your account we have come hither."
"What do you want of me?" she replied smiling.

"We love you," returned the two young men, "and each of us wants to marry you."
The maiden, being well brought up, called her father, who listened to the two lovers, and then said:

"It is late, go home now, but come again to-morrow, and you shall then know which of you may have my daughter."
At daybreak the next morning the two young men returned. "Here we are," they cried to the tailor, "remember what you promised yesterday."
"Wait a little," he replied. "I am going to town to buy a piece of cloth. When I return home with it you shall learn what I expect from you."

When the tailor returned from town he called his daughter, and on her appearance he said to the young men:

"My children, there are two of you, and I have but one daughter. To whom shall I give her? Whom must I refuse? Behold this piece of cloth; I will cut from it two suits of cloths exactly alike; each one of you must sew one of them; and he who finishes his task first shall have my daughter."

Each of the rivals took his task and prepared to set about it. The father called his daughter and said: "Here is the thread, make it ready for the two workers."

The maiden obeyed her father, and, taking the bundle of thread, seated herself near the young men. But she was as clever as she was beautiful. Though her father did not know which of the young men she loved best, nor the young men themselves, she knew well enough. The tailor went away; the maiden prepared the thread; and the young men took their needles and began to sew. To the one she loved the beauty gave short needles, but to the one she did not love she gave long needles. They saved and sewed in eager haste. At eleven o'clock the work was not half done, but at three o'clock the young man who had short needles had completed his task, while the other had yet much to do.

When the tailor returned the conqueror brought to him the completed suit, while his rival still sat sewing.
"My children," said the father, "I did not wish to favor one more than another; that was why I divided the cloth into two equal parts and told you 'He who finished his task first shall have my daughter.' Did you understand me?"
"Father," replied the young men, "we understood you and accepted the test, what must be, must."

The tailor had reasoned thus: 'He who finished first will be the most skillful workman, and consequently better able to support a wife; but he never imagined that his daughter would give long needles to a man she did not wish to marry. Cleverness carried the day, and the maiden really chose her own husband.'

A BLOWING WELL.

A Natural Curiosity Developed Recently as Mobile.

Something of a curiosity in the shape of a "blowing" well was discovered yesterday on Conception street, between Dauphin and Conti streets, says *The Mobile Register*. A year or so ago Mr. J. T. Palmes, the plumber, put down a drive well on the sidewalk across the street from Thorp's stable. When the well was first put down it gave out to the pump a good stream of clear water. It afterward fell into disuse, and yesterday Mr. Palmes went to take up the pipe. The drawing frame was rigged up and the first section of the pipe was taken up. The well had been over

forty feet deep, but when all but twenty-six feet of the pipe had been taken out a hissing sound was heard, followed by a noise from the pipe which was like the sound made by boiling water.

An examination was at once made, but an explanation of the noise was not easily obtained. From the end of the pipe was pouring a strong current of air. A negro man who was helping to raise the pipe placed his hand over the mouth of the pipe to ascertain the pressure. When he removed his hand there was a sudden blast, as of escape of steam from a pop valve, and a column of water shot out of the pipe to the height of ten feet.

This queer behavior of the contents of a drive well rather disconcerted the colored man.

A little later, however, this experiment was repeated, and the water shot out of the pipe with the same violence as before.

Last night Mr. Palmes escorted a reporter to the spot where the curious well is located. There the reporter found an inch pipe projecting about a foot above the sidewalk on the east side of Conception street. The cap on the pipe was rather hard to move, but Mr. Palmes, with the assistance of Maj. W. H. Sheffield, succeeded in getting it off. As the tap was unscrewed the sound of escaping gas was heard, and when the tap was removed a current of the gas was felt rushing from the pipe. The gas made no noise in its exit from the mouth of the pipe, but there was a noise proceeding from the interior of the pipe as if there was water down there in a state of ebullition. Efforts made to induce the water to spout were unsuccessful, but by reducing the diameter of the pipe the gas was made to hiss like the escape of steam.

The gas—for gas it seems to be, although not possessing inflammable characteristics—smells flat, like the taste of High rock water. It is evidently a diluted carbonic acid gas. Lighted matches were applied to it, but with no further result than to blow the matches out.

It is useless to try to explain the presence of this body of compressed gas. It seems strong enough to boil water, and yet not quite strong enough to make a flowing well. The gas was allowed to escape for several hours yesterday, without there being any noticeable diminution in the pressure. If for no other reason than the mystery connected with it, the well is a great curiosity. It is very probable that when the water is pumped out of the well the flow of gas will be greatly increased. The water at present in the pipe acts as a heavy buffer upon the gas. Only a small quantity of the gas in the subterranean cavity is now escaping.

A Connubial Tragedy.

They had been married three weeks, and had just gone to kousekeeping. He was starting down-town one morning, and she followed him to the door. They had their arms wrapped around each other, and she was saying:

"Oh, Clarence, do you think it possible that the day can ever come when we will part in anger?"

"Why, no, little puss," he said. "Of course not; what put that foolish idea into my little birdie's head, eh?"
"Oh, nothing, dearest. I was thinking how perfectly dreadful it would be if one of us should speak harshly to the other."

"Well, don't think of such wicked, utterly impossible things any more," he said, "We can never quarrel."

"I know it, darling. Good-by, you dear old precious, good-by, and—oh, wait a second, Clarence, I've written a note to mamma; can't you run around to the house and leave it for her some time to-day?"

"Why, yes, dearie; if I have time."
"If you have time? Oh, Clarence!"
"What is it, little girlie?"

"Oh, to say if you 'have time' to do almost the very first errand your little wife asks you to do."
"Well, well, sissy, I'm awfully busy now."

"Too busy to please me? Oh, Clarence, you hurt my feelings so."

"Why, child, I—"
"I'm not a child, Clarence; I'm a married woman, and I—"
"There, there, my pet, I—"
"No, no, Clarence, if I was your p-p-et, you'd t-t-ry to—to—"

"But, Mabel, do be reasonable."
"Oh, Clarence, don't speak to me so."

"Mabel, be sensible and—"
"Go on, Clarence, go on; break my heart."

"Stuff and nonsense!"
"Oh, o—o—oh!"

"What have I said or done?"
"As if you need to ask! But go. Hate me if you will, Clarence; I—"

"This is rank nonsense!"
"I'll go back to mamma if you want me to. She loves me if you don't."

"You must be crazy!"
"Oh, yes, sneer at me, ridicule me. Perhaps you had better strike me!"

He bangs the door, goes down the steps on the jump, and races off, muttering something about women being the "queerest creatures."

Of course they'll have many such a little tiff in the years to come, and when they are old, they'll say: "We've lived together forty-five years, and never, no never, spoken a cross word to each other in all that time."—*Tid-Bits.*

Edith (to nurse)—"Papa says that such a big family of girls distresses him, and he wishes he had a boy." Nurse—"What are you going to do?" Edith—"I am going to ring for a boy!"—*Fuck.*

A WALKING GEOGRAPHY.

Wonderful Story Told by a Bootblack in St. Paul.

"Say, don't you want a shine?" asked an intelligent-looking bootblack of a reporter as he stepped into the local department of *The St. Paul Globe*.

"No" was the reply.
"O come, now; I only want 20 cents to make up the price to St. Louis," he said, and apparently forgetting the object of his call he roamed about the rooms inspecting everything within his range of vision.

"Say," he said, returning to the attack, "you never saw such a feller as me."

"Why?" was asked.
"Well, I've been all over the world. My name is John Goetz. I'm a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and only 18 years old."

"Where have you been?"

