

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## Journal of Home and Householdry.

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NO. 40.

### 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.

The Street Railway Co. have a force at work salting the tracks.

Dr. Sturgeon has moved his dental rooms to the south side.

Most of our churches are holding meetings every evening this week.

There are 122 active granges in the little state of New Hampshire.

About fifty new members were received into the Baptist Church last Sunday. Charles Wolf has bought a large ice machine to be used in his packing house.

The board of health insist that no ice shall be cut below the insane asylum, nor on Soldier Creek.

Potwin Place kicks against coming into the traces and Oakland thinks they just as well carry on their agricultural pursuits outside as within the city limits.

The Rock Island road was last year extended 865 miles much of it in Kansas; Kansas 2,070; Nebraska 1,101; Texas 1,655; Colorado 818; Dakota 760; Michigan 700; Montana 616; Missouri 554; and Indian Territory 499 miles of railroad last year.

The North Topeka, Silver Lake and Rossville rapid transit company are working with the greatest energy. They will do all that enterprise can do to meet every want of the north side in this direction, and to bring all of northern Shawnee to our doors.

Ed. A. Holman has not only been fitting up cheerful rooms for himself and bride on the avenue, but he has also been superintending the refurnishing the rooms for Marshall's Band. The boys thought they would need brighter paper and carpets to correspond with their new uniforms.

The Kansas Preserving works have established a branch house at Wichita, in charge of J. P. Huggins. They are doing booming business, and their rapid and healthy growth is a most flattering endorsement of the excellent of their goods and the enterprise and energy of the house and representative.

Quinine is not an Antidote for Malaria. It creates a diversion by producing a new impression on the nervous system. Shallenberger's Pills are an Antidote; they destroy the poison, and health returns immediately. No unpleasant effects; no sickness; no purging. Perfectly safe in any dose. Sold by Druggists.

The rapid transit railway system will revolutionize the local railroad business. Bringing the country to the very doors of our cities it will also take the cities to the country. Business men in town can live in country homes, with all the comforts of rural life, when such cheap and ready means of inter communication can be had. The rapid transit will be a blessing to both town and country.

The North Topeka board of trade met Tuesday evening and was called to order by the chairman, Hon. T. M. James. In the absence of Secretary Lukens, W. T. Brown was made secretary pro tem. Mr. A. J. Arnold stated that he thought the board of trade should give the proposed rapid transit railway from Rossville to Topeka all the assistance in their power. Also at the last meeting of the board Judge G. W. Carey reported the finding of a fourteen inch vein of coal on his farm, north of the city. Samuel S. Dolman also stated that he had prospected for coal on his land adjoining Mr. Carey's farm, and thought that coal at no great depth could be found from four to fourteen inches thick. Mr. A. J. Arnold then moved that a committee of three be appointed to investigate the prospects of coal north of the city, which was duly acted upon, and Messrs. Dolman, Arnold and Brazier were elected to report at the next meeting. President Watt of the proposed Rapid Transit said he could not ask any more than the hearty and individual support of the people of the First ward. Mr. Watt stated that they intended to build a market house somewhere in the First ward, where the country produce brought to the city every morning may be easily secured by the citizens of Topeka.

One of the best moves that could be made for North Topeka would be the narrowing of the river. It could be readily done by piling. Much of the filling up would be done by the river itself, and it would then deepen its own channel to the necessary point. This would bring the two portions of the city nearer together, and unite more closely their mutual interests. The ground made would be worth the entire cost, and three bridges can then be built cheaper two of the present size. Narrow the river, cement the mutual interests, of both the north and south sides, and no secession of the first ward.

#### County Teachers.

The Shawnee county teachers' association will hold their next meeting on Saturday, January 7, in high school hall. The programme is as follows:

1:30 p. m. Opening exercises.

1:40 p. m. The Value of Mental Arithmetic—J. R. Fagan.

1:55 p. m. Discussion introduced by Mrs. Florence D. Graft, Alex. Gardner, H. J. Barber, E. B. Holcomb, Miss Minnie Tillman.

2:10 p. m. Model Lesson—Simple Experiments in Natural Science—E. T. Barber.

2:30 p. m. Current topics—Miss Jennie Kungle, M. L. Lewis, Miss Laura Binns.

2:45 p. m. Lesson in English Literature—John G. Whittier—by H. G. Larimer.

3:15 p. m. Model Lesson—Long Division—Miss Nona Wood.

3:35 p. m. Question Box—Miss Bertha Johnson, J. W. Pollom, George Bruce.

3:50 p. m. Critic's Report—John Macdonald.

4:20 p. m. Dismissal.

The city schools opened again this week.

From all reports it would appear that Wichita is another Sodom. It is said that the bodies of twelve murdered infants were recently found there in one secluded spot.

A fourteen year old German boy without a home, wanted to go to the reform school and so stole a small sum of money from an Avenue pop corn merchant. He was gratified.

Some Topeka colored men went to McPherson and solicited money to aid colonists to Liberia, and then went to Salina and got on a drunk.

The Kansas Farmer thinks too much money is paid out for public salaries. No two opinions are possible on this question. The people of Kansas squander ten to twenty thousand dollars a year on a public printer. Shawnee county contributes enough on some of its officials in fees and salaries to cover a big block of the county taxes. No people that will submit to this thing should ever complain of high taxes. Pulverize the big salary business everywhere.

G. F. Kimball of the north side Printing House, has been allowed a patent for attachment used in printing envelopes. This patent insures the perfect printing of envelopes, over any part or the whole face, as readily as on a plain sheet, regardless of the folds, and at no expense. This is the second patent of particular value to printers that he has taken out within a year.

Dr. J. N. Lee severed his connection with the church of the Good Shepherd last Sunday. In the morning, five candidates were confirmed, Bishop Thomas officiating. In the evening Dr. Lee administered the rite of baptism to one, and delivered his parting sermon. The kindest wishes of the parish will follow him wherever he may go. No church can have a harder working or more conscientious pastor.

President Cleveland labors under the impression that he exhibited a high degree of moral courage by his tariff message. Instead of this he really showed an unusual want of judgment. It is not courage even to give one's own life when there can be no possible recompense, or equivalent to any one. There was no possible result to come from his message as advised. The republican party was and is a unit against it, and his own party divided. No better explanation of the President's course can be found than in the old saying that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

FOR COAL

go to

J. V. McNEELY.

Corner of Adams and Fourth.

The Kansas Farmer comes out this week with a new heading, but we cannot say it is in any way improved thereby.

Mr. G. J. Trusdell made us a pleasant call this week. Mr. Trusdell is in the Furniture repairing and upholstering business at 217 East 6th Street and expects in a short time to enlarge and extend it to meet the demands of his fast growing trade.

We are having nice winter weather. Thunder and lightning, hail and rain, snow and sleet is variety sufficient for the most exacting mortal but there are lunatics who prefer California to Kansas.

The Instantaneous Photograph Gallery has been removed from the corner of 2nd and Kansas Avenue to the corner of Fourth and Monroe, where Mr. MacKee will still take good pictures for little money.

Della, the eldest daughter of R. E. Church is lying very ill at the present writing is not expected to live. We remember Della as a bright pleasant little girl, and hope her parents may be spared the great grief of losing her.

The county commissioners have called a special election in Rossville, Menoken and Soldier townships that a vote may be taken on the question of subscribing bonds to the North Topeka, Silver Lake and Rossville Rapid Transit railroad. As the bonds carried in Silver Lake, and as the advantages of the road, are becoming more discussed it is probable they will carry in every township.

News has been received here of the death of Miss Flora Eddy, of quick consumption. She died on the 4th inst. at her home in Lawrence. Miss Eddy taught the Fourth grade at the Quincy school, and was a faithful, earnest and conscientious teacher. Her early death will be mourned by a wide circle of friends.

The following dispatch from Atchison appeared in the Friday's Capital:

Nothing has been heard of Tom Denham, A. B. Symms & Co.'s defaulting traveling man. His wife is still in Atchison and knows nothing of his whereabouts. He left her wholly without means, and she will have to employ herself earning her own living.

Mrs. Denham was at the time and is now in North Topeka, entirely prostrated, with serious doubts as to her recovery. Mrs. Denham came from Atchison on Friday night Dec. 30, walking alone from the Santa Fe station on the south side. The next day she was taken down, and at this writing is almost a mental and physical wreck, presenting one of the saddest cases on record. No intelligence has come from Mr. Denham, and it is a common belief among his friends that he has committed suicide.

It seems that through a desire to increase the business of the firm for which he traveled Mr. Denham sold goods at cut-rates endeavoring to make the difference up to the firm out of his salary, and when this could not be done he feared exposure and went off. His employers, Symms & Co. of Atchison are disposed to be very lenient, and it is said would like for him remain with them, as he was a good salesman and a great deal of sympathy is felt for him and his friends.

**WANTED To let the Ladies of North Topeka know that I have opened Dress Making,**

At 205, (old no.) Kansas Avenue, north, and is General Agent for the Parisian Tailor System.  
Mrs. S. WIDGEON,  
Room No. 7, up stairs,  
North Topeka, Kan.

D. P. Elder, Pl't'n. vs. T. J. Massey, Def't.  
Before M. M. Hale, a J. P. in and for the city of Topeka, Shawnee County, State of Kansas.  
The defendant in the above entitled cause is hereby notified that on the 5 day of Dec. 1887 he was sued before said Justice of the Peace for the sum of \$36.00 and money owing said defendant furnished in the month of Dec. 1887, and that said cause is set for trial at 10 o'clock a. m. on the 25 day of January 1888.  
D. P. Elder,  
Attest:  
M. M. Hale, Justice of the Peace Pl't'n.

### 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

### CITY MEAT MARKET,

Established 1871.

ED. BUECHNER, Prop.

Carries on a strictly first class business with all its different branches.

Buys all his stock alive and has it butchered in his own slaughter house.

808 Kan Ave Telephone 37.  
North Topeka, Kan.

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

727 Kansas Avenue.

TOPEKA, KANSAS

### FINE

### FRENCH PANEL

### PHOTOS

Equal to the best made,

50 CENTS PER DOZEN,

—AT THE—

### INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

201 Kan. Ave. 2nd and Kan Ave. Cabinets \$1 a doz.

Fine Cabinet Photographs only \$2.00 per dozen at

### DOWNING'S GALLERY.

During November and December.

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

FIRST. He does more work and can afford to work on a smaller margin.

SECOND. His immense business requires him to keep one, or more men, at each branch of the business, and therefore does more work of as fine a quality as his competitors.

THIRD. He buys his goods for cash and in larger quantities and therefore buys cheaper.

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

### DOWNING GALLERY,

617 Kan. Ave. Topeka, Kan.

### OHIO MEAT MARKET

118 B Street.

Wm. H. BLINN, Prop'r.

Read this price list and compare with the price you now pay for your meats, then come around and see me, and be convinced that I sell the best meat for the least money of any man in North Topeka.

Shoulder Steak 4 lbs.	25c
Round Steak 3 lbs.	25c
Sirloin Steak 2 1/2 lbs.	25c
Choice Porter House 2 1/2 lbs.	25c
Bull Beef 6 lbs.	25c
Sausage 3 lbs.	25c
Sugar Cured Shoulder.	10c
Sugar Cured Hams.	12 1/2c

And have added

### Full Line of Groceries

Which we also cut on our prices. Orders solicited and delivered promptly.

## The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

ILLITERACY is rapidly increasing in Louisiana.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is learning to ride a horse.

JAY GOULD'S income is placed at \$1,000 an hour.

GEN. SHERIDAN says that he wants no political office.

The after-bloom of the golden-rod is called silver-rod.

DANIEL WEBSTER spoke on an average of 70 words a minute.

THE boss beet at the Little Rock exposition weighed 50 pounds.

MRS. CLEVELAND will not begin her receptions till early in January.

JOHN G. WHITTIER will celebrate his eightieth birthday December 17.

MAYOR HEWITT thinks that the Recording Angel writes shorthand.

VERMONT elects a governor every year, and pays him a salary of \$500.

THIRTY-FIVE per cent. of the population of Mexico are said to be Indians.

"WAINY, weedy, weedy" is the Boston pronunciation for "veni, vidi, vici."

A LARGE consignment of stoves has been shipped to Germany from Reading, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA built nearly 7,000 houses this year, valued at over \$24,000,000.

MISS ETHEL SPRAGUE hopes to begin her dramatic career at the Boston Museum.

JAY GOULD says the French railways are half a century behind the American.

A NASHVILLE peddler offered to sell an old rebel flag for \$5. There were no takers.

JERICHO is 1,100 feet below the sea level. No other city in the world is so far down.

LIEUT. CUSHING claims that the Zuni and Chinese mythological languages are the same.

A LITTLE five-year-old's first impression of snow was, "Mamma! mamma! it's raining pills!"

ALL prizefighters over 158 pounds are called heavy-weights. Under 110 they are "bantams."

It is calculated that this year's product of the Michigan iron mines will aggregate 4,700,000 tons.

THE young English woman who figured in the Valentine-Baker affair is still alive and unmarried.

THE manufacture of false teeth for horses is mentioned among the industries that are springing up.

CHARLES DICKENS, while in Illinois, will visit the grave of his brother Jeffrey, who is buried at Moline.

COL. INGERSOLL is said to be again worried over a tumor in his throat, which he fears may be a cancer.

It is reported that the Chicago Times is to be made a Blaine organ, with J. S. Clarkson, of Iowa, as editor.

SENATOR HISCOCK is a fatalist, and believes that what is to be will be. This belief saves him a deal of hustling.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN writes from his Canadian retreat that he will soon return to New York, abandoning his idea of expatriation.

A BOSTON man estimates that not less than 9,000,000 kittens are annually brought into this sinful world, the majority to be drowned.

THE population of the states and territories on June 1 last was 60,689,000 in round numbers, and will be 61,441,000 on January 1, 1888.

FANNIE B. WARD was surprised to find in Mexico pigs in leading strings, trotting around with ladies, like pugs and poodle dogs do here in the United States.

JOHN W. YOUNG, Brigham Young's oldest son, is said to be a successful business man and a shrewd builder of railroads in Utah territory. He has only five wives.

## WILLIAM KISSANE.

The Startling Career of the Man Who Has Been Granted Permission to Return to New York—How He Became Millionaire Rogers.

The last chapter in the celebrated and novel case of William Kissane, the California millionaire, forger, and filibuster, has been brought to a close. The record of his daring criminal exploits has been consigned to the oblivion from which, seven months ago, it was taken and spread before the public. He is now free, says *The New York World*, to return to New York, from which place he fled over thirty years ago to escape trial on a charge of forgery. Since then the career of William Kissane has been more like a romance than real life. A fugitive from justice, he has never once come within the jurisdiction of the state. Now, however, all barriers have been removed and he is free to come and go at his will.