"Well, I made my first trip on the hog-boat Gypsy to San Diego, and my second trip on the same boat to San Pedro. My next trip was around Cape Horn to Rio de Janeiro for diamonds. Then I took two trips on the clipper ship Sterling to Valparaiso, in Chili, after coconuts for New York. I next shipped on the great Admiral to Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, after sugarcane. Then we went to Melbourne, Australia, for merchandise and Sydney for gold dust. Well, I followed this up with a trip to Tokio and Yokohama, Japan, after tea and silk for Calcutta and America. Went to Singapore, Straits of Malacca, and traded cargo of merchandise for a cargo of rags to Calcutta, where we got tea and rice for America. We went to Dahle, in India, also, after tea, which we brought to America, together with ten boxes of pearls, which we got in Karlet, Persia. The next trip we went to Arabia after coffee, and to Mecca after rags. This trip took about ten months."

Here this precocious young arab cocked his feet on the table inserting his thumbs in his vest, received a message intended for *The Globe*, with a patronizing nod to the messenger boy, remarked: "That's right, me son."

"Well he continued, "I next went on the sealing-ship San Jose to Alaska. We got 2,840 sealskins, eight white bear skins, six seal otter skins, all of which we sold at Victoria, B. C. The last ship I was on was the Aureola. I didn't do anything in the line of hard work until the second day at sea, when the cook started me to scrubbing the galley, then to get up in the morning at 3 o'clock to build a fire. I had next to attend to the cooking, and finally wash the dishes. His name was Bob McAllister, and he was a lazy devil, too. When I finished things in the kitchen he made me help the sailors. One day I was mad, and instead of putting sugar in the dough I filled it with salt and red pepper. I got punished for that, but when I reached port I knocked the skylight out of him. Well, I finally reached Seattle, Washington territory, and then to St. Paul. I'm going to St. Louis, where my folks live."

The way the youngster rattled off the different places on foreign shores clearly showed that what he said was true or else he was a regular walking geography. He has been stranded in Australia, in Liverpool, and India, and according to his own story has really traveled as much if not more than any boy of his age in the country. He told of many other places he had been, and then described to a dot the customs and appearance of foreign countries. He is certainly a wonderful lad and could be used in an office to much better advantage than any map ever printed. He is a short, squat boy, wears striped trousers, a white shirt, two sack coats of the same size, and a light colored stiff hat.

A Wild West Chieftain.

Red Shirt, Cody says, is the best Indian he ever had anything to do with. He is high-minded, honorable, and affectionate. He is always cool and very quiet, yet he is a very rigid disciplinarian. He has killed at six different times men of his tribe in the West who refused to obey him. Last summer one of the Indians caused the police a great deal of annoyance by crossing the bridge over to the American Exhibition side, for the purpose of talking with some of the bazaar girls. Repeated fines would not check him. He was fined so much that his pay for the season was down to about a pound. Then Red Shirt was appealed to to use his authority. Red Shirt walked up to the disobedient Indian, and without raising his voice at all he said in his smiling, gentle way: "You are a bad Indian. You have been requested by Col. Cody and myself to not cross this bridge. Now I have come to tell you one thing. If you ever cross that bridge again without permission I will kill you." With this Red Shirt stalked away. From that day forward this bad Indian never even went near the end of the bridge.—*London Letter.*

A Fatal Want.

"It's a very pretty house," said the young husband frankly, "and I like it extremely in itself, but the location is bad. I don't think it will do."

"Why, George," said the young bride, astonished, "what in the world do you mean? It's right in the centre of the most fashionable part of the city."

"I know dear," said George soothingly. "I know it's the fashionable quarter, and that's just the trouble. You are just from Vassar, you know, and there is not a bake-shop within half a mile."—*Somerville Journal.*

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Dec. 10 1887.

We don't believe in the right of free speech on the part of ignorant and criminal foreigners. We may advocate free speech on the part of citizens to a very liberal degree, but when it comes to allowing foreign anarchists, nihilists, and similar enemies of republican government, the right to undermine our national principles, let it be required that they first become citizens before beginning their reforms, and let it require as long for them to become voting citizens as it takes for a native born citizen to become a voter. Make them keep their mouths shut for twenty one years before permitting to openly provoke treason.

"It is just as ridiculous to say it would make a woman act coarse and ramdage round, to vote, as to say that kissin' a pretty baby makes a man a hen-huzzy. . . . You may want a green shade onto the front side of your house, and to that end and effect you may plant an acorn, and set out a rose-bush; but all the legislators in creation can't make that acorn-tree blow out with red roses, no more can they make that rose-bush stand up straight as a giant. And their bein' planted by the side of each other, on the same ground and watered out of the same waterin' jug, don't alter their natural turn. They will both helpshade the window, but do it in their own way, which is different. And men and wimmen votin' side by side would no more alter their natural dispositions than singin' one of Watts' hymns together would. One will sing bass and the other air, so long as the world stands."—JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

A Return to Fractional Currency.

The United States Postal Improvement Association is the name of an organization that has been formed to promote the re-issue of fractional currency, and also to secure a reduction in the postage on seeds and plants. Every planter now has to pay tax of 16¢ per pound on seeds, bulbs and cions, as that is the postage on this class of mail matter. It is desired to have seeds and plants classed as third-class mail matter, and subject to a rate of postage of one cent for each two ounces or eight cents per pound. The rate in Canada is only four cents per pound. Any plan that will facilitate the dissemination of plants and seeds is for the universal good of the nation, and will be supported by nine-tenths of our population. Incidentally it is desired to abolish the present postal note system and substitute therefore money orders for \$5 or less at a charge of three cents. The value and importance of this great facility to the mail business of the country will be generally recognized.

We heartily indorse this movement to increase our postal facilities. We urge all of our readers to immediately write to their representatives in both branches of Congress to give this matter their earnest and cordial support. The value of these personal letters to Congressmen from their constituents cannot be over-estimated. If this is followed up by the general circulation of petitions in behalf of these measures, success will be assured. The national grange in session at Lansing, Mich., unanimously voted on Monday to help this work for postal improvement in every possible and legitimate way. Success is certain, if every one in favor of these ideas will take hold in earnest.

There is continually an increasing evidence that the people desire the re-issue of fractional currency. At present a large majority of our citizens are hindered in making remittances in sums less than \$1, very much to their discomfort and dissatisfaction. Either postage stamps or postal notes must be used. In most cases, distance from the nearest money-order postoffice renders it difficult to secure the postage, while postage stamps are not intended as a circulating medium, and are not negotiable. Moreover postal notes, being issued at only about 14 per cent of the postoffices in the country, are difficult to obtain. They are no safer than a fractional currency bill, while those who have experienced the delay necessary in our large towns and cities to secure one of these notes, as well as to collect the payment on it, will be in sympathy with the present movement to secure from Congress an early re-issue of fractional currency.

All who are interested in this matter are requested to apply at this office by mail or in person for circulars giving further information, blank petitions to Congress, etc. These may also be obtained free upon application to the secretary of the association Herbert Myrick of Springfield, Mass. We shall be pleased to have our readers discuss this matter freely in our columns.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Items 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.

Fiberite 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 1853 to 1883 the population of Chicago increased 5.1 times, and the death-rate 8.7 times, the deaths from nervous disorders increased 20.4 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 night 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 tin foil coated with a thin layer of gutta percha solution (dissolved in benzine 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 away and the pen-and-ink sketch left in its stead. Thus very artistic results may be produced by a simple chemical process.

A new building material called stone-brick, 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 alumina, 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 grass mower and reaper; 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 lathe; 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, amidogen, diamide or hydracine, as it is variously called. This remarkable body, which has hitherto baffled all attempts at isolation, 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 linen or cotton cloth, and by means of hot steam, coagulated, the cloth to be then immersed in a bath of stannic chloride, well washed and dried. By 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 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 thirteen years, and has given great satisfaction to the Chinese."

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

"All Things in Order."

"Life," said Mr. Beecher on one occasion, "is a sparing of great events and great occasions and opportunities; it is the little things that make up the sum total."

So it is in housekeeping. The business of conducting a household with comfort and success depends upon a vast number of "little things." Let these little things be in order, and there will be far less of the friction, fault-finding and complaining that banish happiness quite as completely as some great sorrow.

To begin with. Let no housewife tolerate dull knives. Who has not seen the head of a household struggle and fret and perspire over the carving of a joint, not because the meat was abnormally tough, but because the knife was too dull? Let us take a lesson from our butchers. No vendor of roasts and joints would dream of conducting his business without having his hatchets, saws and knives thoroughly overhauled, and their edges renewed at regular intervals. The housekeeper sees the tradesman run his steel between bones, separating joints, removing rinds, reducing steaks to their proper proportions, and then wonders why the meat that seemed so tender at the stall appears so tough upon the table. It is so simply because the butcher takes care that his knives are sharp, and yours madam, have never had their edges renewed, perhaps, since the day you bought them.

Why is the coffee so muddy? Have you examined the sieve in the coffee-pot? It is not the cook's "business." She does the work; it is your part to provide her with the proper implements. Why does the toast taste of fish? Have you made sure that there is a broiler distinctly kept for the fish, and a toaster provided for the toast?

Do the glasses on your table show the signs of grease and sport the lint of rough toweling? Have you made sure that the kitchen is supplied with towelling to be used for glass and silver and nothing else? If the cat has stolen the cream, and the mice have appropriated your cheese, have you examined the latch on the closet door? If the flies have rendered your food unfit to use, and a legion of ants have chosen your larder as a parade ground, have you provided yourself with wire screens, nettings, and those luxuries ants most love, but which destroy them most certainly?

Be sure that each department of household labor is well supplied with ways and means. If you want your linen fresh and sweet, procure the best quality of soap and see that there is an airy place to dry it in. Use no chemical compounds for bleaching, etc., but see that nature's agents, sun and air, have a fair chance at them. Let each vegetable have its own utensil, and cook no onions in the pot that must afterwards furnish forth sweet peas or potatoes. Let your baking tins shine and the bread pans be sacred to bread alone. Have a spice box with the labels upon each division, and permit no social intercourse between allspice and nutmegs. Be sure that your brushes are clean and new enough to retain a firm hold upon each particular hair.

In short, attend to the little things. What servant can collect dust in a dust-pan whose edges has a series of uneven and unequal curves? A scrubbing brush so worn as to have no tufts of hair within an inch of its edges should be relieved from further service. A broom with its straw bent and worn down till it is little more than a harsh stub may do for a sidewalk, but has no business with a carpet. It is said that a good workman never quarrels with his tools. Precisely because he takes the best of care to have them in order. Housewives, if you want your work well done, see that you provide the proper implements. Select them with care, and be sure of their efficiency. What could the genius of Raphael or Michael Angelo have achieved with a ragged paint brush or a blunt chisel?—*Examiner.*

A Pointer for the Parson.
An amusing typographical blunder was perpetrated in Carson, Nev., recently. Rev. Van Duventer sent to the *Tribune* his theme for the following Sunday's discourse, "Receipt for the Cure of Hoodlumism." This appeared in print as "Receipt for the cure of Rheumatism," and it had the effect of crowding the church with people, many of whom had not attended divine worship for a quarter of a century, and a considerable number of whom were stiffened more or less with rheumatism.—*Oreaha Bee.*

Judge Lacombe says he has no jurisdiction over Ives. Nobod, else seems to have. Ives beautifully illustrates the fact that this is a free country.—*New York Tribune.*

The supreme court of Illinois appears to be waiting for bouquets and cold quail.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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SMILES AND TEARS.

My lot is cast with those who tread
The humbler walks of life; with feet
That oft are weary—begging bread
And blistered with dust and heat.
And all the story of my years
Is but a tale of smiles and tears.

I may be earth's most favored king;
A ruler of the land and sea.
The winds of every clime may bring
A tribute of respect to me—
Yet all the story of my years
Is but a tale of smiles and tears.

It may be that my life hath wrought
Some mighty truth from chaos, when
The way was dark and no one sought
To cheer the burden'd hearts of men.
Still, all the story of my years
Is but a tale of smiles and tears.

It matters not what rank I hold
Among the sons of toil and strife,
Or whether young or whether old,
I reach the goal of mortal life.
For all the story of my years
Is but a tale of smiles and tears.

For all the stories of my years
Are but the tales of smiles and tears.
—Morris H. Turk.

The Three Rivals.

A Venezuelan Tragedy.

Henry Montero and Mary Rodriguez were betrothed—that is, they had exchanged rings, which in Venezuela is considered as binding to the faith and word of either party as the actual marriage.

The lady was of a proud, wealthy family—the lover had only his commission in the army and a large, generous heart to recommend him. Marie loved her Henri spite of Dame Fortune's frowns, and resolved to marry him, even in opposition to the will of her august relatives and the imperious commands of her stern father and good mother. Yes, even while the devoted attentions of the renowned and wealthy Juan Lapuerta, her cousin, were the talk of all the country round, and the congratulations of all her friends upon her conquest of the old bachelor, poured in from all sides.

The, stiff periwigged, perfumed gentleman of fifty presumed to solicit the love of a girl of seventeen, and to imagine that his broad acres, fine buildings and big bank account were sufficient to captivate the heart of the young girl. In this he was mistaken. He thought that Marie deserted him, and that she had a settled determination to possess her at all hazards. Still gems, trinkets and the most costly gifts were returned to him, with a polite message from the lady that she was not fond of ornaments, and seldom wrote them unless they were gifts of some dear friend whose memory was cherished.

"She does not love gold, that is clear," thought the suitor. "There must then be some other motive for her refusal. Marie is romantic. All girls of seventeen are romantic. A bower of roses and a penitence here for a lover is all they desire. Yes, Marie is in love, and with some one else. I must find out who is my rival."

His suspicion soon lighted on Henri, whom he narrowly watched. Many were the plans made to draw the unsuspecting youth into a snare and anger him into a quarrel, but in vain. He hated dueling, and would not be affronted.

There was also another suitor, who, of course, hated the other claimants, especially Henri, whose youth and manly beauty were so much in his favor. He was an ex-English colonel—Halstead, by name—and was a man of very vindictive disposition, and stopped at nothing to attain his object.

The young lady's father was indifferent who she chose, provided the accepted husband added gold to his coffers, and each was allowed opportunity to prosecute his suit.

But the gentle Marie still remained faithful to her Henri, though he gave her no diamonds, nor promised splendid castles and numerous attendants to do homage to her beauty. He was about to join his regiment, and the fond couple met to take a last, perhaps, eternal farewell. He was, as usual, full of hope and bright anticipations, she rather sad and desponding; for was he not going far away and leaving her to the solicitations of her other suitors? They parted with tears and smiles, and he pursued his lonely route to the village.

As he passed through a dark cluster of woods, Col. Halstead suddenly confronted him.

"Draw, hound," he exclaimed, "draw and defend yourself. I witnessed that last interview, and either you or I must leave our blood on the sword."

Henri stood unmoved.

"I will not stain my sword in such an unworthy quarrel," said he. "Give place, s'r. If the object of our mutual regard has decided in my favor, it is not my fault, neither does it lessen your merits, which would, no doubt, be appreciated by hundreds of fair damsels as amiable as Senorita Rodriguez."

Henri said this without the least intention of insulting his rival, but the latter misconstrued his words. His face became livid with rage.