This was accomplished yesterday when from the pigeon-hole of the district attorney's office, the indictment, a musty faded sheet of paper, was taken. It was handed to Recorder Smyth, who examined it closely. Then seizing his pen, he wrote the few words which robbed the document of all terror for the California millionaire.

The ink with which the indictment is written is almost faded with age, but it is sufficiently distinct to show that William Kissane was arrested charged with forging a check on the Chemical National Bank; that he was tried for the offense May 26, 1855, and that the jury disagreed; that he was tried again June 13 of the same year, when a juror was withdrawn and that his council made application to the court to have the case remitted to the court of oyer and terminer, and that in the following week the application was granted.

Until yesterday no further action was taken. According to the present criminal law no nolle prosequi can be entered—it must be dismissed—but under the law existing at the time the forgery was committed such proceedings could take place, and under the old law Kissane has been released. A nolle prosequi has been entered. Nine months ago, when the case came up on the application of Kissane's counsel, the recorder was in favor of dismissing the charge. The proceedings, however, had been irregularly carried on. Hence the delay. Yesterday he decided that it was time the case should be ended, and accordingly under his own hand he wrote the following on the back of the musty indictment.

The district attorney states that he can not procure the evidence of the witnesses to maintain the indictment, and that the ends of justice would not be served by moving the trial thereof.

For these reasons, and for the further reason that the indictment was found thirty years ago, the motion of the district attorney for leave to enter a nolle prosequi as against the defendant Kissane is granted.

The story of the sudden termination of the celebrated case soon spread through the court of general sessions building. To say that the officials of the Chemical bank were surprised on hearing the news would but feebly express their astonishment. The reporter was the first to convey the intelligence. The cashier speaking on behalf of the bank, said: "This is the most startling information I have heard in a long time, and I find it almost impossible to believe. The indictment has been quashed without our knowledge or consent. We would have opposed it vigorously, and Gen. Darr, who has been mainly instrument in exposing Kissane, is still in California, where he lives in the belief that the case will soon be brought to trial. The district attorney has given us no information of these proceedings, and I certainly think we should have been informed. No, I don't know what we will do now. In fact, I don't see what we can do."

Once the companion of the most noted criminals of this and other cities and himself guilty of numerous crimes, Kissane struggled onward until he achieved his present eminence. Under his alias of William King Rogers he overcame what seemed insurmountable obstacles, heedless of the fact that men whom he had injured years ago were hunting him down, following like blood-hounds upon his trail, tracking him steadily and stealthily from place to place and from state to state, until at last they brought him to bay at his luxurious home on the Pacific slope, surrounded by everything that wealth could purchase.

On March 30 last Kissane's case came before the public for the first time in thirty years, and the story of his life was fully told. It came in the form of an application made by Lawyer John B. Hart before Recorder Smyth to enter a nolle prosequi in the case of the people against William Kissane. The indictment charged Kissane, James Bishop, and Leman Cole with forging a check for \$6,018 on the Chemical Bank of New York. The indictment against Cole was quashed, and Kissane was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. After serving nine months of the term he was pardoned. In the meantime a second indictment was found against him. It was for forging checks to the value of \$14,780.

When Kissane first came to New York he brought letters from several prominent gentlemen of Cincinnati where he had lived. He at once opened an account with the Chemical bank and within a short time commenced operations. One morning he entered the bank and presented forged checks, one for \$12,000 on the American Exchange Bank and one for \$6,018 on the Continental bank. Before the forgery was discovered the birds had flown. Detectives were at once put

on the track of himself and accomplices, and when Cole was discovered \$4,000 was found on his person. Kissane was traced to Cincinnati and arrested, but on the way back he jumped from a car window and escaped to Buffalo. Going into the country about fifteen miles he hired out as a farm-hand and after a time gave several \$500 bills to his employer to negotiate. This led to his capture. Six thousand five hundred dollars in bills were found on his person, and this, with Cole's \$4,000, was all the bank recovered.

The first crime charged against Kissane, it will be remembered, and the one which ultimately led to his exposure, was the burning of the steamboat Martha Washington. Kissane, with several others, had chartered the boat, and loading her with worthless material, set fire to her when off Helena, Ark., for the purpose of securing the insurance. Kissane was arrested and charged with others, with conspiracy. Several lives were lost in the fire, but he was acquitted. One of the sufferers from this enterprise was one Sidney C. Burton. Burton held Kissane's note for \$2,500, which was protested. Learning the particulars of the burning of the Martha Washington he swore to bring the culprits to justice. He abandoned his business to follow them, and was several times arrested on charges trumped up by Kissane and his accomplices. Burton's end was most peculiar. While in Columbus, watching the trial for incendiarism, a cocktail was sent to his room every morning. After drinking one of them he exclaimed that he was poisoned, and going up to his room, quietly expired. This man had spent \$59,000 to hunt down Kissane, and had traveled 150,000 miles in his pursuit. At one time he prepared a volume giving a history of Kissane's crimes, but he died before it was published.

The manner in which Kissane was discovered after thirty years is equally interesting. One night Pope's factory, in which Gen. Darr was interested, was burned to the ground. Suspicion pointed to Kissane, and Gen. Darr swore vengeance against Kissane, and that if living, he would unearth him. He kept his vow. In a letter to Chief Clerk Sparks, of the court of general sessions, he wrote: "I have followed this man [Kissane] for thirty years. He is a swindler, embezzler, and murderer."

Gen. Darr, some time after the close of the war went to California, and was startled one day at discovering William Kissane, rich and honored, living under the name of W. K. Rogers and moving in the highest social circles. Gen. Darr at once accosted him, but the millionaire denied it. Gen. Darr, however, kept on the trail until the final disclosure was made. Californian society was thrown into a state of ferment when "W. K. Rogers" past life was unfolded. He owned one of the largest ranches in Sonoma county, and is connected through marriage with some of the most influential families on the Pacific coast.

When Kissane left New York at the time of his second trial, he vanished as mysteriously as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. When next heard of he was with Walker's Nicaragua filibustering expedition. He was appointed commissary and quarter master general under Walker. It is claimed that he betrayed his companions. One day there came to the sloop-of-war St. Mary's, stationed at the time at San Juan del Sur, a ragged, unkempt, half-starved man, claiming American citizenship. He was clad only in an old linen duster. He gave his name as W. K. Rogers. It was William Kissane. He was taken on board and landed in San Francisco. He came in the night, and his aged mother, who opened the door, fainted at sight of him. There he remained in concealment for some time, when he took his departure for Frazer River, British Columbia, and soon got rich. In 1860 he went to Washoe where he cleared \$300,000 by successful mining. From that time dates his success in life.

It is also told of Kissane that he was concerned in several attempts at card cheating in Cincinnati, and that one of the boldest forgeries committed in that place, involving a large sum of money, was traced to him, but as he disappeared soon afterward no action was taken in the matter. During the Chinese rebellion in 1857 another chapter was added to his life. He, the story goes, was captured by a detachment of rebels and taken to a place near Shanghai. Soon afterward he was in command of the rebel forces, but when the band was routed, he was arrested. Here again his unparalleled good fortune came to his aid. The emperor became infatuated with his manner and appointed him his own and body servant. Hundreds of stories similar to the above have been charged to Kissane but in almost every case he denied them energetically.

The Chemical bank last May sought by a civil suit to recover some of the money obtained on the forged check, but on Oct. 3 the San Francisco court threw the case out.

### Literature in Chicago

Literary Young Lady—You have traveled considerably, I believe, Mr. Fluppole?

"Yes, I have."

"Have you met any authors in your travels?"

"Yes. In fact, I am an author myself."

"Indeed? How delightful. Do you belong to the realistic school?"

"Yes."

"Name some of your books, please."

"Why, I compiled the last city directory, for one."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

### The Church Fair.

The reflection that it is in a good cause may be a comfort and a solace to many people for the misery they bring upon themselves when they willfully attend church fairs. But I am getting pretty well along in years and have apoplectic tendencies, as well as symptoms of a heart trouble, and have been warned by my physicians to avoid all undue excitement, and everything that might anger, harass and distress me.

In defiance of this advice I lately went to a fair given by the Little Busy Bee Missionary Society of Zion's Hill church, the object of the fair being to raise a fund for the publication of several million tracts for free distribution among the heathen, warning them that there was no such thing as future probation, and that they were in imminent danger of getting left if they accepted any such theories.

I had barely paid my quarter, and squeezed into the church when I was gleefully seized by a bevy of the female Busy Bees, who hummed around me in the following bewildering manner.

"Oh, Mr. D—, how good of you to come and help us out. You've brought just lots of money to spend, haven't you?"

"Oh, Mr. D—, you're not going by my stand without buying anything of me, are you? But I won't let you, indeed I won't. Here's the very button-hole bouquet you want. There! pinning it to my coat. 'One dollar please.'"

"Oh, Mr. D—, you do want this lovely pin cushion, I know you do. You must have it. I'll put it in a nice paper for you. Two dollars and a half, please. Oh, thank you! You are just ever and ever so good!"

"Now, Mr. D—, I think it's just too bad of you to go by my stand without looking at me. But I just won't be treated so. I'm going to make you give ten votes for dear old Deacon Sweet for this lovely afghan. It's twenty-five cents a vote only. Don't you want to make it twenty votes? Manie Tiptop is working for Deacon Smile, but don't you give her any votes, I want my candidate to win. Twenty votes, did you say?"—which I did not say—"Oh, you dear, good man. Thanks!"

"Ah! Mr. D—, I've caught you at last. I've had my eyes on you ever since you came. I just knew you'd want this exquisite plush case for gentleman's handkerchiefs, and I put it aside for you. Here it is in pretty tissue paper. Five dollars, please. Now, don't you want something else instead of the change for this \$10 bill. I'm going to be real naughty and not give you back a cent of change. Ain't I a wicked, wicked girl?"

"Now, Mr. D—, I've counted on your coming all the evening to help me out in my efforts to sell more than any of the other girls. I've just lots of things you want, and—"

"Oh, Mr. D—, do take a chance in this water set; it's real tripple-plate, and—"

"Come right into the refreshment room, Mr. D—, and I'll wait on you myself."—"Buy my flowers, sir; only a—"

"Oh, Mr. D—, you really must buy—"

Come and be weighed, Mr. D—, only five cents—"

Do come and blow soap bubbles, Mr. D—, it's ever so much fun, and—"

Only ten cents a grab—"

You mustn't go without seeing Rebecca at the well, and—"

Why, Mr. D—, come to my stand, and—"

If you go without coming to my stand I'll be just awfully cross with you, and—"

I had \$35 when I went in, and I had to walk home, three miles, because I hadn't money enough to pay my car fare when I got out. I had held on to my watch and chain and my clothes and saved them from the Little Busy Bees.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### King Solomon's Mines.

New gold fields are constantly being discovered which promise to remove for the present all fears of any very large diminution of the regular supply. The Alaska mines are in a lusty infancy. In Columbia, Venezuela, Guiana and Bolivia gold mining has taken a new lease of life. The south African mines are some of them marvelously rich, and new ones are rewarding the enterprise of prospectors. A few months ago attention was called to the gold fields of the Amoor river. There is some trouble about their development owing to the jealousies of the Chinese and Siberian authorities, but that is a matter susceptible of settlement. In Australia there is the promise of the opening of extensive and rich diggings.

The latest report of valuable discoveries comes from Sumatra. A few years ago a Frenchman named Wallon came upon abundant traces of gold in the native kingdom of Acheen. Wallon lost his life in the course of his explorations, but news of his discovery found its way to civilization, and recently a Russian named Hendenstrom followed in his footsteps. He encountered great difficulties, but finally with the aid of a native prince, made his way into the interior and prospected the region. His experience was most encouraging. Gold was found in large quantities. The report comes from him that in many localities the ground yields from 200 to 300 francs to the cubic metre. Mr. Hendenstrom found traces of old workings in the gold fields, and tradition has it that King Solomon drew precious metal from Sumatra.

Be that as it may, the Russian prospector, after fresh difficulty, obtained a concession from the native authorities, and it is probable that steps will soon be taken to open the new gold fields.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

### MINOR MENTION.

The Emerald Isle seems to be taking on a reddish hue in honor of John L. Sullivan.

A western editor announces the suspension of his paper under the head "Blowing out the Gas."

Congressman Tracy has rented his residence at Albany to State Senator J. Sloat Fassett for the winter.

Representative John M. Glover authorizes the announcement to be made that he is a candidate for Governor of Missouri on an anti-ring platform.

The Boston Transcript speaks of Governor Foraker of Ohio as "the end man of politics." This is doubtless because he plays on the bones of dead issues.

The Chicago Jaller who refused the lamp used by August Spies to Nina Van Zandt doubtless reasoned that the girl had no use for it, being so extremely light-headed as she is.

Dubuque, Ia., has a man who asserts that he is the devil, and there are some who are inclined to believe him; but, as he has no horns and no tail, the police have locked him up as an impostor.

Col. John A. Joyce could not stand the rarefied air of Colorado. He recently went to Leadville to edit a newspaper, but he has returned to Georgetown, D. C., with a severe cold on his lungs.

Quite a curiosity in the shape of a twin orange is on exhibition at Anthony, Fla. It was found in Mr. Stripland's grove. Many old inhabitants say they never saw anything of the kind before.

Little Marshall P. Wilder says that he is constantly mistaken for Josef Hofmann, the musical marvel. He wishes the public to understand that the M. P. in his name does not stand for "Musical Prodigy."

Among the candidates for the Mexican mission are Gen. Bragg, of Wisconsin; Gen. P. M. B. Young, of Georgia, and Judge Tompkins, of Atlanta. They are all proof against the rarefied air of high altitudes.

The wife of President Diaz of Mexico has established in the City of Mexico a large "Friendly Home of the Workingwoman," at which small children will be cared for during the day while their mothers are at work.

The oldest two trees in the world are supposed to be one in Calaveras county, California, which is believed to be 2,555 years old, the cypress of Somma, in Lombardy, Italy, which is 1,911 years old, planted B. C. 42.

The big summer hotel Brighton, at Brighton beach, on Long Island, has had its foundations washed out by the ocean sweeping inland, and will have to be removed inland to save it from complete destruction.

King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, has had his salary reduced, and will have to confine his poker ventures to the harmless game known as "penny ante." Protection to the "infant industry" of kingship is played out at Honolulu.

Herrmann, the prestidigitator, has been looking for ghosts all his life. He has never found one, and is sceptical as to their existence. He is now on his way to St. Louis, where he owns some property. They say spirits can be found in that city.

Thursday was donation day at the Philadelphia home for aged and infirm colored persons. A colored clergyman who is 117 years of age opened the ceremonies on that day with prayer. His name is John Gibson and he was born in Virginia in February, 1771.

Dorothy Whitney, who was once a personage of national fame, has been somewhat neglected by the press of late. She has not allowed this fact to depress her, however. Monday she reached the mature age of ten months and celebrated the occasion by cutting her tenth tooth.