"Peculiar dog!" he shouted, dashing his glove in Henri's face, causing the blood to gush from his nostril. "Coward! ape! slanderer! will you take your station, and decide this matter by fair fight? If you do not, I will blow your brains out!"

It was not in the nature of man to

brook so glaring an insult without retaliation. Henri snatched a pistol from his belt, and the colonel, sheathing his sword, grasped a similar weapon. Fury gleamed in the eyes of the combatants; they retreated about six paces.

The pistols were already raised, when a figure, shrouded beyond recognition in a large cloak, appeared suddenly from behind a tree. A knife flashed in the moonbeams a moment, and the next was buried deep in the back of the colonel, who fell dead without a groan, the pistol still grasped in his hand.

Henri stood rooted to the spot in terror and astonishment. The murderer had disappeared as suddenly as he came. The moonbeams pierced the dark masses of the trees, and shone full upon the upturned face of the colonel, but gave no trace of any other human being. Henri almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and had he been the challenged, would have been half inclined to think it only a ruse to avoid fighting. But this was not the case. The colonel was no coward. It was he who made the first onset.

Henri was no duelist, and would have rushed upon his antagonist's sword rather than point one willingly at his breast. Yet there he stood unharmed, the pistol he had grasped so unwillingly, still in his hand, without having performed its dreadful duty, and yet his rash rival stretched out a corpse before him! He recovered slowly from his apathy—laid down the pistol and went and knelt down by the side of the dead man, and endeavored to staunch the wound, though convinced of its inutilty. His own handkerchief marked Henri Montero in full was employed for this purpose. He then proceeded to search the pockets of the dead man, thinking it probable he carried some treasures about him which might tempt others to rob him while he was gone for assistance. Whatever valuables he might find upon the body, he resolved to carry to the nearest relations, and then proceed to the village for aid. He found in the pockets a well-filled purse and an anonymous letter directed to the colonel, giving him information that his rival, Henri Montero, had supplanted him in the affections of the fair Marie, and that evening the lovers were to meet in a certain trysting spot—that Henri had frequently made use of derisive epithets in speaking of the colonel, and warning him to beware of the low-born upstart. There was no signature, but as Henri crushed the letter in his hand and thrust it into his pocket, he said to himself:

"I know that hand-writing. A light breaks on my mind."

He was preparing to leave the spot, when the sound of many voices arrested his attention.

"Ah," thought he, "assistance comes without seeking it."

All the time the youth had not the least suspicion of any danger threatening himself from his position, and stood calmly waiting the approach of the footsteps, which he tried to hasten by crying loudly for help. The next moment he was surrounded by a group of men who gazed with surprise upon the scene before them.

"Ah! a murder committed! and, here, no doubt, is the murderer!" exclaimed one, as he seized Henri by the arm.

The latter shook off the grip.

"A murder has been committed, but not by me," he said. "I was about to seek for assistance to convey the body of the colonel home, and to seek for his slayer. Let us go over to the magistrate."

"The colonel!" exclaimed the first speaker. "It is then, he, and he has been killed for his money. Of course he has been robbed, also."

"I took care to prevent that," said Henri, "and have his money in my possession."

"This looks dark," said a second boor, taking a cigarette from his mouth.

"He has his 'money,' and was 'found alone with the dead'—rather suspicious," said a third.

Some had stooped down to examine the body and one lifted the handkerchief which had been so uselessly employed.

"Your name, young man?" he demanded.

"Henri Montero," replied the youth. The man put the handkerchief into his pocket, and without further remark bade his companions to bind the murderer and bring him along.

"Touch me not! I am innocent," exclaimed Henri.

Yet, as he spoke, the extreme peril of his situation and the circumstances under which he was found, rushed so forcibly upon his mind that he staggered and turned pale.

"'Tis true," he thought—"everything appears against me." Yet suddenly assuming a calmness that he did not feel, he said: "I am ready to go with you. Lead on. I shall soon clear myself of this charge."

The court was crowded to excess. Henri Montero was poor and had not a retinue of counsel, while the colonel, who was rich, had many friends who thronged the court-room.

Henri's suit had been rejected by the father of Marie, while the colonel's had been favored. Everything appeared clear in the lynx eye of the law. A secret assassination—a pistol found near the body—a handkerchief marked with a name of the culprit—the money of the deceased found in his possession—no witnesses near to prove his innocence. All was as clear as day.

Henri was doomed, and sentence about to be pronounced upon him, when in answer to the question whether he had anything to say for himself, he earnestly requested the delay of a

few days, after which, if his innocence was not proved, he was willing to suffer the penalty of the law. The court was not inexorable. The request was granted. No one save his counsel was permitted to visit him. Yet while his fellow men condemned him, one gentle heart plead in his favor. Marie said to herself. He is innocent, and it will yet be proved."

In the solitude of his cell, Henri related to his lawyer all the circumstances of his case. The lawyer listened attentively—took possession of the anonymous letter, and inquired every particular of the meeting and its cause, then left, with the promise that a new trial would be granted him. Henri stretched himself upon his straw pallet in that peaceful repose which the guilty never know.

Again was the prisoner brought before the judges and directly in front of him sat Juan Lapuerta, his countenance expressing exultation and gratified revenge.

The whole evidence was again reported, and produced the same result. Then Henri's counsel rose and addressed the court. He went over the testimony of the prisoner, during which glances were exchanged and whispers heard on all sides. He then produced the letter which he had taken from Henri, and handing it to Marie's father, asked that gentleman if he recognized the hand-writing.

"I do," replied the old man, turning pale and glancing at Lapuerta, his nephew.

"And this knife, gentlemen of the jury, speaks for itself. It is true the pistol found near the body belonged to the prisoner at the bar, and the handkerchief was marked with his name. But the pistol had not been discharged, consequently it could not have been the cause of the colonel's death; and the handkerchief proves nothing. The wound was in the back, inflicted by a knife, and here it is. It was dropped by the murderer in his flight, and it is marked 'Juan Lapuerta' whom, in the presence of the court, I accuse of the assassination."

The sensation produced was wonderful. Lapuerta, struck dumb by the suddenness of the charge, had not a word to say in his defense. He was immediately arrested and placed in a cell, where he voluntarily confessed his crime. He acknowledged that his object had been to remove both the obstacles to his wishes—Henri and the colonel—at one blow. But fate saw fit to punish the guilty and save the innocent.

Lapuerta died penitent, after witnessing at his own request, the marriage of Henri and Marie, to whom he bequeathed all his property.

Farming Near Cities.

Excepting for milkmen and market gardeners there are no great advantages in living near a large city. Even for these, nearness to a railroad station, with convenient trains, gives nearly every benefit that the great city could afford. The consequence is that land a little too far out for building lots, and therefore not readily salable at high prices, is largely held on speculation, and generally without paying one-quarter the interest on its assumed value. The speculative idea is rarely practical, and after a few years of such holding there often comes a crash, when the property is sold at a terrible loss to somebody. It has really fallen to its true value, as everything must in time, however much it may be boomed.

We have not any where in the East such land speculators as prevail in some parts of the West. But even here fictitious values prevail for some land which only extraordinary growth of cities can make real. Every spread of an inland city enlarges its area on all sides, and if it is on the sea-coast an extension of even two or three miles from the centre includes a great area. So far as this high-priced land can be cultivated and manured, according to the ideas of market gardeners, it may be made to pay, provided the right man gets hold of it. But the farmers who intend to grow ordinary crops had better go twenty to thirty miles from a city, and pay a little extra price for nearness to a station on some good freight railroad. There he will be sure of a market for all ordinary farm produce, and he may get such land for half or less what the factitious advantage of nearness to a great city would cost him to buy there.

It is true a city might grow out to him. Chicago and a few other great cities have done so; but in far the greater number of cases all the rise in values has been more than eaten up by interest and taxes. No one can safely buy land unless he can make it pay interest and taxes all the time. Then and then only is the advance in prices clear gain.

Even when the long-vacant land is at last drawn into the vortex of the city, its owner's troubles have begun. Streets must be laid out and hundreds of dollars per acre of the farm spent in grading, digging sewers, laying water mains, sidewalks and street pavements. By the time all these are paid for the profits of the land holder have sunk to nothing. What Henry George and his followers have to say about the "unearned increment" of land is sheer nonsense. Alike in the crowded city, with very few exceptions, as on the farm, land, as such, has no value in itself. What it sells for is mainly, if not entirely, represented in the labor used in developing it. So here, as everywhere else, it is really labor that is taxed. Whoever argues otherwise merely talks nonsense.—*American Cultivator*.

There are no rounds of drinks in the ladder of success.—*Pruck*.

HERMITS OF THE WEST.

Misanthropic Thoreans Who Have Buried Themselves in the Wyoming Hills.

On the right bank of Green river, twenty miles or more from the town of Granger, says a letter from Wyoming, is a singular dwelling. Architecturally, it combines the dug-out of the plains with the old log-cabin of the oak openings. In its isolation and security it is a castle; in homely simplicity and dreary surrounding it is a hovel. From the outside you would call it a potato celler or a moorland stable, but once inside the oaken door you pronounce it a museum of natural history. The room is a trifle longer than it is wide. Opposite the door is a small camp-cooking stove, flanked on one side by a large packing-box, used for a wash-stand, and on the other by a plain cupboard. Against one wall is a rude bunk, made of boards, filled with hay and covered with coarse gray blankets. Over this, pendent from a noble pair of antlers, is a Winchester rifle, a cartridge belt, and a hunting-knife. On the other side of the room is a rustic book case. The floor is of clay, hard and cold, save for the black bear skin in front of the bed, and the tawny cote hide by the stove. Scattered about are traps of various sizes, chains, fishing-tackle, pelts, birdskins, groceries, and clothing. The occupant is evidently a hermit. His character, for he is not at home, we will discover from a hasty perusal of the books upon his shelves. He must be a man of education and refinement. Here is Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, and Pope. Novelists are represented by Hawthorne, Cooper, George Eliot, Thackeray, Scott, and Ebers, Kant, Newton, Hamilton, and McCosh have their place. "Isis Unveiled" is beside "Atlantis." There are the old magazines and standard works on hunting, trapping, and natural history, and in its old leather covers, is an edition of Cicero's "De Senectute," the title of which bears the simple inscription, "Dartmouth College, 1848."

Evidently our hero has more of a history than many of the characters of modern fiction. Here he comes now, through the sage brush—a rifle slung on his shoulder, the hindquarters and hide of an antelope on his back. Grizzled and weather-beaten, his sixty odd years have made him as tough and sturdy as the gnarled oak. His kindly welcome assures us that he does not regard all intruders as enemies, and we are soon eating venison steak, using pocket knives for forks, and drinking coffee from the common cup. After supper, as we sat about the warm fire and clouded the atmosphere with fumes from corn-cob pipes, he told us the story of his life.

After his graduation he was smitten with the gold fever, and after a long trip around the Horn reached California in the spring of 1850. The next seventeen years were spent in prospecting, and his fortieth year found him a disappointed and disheartened man so far as wealth and worldly success were concerned. The golden treasure was always in sight, but never within his grasp. As in hundreds of similar cases, others reaped rich benefits from his labors. Then he devoted himself to hunting and trapping in the Sierra, along Snake river, and finally in Wyoming, where he had been for the last seven years. His friends are dead. He has no love for the world from which he has so long been an alien, and he expects to die as he has lived, alone. He is no longer poor, but might live in comfort on the savings of the twenty past years. But no, he is too settled in his life to exchange it for the privileges of civilization. Coyote hides, beaver pelts, and the skins of black bear and "silver tips" do more than support him, and his spare time is devoted to rewriting his copious notes on the fauna of the Sierra and the Rocky mountains. And so, unknown in life, he hopes to save his name from oblivion by giving to the world of naturalists the result of his patient study and observation.

Were his case an isolated one I should not have mentioned it. But such is not the fact. The mountains of the west are full of misanthropic Thoreans—with men who love nature with all the intensity of Burroughs and John Muir, who for her sake make their homes in the wilderness and feel absolute enjoyment only as she reveals to them her secrets and hidden mysteries. Their hearts are the kindest and softest, but at the same time their natures are as rugged and inflexible as the mighty peaks among which they live, and I reverence them as priests of those mysteries which are foreign to the world of business and pleasure. Their minds are far above the shop and the ledger, and if their refining and elevating influences are felt only by the rude cowboys and sheepherders with whom they come in contact, their lives will not be spent in vain.

Man Should be Like the River.

All rivers, small or large, agree in one character, they like to lean a little to one side. They cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon and another to get cool under; one shining shore to play over, where they may be shallow and foresh and childlike, and another steep shore under which they can pause and purify themselves and get their strength of waves fully together for due occasions. Rivers in this way are just like wise men who keep one side of their lives for play and another for work, and can be brilliant and chattering and transparent when they are at ease and yet take deep council on the other side when they set themselves to the main purpose.—*Ruskin*.

HERE AND THERE.

A small boy of Smithfield, Ga., who had often expressed a desire to catch a buzzard, was missed, and, after he had been away all day, was found in a field, lying on the ground and "playing dead." He said that he was trying to make the buzzards think that he was really dead, so that they would come near enough for him to catch them.

The Berlin Post states authoritatively that the government has resolved to introduce in the army a new smaller bore repeating rifle, and that the repeaters now in use will be transferred to the reserves and the landwehr. The change is made necessary, the paper says, because the French war department has adopted a small bore rifle.

Dero Mills, a gallant bachelor of Hendersonville, Tenn., was unexpectedly presented with a baby on the streets in Nashville. The mother, a stranger to him, gave the young one to him to protect it from the crush that followed the appearance of the President and his party. She did not return to claim her property, and the Hendersonville man still has it.

Among the relics taken from the High Mound, near the Ohio River, recently, were two silver crosses and thirty silver shoe buckles. The buckles, bearing the French Crown and date of 1739, were probably part of the convent outfit, and belonged to some Jesuit missionaries. This indicates the use of the mound as burial places down to quite recent times.

Fifteen years ago Jacob Trackback, of New Portage, Ohio, who was thought to be rich, and was known to be miserly, died, but all efforts to find the money that he was supposed to have accumulated failed. The other day two woodchoppers cut down a tree near the miser's old home, and in a hole in the tree found gold, silver and notes to the value of \$10,000.

George Carter and Ella Crosby went in from the country to see the Louisville Exposition. When they arrived they found that the show was over. They returned to the depot, but found that their train would not leave in several hours. Carter proposed that in order to kill time they should get married, and so in that way they killed time until the next train came along.

A citizen of Copenhagen, Denmark, recently wrote to St. Louis, asking for an appointment on the police force of that city. He inclosed his photograph and said he was 6 feet 4 inches in height, weighed 230 pounds and could outrun and outwalk any man of his size in the country. He was informed that there were 200 applications by residents of St. Louis ahead of him.

Queen Victoria's fancy for the Highland dress has brought it into the highest fashion. As soon as she goes up to Balmoral every servant is at once put in kilts. As for the royal princes, they are extremely fond of the Highland costume and even that round-faced Teuton, Prince Henry of Battenberg, comes out as a barelegged Highlander. They all wear the Stuart tartan.