A man who has just been released from the Nebraska state prison, where he has served a term, has sued the lawyer who defended him in the trial that resulted in his conviction. The ex-convict claims that the conviction was the result of the lawyer's malpractice, and he wants \$30,000 damages.

Two United States revenue officers recently tried to arrest an smuggler who was bringing a load of gin from New Brunswick into Maine. The smuggler ran to the woods, but before he started he pulled a cord which opened the gin casks and nearly all of the liquor ran out before the officers could shut it off.

New England is deeply interested in the rumors about the solvency of some of the western farm mortgage companies. The loan companies of Boston alone hold 31,000 western farm mortgages, on which \$75,000,000 is outstanding. And the insurance companies of Hartford hold mortgages on western farms to the amount of \$70,000,000.

A large vault with walls of stone and filled with skeletons of human beings has been discovered in an Indian mound which overlooks the Missouri river from a hill near Jefferson City, Mo. The skeletons are thought to be the remains of the ancient mound builders, although the remarkable state of preservation in which they are found would indicate that they are of more recent date.

Aunt Hattie North, who recently died in Troy, Kan., was thought by those who knew her best to be fully 117 years old. She was a colored woman and remembered living in St. Louis when the city was a French trading post with very few houses. She often related incidents that occurred a full century ago and as she never knew how to read it was thought that she spoke from actual experience.

"An eastern capitalist has been in town this week," remarks a Denver paper, "looking around with the view to putting in some gigantic manufacturing establishments. He did not register at the hotel, and strived to conceal his identity, but was readily recognized by our reporter from the fact that during the first day or two of his stay he clung to the eastern custom of wearing his pants outside his boots.

A half inebriated man stumbled into a church in a Montana town the other day just as the minister, whose name was Gallagher, was asking in thrilling tones: "Dare I tell this people here assembled what is the dreadful penalty of sin? I hesitate to do so." During the momentary rhetorical pause which followed, the drunken man staided himself in the pew into which he had dropped, and called out, with cheerful good nature: "Let 'er go, Gallagher. I'll stand by yer."

## FARM MANAGEMENT.

### SEASONABLE HINTS FOR THE FARM.

Work that Should Be Done Now While Time Is Comparatively Easy—The Proper Feeding of Cattle—Farm Notes.

#### Farm Work.

Fields which are to be planted or sown early next spring have been plowed, and, in some instances, the manure has been plowed in, while in others it will be put on during the winter, as there may be time for it. Such fields will dry out in good condition for working much earlier than if they had been left unplowed, and where the soil contains sufficient sand and gravel to be friable, they can be fitted for planting by the use of the disk harrow, without the necessity of plowing again in the spring. Yet, if time allows, a cross plowing, not quite so deep as the fall plowing, and the use of the harrow afterward, will undoubtedly be better. There is no danger of stirring the soil too much, or getting it too well pulverized before putting in seed of any kind, and the smaller the seed to be put in the greater the need of making a fine seed bed for it.

If the weather continues open much other work may be done which will help to lighten the labors of the spring, or add to the value of the farm. Stones and small boulders may be removed from the cultivated fields, and put where they will be out of the way of the plow in future, and where they will prove a benefit to the farm. Perhaps in some road or cart path used in reaching the more remote parts of the farm there is a slough into which a few loads of small stone might be dumped, thus greatly increasing the capacity of the team to draw wood, hay or manure to or from those fields. Perhaps some unsightly frog pond or swampy place nearer home, which serves only to breed mosquitoes and malarial disorders, might be drained if the muck were thrown out of it, and it was used as a place of deposit for stones until it were so nearly full that they could be covered again and good land made of the spot which was before only a nuisance and an offense to the eye and the nostrils.

There may be basins which cannot be easily drained by ditches, either because the latter must pass through some other person's land, or because the cost of the ditch would be too great. In such places a well sunk for eight or ten feet deep, and filled with stones nearly to the top, will usually effectually drain from one to two rods around it, and the earth thrown out will raise the surrounding surface.

There may be walls and fences to be built or to be taken down or removed (on most of the old farms in New England there is more need of taking away old stone walls than of building more), or hedgerows to be taken away, or many other tasks may be found upon almost any farm which it would be desirable to accomplish, but which the farmer cannot afford to do when he might be planting or should be harvesting.

#### Things to Think of.

"In dairying, he who sells butter at common prices, which is made from milk produced from common cows, fed the common way, will never rise to comfortable circumstances, but lead a hard life of toil all his days."

Get out of the deep, worn rut of your old prejudices. Stand up and look the problem of better success square in the face like a man of pluck and brains. Don't whine about monopolies as long as you don't do anything for yourself on your own farm.

Monopolies are bad enough. Corrupt officials are bad enough. High taxes are bad enough. All these outside evils are bad enough, the Lord knows, but to sink down in indifference inside your own line fence, call every improvement that is urged upon you "theory," is a thousand times worse on your fortune. With such a spirit, no wonder monopolies grind you, officials steal from you, and taxes rob you. Think of a farmer trying to make money by taking milk to a cheese factory from a lot of cows that yield him only 3,000 pounds of milk a year, and he not knowing or caring anything about improving that yield by breeding in better dairy blood.

Think of him going along, year in and year out, and not knowing how to feed a good cow, even if he has one, so as to bring a little profit for his hard labor.

Think of him making butter that cost him every bit of 16 to 18 cents a pound and swapping it at 10 to 12 cents a pound for groceries at the country store—paying high for the groceries and getting nothing for his butter.

Think of him selling cream to a creamery and never stopping to think, or read or study an hour in a month as to the kind of cows he ought to have for that business, or the proper way to care for them in order to get the most cream.

Think of a man blindly plunging along in these old ruts of farm practice for years and never caring to read what other men are doing who are successful and make money in the dairy business.

Think of a man doing all these things, as thousands are doing and not caring enough for his own profit to invest barely 100 cents a year for a good dairy paper that is wide awake to his best interests all the time and worth each week a hundred times its cost for a year.

Think of a man doing all these things and then blaming the railroads, the monopolies and the tariff for his bad fortune, not once dreaming that he himself is mostly to blame because he cares so little for knowledge and the experience of others when it can be had so cheaply.

Then think how foolish it is to say that a paper is trying to build up practical success on the farm, and enlarge the power of the farmer to help himself, is not a true friend of the farmer because it is not everlastingly howling about monopolies.

Remember, success, like charity, begins at home.—Professor W. A. Henry.

#### Growing Potatoes.

I see, says a writer in the *Farm and Mirror*, some of your patrons give this season's experience in raising potatoes. I will give mine, for the reason that we must do something that we have not done in raising that crop, and we must if possible find out what principle to go on, or we shall lose the potato crop. Any one fifty years of age knows that potatoes have steadily decreased in their general yield during the last thirty years, and there is no crop that has had so many experiments tried in its cultivation. I planted over twenty acres of good dry land gravelly loam, to the Pearl of Savoy; got them in the last week of April. Oat stubble on one-third of the piece and plowed in the manure, about twenty loads to the acre. One-third of the piece had lodged clover hay on it last year. I began digging and selling the 1st of July for \$1 per bushel, and kept on selling about twice a week 'untl we dug all but the stubble part of the lot. By the middle of August one acre was dug, I sold about seventy bushels of sorted potatoes. None of my neighbors have done so well, and they were the best to eat as well as in looks of any I have seen. Now this acre ought to have yielded 200 bushels. The best end of the lot was on the clover sod. We planted in hills fifteen inches apart, putting one whole or half of a potato in a place. I hoed them twice. Here is the experience of this best acre; I have one and a half planted on moist land sloping to the east and not worth digging. I have a piece of the same size, and slopes to the north. I shall get fifty bushels. The question is, what course are we going to take to keep potatoes with us? We are told that winter wheat was raised on new land in many parts of Connecticut in years gone by. Now all the wheat that is raised is spring wheat. Repeated trials prove that winter wheat cannot be raised in the same locality. Have potatoes had their day? An acquaintance right from a visit to Salt Lake City took pains to see all he could of Utah in a short visit, and he saw potatoes dug while there that yielded 600 and 700 bushels to the acre, and saw them weighed at the stores that weighed as high as four pounds each; and were too rank and coarse to eat well. This shows that there may be causes that can be explained for the decay of our potato crop. My opinion is that potatoes have had their day in our old states.

#### Cattle Feeding.

Each season certain questions arise to the thinking farmer in regard to feeding his horses and cattle, and if he settles them in his mind to his satisfaction in one season he is apt to find himself in doubt before the close of another season as some slight change in conditions produces an unexpected change in result. Perhaps a few facts can be considered as definitely settled, or so nearly so that practical feeders are agreed upon them. Whether for working or driving horses, cows in milk or growing stock, it is more profitable to give some grain with the coarse fodder than to feed upon hay alone, even when the hay is of the best quality. If the hay is of poor quality, or straw, corn fodder or ensilage is substituted for it wholly or in part, there must be an increase in the amount of grain given, as it must be richer in certain elements that are deficient in the coarse fodder; that is, the fat-forming elements. There is a very general idea that these elements abound in cotton-seed meal, oilcake and cornmeal, that oats and wheat bran are better adapted to producing muscle and bone than fat meat or rich cream. So much we think we know, but how much of these grains can be fed profitably and without danger to the health of the animal, how we shall vary them for different animals, or how mix them to form a perfect food for all or for one animal, we know not. There are too many varying conditions for any one to prescribe a formula for all. It needs a watchful eye to note the result of any change.—*American Cultivator*.

#### Wood and Coal Ashes.

Wood ashes are excellent for the hens to scratch in and pick over, as they contain bits of charcoal and other materials, but for the dust bath the coal ashes, sifted fine, are the best. The coarser portion, however, may be thrown where the hens can get at them, so as to provide gritty material in cold weather. On the hen house floor, or under the roost, fine coal ashes provide an excellent absorbent, and prevent loss of the droppings. Wood ashes being alkaline, sometimes cause sores on the hens when used for dusting.—*Chicago Weekly Herald*.

#### Farm Notes.

When you sell your produce by sample show a sample that the goods will equal.

A mistake made by many farmers is wintering more fowls than the quarters will accommodate. Nothing so soon engenders disease.

Ohio will hold one hundred farmer's institutes the coming winter, and Wisconsin has arranged for eighty-two.

Don't force your hens to lay themselves out by giving too much stimulating egg-producing food, especially if your birds are worth anything.

Dr. Hoskins says that the discovery of the Wealthy apple has extended profitable apple culture at least one hundred miles further to the north.

Few farmers give that attention to their horses, feet that they should give. Most men rub and curry well enough, perhaps, and may take great pride and plenty of time in smoothing the horse's hide but seldom is it seen that they think of that most indispensable part, the horse's feet, and stop to give them that little attention and inspection that is almost daily necessary.

There may be some old building standing about your premises, or a corner in your barn or some out house which could be fixed up without much trouble or expense to answer the purpose of an ice house, if you have not such a convenience already upon your farm. Those who have tried it only know what a comfort and convenience a good supply of ice is during the hot months of summer.

Two Kennebunk, (Me.) farmers have come to grief recently from too close following of books and too little exercise of common sense. One had read it was best to dehorn a calf and the other that the best and most successful way to fat a hog was to cut off its tail. Both followed directions, but neglected to care for the animals afterward and the result was that both calf and hog became sick and died at the next cold spell of weather.

The shortage in feed for this winter may be somewhat atoned for by providing good, comfortable quarters for the stock. If you have not the corn to keep up the animal heat, or even if you have kept it up by protecting your stock from the piercing winds. It requires more feed when the weather is cold to keep stock in good condition—some claim 50 per cent more. This increase in rations may be kept down by shelter and protection.

#### Calling the Cows.

Granny, rocking in her chair,  
Kaits so quietly;  
Roy little Jenny there  
The table spreads for tea.  
O'er the orchard, crimson clouds  
Tint the apple-boughs;  
"Jenny, dear," her granny says,  
"Time to call the cows."  
Tea can wait; 'tis growing late;  
Jenny, call the cows!"  
Jenny's shapely sunbrowned hand  
Shades her sunny eyes;  
Long she gazes o'er the land  
Rich with sunset's dyes.  
"Why so early, granny, dear?"  
Granny knits her brows  
And her stocking as she says:  
"Time to call the cows!"  
Tea can wait; 'tis growing late;  
Jenny, call the cows!"  
Jenny sees, 'mid twilights glow,  
Some one down the lane;  
Then she's such haste to go  
That granny sighs again  
And her stocking as she says:  
"She startles all the house;  
Don't need any urging, now,  
To go and call the cows!"  
Tea must wait, although 'tis late,  
While she calls the cows!"  
"Co' boss! Co' boss!" toward the gate  
Granny looks and sees  
Two that very fondly wait,  
Her mind grows ill at ease.  
Quick she lays her killing down,  
For there, beneath the boughs,  
Lips meet Jenny's blushing cheeks,  
While calling home the cows!  
Then granny she smiles quietly:  
"I used to call the cows!"  
—George Cooper, in *Demorest's Monthly*.

#### The Mineral Wealth of Siberia.

Referring to the resources of coal and iron in Siberia, a writer in one of our English exchanges says:

It is one of the finest undeveloped countries in the world, and it is really difficult to exaggerate the enormous wealth of the gigantic region. The soil is almost inexhaustible wealth and the crops magnificent. There is almost no limit to the production of the land. The Russians themselves have but an imperfect idea of the immensity of their natural wealth, and other people outside Russia cannot realize it at all. Siberia, so far from being a region of desolation and of death, is a northern Austria, with large rivers, more extensive forests, and mineral wealth not inferior to that of the island continent. In a very few years Siberia will be bridged from end to end with railways, and in this matter the Russian government is showing a large and wise policy. The magnificent water communications—for it is irrigated from end to end with some of the largest rivers in the world, navigable for thousands of miles through fertile and richly wooded lands destined to be the home of millions of colonists—and a canal is now being made between the Obi and Yenisei, which will enable goods to be conveyed by water the whole way from Tumen to beyond Lake Baikal. At Tumen there is a railway which passes through the Ural Mountains to Ekaterineberg and Perm, through the heart of the richest mining district in Western Siberia.

A census show can pull more sick boys and girls out of bed than all the doctors in town.—*Corsicana Observer*.

#### SAN REMO.

Appearances of the German Crown Prince—How the Town Looks.

The correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung*, at San Remo, writes: Since the arrival of the crown prince from Baveno he has been seen daily walking or driving out. His appearance, carriage, and energy are very encouraging. The hue of health overspreads his face. No one would suspect the existence of a dangerous malady. The prince's residence, the Villa Zirlo, is situated in the eastern part of the long row of villas near the sea, and is surrounded by a small but picturesque garden. The south front of the building contains seven windows on each story, three of which are in a slightly protruding central portion, in front of which is a terrace supported by columns and surrounded by a stone balustrade. The crown prince occupies the western, the crown princess the eastern portions of the first story, while the three princesses occupy the second story. Part of the domestics live in a small cottage at a short distance. The princely villa, with its light yellow walls, light brown shutters, and dark red curtains, looks very pleasant. All around the ground floor and ante room lies a shrubbery of low palm trees, gigantic aloes, ivy, and other climbing plants. Two date palms lift their splendid arms to the height of the windows of the top-most story. The terrace garden in front of the villa, supported by a stone breastwork, is laid out with flowerbeds, shrubberies, and orange and lemon trees in tubs. At the sides and back are plantations of eucalyptus, pepper, and pine trees. A picturesque confusion of southern and northern trees, thick evergreen bushes, blooming hedges, palms, and cactuses fill the lower garden, which reaches down to the high road, and in which the royal family frequently walk.

On the other side of the road stands the Hotel de la Mediterranee, in which the consulting physicians resided, and also Prince William during the few days he remained in San Remo. Those who had not seen him were delighted with his stately appearance, his military bearing, and simple, easy manners. Once when walking with his mother and sisters on a rainy morning he turned up his trousers to keep them out of the mud. Before his departure he wrote in the note-book of the hotel porter, an honest Brandenburger, the words: "The present commander of the Guard-Hussar Regiment to an old Guard-Hussar, W. Pr. v. Pr., San Remo, 11-11-'87." The honest man, tears in his eyes, showed me this proof of the traditional happy manner of the Hohenzollerns. The number of guests in the Hotel de la Mediterranee was much increased by the arrival of the crown Prince, but on the whole the visitors to San Remo seem considerably fewer than in previous winters.

Of the earthquake of last February there are no more traces to be seen in the lower part of the town, for they have been almost entirely removed, but the old town still lies partly in ruins. The higher one goes up the narrow crooked streets formed of steps and crossed here and there by flying arches and the more frequent become the traces of the catastrophe which cost so many lives. In the topmost quarter of the town many houses have completely fallen. Others are shaking and tottering. Whole streets are entirely deserted, and though the vines climb the tall, black, cracked walls, not a voice is heard within doors, and no curious face looks out at the dark, empty window openings, bare of wood or glass. It is like wandering through a city of the dead, and our steps echo mournfully under the arches in the gloom of which we seek our way. In the inhabited parts of the town life goes on as usual. The dead have been buried, masses for them have been sung, a few processions with crucifixes, lighted candles, chauch banners, and chanting litanies, have taken place, and now people live, love and work in the old, old way, hoping that their patron saint will take better care of them another time.

#### Geography of Mars.

The geography of the planet Mars is better known to astronomers than that of the polar regions of our own world. They have drawn maps showing the seas and continents on its surface, and they have ascertained conclusively that it has an atmosphere which would permit of some form of animal life and that snows fall upon it in winter and melt away in the spring. The latest discoveries, however, are those of the eminent Italian astronomer, Sig. Schiaparelli, who has recently published a paper giving the results of observations taken at Milan in the years 1877 and 1879 and 1882, when Mars was at the points in its elliptical course nearest the earth. Sig. Schiaparelli found that the land surface of the planet is divided by great canals—thirty miles or more in width—and extending in absolutely straight and often parallel lines from the seacoast one thousand miles or more into the interior, whereby they sometimes intersect other lines running at right angles. Still more strange is the fact that some of these supposed canals appear to be in progress of construction. Sig. Schiaparelli states that in 1882 he was surprised to find that there were more of these canals than he had discovered in 1879, and he was completely astonished to find in former years that at short intervals parallel canals come into existence.

#### MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

"I don't believe Mr. Bowser is any different from other men in the matter of supposing he knows it all. And, further, I suppose he is like all the rest of them in refusing to surrender his opinions when beaten. This is a trait in men I cannot understand, but I suppose nature gave it to them when she created them lords of creation."

I am prepared to acknowledge that I rebel against Mr. Bowser's assurance and assumption, and this fact has led to the family differences which have appeared in print. The other day I said to him as he came to supper:

"You forgot your umbrella this noon. Glad you got home before it rained."

"Rain—humph!" he muttered. "What do you know about the weather?"

"Can't I tell when the sky looks like rain?"

"No, nor no other woman!"

"Mr. Bowser, it will rain before morning."

"There isn't the least sign of it, and if there was you couldn't see it!"

It began raining before we went to bed, and I called his attention to the fact, but he went to the door and remarked:

"Nothing but a mist arising from the ground—just as I predicted this morning. It won't rain for a week."

"But it is raining. It's a regular down-pour."

"No, one drop, Mrs. Bowser! The stars would shine for this mist."

As luck would have it his beaver overcoat had been put on the line to air, and the girl brought it in thoroughly soaked.

"If this isn't rain what do you call it?" I asked as I showed him the garment.

"I call it a piece of cold-blooded malignity!" he hissed in reply. "In order to carry your point you sent the girl out to pour a dozen pails of water over my coat and ruin it! Mrs. Bowser, don't drive me too far!"

One evening something was said about our courting days and I remarked to Mr. Bowser that he used to call me his angel and promise to hold me on his knee every evening of our married life.

"My angel! Hold you on my knee! Mrs. Bowser, are you getting soft-headed?"

"But you did."

"Never!"

"I can prove it by your love letters."

"If you can I'll buy you a thousand dollars worth of diamonds!"

In two minutes I had one of his old letters before his eyes. In it he not only called me his angel, but put an extra "t" on the name.

"Haven't I proved it?" I asked.

"Never! That isn't my hand-writing at all!"

"Mr. Bowser, do you deny writing me this letter, in which you call me a dozen fond names, and in which you urge me to marry you three months ahead of the day first set?"

"Certainly I deny it! If you have any such letter it is a base forgery, and the forger ought to be sent to State Prison!"

One evening I heard Mr. Bowser saying to a gentleman friend that the female sex were profoundly ignorant of anything but fashion, and the next morning I said to him:

"I see that Fairchild is for reform."

"Who—what? Who is Fairchild?" he sternly demanded.

"Why, the Secretary of the Treasury, of course. He advises that the revenues should be reduced by lowering the tariff."

"Mrs. Bowser, are you going crazy?"

"No, dear. I notice that 32,000,000 acres of land has been restored to the public domain since 1885."

"What?"

"And that the crisis between Russia and Austria cannot long be delayed."

"Mrs. Bowser!" he said as he laid down his knife and fork. "Did I marry a woman or a Woodhull? Don't let me hear any more such talk from you as we live together!"

We lost our cook again last week through Mr. Bowser's obstinacy. I told him to send up a can of pumpkin pie for pies and he brought a can of peaches. When he sat down to the table with his mouth all made up for pumpkin pie, cook explained how he had changed the order.

"It can't be possible," he replied.

"But you sent peaches, sir."

"Don't you suppose I know pumpkin from peaches? I tell you I got pumpkin!"

"Here's the can, sir, and if these are not peaches I ought to be sent to an idiot asylum!"

"Peaches—um! Do you call these peaches?"

"I do."

"Hum—yes! Mrs. Bowser are these peaches?"

"Of course they are."

"And I sent 'em up?"

"Certainly. I just asked Smith through the telephone, and he says you asked for peaches instead of pumpkin."

"He does, eh? That settles Smith! I'll never trade another dollar with him! It is evident that I sent up a can of pumpkin, and that you two women have fed it to the hogs and substituted peaches to spite me; it's a joke I'll never forget—never!"

And he went off in high dudgeon, followed a little later by the girl, who said to me as she went:

"Poor lady, but did you never hear of this stuff they call Rough on Rats?"

—Free Press.

# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

For the week ending Jan. 7, 1888.

The state teachers, in several sections have been in session this week. Very interesting and profitable meetings have been held.

The eighth regular meeting of the America Horticultural Society will be held in two sections, in California: first, in San Jose, commencing on Tuesday January 24, 1888, and continuing three days, and second, in Riverside, February 7, 8 and 9, 1888.

The petition of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, translated into Tamil and Singhalese, has been circulated in Ceylon by native pastors, catechists, teachers and Bible women, who have secured 16,000 signatures in six weeks.

The closing days of another year are here, and our thoughts naturally turned backward and we review our labors and their results. The thoughtful farmer should ask himself, After all my work in preparing the soil in the Springtime, planting and cultivating in the Summer; after harvesting in the burning sun, and preparing it for the market, have I received a fair reward for all this toil, for all this labor and capital invested? In many cases, yes, in too many cases, the crops this year have been produced and sold with no margin of profit remaining, and often at a loss. Yet, the railroads, charging as much for transporting them, make their millions of profit for a few days handling of crops that it has taken the farmer all the year to produce. Buyers, shippers, merchants, millers, and others have done a good and profitable business handling the fruits of the farmers' toil. The general trade and business of the country is prospering, cities and towns are having their booms, and with them real estate is active and new buildings are rapidly growing up. The average farmer must feel as he answers the question, that this year did not leave him "an honest share of what his harvest yield."

Let the farmer then ask himself a few more questions. Why it is I have so little left? Why have those in other occupations prospered more than I? Will not the answer be found in the fact that others are organized, thoroughly organized, and use their organization to advance their business interests? Through organization they have secured favorable legislation; have shifted the burdens upon the farmers who are not yet all organized as they should be. United they stand, divided the farmers fall. What is the remedy? Organization. What organization? Any is better than none, but we believe the best of all to be the Grange. It has stood the test of time. It is National. It is perfect in its machinery; not expensive, and is within the reach of all. Let farmers who seek in vain for this year's profits unite with it, use it, and when another twelve months have passed they will at least have seen the dawn of a brighter day.

The attempt to establish a state democratic organ, on a grand scale, at Abilene, is probably destined to be a signal failure. This would be the judgment of any practical newspaper man. But when the weakness of the party in this state is taken into account, and the farther fact that there is a very creditable party paper in this city, which the new paper must antagonize, the folly of this thing is brought into bold relief. It would be no disadvantage to Kansas if the democratic party were much stronger than it is. It has never been strong enough to act as a healthy check upon the majority. To divide it into factions fanned by jealousies, and weakened by dissensions, as it may be, will not improve its influence.

Every third party prohibition advocate in the United States has read approved and used in argument Gov.

The whiskey business of Kansas is now in the hands of the express companies. It ought not to be a difficult matter to find a remedy.

Martin's letter in defense of the beneficent working of prohibition in Kansas, and yet they cannot say anything too severe against him.

Third party prohibitionists have hailed the late Supreme court decision in the Kansas liquor cases, as the greatest triumph ever won for prohibition, but while using this mighty thunder they condemn the republican Jupiter from whom it sprung.

Third party prohibition has done nothing for Prohibition in Kansas, but it has corralled all the prohibition thunder it could steal, and is claiming it as its own. At least some of these chaps are very pious political thieves.

At the late prohibition conference in this city it was demonstrated by the reverend politicians whose moral and religious platitudes took the place of ordinary platforms, that figs do grow on thistles. The republican thistle has given Kansas effective prohibition.

There is some reason for a prohibition party in some states, and some also for a National party, so long as other parties ignore the question. But here in Kansas where such a party must draw all its argument and illustrations in support of the good results of prohibition, from the work of an opposing party, the need of any such third party is not so apparent. This fact is emphasized when one beholds it stooping to intrigue, dishonesty and corruption.

The great-granddaughter of Robert Morris, who furnished the "sinews" for the revolutionary struggle, is woefully poor, and is seeking admission, at the age of seventy-four, to an old ladies' home in Washington. She asks for one hundred dollars to pay her entrance fee into the institution.

Senator Palmer believes that a bill abolishing the liquor traffic in the District of Columbia will be urged at this session of Congress and that it will receive the general support of republicans. Such action would be far more politic than any declaration in the platform, and be more practical also.

The third party prohibitionists are very quick to take advantage of every good result of the prohibitory law, and appropriate it to their benefit as if they had some hand in its making. Whatever may be said of the passage of the amendment, the Murray law, and present efficient enforcement of prohibition is the work of a purely republican administration.

Senator Cullom is pushing his government telegraph bill. The government should control the telegraph, railroad, and express business. The principal objection to this is the fear that it would create such an army of partisan employes as to forever keep in power any party that once gets control. Keep salaries down, and allow no man drawing pay from the government, to take part in political affairs, not even to vote, and the evil will disappear. A government of the people should protect the people from all aristocratic overweening monopolies.

WANTED.—A girl to learn to set type; also a boy to work in office, and others to carry papers. Apply at this office, 835 Kansas Avenue, North.

M. A. Low is promoted to the presidency of the Rock Island system west of the Missouri river. To Mr. Low's efforts is due the development of what is known as the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska road, and to his energy may be credited the immense mileage record for one year's work. Mr. Low conceived the new company as it now spreads over Kansas & Nebraska, and his promotion to the position of president of the new system is a recognition of railroad judgment and ability.

"All Things in Order." "Life," said Mr. Beecher on one occasion, "is 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 towelling? 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 Deventer sent to the *Tribune* his discourse 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.—*Omaha Bee.*

Judge Lacombe says he has no jurisdiction over Ives. Nobody 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.—*Olmstead Inquirer.*

The people of this city will support the board of health in demanding that none but pure ice be allowed to be put up.

If the city can be lighted better and cheaper than it is at present the city council will be expected to see that it is done, or they must be held accountable for the neglect.

**RICHLY** Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make \$5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

### \$371.21 for a Guess.

The readers of our paper will be interested in knowing that the proprietors of "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies" will pay \$371.21 in cash for the best answer to the question: "What is the hole for that is in the outside of the chimney of the old-fashioned log cabin, as represented in the trade-mark of 'Warner's Log Cabin Remedies'?" A pamphlet with a picture of such a log cabin can be procured at any drug store. The answers must be sent by mail to H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of the celebrated "Warner's Safe Cure, Rochester, N. Y., before April 10th, 1888. But one answer from each contestant will be considered. It must be signed with the real name, giving post-office address, and must state that the party has purchased and used at least one of the following remedies: Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy, Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy, Warner's Log Cabin Extract, Warner's Log Cabin Liver Pills, Warner's Log Cabin Rose Cream (for catarrh, etc.) Warner's Log Cabin Scalpine (for the scalp and hair), Warner's Log Cabin Plasters. The answers will be referred to an impartial committee for decision, which will be announced April 10th, 1888. Letters of inquiry will not be answered.

## The Century Magazine.

With the November, 1887, issue THE CENTURY commences its thirty-fifth volume with a regular circulation of almost 200,000. The War Papers and the Life of Lincoln increased its monthly edition by 100,000. The latter history having recounted the events of Lincoln's early years, and given the necessary survey of the political condition of the country, reaches a new period, with which his secretaries were most intimately acquainted. Under the caption

### Lincoln in the War,

the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: the early years of the War and President Lincoln's part therein.

### Supplementary War Papers,

following the "battle series" by distinguished generals, will describe interesting features of army life, tunneling from Libby Prison, narratives of personal adventures, etc. General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy of the War."