Macarons and taffy are now the toothsome mediums by which the most nauseous of remedies, cod liver oil, may be taken into the system. A single macaron or a square of taffy is made to contain a tablespoonful of oil, but so completely disguised that children eagerly swallow the sweets without suspicion, while their elders gratefully commend this most successful experiment in the interests of medicine.

A New York jeweler has a curious clock which was imported from Paris. It is a bronze model of a steam boiler, and has a steam gauge, safety valve and speed regulator, while a thermometer occupies the place of the water gauge. The dial of the clock is on the furnace door, and above it is a barometer. When the clock is running the pendulum balls of the speed regulator do the work of the ordinary pendulum.

Mr. Watson, the American traveler, thus describes an annual ceremony at the court of Dahomey: "The king sits on a platform with his subjects below him. Men are then put, bound hand and foot into a basket, which runs down a slide and discharges them among the mob, who at once proceed to chop them into small pieces. Mr. Watson expostulated, but the king explained to him that the victims were 'offensive political partisans.'"

Seward Mitchell of Palmyra, Me., was worth a small fortune at one time. He sold his farm to a man who paid a small sum of money down and gave his word that he would pay the rest, but never paid. Mr. Mitchell believed it was wrong to take a note on security when dealing with a neighbor. He has a scheme for keeping a store which shall be left open to all, so that anybody may take what he wants and leave in exchange whatever he may think fair.

The schooner M. A. Baston recently brought to Gloucester from La Have banks a most peculiar sea monster, unlike anything ever seen by the oldest fisherman there. It was four feet long and five inches thick; had one dorsal fin extending the whole length of its back and triangular shaped head, the lower jaw extending two inches beyond the upper. Both jaws were armed with very sharp teeth. The upper jaw had three long prongs at the extreme tip. This queer fish will be sent to the Smithsonian Institute.

A young Australian near Bochara, after an unusually hard day's work sheep-shearing, went to sleep on the sitting room couch after supper. Soon he awoke, walked out into the darkness, went through four gates, which he carefully closed, to the woodshed and then hung up his coat and took down his sheep shears and sharpened them. Then he caught a sheep and had just finished shearing it when some of the household came with a lantern. Then it turned out that he had been asleep all the time, and the light of the lantern awakened him. The sheep was shorn as well as though it had been done in broad daylight.

"Lectover" is the name of a new and murderous munition of war in Russia. It was discovered by a Russian engineer, and is as strong as pyroxyline and ten times cheaper than saltpetre powder. It possesses great superiority over all explosives of the dynamite class by the fact that when fired its force does not strike downward. It can be used, it is said for all purposes to which ordinary gunpowder is now applied without any damage to the weapon discharged. The minister of war is having a special factory built for its manufacture. The composition is a secret.

INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

No Living by Crops Alone.

He is not the best farmer who realizes the most money from a given number of acres, but he who, while producing the largest crops possible with the facilities at hand, does not fail to keep everything trim and attractive—the house and grounds in order, fences in good condition (those around the house painted or white-washed), the yard covered with turf, dotted with trees and shrubbery; the back yard as neat as the front, not a single corner for rubbish; the kitchen garden free from weeds and full of every vegetable in its season. In the household everything that tends to the comfort of the family will be at hand. At the barn everything can be in place; no loose boards and litter about the yard, no holes of dirty water, no implements wasting in the weather. A good farmer will be ambitious to have a good road by his premises; even gratis labor will be given to this end. In many places trees will be planted along the way, and neatly trimmed hedges take the place of unsightly zigzag fences. The roadside will be moved in proper season, thus destroying weeds and keeping along the border a plot of nice green grass. Thus in everything pertaining to the farm the farmer will not only keep before his mind the profit to be derived, but will often be content with less money in order that the love for the beautiful and good may be cultivated and the highest type of manhood developed by the side of great crops of grain and herds of fine stock.

—New York Tribune.

The Field Pea as a Food Crop.

A Surrey county (Va.) correspondent of *The Country Gentleman* writes: In common with many other Southern farmers, I am an enthusiastic advocate of the southern field pea as a forage and manurial crop for our section. It is hardly possible to say too much for it in these particulars. I am pleased to notice, too, that Mr. Henry Stewart, author and farmer, and now of the South, understands its value, and knows how to speak its praises.

But the field pea has other uses than those of forage and green manuring. It is a valuable and highly nutritious and healthful food plant for man, as well as for stock. All varieties of it are good for the table, and black eye, black, red, clay and other kinds form a staple supply of the Southern market. As green shell peas in summer, and as dry peas in winter, boiled and fried, or boiled with pork or bacon, it forms a palatable and acceptable dish, and there is, I believe, no product of the farm that is more nutritious and strengthening food, and it has the further recommendation of being very cheap.

Good at breakfast, dinner or supper, cheap, palatable and healthful, and also perfectly harmless when properly—that is, thoroughly—cooked, it ought to be far more generally known and eaten than it is. Along with corn bread and potatoes, it is the food of the poor. It yields a larger per cent. of fat and flesh-forming elements than corn or wheat. This is the testimony of the chemist, and it is the experience of those who partake of it as a staple diet.

As a crop, too, it yields as much, or more, food per acre than wheat. Its cultivation is exceedingly simple and cheap. It is adapted to any soil not too calcareous, and it can be grown between the hills or rows of other crops, as corn, sorghum, broom-corn, etc., or be sown broadcast or planted in hills alone. There are many varieties, some best suited for table, and some better for forage and fertilizing. It may be grown at the North.

Industrial Brevities.

There are in this country, according to the Government Statistical Bureau report, 44,612,836 head of hogs, breeding animals and young pigs.

The ant is thought to be an enemy of many injurious insects, particularly plant lice, which are so often destructive to foliage of apple trees.

In filling walls with sawdust, whether for silos, ice houses or root bins, the sawdust should be dry and well packed down, or it will shrink and settle and leave empty spaces.

One pound of hay lost per day (and on many farms there several) to each animal, the waste will amount to two tons to every twenty-five head of cattle in the foddering season.

The estimate is usually made that a Leghorn or Hamburg cock may be mated with fifteen hens; a Wyandotte, Plymouth Rock, Houdan or Langshan with twelve; a Minorca with fourteen; and a Brahma or Cochon with ten.

An experienced dairyman says he would prefer to spend all the proceeds of the dairy for feed during say, February, March and April, and look to the balance of the year for profits, than to slack up on feed, even with dry cows.

Old leather contains a considerable percentage of ammonia compounds, which, though said to be insoluble, are, in fact, very slowly soluble. A good way to dispose of old boots, therefore, is to bury them at the foot of an apple tree.

Dr. Salmon says there are two contagious diseases known as hog cholera—one affecting the bowels, the other the lungs. The one is the genuine hog cholera, the other the swine plague. It is possible for an animal to have both diseases at the same time.

The usual rule is to save the milk at

the end of the fifth to the seventh day after calving. No fixed date can be given. There should be no sign of feverishness or inflammation about the udder, and the peculiar milk of birth, known as colostrum, should have entirely passed away.

Many farmers who have an abundance of straw are too careless about stacking it. The stack should be well built, even if one may intend to rot the straw. Dry straw is comparatively light and easy to handle, and it can be thrown from the stack and scattered over the yard from time to time without much trouble.

Allowing hay to remain out in the rain, especially if partially made, should be avoided as much as possible. Hay will cure much more rapidly if it can be cut without the presence of much dew or wet upon it. When grown at the rate of six tons per acre there is nutriment enough in one acre of fodder, when re-enforced by three tons of bran and corn-meal, to make 500 pounds of butter when fed to good, fresh cows in comfortable quarters.