### Kennan on Siberia.

Except the Life of Lincoln and the War Articles, no more important series has ever been undertaken by THE CENTURY than this of Mr. Kennan's. With the previous preparation of four years' travel and study in Russia and Siberia, the author undertook a journey of 15,000 miles for the special investigation here required. An introduction from the Russian Minister of the Interior admitted him to the principal mines and prisons, where he became acquainted with some three hundred State exiles—Liberals, Nihilist, and others,—and the series will be a startling as well as accurate revelation of the exile system. The many illustrations by the artist and photographer, Mr. George A. Frost, who accompanied the author, will add greatly to the value of the articles.

### A Novel by Eggleston

with illustrations will run through the year. Shorter novels will follow by Cable and Stockton. Shorter fiction will appear every month.

### Miscellaneous Features

will comprise several illustrated articles on Poland, by Charles De Kay; papers touching the field of the Sunday-School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; wild Western life, by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Cathedral, by Mrs. van Rensselaer; with illustrations by Pennell; Dr. Buckey's valuable papers on Dreams, Spiritualism, and Clairvoyance; essays in criticism, art, travel, and biography; poems; cartoons; etc.

By a special offer the numbers for the past year (containing the Lincoln history) may be secured with the year's subscription from November, 1887, twenty-four issues in all, for \$3.00, or with the last year's number handsomely bound, \$7.50. Published by THE CENTURY CO., 33 East 17th Street, New-York.

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"We earnestly recommend young men to read what has been to our eyes a truly delightful work."—*DEAN ALFORD*.  
"The entire book reveals to young men that it is a noble and a blessed thing to live."—*Central Baptist*, St. Louis, Mo.  
"It is strong with argument and appeal; beautiful with fancy and figure; tender with pathos and pity."—*English Review*.  
"It will give a higher ideal of life, and inspire to a nobler work. Nothing can be healthier in tone."—*Messenger*, Philadelphia.  
"A most valuable help for all young men who desire to attain a high character, as well as success and influence in life."—*Lath. Observer*, Phila.  
"Every young man would be deeply benefited by a perusal of this entertaining, sensible, and scholarly work."—*Homestead*, Springfield, Mass.  
"After the manner of Matthews' 'Getting on in the World,' and Smiles' 'Self Help,' but more positively Christian in tone."—*Guardian*, Phila.

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THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, advertised in another column under the head of "Patents," certainly needs no one to "sing its praises," but notwithstanding this fact, we feel it an absolute duty to the general public, at least that portion of it which has never seen or heard of the paper, to tell them that such a "one is published" at the low price of \$3 a year, and that its true value cannot be over-estimated. It stands at the head of all publications of its kind. A file of the paper may be seen at this office and subscriptions received.

The Forum.

This Magazine has taken front rank among the truly great magazines for the people. Its popular articles on all sides of all questions, give it a value possessed by no other publication.

Among the writers for the early numbers of the Forum in 1888 will be Prof John Tyndall, of England; Justice Samuel F. Miller, of the United States supreme court; Prof. Emile de Lavelye, of Belgium; Judge Pitman, of Massachusetts; Canon Wilberforce, of England; Prof. John Stuart Blackie, of Scotland; Andrew D. White, ex-Minister to Germany; Dr. Henry Maudsley, of England; William Crookes, the English chemist, Prof. Edward A. Freeman, the English historian; W. P. Mallock, the author of "Is Life Worth Living?"; Prof G. J. Romanes, of Scotland; Wilkie Collins, the English novelist; Senators Dawes and Culom and Edward Everett Hale.

The Paper For The Million Still At The Front.

The Western Rural and American Stockman of Chicago is one of the most progressive and thoroughly practical farm journals of this country. It is also the largest as well as the best of its class and is always at the front on the leading questions which affect the interests of the farmer and stock-raiser.

The Western Rural is the parent of the Farmers Alliance Movement which is growing strong in all the Western States. The organization has done much to break up combinations which seriously cripple the interests of agriculture and has set in motion influences which must crystallize into legislation to put in check the greed of corporate capital. The price of The Rural, \$1.50 per year, is marvelously low for so large a journal. Address, Milton George, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

CABBAGE AND CELERY PLANTS.—A GUIDE TO THEIR SUCCESSFUL PROPAGATION.

This little volume relates in an interesting manner how two farmer's boys started a vegetable plant trade, on a farm in the country, which developed into a large seed and plant business which now reaches into every corner and section of the Union. It gives modern plans for constructing low cost Hot Beds and Greenhouses to be heated by fermenting manure, fire flues, and hot water. Also how to successfully grow Cabbage and Celery plants in the open ground, with certain methods of protecting them from destructive insects and diseases, which have not heretofore been given to the public.

There is no doubt thousands of locations, in which, with the aid of this little instructor, an active farmer's boy, or established market gardener, might work up a very remunerative plant business with very little expense or trouble.

Vick's Floral Guide.

A silver lining to every cloud! With the short dull days of early winter come the cheery holidays and Vick's beautiful annual and lol spring already appears not far distant. We can almost see the greening grass and blooming flowers. In the way of Catalogue, Vick's Floral Guide is unequalled in artistic appearance, and the edition of each year that appears simply perfect, is surpassed the next. New and beautiful engravings, and three colored plates of flowers, vegetables, and grain, are features for the issue for 1888. Its lavender tinted cover, with original designs of most pleasing effects, will ensure it a prominent place in the household and library. It is in itself a treatise on horticulture, and is adapted to the wants of all who are interested in the garden or house plants. It describes the rarest flowers and the choicest vegetables. If you want to know anything about the garden, see Vick's Floral Guide, price only 10 cents, including a Certificate good for 10 cents worth of seeds. Published by James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.

An advertisement in this paper of one inch four weeks for \$2.00 will reach 25,000 readers, as usually estimated, and will be the cheapest way to reach the people of town and country. Reading locals 10 cents a line.

The Magazine of American History.

The current December number completes the Eighteenth Volume of this admirably conducted illustrated historic monthly. The Best Historical Magazine in the World. The rapidly growing interest among the reading communities, of the United States in the former politics, affairs, and events which have contributed towards making our young nation one of the foremost among the nations, is a matter of pride and congratulation to this periodical—which, as is universally conceded, was the very first in the land to popularize American history. No magazine in this country has achieved a higher reputation abroad than the Magazine of American History. "It is the Magazine of the world," recently remarked a prominent English librarian, "and we treasure it as one of the most valuable of our possessions." This Magazine aims to have no superior in all points of excellence; its papers are delightfully animated and picturesque, and its authentic and trustworthy information, in all its various departments, it is presented in clear, vigorous, and attractive style. It is spirited, educating and progressive as well as popular; and superbly illustrated it holds the highest rank in the current literature of the time. It is warmly commended by the ablest scholars and historians in all countries and climes.

During the coming year, as in the past, the publishers will continue to advance, extend, and improve this periodical, dealing with every problem in American history from the most remote period to the present hour; and while no attempt will be made to catalogue its brilliant features for the future—its practice being always to do rather than promise—it is prepared to furnish many a delightful surprise to its cultivated and appreciative readers, through its constantly increasing resources, historical and artistic, and the most eminent historical writers will continue to contribute the fresh results of careful research and profound study to its beautiful pages. While aiming to make this monthly interesting for the general reader whose desire for information is hardly less than that of the specialist and antiquarian, fancy will never be indulged at the expense of historical exactness and symmetry; and no efforts will be spared to render this unique magazine of permanent and priceless value. On all matters where difference of opinion exist, both sides will be presented without prejudice or partiality. The present condition of the public mind shows that there is no lack of appreciative intelligence and good taste in America, and promises well for the culture of raising generations.

This important publication, more than other, is cultivating the taste for historic reading and the desire for historic knowledge among all classes of readers. It has become a positive necessity for schools, colleges, and libraries throughout the country, and it is recognized as an educating power. The monthly numbers gathered into handsomely bound volumes, form a valuable library in themselves of the history of America.

The general circulation of the MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY has not only become national, but international, reaching all classes and interesting all readers, whether old or young. It is illustrated and printed with such care that it is a pleasure to turn its beautiful pages. That it should have achieved unparalleled success is no matter of wonder. There are two elegant volumes in each year, beginning the January and July; and with each successive volume an elaborate index is carefully prepared and added. Subscriptions for the MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY may begin at any time, and all booksellers and newsmen receive them, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers. Price, 50 cents a copy; or \$5.00 a year in advance. The price of the bound volume is 3.50 for each half year, in dark green levant cloth, and \$4.50 if bound in half morocco, Address Magazine of American History, 743 Broadway, New York City.

It has been so intensely cold in the south that men have frozen to death in Tennessee and Alabama.

Democrats in Congress will be pretty sure to neutralize the influence of the president on the wool question.

Wellesley College is building a new cottage which is to be called the "Freeman Cottage" and will accommodate fifty students.

The republican party owes President Cleveland a debt of gratitude for his address on the tariff. He does for it what no man in the party could do.

Rev. D. P. Livermore has presented the friends of woman suffrage in Kansas with several hundred copies of his pamphlet in reply to Senator Ingalls.

The wives of Clemenceau and Ribot, the noted French politicians, are both Americans. The former was a Connecticut girl and the latter from Albany.

The republican party in Kansas and every where else is organizing state and local leagues. The prohibitory party of Kansas don't think it needs very much organization, and that idea is one thing that has always aided it.

THROUGH THE FOREST.

The Old and Young Danced All Night—Our Hardy Ancestors.

Old men live in the past. Perhaps it would be better for the young men of the present, if they lived a little bit more in the past, and drew less on the future.

The log cabins of primitive times would seem very cheerless habitations to the people who live in the finely constructed, furnace heated mansions of to day. But our grandparents took a great deal of comfort in these rude homes.

They were rugged and healthy. The men had stalwart and hardy frames, and the women were free from the modern ailments that make the sex of to-day practically helpless slaves to hired foreign help.

White-haired grand-sires frequently took their life partners and on horseback rode a score of miles through the forests to enjoy the lively pleasures of a frontier ball, danced till daylight rode home again in the early morning, then put in a good day's work.

Middle-aged folks of to-day couldn't stand that sort of a racket.

To these mud-chinked log cabins doctors' visits were a rarity. The inhabitants lived to a rugged and green old age.

Sometimes these log cabin old-timers were taken ill. They were not proof against all the exposures to which they were subjected. They found the effective remedies for these common ailments in the roots and herbs which grew in the neighboring forests and fields. They had learned that nature has a cure for every ill. These potent remedies assisted their sturdy frames to quickly throw off disease and left no poison in the system.

The unpleasant feature of modern practice with mineral medicines is the injurious after effect on the system. May not modern physical degeneracy be due to this feature?

A drug-saturated system is not in a natural, consequently not in a healthy, state. If any of the main organs are clogged with traces of the mineral poisons used to drive out a particular disease, the whole machinery of life is deranged and early decay of natural powers is the inevitable result.

There can be no question that remedies from the laboratory of nature are the best. If they are as efficacious, they have the advantage of leaving no after sting.

Their efficacy, if properly compounded, and the proper remedy applied to the proper disease, will not be doubted. The experience of ages proves it.

Their disease has come about principally through the rapid congregation of people in cities and villages, rendering these natural remedies difficult to obtain. Progressive business enterprise has lately led to putting these old time remedies within reach of all classes.

The proprietors of Warner's safe remedies, in the faith that the people of to day would be benefited by using the simple remedies of log cabin days, have caused investigations to be made and secured the formulas of a number of those which long and successful use had proved to be most valuable.

They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies." Among these medicines will be a "Sarsaparilla" for the blood and liver, "Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy," a remedy called "Scalpine," for the hair, "Log Cabin Extract," for internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for catarrh, called "Log Cabin Rose Cream." Among the list is also a "Log Cabin Laxative" and a "Log Cabin Liver Pill."

WANTED.—A girl to learn to set type; also a boy to work in office, and others to carry papers. Apply at this office, 885 Kansas Avenue, North.

The press reports of the recent Prohibition Party Convention in Minnesota, omitted from the list of resolutions the strong one favoring suffrage for women. Ladies present at the Prohibition Conference desire this fact stated.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

PUDDING SAUCE.

Beat together four teaspoonfuls of sugar and two ounces of butter; stir in a teacup of boiling water; flavor to taste.

POP-OVERS.

One thoroughly beaten egg, one cup sweet milk, a little salt, one cup sifted flour. Drop in hot gem irons and bake quickly.

DOUGHNUTS.

One cup sugar, one heaping tablespoonful butter, one egg, one cup sweet milk, half a nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one quart flour.

CORN-STARCH CUSTARD.

Put a pint of milk in a frying pan, let it come to the boiling point, then add a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch. Serve with sugar and cream.

SUGAR COOKIES.

One cup butter, two cups of sugar and three eggs. Flour enough to make a soft dough. Flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg and bake in a moderate oven.

JELLY CUSTARD PIE.

Four eggs, whites beaten separately, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter; beat well; add one cup nearly full of jelly; last thing add the whites of the eggs; bake on thin pastry.

FRUIT CAKE.

The yolks of ten eggs, ten ounces butter, one pound flour, one pound citron, one pound raisins, two pounds currants, one teaspoonful cinnamon, cloves, mace, nutmeg.

COTTAGE PUDDING.

One cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of baking powder, 2½ cups of flour. Bake about forty minutes. Eat with sauce while warm.

GINGERSNAPS.

Boil slowly for fifteen minutes two cups of molasses; add one-half cup of butter, cool and add two spoonfuls of cold water, one heaping teaspoonful of ginger and flour to roll.

BLACKBERRY JAM.

Take four pounds of fruit, put into a kettle with two pounds of good coarse sugar, and set over a slow fire, gently boiling it for one hour, occasionally stirring it to prevent burning. When done put in jars and seal.

GOOD CAKE.

One cup each of butter, brown sugar, molasses and coffee, one teaspoonful each, even full, of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg grated, three teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in the coffee, flour to make a stiff dough; add the last thing two cups of raisins chopped. Bake in a moderate oven.

FRIED ONIONS.

Have frying pan hot, put in a good sized piece of butter (or meat fryings after frying meat), put in the onions sliced; sprinkle with pepper and salt, and pour in just a little hot water, cover closely, let cook twenty minutes; add a teaspoonful of flour in a little milk and when it boils it is ready to serve.

SPONGE JELLY ROLL.

Four eggs, 1½ cups of sugar, one teaspoonful baking powder; beat the whites separately, and the sugar and the yolks together till very light; then add part of the whites, then a cup of flour, then beat good, then a little more flour, then the rest of the whites, and stir easy, put it in and bake. Spread and roll as quick as you can.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.

Two eggs and their weight in butter, sugar and flour. Have the butter soft and mix it with the sugar. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately, and mix with the butter and sugar; add the grated peel of half a lemon, and stir in the sifted flour. Pour into a buttered pan, filling a little over half full, and bake in a moderate oven.

A Tiresome Evening.

Omaha Girl—Isn't Mr. De Blank funny?  
Omaha Youth—I noticed you seemed to think so.

"Why, he has kept us laughing half the evening. Didn't you enjoy his wit?"  
"I found it very tiresome."  
"Tiresome? O, you don't mean it. I know you have a keen appreciation of humor. Why didn't you enjoy Mr. De Blank's jokes?"

"Well, the fact is, he takes the same funny paper that I do."

"It Might Have Been."

Fat—Moika, th' tells m' az ez have quit worrukin in the power factory. Was it too dangerous?  
Mike—Dangerous? Well, be gobl I believe if I had worruked there till now I'd a be'n dead a year ago.—Life.

Even So.

The man who blows into the muzzle of a gun to see whether it's loaded or not generally finds out, but he doesn't seem to remember it long.—Washington Critic.

ST. NICHOLAS

For Young Folks.

SINCE its first issue, in 1878, this magazine has maintained, with undepreciated recognition, the position it took at the beginning,—that of being the most excellent juvenile periodical ever printed. The best known names in literature were on its list of contributors from the start.—Bryant, Longfellow, Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, James Hodgson Burnett, James T. Fields, John G. Whittier; indeed the list is so long that it would be easier to tell the few authors of note who have not contributed to "the world's child magazine."

The Editor, Mary Mapes Dodge, author of "Hans Brinker, or, The Silver Skates," and other popular books for young folks,—and for known-to-all folks,—too, has a remarkable faculty for snowing and entertaining children. Under her skillful leadership, St. Nicholas brings to thousands of homes on both sides of the water knowledge and delight.

St. Nicholas in England.

It is not alone in America that St. Nicholas has made its great success. The London Times says: "It is above anything we produce in the same line." The Scotsman says: "There is no magazine that can successfully compete with it."

The Coming Year of St. Nicholas.

The fifteenth year begins with the number for November, 1887, and the publishers can announce: Serial and Short Stories by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank R. Stockton, H. C. Burnett, Lord Chander Harris, J. T. Rowbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Louisa M. Alcott, Professor Alfred Church, William H. Bishop, Washington Gladden, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Frances Courtenay Taylor, Harriet Upton and many others. Edmund Alton will write a series of papers on the "Routine of the Republic"—how the President works at the White House, and how the affairs of the Treasury, the State and War Departments, etc., are conducted; Joseph O'Brien, a well known Australian journalist, will describe "The Great Inland Continent"; Elizabeth Robins Pennell will tell of "London Christmas Pantomimes" (Alice in Wonderland, etc.); John Burroughs will describe "Meadow and Woodland Talks with Young Folk," etc. Mrs. Burnett's short serial will be, the editor says, a worthy successor to her famous "The Fairy Fauntleroy," which appeared in St. Nicholas. Why not try St. Nicholas this year for the young people in the house? Begin with the November number. Send us \$3.00, or subscribe through book-sellers and newsmen. The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New-York.

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### A PRECIOUS THOUGHT.

I have thought, but I cannot give it speech;  
'Tis like material with which to make  
An instrument of song, which, tho' I reach  
The music buried there, I cannot break  
The attitude of silence with a word,  
And so it lies, unspoken and unheard.

'Tis like a flower growing in the gloom,  
And which I eager search, but cannot find,  
But I may freely breathe the sweet perfume  
And let its fragrance penetrate my mind—  
It may be but the promise of a thought  
Which God, in mercy to my soul, has brought,  
Lest I be too content with lower things,  
And I, in groping for expression, may  
Unconsciously be spreading out my wings  
For flight unto your heaven's mount away,  
For lack of all earth's shadows doth appear  
The form which cast but a reflection here.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### The Old Love is Best.

"Quarrelled with your lover? For shame!" exclaimed Mr. Wentworth.

"Quarrelled with Frank? Why, how could you, Nellie?" was his wife's remark, addressing her sister.

"Don't look so horrified," said that young lady. "You were kind enough to ask me to spend the winter with you, and I declined because I was in love with Frank. Well, I find I am not so I have come!" She stood before them still dusty from travel, but looking very charming in her tailor-made suit.

"I am coming out at your reception," she added, gayly. "I intend to catch a millionaire and be happy forever afterward."

"I sincerely hope so," said her brother-in-law, dubiously.

"And why not?" replied the gay girl turning sharply on him. "Doesn't everybody, nowadays, say that money's the chief good? You've got so much of it yourself you don't understand about others. You can afford to be romantic, but I can't. And as for living all my days in a poky little rectory!"

"Ah, my dear!" interposed her sister, with a deprecating shake of her head.

"There, now, don't be didactic," retorted Nellie, laughing again. "It doesn't become you, darling, and besides I intend to have my own way. I always did have it, you know."

Nothing more was said at the time about Frank and the winter that followed was the liveliest socially for years.

Mrs. Wentworth's beautiful sister became quite a belle and before Lent she had a dozen proposals, which she promptly rejected as they were offered.

To tell the truth, Nellie was heartily sick of society. The men she found all fops and the women marionettes.

"I am disgusted with them all," she said to herself, "and with myself more than all. I'd rather go back and marry the parson and mend stockings in the bay window of the rectory than marry the best man in society."

"But the parson isn't there now," said Mrs. Wentworth to her one day, when she had repeated something like this in her presence.

"What? Has he left Dingley parish?" and she gave a great gasp, while the color fled from her cheeks.

"Yes, I heard he had."

"Left Dingley parish?" What, for good?"

"So I suppose. Some rich city church has called him. They thought the jewel required finer setting."

"And it did," she said, frankly.

"Frank was too great for us and our little village; I might have seen it. Why hasn't anybody written. Mother knew that I—at least, she might have thought it would have been of some little interest to me."

Mamma knew you had thrown him over, and took it for granted, I suppose, that you didn't care to hear."

Nellie's reply was a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"I shall never see him again, I suppose," she said that night, however, to her sister.

"He will find you yet, dear," said Agnes.

"Never. You've no idea how horribly I treated him. Now I suppose, he'll go hunting for a wealthy woman. Well, I don't care."

But she did care. Her tears in the night watches attested to it. She cared, in her own language, tremendously.

The next day Sunday, Nellie could hardly be induced to go to church. She had suffered in learning, too late, perhaps, the priceless worth of the heart she had dared to trifle with.

The church was a goodly distance, and Nellie, as she entered, with downcast eyes and a heavy heart, felt desperately in need of its calm and strengthening service. At the first sound of the rector's voice, however, a shiver of delight thrilled to her heart. She dared not, at the moment, lift her eyes, she felt so humbled; but when she did gather the courage, there stood Frank Penrose, and his ringing voice was the sweetest music she had ever heard. And when she caught his eye, she bade farewell to hope; for she felt, then, that she loved him, and had loved him all along.

At the close of the service he came to meet them—came quietly, and steadily, smilingly—this man whom Nellie had deserted for society and fashion.

If his hand had but trembled a little as he grasped hers masterfully she might have again indulged in some flippant speech to prove that he had not conquered her; but the tears were too near for that.

He pointed out the varied beauties of the old church.

"I think you would like the parsonage—it is not green," he added with a half-suppressed smile.

"Frank," she said, imploringly.

"And when you are there, it will be a power of roses," he added. "You will come?"

What would she say? Nothing. Her eyes, eloquent with tears, did the talking.

"Did you know Frank was going to preach this morning?" she asked of Wentworth, as they drove home.

"Of course," was the laconic reply.

"You might, at least, have prepared me."

"Why? To keep you from going, and defer, if not prevent, this happy ending? Confess now, you're tired of fashion and society."

She held out her hand.

"I am tired of it, and I forgive you," she said. "Love is better than money, after all, And," she added, enthusiastically, "there's not another man in the world so good as Frank Penrose."

"Except Harry," said Agnes, nestling closer up to her husband.

### WONDERFUL SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

Two Remarkable Cures Recently Effected at Cleveland.

A Cleveland, O., letter says: Two of the most wonderful surgical cases ever recorded have been brought to a successful termination in this city. Some time ago Elsie, the 6-months-old baby of Adam Lucas, a machinist residing on Louis street, received an injury to the neck in a peculiar manner. A girl having the babe in her arms whirled around on her heel without at the same time supporting the child's head and neck. Soon after a change was noticed in the child. It began to waste and pine, while its head had become swollen to thrice its normal size. It soon became evident that the child was suffering from water on its brain as the result of the injury to the neck. To add to its sad condition it became totally blind, deaf, and paralyzed, and only its faint cry and its ability to take nourishment gave evidence that the vital spark still remained. The attending physicians declare the child must die. At this stage of the case a surgical operation was determined upon. A piece of the skull-bone was removed and a drainage tube put into the cavities of the brain, through which the water escaped. For many weeks bandages were kept about the head and the liquid forced out of the brain cavities. Ultimately it ceased to flow. With the recovery from the immediate effects of the operation, a most wonderful change was observed in the little patient. The head rapidly decreased in size. Soon the parents were overjoyed to discover that the eye sight had returned; the blind child could once more see. Then its hearing was recovered, and finally the paralyzed condition of its body gave way, and now, with all its faculties restored, it has developed from a condition worse than death into an exceptionally bright and winsome little creature.

The other case is still more remarkable from a professional standpoint. Mary Gallagher is the name of a young girl who resides on Main street. When about 13 years of age she fell from a lumber pile and struck on her hip in such an unfortunate manner as to produce hip disease, the disease causing permanent deformity, and the destruction of the joint and union of the bones of the thigh and hip at such an angle that the foot could not be put on the ground. The limb was drawn up, and it was only with the aid of a pair of crutches that the girl was able to crawl around. She was taken to a surgeon, and a remarkable operation was agreed upon. This was nothing more nor less than the manufacture of an entirely new joint to take the place of the destroyed hip-joint. The muscles that ordinarily move the thigh on the body are attached a point some distance from the hip-joint. In this girl, owing to the destruction of the joint and the necessary cessation of motion between the thigh and the part above, these muscles are greatly wasted. Between the spot where the structures were attached and the destroyed hip-joint the bone was cut and separated; a series of chisels was driven into the bone from the back of the thighs, so that the bone was compressed and a V-shaped space—with the widest part of the opening directed backward and outward—made in the substance of the bones to such an extent that when the operation was completed and the bone cut through, the leg and thigh could be straightened and brought into line with the body. Two principal points kept in view during the entire operation was to preserve the muscles and to save the covering of the bone at the opening which had been made. The limb was straightened out and put in splints, and so arranged that it could be moved daily at the point where the bone was cut, and treatment was applied to the withered muscles of the hip to stimulate their vitality. The exercising of the hip prevented the bones from forming strong cords which hold it in place, and the result is one of the wonders of modern surgery. The previously deformed and crippled girl has been restored to symmetry, comeliness, and usefulness. The limb is perfectly strong, and the new joint performs all the functions of the one it has replaced painlessly and naturally. It is claimed by medical men that this is the only successful case of the kind on record.

### FOREST POLICY OF JAPAN.

A Bavarian Invited to Direct Preparation For a Timber Supply.

Not long ago, without any flourish of announcement or departure, a quiet, scholarly gentleman in the vigor of early manhood passed through this city on an important mission to Japan, where he is to give instruction in the science and practice of forestry as known in the best schools of Europe, and to direct to a certain extent the forest empire. Dr. Heinrich Mayr is the forest officer of the Bavarian government and lecturer on sylviculture in the University of Munich. Two years he crossed United States through the Lake region and the northwest to Oregon, and now he proposes to study the southern forests, going through the Allegheny region and crossing Texas to California. This is in preparation for a report to his government on American forests. From San Francisco he will sail to Japan, where he will be professor of sylviculture and forest botany in the University of Tokio, besides taking charge of the actual forest work of the empire during the extended leave of absence from his post in Bavaria.

In reply to some inquiries by a reporter Dr. Mayr said that although there was abundant timber in Japan and a wonderful richness in arborescent species when compared with the sylvia of Europe, still serious inroads had been made upon the forest wealth of the empire. During the civil war many forests owned by the daimios were destroyed, and the government intended to restore them. Besides this many of the mountain slopes, although thickly wooded, were clothed with species not esteemed valuable. There are vast stretches of beechwoods, the trees being apparently identical botanically with the European beech, although the wood is lighter in color. Beech is considered a useful wood in Europe, but there are many better kinds in Japan, and the government proposes to substitute some of these for the inferior species.

Notable among the valuable timber trees is the cryptomesia, a conifer, specimens of which are not rare in the ornamental plantations of this country. A few of them are growing in the Ramble of Central Park. This tree is closely allied to the American sequoia, the redwood and the big trees. When a traveler fresh from the Sierras first sees a forest of cryptomesia he will have no other thought than that they are identical with the American trees. They have, too, all the good qualities of red wood—light, straight grained, easily worked, durable.

Besides these species of planera, some of the oaks and perhaps some other deciduous trees will be used to supplant the beech. It will be a delicate undertaking to make such a sweeping transformation in the forest growth over large areas without causing violent disturbance in the natural forces which have been adjusting themselves into balance during centuries. But the Japanese government appreciates this and is preparing for the work most thoroughly and cautiously. When asked if Japan had yet suffered any of those physical disasters which have followed the deforesting of highlands in other countries, Dr. Mayr said: "Oh, yes. This preparation for a timber supply is only one reason for the present interest in forestry in Japan. The growth of railroads opening up new markets for forest products and means of transporting them is an immediate occasion for this sharp looking after their resources by a long sighted business people. But the country is already suffering from torrents where the wood has been stripped from high slopes. The calamity is not so serious as it is in other parts of the world, in southeastern France, for instance, where millions literally expended every year in an almost hopeless struggle with devastating floods.

"But what has happened and is plainly threatened has decided the government to take prompt action and recover the bare heights. Near Kiota, for example, within less than fifty years the forest has been cleared from a portion of the high mountains about the city and the result is too evident. The river flowing down from this deforested slope, and crossing a plain say fifteen miles to the sea, soon began to roll down more loosened stones and gravel and earth after the rainy season had swollen it. As the river bed was lifted by this deposit, the people, to restrain it from overflowing the plains on either side, began to build up barriers on its banks. Then more woods were felled the torrent became more sudden and violent, owing to decreased obstruction. The waterway was gradually filled in with washings from the mountain, compelling another and another embankment on either side as the bottom was raised, until now the stream runs between artificial banks on the top of a long, straight causeway fifty feet high."

—New York Tribune.

### New York Society Notes.

Mrs. A.—"I've just seen Mrs. Skippers."

Mrs. B.—"The wife of Skippers, the cashier, who ran off to Canada? I mean Skippers who lived on Fifth avenue, and was one of the elite."

"Yes, the same."—Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who is in Florence, Italy, for the winter, has received \$8,000 for her story "Sara Creme" from an English magazine. Financially considered "Sara" evidently belongs to the *creme de la creme*.