The value of a ton of ordinary manure is estimated at \$3, while a low price for a ton of commercial fertilizer is \$30. The farmer must therefore, handle ten times as much manure as fertilizers in order to provide the same amount of plant food. In purchasing fertilizers the matter of hauling and distributing the manure and fertilizers should, therefore, be considered in the comparison of cost and benefit to be derived from each.

In this country a famine is almost impossible. While drouths occur in some sections rain is usually plentiful elsewhere. The past season was noted for destruction from both drouths and freshets at the same time. Crops are very short in Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, while in the Eastern States the yields have been excellent. The time may yet come when science will enable the farmers to largely control the supply of water required.

Since the improved varieties of peaches have taken the place of those that were chance seedlings the trees have been shorter lived. It has been claimed that the trees growing from the pit, and not transplanted, live much longer than those that are removed when young to their permanent location. Some growers are therefore planting the pits where they wish the trees to grow, and budding the stocks on the ground where they are to remain.

What Became of Napoleon's Fortune?

One of the most remarkable historical incidents of this century was the disappearance of the First Napoleon's enormous fortune. In 1810 he was far and away the richest individual in the world. He came out of the Italian campaign ending in 1800 with \$4,000,000, according to his own account. This he maintained as his private property. Taking the statements he made to his friends and others at St. Helena, he must have hidden away when he left France the last time the enormous sum of \$40,000,000, or 200,000,000 francs! This would make him very much the wealthiest man in the world, for that sum then was equal in influence to \$200,000,000 now. No sovereign of his time could begin to approach him in personal fortune. Marshal Soult, the last of the Imperial Marshals (who died in November, 1851, just about a year before his great antagonist, the Duke of Wellington), told a venerable French general officer, who repeated it to the writer, that when the Emperor went to Elba he had 60,000,000 francs covered up in Paris alone.

Of the \$12,000,000 hard cash paid over at one time by the United States to Napoleon as First Consul in 1803, it was common rumor—not very general, you may be sure, however—that 7,500,000 francs of the sum was never counted for in vouchers. This might easily have been. Napoleon was then First Consul for life. He could do just what he chose, and nobody dared call him to account.

It is not very difficult to hide money in large sums, too, so it cannot be found, be the search ever so careful. Ferdinand Ward has some millions thus covered up, and no human being has ever yet found a clue to the stolen treasure. It is said and believed by many people, too, that Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, had a large sum in his hands belonging to Napoleon I., which he would have handed over to him had he succeeded in getting away to the United States after Waterloo, as he tried to do. Louis XVIII., through his minister of Finance, did all in his power to discover this hidden treasure, but those who knew would never tell. They probably took it themselves when the Emperor died in 1821. But it is very interesting and romantic story, the disappearance absolutely of the greatest fortune in the world's history up to that time, leaving not a trace behind.—*Washington Herald*.

Yale College as an Educator.

Young Mr. Softy's pretty cousin had been thinking for some time.

"Charley," she said, you are a college graduate aren't you?"

"Ya'as," he replied complacently.

Then she fell to thinking again.

"At what college did you graduate, Charley?"

"Yale College, Maude."

More thinking.

"A penny for your thoughts, Maude," said Mr. Softy, who always has money in his pocket.

"I was wondering, Charley, she replied, "if Yale College isn't rather an inferior educational institution."—*Texas Siftings*.

STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS.

The Belief in Witchcraft in Southern Indiana Sixty Years Ago.

About sixty years ago, says *The Vevey* (Ind.) *Reveille*, many of the people residing in the neighborhood of East Enterprise were possessed of a delusion that witches were a reality, and that a number of their neighbors were full fledged witches, possessed of remarkable powers, even to saddling and bridling a man and with sharp spurs riding him all over the worst roads a distorted mind could imagine. The next morning the poor man would be so tired and sore that he could hardly move. At other times the housewife would churn half a day and not get a particle of butter. The only remedy was to take an old horseshoe that had been worn on the left foot of a bald-face horse and heat it hot and drop it into the churn, which was pretty certain to expel the terrible witch.

One who tried the experiment said: "When I dropped the red-hot shoe into the churn I heard something run off the roof of the house, and I smelt hair just as sure as you are born, and in five minutes I had a churn nearly full of butter. The next day I saw the woman that I believe had bewitched the butter, and her hair was crisped on one side in the very shape of a horseshoe."

If the above remedy failed, the next thing to do was to draw a life-size picture of the supposed witch and nail it up on a tree, and then run a silver bullet out of a silver dollar and shoot the image. The last act was considered a complete cure. One of the ardent believers in witches, a man in the prime of life, possessed of fair sense in other matters, told in our hearing what a trying ordeal he had passed through a few evenings before. He had been to visit the sick, and was returning about 10 o'clock, through the fields, often climbing high fences. Finally, as he got up on a high ten-rail fence, with one leg thrown over the top rail, he saw standing on the other side one whom he knew to be a "witch." She said nothing, but put a spell on him that riveted him to the spot, and he said he was as speechless as Lot's wife when she turned into salt. When daylight came the witch had vanished, and he got over the fence and went home. He says the top rail was a very sharp one, and he didn't get over his soreness for a month.

When the hens failed to hatch their eggs it was laid on the witches. The witches always did their worst work on Friday. If the rail fences fell down when they were covered with sleet and ice the witches were blamed for it. If a calf got choked on apples or potatoes the witches were responsible. It is a fact not to be wondered at that every one of these believers in witches believed the "world to be flat." Many of them would have hanged the supposed witches, as their ignorant forefathers did in the early day, if they had been possessed of the power. Two of the men swapped wives for a month or so and it was all laid at the doors of those terrible witches.

A Prayer for Peace.

I would have all men live in peace,
Each man respect his brother man;
All lying, thieving, cheating cease,
And the whole world live on a sweeter plan.

No more the rich shall grind the poor;
No more the strong oppress the weak;
No homeless man be turned from door,
No sickness blanch the rosy cheek.

For this I'd give the house I rent,
My Cape God diamonds, and my call
To be our next great president—
My wife's relations, and my all.

On one lone privilege I insist:
"Thy this, the right, should any dare
My slightest purpose to resist,
To pulverize him then and there."
—*Algernon Bolivar de Todd, in Pruck*.

A Gotham Doctor's New Diet.

"Why, Doctor, I can't see what you mean. I am sure I eat most sensibly."

"I knew you would say that, but I can tell you that you eat very unsensibly."

"Unsensibly? That's unkind, Doctor."

"Not a bit of it, madam," replied the physician, whose wide reputation as a doctor and long professional acquaintance with the lady gave him the privilege of speaking plainly on occasions. "It is not unkind. It is simply true, and therefore most kind."

"How do I eat unsensibly?"

"You choose such absurd dishes for your breakfast."

"How so?"

"You eat oat meal, don't you?"

"Yes; but why?"

"And you eat dry bread and potatoes, with some fish-balls, hash or something of that sort?"

"Yes; but that is a sensible menu, isn't it?"

"Not at all. The best breakfast in the world for an ordinarily healthy person is a steak or a chop, with good coffee, hot rolls and eggs."

"Hot rolls. Oh, doctor!"

"Yes, hot rolls. That is the best sort of a breakfast to begin a day's work on. Oatmeal can not be digested save by outdoor work. Though it is said to be healthful, it has caused more dyspepsia than all the candy, pastry and hot rolls ever made. I know that advice seems to be to heret, but it is sound, and if you will follow it you will find a marked improvement in your health. Try it and see."—*New York Mail and Express*.

Hints to Housekeepers.

The color of the jelly is spoiled by boiling too long.

Do not fill the soup plate. A half-ladleful is generally enough.

Put very little lard in your bread if you wish it to be white.

Do not allow ashes to accumulate in the ashpans until they reach the grate.

If you moisten your broom in warm water every time you sweep you will find the dust will not fly so badly.

In putting the covers on fruit cans do not wait till the cans are cold.

Save all the brown meat paper, for it is very useful for wiping out greasy kettles and pans; it absorbs the grease, saves the dishcloth, and can be burned when through with it.

A kitchen grindstone that sits on the table only costs \$1 and lasts a generation.

Once a year even the most frugal housewife should replenish her linen closet, adding at least the furnishing of one bed and a dozen towels.

The best wash for the hair is: One cupful salt, one quart soft water; after it stands for twelve hours commence to use. Take a cupful of the brine and a cupful of hot water, wash well with that, rinse once, and rub dry as possible with towel.

A cool cellar aired on a warm day will gather moisture. To avoid this open the windows in the evening.

A good wash for the hair, to prevent it from falling out, is made by mixing one teaspoonful of salt, thirty grains of quinine and a pint of common whisky or bay rum. Rub the hair thoroughly every night.

To remove grease from garments, dissolve a tablespoonful of salt in four tablespoonfuls of alcohol, shake well and apply with a sponge.

A good way to distinguish mushrooms is to sprinkle salt on the spongy or under side. If it turns yellow the specimen is poisonous; if black, it is wholesome.

Fruit that has been canned or preserved can be dried by skimming it out of the liquid and treating the same as tomato figs.

When the feet are swollen from walking or long standing, the soreness may be relieved by soaking them in the following: Take some wood ashes and cover with water; let it stand for two or three hours; strain off the water and place the feet in it. The soreness will disappear almost immediately.

God Knows Best.

My God knows best through all my days,
This is my comfort and my rest,
My trust, my peace, my solemn praise,
That God knows all, and God knows best.

My God knows best! That is my chart;
This thought to me is always blest;
It hallows and it soothes my heart,
For all is well, and God knows best.

My God knows best! then all may fall;
In His great heart I'll find my nest;
For He, my God, is over all,
And He is love, and He knows best.

—*Rev. C. D. Bradlee*.

Evils of Fault Finding.

It is at times necessary to censure and punish, but very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parents; and hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human actions—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and, at last, finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.—*Chicago Ledger*.

Indian Mourners.

Of all the different kinds of people among whom I have lived, the Indians of Northern California carry the memory of their dead the longest, and I had almost written, feel their loss the most. I have often thought, as the wails of the women came to me in the night, casting a chill and a shudder, something like a sense of indefinable dread crept over me, for the sounds are exceedingly mournful—that the life of these people was a constant *Giorno dei Morti*. I have seen old women, bent with age, rocking their bodies to and fro with grief in some dry, grass-covered ditch and upon inquiry have been told that they were mourning for a husband or children, dead perhaps for years, the thought of whom had struck sharply upon them while going about their occupation. Ah! they are mourners indeed, these children of the mountains—mourners for their people, mourners for their lost homes, mourners for their fast dying race.—*Overland Monthly*.

It is said that the Czar of Russia generally wears a smile on his face. It is also currently reported that he occasionally takes one in his mouth.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

FRIED SALSIFY.—Wash, scrape, boil tender and mash; add two beaten eggs half a cup of cream; make in little cakes, and fry brown.

HAMBURG CAKE.—Chop a pound of round beefsteak, add a minced onion, one egg, a cup of rolled crackers and seasoning. Make into balls and fry.

CORN MUFFINS.—A pint of sour milk, half a pint of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a cup of sugar, salt and enough cornmeal for a thin batter. Bake in muffin rings.

FRIED PARSNIPS.—Scrape and leave in cold water for an hour, then cook half an hour in hot, salted water; wipe, slice lengthwise, dip in melted butter, then in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and fry in boiling dripping; drain free of fat and dish.

APPLE SAUCE.—Pare, halve and quarter a sufficient quantity of nice steering apples; put them into a baking dish and cover thickly with sugar; bits of lemon peel may be added if liked; put a plate over the dish and set it in a pan having a little hot water in the bottom, and place in a hot oven. Bake until the pieces are clear and tender.

BAKED COD.—Cut a fine piece out of the middle of the fish, and skin it carefully; stuff it with stuffing composed of the yolks of two eggs boiled hard, the roe boiled, bread crumbs, grated lemon peel, butter, pepper and salt to suit the taste. Bind it with the unbeaten white of an egg and sew in the stuffing with white thread; bake it in an oven, turn it frequently, and baste it with butter; serve with sauce. A tin baking-dish is preferable to any other for cooking this fish.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Pick over and wash the cranberries and put in the preserving kettle, with a half a pint of water to one pint of berries; now put the sugar—granulated is the best—on top of the berries; set on the fire and stir about half an hour; stir often to prevent burning; they will not need straining, and will preserve their rich color cooked in this way. Never cook cranberries before putting in the sugar. Less sugar may be used if you do not wish them very rich.

CHICKEN SALAD.—To a pair of chickens weighing 11 pounds, take two large bunches of celery, the yolks of seven hard-boiled eggs and two raw eggs, one tablespoonful of cream, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, cayenne to your liking, and a good dash of salt; take a half pint of oil, a tablespoonful of vinegar, adding and stirring in all these ingredients as they are here set down; cut the celery into pieces nearly an inch long; you do not wish to have either chicken or celery minced. It is more elegant to see the large cubes in the salad.

SAUERKRAUT.—Shave a head of cabbage into a clean barrel, sprinkle with salt and pound, repeating the process until you have the desired quantity. The cabbage should be covered with its own liquid after the last pounding. Cover with a cloth, put on a board and a heavy weight. Leave in a warm place for weeks. Throw away the cabbage to the depth of 3 inches, cleanse the inside of the barrel, and lid, and it is ready for use.

A Heroic Remedy.

Mrs. Archer is a very good woman and one who believes in keeping the household as free from the contamination of the world as possible. But she has a husband and three growing boys, and they are, to use their own words, "up to snuff."

"I do wish you wouldn't use so much slang," the good woman would say in a tone of remonstrance.

"Why, mother, we must keep up with the times," the boys would answer, "you're away back."

"Don't swear, John," she said to her husband one day.

"That isn't swearing," he said; "everybody talks that way, Susan."

No more was said just then, but a few days later Mrs. Archer suddenly remarked at the supper table:

"Great Scott! Kitty must have a lot of cheek to think we can eat butter as salt as this stuff."

Mr. Archer looked up in a startled manner, but before he could speak his wife resumed:

"Holy Moses! it makes me tired to drink tea as cold as ice water."

The boys kept an uncomfortable silence. Presently Mrs. Archer said:

"That condemned old crank of a Jones was here to see you again to-day, John. I told the old chromo you had no use for him, though."

One of the boys swallowed a biscuit the wrong way at that moment, and nearly choked to death.

"Great Caesar!" observed Mrs. Archer in a placid voice, totally opposed to the wild variety of her language.

"I nearly forgot that I have to see a feller down town this eve. Going out on a little racket of my own. Ta, ta, love; you see I'm not as fresh as I used to be. No flies on me—so long," and with an air that was the counterpart of John Archer's own, the good woman swaggered from the table.

The English language, pure and undefiled, is spoken in that family now, and the vocabulary of slang has fallen into welcome desuetude.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Where the Rawhide Was.

"Did she have a rawhide when she assaulted you?" asked his Honor of a meek gentleman who accused his wife of assault with intent to kill. "No, Your Honor," said the poor man, feeling of himself tenderly, "I'm the one that had the raw hide; in fact, Your Honor, I have it still."—*Buffalo Courier*.