### One of the Dairymples.

A. R. Dalrymple, nephew of Oliver Dalrymple, owner of the mammoth Dakota farm which bears his name, was in town yesterday with his family, en route to southern California to spend the winter, says *The Omaha Herald*. The Dalrymple farm is in its way, a small empire, over which the proprietor holds undisputed sway. It contains 65,000 acres, of which 27,000 acres are under cultivation. Wheat is practically the only product. Enough grain for stock feed is raised, but nothing but the speculative cereal is grown for market. Six hundred men are employed during harvest, and eight hundred head of stock are used in farm work. The plowing is done with 135 gang plows, the harvesting and thrashing by countless machines. The farm is divided into sections of 2,000 acres each, and each section has its foreman, whose work of superintending is done from the back of a horse furnished by the proprietor. The men on the several sections live in boarding-houses operated by the proprietor, and a small store supplies the minor wants of the employes. The average yield of wheat this year has been, Mr. Dalrymple said, 17 bushels to the acre. All of it would eventually be shipped to Duluth, where "No. 1 hard" is the best wheat of that region is called, is worth 76 cents per bushel. At present Oliver Dalrymple was holding in his own elevators on the farm 250,000 bushels, which he will sell when the May option in Duluth touches 90 cents per bushel. The Mr. Dalrymple who was at Paxton said he was not financially interested in the great farm. He was in O. Dalrymple's employ, but had a little side issue of his own—a little tract of 3,000 acres.

There having been published a few days ago a statement from Congressman Laird to the effect that wheat-raising did not pay, the mathematical tenor of this paper was assigned to the task of computing, from the data furnished by Mr. Dalrymple, the net profit of the Dalrymple farm. Basing the calculation on the estimated cost of raising wheat in Dakota—45 cents per bushel—the mathematician found that there was a handsome profit on the right side of the ledger. Add to the cost of production, which cost includes every conceivable expense, the rate of railroad transportation to market, 11.4 cents per bushel, and one finds that wheat can be raised on the Dalrymple farm and laid down to Duluth for 56.4 cents. With cash wheat at 76 cents, there is a net profit of 19.6 cents per bushel, or a gross profit of \$99,964 on 458,000 bushels, which is the total yield of twenty-seven thousand acres at seventeen bushels per acre.

Mr. Dalrymple was so hurried last night in his departure for California that these figures could not be submitted to him for revision. When he returns in February he will doubtless correct any errors which may have been made. The main purpose of the computation, however, seems to have been established—there is still balm in Gilead for the sun dried, mosquito-bitten, and blizzard-blown ganger in the "land of the Dakotas." Mr. Dalrymple's reply, when asked what was done in winter with the farm, strengthens the theory of profit. He said: "We leave the farm out-doors, lock up everything portable, put men in charge of the place, and go away, anywhere everywhere."

Certain persons who profess to know the cost of wheat production in the territorial home of the bonanza farmer claim that the berry can be raised for 27 cents per bushel. While *The Herald's* mathematician is not prepared to successfully contradict the statement, he has elected to base his calculations on the first-named estimate. Otherwise in would be found that the profit of the Dalrymple farm for the season of 1887 was something like \$172,574—a sum far ahead of even the expectations of the tenderfoot who went to Dakota, thinking that wheat grew spontaneously and could be sold standing in the field at \$1 per bushel.

### Some Wealthy Gypsies.

I have no doubt that a half a million of the million and a half Gypsies we now have among us are what are known among the Romans as drone Gypsies—that is Gypsies of the road; Gypsies whose heritage of patriarchal and pilgriming tradition will no more permit them to herd in towns, save out of necessity, than will foxes. Of these as I have previously stated in print have names and addresses of nearly 1,000 heads of families, or petty tribes whose combined wealth exceeds \$200,000,000. Hosts aside from these have gained or are securing little properties. These largely consist of fine farms, country tavern stands, toll-gate privileges, tracts of woodland of which they are very fond, livery and sale stables in the smaller towns and villages and, not infrequently, extensive town properties, particularly the larger sale stables in metropolitan cities. Thousands upon thousands are able to live comfortably without effort upon rentals and other incomes. But they are never idle, and they never fail of passing some portion of each summer upon the road. Their traditions, or preparations for trading never cease; nor does their fortune-telling, for the wife of a Gypsy worth \$250,000—and I have the acquaintance of more than one of these—will as plainly tell your fortune for silver as would the wife of the most poverty-stricken Gypsy tinker. I've heard of a man or patch a kettle—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### HERE AND THERE.

Hoozee tunnel is to be lighted by 1,250 incandescent lamps.

There are three Yale graduates in the new congress—Kean, Dubois and Russell.

Want of occupation is the bane of men and women—perhaps more especially of the latter.

Apples are so plenty in Norwich, Conn., that a barrel filled with them is worth no more than an empty one.

The Horace Greeley Post, G. A. R., of New York, is formed entirely of printers who handled "slugs" in war times.

An Illinois farmer pulling stumps the other day unearthed a tin box, apparently long buried, which contained \$65.

There are nine British missionary societies now laboring in Africa with an aggregate annual expenditure of \$1,000,000.

"Jernmanufakturbolagsforsejningsmagasin" in Swedish means, in English, "The Iron Manufacturing Company's sale shop."

One of the smallest working silk looms in the world is on exhibition at Paterson, N. J. It takes up less space than a typewriter.

A law has been passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the liquor habit.

Although the time for taking another census of the United States is drawing very near the tenth and last census is still uncompleted.

Captain R. B. Forbes, the venerable mariner of Milton, Mass., has made 300 miniature sailboats as Christmas presents for the boys of his village.

The little child of Arthur Dodge, of Block Island, has six living grandmothers and four grandfathers, five generations of the family being living.

A granddaughter of Charles Dickens has engaged a staff of young ladies who, with herself, devote themselves to copying MSS. with typewriters.

Tramps caught in New York are vaccinated. It is had enough to be a tramp; but to be or not to be a tramp with a sore arm is a very serious question.

Mayor Robertson, of Concord, N. H., recently vetoed a bill increasing the salary of his office from \$500 to \$1,000. The Board of Aldermen passed it over his veto.

It is computed that there are nearly a thousand women in Iowa who own farms, and give them their personal attention. Only eighteen of these farms are mortgaged.

Two bright New Jersey young women, dissatisfied with the money they made teaching, invested \$50 in poultry. The first year their profits were \$1,000, the second \$3,000.

An Oil City paper suggests that natural gas be called petrogen. Prof. Orton of Ohio admits that a new name is desirable, but thinks petrogen would be a more scientific term.

The French artist Philpoteaux is working quietly in New York illustrating, on immense canvases, scenes in the life General Grant, which will be exhibited under lime lights.

A blacksmith of Lewiston, Me., is making money by hammering out iron and steel finger rings, for which he finds a ready sale at 60 cents each. He warrants them to cure rheumatism.

Ex-Secretary Holcomb, of the American Legation at Peking, says that out of the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Chinese Empire fully 300,000,000 spend less than \$1.50 a month for food.

Farmers in Wiltshire, England, have been obliged by hard times to reduce the wages of their laborers from one to two shillings a week, so that now eight shillings a week is the usual wage.

Mrs. Samuel Washington, of Cincinnati, has just added two girls and a boy to her family. She did this very thing once before. The triplets are all black. So is Mrs. Washington and her husband.

The first president's message telegraphed west was delivered by James K. Polk. It required forty-eight hours to perform the task. Now a message of equal length is transmitted in three hours.

A scientist states that paralysis among railroad engineers is increasing, on account of the rapidity with which trains are run nowadays, the constant motion and nervous strain breaking a man down.

Forty alleged heirs of Jean B. Bequette are about to bring suit for \$40,000,000 worth of the center of St. Louis. One of their attorneys was formerly employed by Myra Clark Gaines in New Orleans.

The orange tree and the lemon are both descended from the citron. The history of the orange tree is said to date back to the crusades, the returning Pilgrims carrying it into Europe 700 or 800 years ago.

At a recent entertainment in Philadelphia admission was not by ticket but by vegetable, each person being requested to turn over to the door keeper a potato or some other vegetable product. The net proceeds were distributed among the poor.

For many years one of the landmarks in Oglethorpe county, Georgia, was the "Old Treaty Oak," under which the first settlers made the treaty with the Cherokee Indians for all the land in that part of the state. The tree has recently died of girdling.

The newest device for bridesmaids has caught on with a surprising grip. It is for the maids aforesaid to carry each a satin shoe slung on the arm filled with flowers. It must be the daintiest of all dainty shoelets imaginable, with high heel and toe-pick toe, and shaped so as to hold the flowers firmly.

The most expensive policeman's star in the United States is said to be the one owned by Marshal John Jolly of Butte City, Mont. It is of solid gold; has five points; each point has a diamond, in the centre is a monogram of diamonds. The description indicates that it is worth more than the \$300 at which it is valued.

A curious image was dug up a short time ago near Montgomery, Ala., and is now on exhibition at Pittsburg. It has a human head upon a bird-like body, with a fantail, and is carved in stone. The face is purely Egyptian and across the head is cast something resembling an amice, placed in such a manner as to leave the entire forehead revealed. The figure is 12 1/2 inches long and 9 1/2 inches high and weighs 21 pounds.

BOB BURDETTE.

Sayings of the Brooklyn Eagle Humorist.

UNREQUITED DESIRE.

The man who wants the earth, my son, is the very man the earth doesn't want.

HONEYED CRITICISM.

Miss Getie—Professor, do you think that reading Ouida's novels weakens the mind? Professor Snarl, kindly—No dear; because nobody with any mind ever reads them.

HAD A FAMILIAR SOUND.

Conscientious Parent: 'Johnny, I want to talk to you a minute. Last night you ran away from home and were out with the Goober boys till ten o'clock. You broke a window in the school-house as you came home, and Mr. Thatcher heard you swear and saw you smoking a pipe. Where you get your disposition I don't know. I never did such things when I was a boy. Until I was twenty years old I never went out of the house alone after dark; I never touched tobacco and never used profane language; I never—Johnny, who is no fly roost: 'Hold on, pa. you can't impress me. I am somewhat of a liar myself.'

UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE.

A 'gentleman's son?' Well, my boy, when you find a man whose only claim to respectability and title to existence is that he is the son of a gentleman, you want to look for his name in the Newark Peerage before you cash any checks for him. 'Pinkerton's Peerage,' paste it in your address book.

THEY'D BETTER NOE.

'Do not swear,' says a truly good writer, 'where your boy can hear you.' That is excellent advice for the old man. Now we will give the boys some equally good: 'Never swear where your father can hear you.'

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

'My stars, man,' exclaimed the traveler, who had stepped into the transfer-office to look for a trunk that had been missing for two months, 'but you do write fast! I never saw a steam engine get over ground so fast!' 'Umph!' said the clerk, making the pencil and the tickets fly. 'Can anybody read what you write?' 'Nope.' 'Can you read it yourself?' 'Nope.' 'What are you writing?' 'Addresses for baggage to be delivered. Here, Sam! Steen trunks 'n' 'ty v' lises—tyfi hundn' ty four 'st 'n' ty f' th street right 'way. Traveler goes out without asking for his trunk, and when last seen was asking a man from whom he had just bought a navy revolver to show him how to load it.

PERFIDIOUS ALBION.

Put away the rest of the dynamite. Ireland is avenged. An English pianist gave an exhibition in London not long ago, at which he played the piano thirty-six hours without a break. Roso himself could deal perfidious Albion no such blow as this.

DOESN'T QUITE REACH THE SPOT.

A Hartford man has invented an apparatus for timing horses to a quarter of a second, by electricity. That isn't exactly the invention that the owners of fast roadsters have been looking for. What is demanded by gentlemen who drive their own steppers is an apparatus that will give a six-minute horse a record of 2:34 on a long track.

A WORD TO SOMNAMBULISTS.

A Boston writer, discussing the lost art of early rising, says, 'the proper time to rise is when sleep ends.' That's a good thing to know. Do you know, if we hadn't seen that in a Boston paper, we would have gone right on believing that the proper time to rise was when you were right in the midst of your soundest sleep. What a blessed thing it is for this blind old world that there are some men in it who know nearly every thing.

LIKE CLIENT, LIKE COUNSEL.

Captain Black, the attorney for the late anarchists, says he is poor. Oh, well, a poor lawyer is no novelty. If he were a better one, maybe all his clients wouldn't have been hanged. We don't know anything about him, but have no doubt he is a good enough lawyer for the anarchists, who despise law, anyhow.

THE VERGE OF BANKRUPTCY.

Delighted friend in Colorado hotel—'Why, why, why! George Jackson, if I ain't glad to see you! I heard that you were dead! What are you doing way out here? When did you leave Ohio?' Stranger with fright politeness—'You have the advantage of me, sir, my name is Henry Mortimer, and I never was in Ohio in my life.' Then, suddenly melting, whispers: 'Come this way, Sam. Don't say a word, old boy. I left Ohio between two days. I had three invitations to golden weddings, two babies named for me, two bids to silver weddings and four birthday invitations all in one week. So I had to put that notice of my death by drowning in the papers and skip. I'll lay low for a month and go back. Close call for ruin, wasn't it. Call me Mortimer, please.'

THAT WOULD FETCH HIM.

Another plot against the life of the Czar, which came very near being successful, was recently discovered in New York. Two Russians were in that city trying to engage a policeman to go to St. Petersburg with them. The scheme was to have the policeman stroll about the streets a great deal, and the first time the Czar drove out some of the conspirators were to raise the cry of 'Mad dog!' and have the officer shoot any dog he happened to

see. This is the narrowest escape she has had yet.

THE VAGUENESS OF THE UNCERTAIN.

'The doubtful States,' read Rollo, from the newspaper, and looking up he asked, 'What is a doubtful State, papa?' 'Your Uncle George was in one when he came home this morning,' said a mild voice from the further corner of the sitting room, where Rollo's Uncle George's sister was sitting. 'How doubtful?' asked Rollo. 'So doubtful that he hung his shoes on the hat-rack and piled his coat and vest neatly under the bed and went to sleep in the bath-tub with his trousers on,' replied his Uncle George's sister. 'H'm,' said Rollo, greatly perplexed, 'and were you also in a doubtful state, Aunt Matilda?' asked Rollo, respectfully; for Rollo's Uncle George's sister was Rollo's aunt, and all the family regarded her as such. 'Not a bit of it,' replied his Aunt Matilda, with the air of a woman who had a dead sure thing of it and knew it. 'Not a bit doubtful was I!' and indeed she looked it, as Rollo's Uncle George, with a heavy groan, walked to the window and, looking out upon the dark and cheerless night, drummed with his nervous fingers a fitful tone upon the pane.

Does Poultry Pay.

A good common hen can be bought for thirty or forty cents. During the first year she will pay in eggs for all she eats, raise two broods (three if managed rightly), out of which a dozen of the best chickens can be reserved for the ensuing year, besides having some for the table. At the lowest estimate there is a profit of two to three dollars, out of which are to be deducted rent of buildings, care, risk of casualties, etc. What is true of one is also true of fifty or one hundred, provided the needed attention and skill are given. What other kind of stock will yield this ratio of profit at ordinary cash market rates?

Much of course, depends on the location, breed, health and productiveness of the fowls. With a few pure-bred fowls, much larger profits may be expected, both on chickens and eggs. But the demand for common fowls for food will be good the year round, both at home and abroad.

It is stated on high authority that in France the value of eggs produced in 1865 was \$24,200,000 and the value of poultry consumed was the same, making an aggregate of \$48,400,000. The amount invested in the poultry business in France in 1870 was stated at more than \$75,000,000, or fifty per cent greater than in England, the largest importer of eggs and poultry. The number of eggs sent from Ireland alone is stated at over seventy millions. The Americans are waking up to this important subject, and making an effort to supply our own markets (for there is always a fair demand in our principal cities and towns) and have a surplus for export. There is no danger of an over-supply reducing the business to a point of loss. There is a growing interest in this industry, as is attested by the numerous journals, poultry associations, exhibitions, etc. The raising of poultry and production of eggs are now prominent features in the agricultural world, and women as well as men are attaining success in it. All the boys and girls would have a greater love of home if parents would seek to implant in their minds a taste for useful and beautiful things, and give them a chance to own something as well as to do something. Make home attractive by mingling pleasure with profit. What industry offers a more attractive or profitable field for boys and girls than raising and keeping poultry?—American Agriculturist.

The Deceitful Kangaroo.

Lamb-like as is the face of the kangaroo, tender and soft as are his eyes, he is by no means as gentle and tender as he looks. Like 'the heathen Chinese,' his countenance belies him, and there are few more exciting, and, withal, dangerous sports than kangaroo shooting. To the hunter, seeking for some new sensation, a visit to the wilds of Australia in search of kangaroos can be recommended. It requires a fleet horse to run an old one down if he gets a fair chance to show tail, and strong, well-trained dogs to tackle him when brought to bay. Inside his soft dewy lips are strong, formidable teeth, which can bite severely. His fore-paws, weak as they seem, can lift a dog high in the air and crush him to death; while when lying down, his favorite fighting attitude, he can kick with his powerful hind legs in a manner that rapidly clears a circle around him, and woe betide the man or dog that comes in the reach of those huge claws, which can make a flesh wound deep enough to maim the one or kill the other. Of course we speak of the great kangaroo, the boomer, or old man of the colonists. As a matter of fact, there are some thirty different kinds of kangaroos inhabiting various parts of Australia. They vary in size from the tiny hare kangaroo of South Australia to the several giant species, some of which stand nearly 6 feet high.—London Globe.

When a man sees a foot ball match for the first time he thinks it is two base ball teams having their inning with the umpire.—Yonkers Statesman.

An old motto says, 'Seeing is believing.' That lacks confirmation. Seeing El Perkins or Ig. Donnelly is not believing them.—Picaresque.

Remarkable Experiences at Toledo, Ohio.

The Christian conference, more generally known as the 'faith cure' meeting, which has been in session at the Washington Street Congregational Church, has awakened a far greater interest than was anticipated. At the service yesterday afternoon, after a long but very interesting sermon from Rev. A. B. Simpson, Mrs. George C. Stahl, of this city, took the platform, and told in simple words the story of her marvelous healing. The lady is well known in this city as a woman of the highest Christian character and of a well-finished education but at the same time as a patient sufferer, confined to her bed for over ten years with a spinal affliction that had been pronounced by many to be incurable. The lady has suffered intense pain, and for the most of the time the slightest attempt to use her hands or limbs has brought on most terrible agonies. As a last resort she was taken to the seashore last summer with a slight hope of recovery. She bade her Toledo friends 'good-bye,' and they all thought it was for the last time.

At the seashore at Nantucket, Mass., she found a little relief, but getting no better, she was removed to her old home in Connecticut, expecting there to die. While in that place she was persuaded to read some pamphlets upon the subject of faith healing. Mrs. Stahl has always looked upon the subject of faith-cures with disdain. It was through the influence of her old pastor, the clergyman who had married her, that she was induced to consider the advisability of going to the 'Home' in New York City for the purpose of seeking divine healing. She began to think that such a healing was for her, that she could accept the promise of Christ with its fullest assurance, if she was willing to do so. Then followed the pain of another journey, and her dying frame was removed to New York City. She accepted the doctrine of divine healing and prepared her heart to receive the fullest blessings. But she lacked the courage to attempt to move herself again. She tried to do so many times, but the attempt had caused so much misery that it seemed like torture to make the effort.

She asked God to show her in his words what his will was concerning her. As she opened her Bible, her eyes fell upon the fourteenth verse of Psalm 145. 'The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that he bowed down.' That she believed, but was fearful that she should not hold out; but her eyes then fell upon the ninety-first Psalm, 'He shall cover thee with feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.' For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.' But still she seemed afraid to make the venture, as she realized the terrible suffering an attempt to rise would bring if the Lord would not help her. Her loving husband was by her side, but he dared not urge her. She wanted a message from the Lord. Suddenly, her little boy, 10 years old, who had just arrived and knew not that any divine healing was anticipated, said, 'Mamma, why don't you trust Jesus? You can't expect Jesus to help you if you don't trust him.'

She was certain that it was a message from heaven. 'Willie, I will,' said she, and to the astonishment of her friends who were around her, she arose and stood before them. She immediately dressed and walked two blocks to the street car, and rode to the Faith Home, where a national convention was being held, similar to the one just held in this city. Her presence among them seemed a marvel, and the large congregation sang with an earnest feeling, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' With every step she took her strength returned with marvellous rapidity, and since that time the lady, who for eleven years has been confined to her bed with a hopelessly incurable case of spinal disease, has been strong and well. When she returned to Toledo, shortly afterward, her friends could scarcely believe that it was the same lady. Her sudden healing was no struggle, she said, nor a grasping after something wonderful. It was simple trust.

At the afternoon meeting the entire audience was surprised beyond measure when Miss Edna Coffin, living on Fraser street, arose and said that the Lord had just given her her voice again. The lady has been unable to speak a word since last January. She has been under the treatment of the best physicians in Detroit and Chicago, and her case has been pronounced hopeless. Miss Coffin yesterday accepted the doctrine as taught by the Bible, and while on her way to the services her mouth was opened and she spoke the first time for nearly twelve months. She is well known in this city, and her sudden cure has caused not a little excitement through the city to-day.

At the conclusion of the services Mr. Andrews, who was lying on a cot near the pulpit, arose and walked out of the church to his carriage. It seemed marvellous, from the fact that he has not been able to take a step for two years.

At the evening service the church was crowded fuller than ever before. The rostrum and aisles were crowded. Every particle of standing room was occupied. Short remarks were made by Rev. Dr. Simpson, and then he introduced his fellow-laborer, Rev. John Cookman, D. D.

pastor of one of the largest Methodist Churches in the world. At the close of his sermon he related the circumstances of his divine healing. Briefly they are these: Until three years ago he had never known a weak day in his life. He had inherited a terribly nervous organization. He finally dragged through college and theological seminary, but was told by his physicians that he could not live and preach. His heart became affected with a valvular disease, and he suffered continual pain. He was liable to die at any minute, and always carried his name and address about his person for fear he should drop dead in the street and not be known.

He had terrible suffocations. He was finally brought low, and for two weeks he did not have a moment's sleep or rest. On the 15th of December, 1884, he was low, and was getting worse. He would not look at 'cranks.' He would not read about it, and would not study it in his Bible. It did not come to his theology. But upon that night his prejudices were overcome, and he looked to God. For the first time in two weeks he fell into a sleep. He heard a voice as plainly as did the voice call to Paul on his journey to Damascus, and that voice said to him, 'I am thy healer, thy sanctifier, thy Savior and thy Lord.' He believed what the voice said, and from that time he has been entirely free from any illness or physical suffering. 'But all the joys of this wonderful relief,' said he, 'are absolutely nothing to the revelation of Jesus Christ in my soul.'

Rev. Dr. Simpson then made some remarks, and told of several cases of divine healing out of the many hundreds that have occurred at the 'Home' in New York City. One was of a woman, the joints of whose body had grown together. She was unable to bend herself and had not been able to sit down for eight years. She had been discharged from Bellevue and St. Luke's Hospitals as positively incurable. A great deal of interest was manifested when she went to the 'Home.' The doubting physicians said that if such a case was healed they would surely believe. It was the most helpless case they had ever seen at the 'Home,' and the clergymen were doubtful. They felt that it would be an awful mockery if God did not help her. 'But,' said Dr. Simpson to her, 'Mary, it is just as easy for God to do a great thing as a little one.' She tried to bend her body, but the most excruciating pains would set in and she was unable to do so. She was unable to kneel. With assistance she tumbled over on a sofa, as a person would tumble a log, and reclining there she prayed while the minister knelt by her side.

After praying for grace and faith, and talking with her upon the subject, and reading to her what the Savior said to the woman who had been doubled up, the minister asked, 'Mary, will you get up?' Slowly she rose and reclined her head upon her elbow, then sat erect, then stood on her feet, and, with the assistance of Dr. Simpson, walked across the room and to her friends in the other part of the building. It was the first time she had sat up, and the first time she had taken a step for eight long years, and from that hour she had been perfectly healed. But there were hundreds of cases like hers. Parties, had been cured of cancers, tumors, all varieties of spinal troubles, every disease of the heart, and all kinds of physical infirmities. The minister thinks that God is doing these wonders because of the great amount of unbelief and fanaticism in the world at present.

Another case was that of a former Toledo lady, Mrs. Henry Naylor, now of New York City, formerly Miss Scott, of this city. She married Mr. Naylor, a wealthy New York man, a number of years ago. Five years she was suffering with a tumor as large as a hat. Her husband had taken her all through Europe, and had spent thousands of dollars at various places. She finally came back to New York to die. But she was a worldly woman. While suffering with agony her maid had prepared her to go to the theaters. But at length she gave her heart to God, and after praying that she might be healed her tumor left her and entirely disappeared. Mrs. Naylor is now very active in Christian work in New York. For three years she has worked among the fallen women of the metropolis, and has had abundant success in reforming them, and has been a mother and sister to thousands. Her husband has erected a mission house on Tenth avenue costing \$35,000. Mrs. Naylor had expected to be in Toledo last night to greet her old friends, but she is so busy that she could not spare the time.

At the meeting last night was a man who experienced the divine healing in the church yesterday, while the clergymen were praying with him. His name is Andrews, and he has been confined to his bed at his home in this city for two years with a disease of the spine, and has not been able to move a limb. He yesterday accepted the doctrine, and arose and stood on his feet for the first time in two years. His limbs have been strengthened, and he feels that he will certainly be fully cured. The affair has attracted widespread attention, since the man's case has been given up as hopeless by several of Toledo's prominent physicians.—Toledo Blade.

In the Land of the Orange Blossom.

Yellow weddings are the rage. There are yellow flowers, yellow dresses, yellow lights, everything jaundiced and bilious as an Indiana swamp, except the bridegroom, who is blue.—Alta California.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Boiled icing—Three cups of white granulated sugar, one cup of water, boil to a clear syrup, beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, pour into the hot syrup, stir frequently while cooling. The cake should be cold before icing.

Sago pudding—Boil five tablespoonfuls of sago, well picked and washed, in one quart of milk till quite soft, with a stick of cinnamon; stir in one teacup of butter and two of white sugar, when cold add six eggs well beaten and nutmeg to taste. Mix all well together and bake in a butter dish three-quarters of an hour.

Cream cake—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar whites of two eggs, three and a half cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. For the cream: One pint of sweet milk, sweetened to taste, yolks of three eggs, thicken with flour to the consistency of custard, flavor with lemon. This amount makes two good-sized cakes.

Chocolate custard—One-fourth of a cake of chocolate, one pint of boiling water, six eggs, one quart of milk, one-half cup of white sugar, two teaspoons of vanilla. Dissolve the chocolate in a very little milk, stir into the boiling water and boil three minutes. When nearly cold add the beaten eggs, stir into the milk, flavor and pour in cups; set in boiling water and bake.

Oyster croquettes—Scald and chop fine the hard part of the oysters (leaving the other part and liquor for soup); add an equal weight of mashed potatoes; to one pound of this add a lump of butter the size of an egg, a teaspoon of salt, half teaspoon of pepper and quarter of a teacup of cream. Make in small cakes, dip in egg and then in bread crumbs, and fry like doughnuts.

Baked omelet—Take six eggs, three even spoonfuls flour, a little salt, and beat them well together—the more it is beaten the lighter it will be—then add one pint of hot milk and keep on beating. Have a hot dish with some melted butter the size of an egg, and put into oven. Bake twenty minutes, and eat it when it comes from the oven, for it will fall soon. This is very nice for breakfast.

Woodford pudding—Three eggs, one teacup sugar, one-half teacup butter, one-half teacup flour, one teacup jam or preserves, scant teaspoon soda dissolved in three teaspoons sour milk, mix well and bake slowly. Sauce: One egg, one large cup sugar, one small cup butter, mix well and put on stove and stir until melted, add teaspoon wine, brandy or whisky, and pour on immediately.

Bread pudding—One quart of grated breadcrumbs, one quart milk, yolks of four eggs, well beaten, butter size of an egg, one cup of sugar, two teaspoons baking powder, and two teaspoons extract of lemons; mix all well together and bake; beat the whites of the eggs with a cup of powdered sugar, flavor with one teaspoonful extract of lemon or orange, cover the pudding with it, and bake until browned a little.

He Did Not Reduce the Bill.

A man who had just set up in the hardware business npt who had been a clerk where the eccentric millionaire, Stephen Girard, had been in the habit of trading, applied to him for a share of his patronage. Girard bought of him, but when the bill was sent in he found fault and marked down the prices.

'Cast of nails,' he growled, 'which I was offered for so and so. You have charged so and so, and you must take it off.'

'I cannot do it,' said the young merchant.

'But you must do it,' roared Girard.

'I cannot and will not,' was the final reply.

Girard bolted out, apparently in a rage, but soon after sent a check for the whole bill. The young man began to relent and say to himself: 'Perhaps he was offered them at that price, but it is over now, I am sorry I did not reduce the bill and get it out on something else. His trade would have been worth a good deal to me.'

By and by Girard came again and gave him another order. The young man was very courteous and said he was almost sorry he did not reduce the former bill.

'Reduce a bill!' exclaimed Girard, 'had you done in I would never trade with you again. I merely meant to see if you had cheated me.'—Detroit Free Press.

A Peculiar Signature.

A tall, heavy-set gentleman, with an air of comfort about him that only a contented mind can give, walked up to the Clark Hotel register last night, and after depositing his grip on the floor grasped a pen and drew the back of it across the register page, making a mark as though he had dipped his finger in the ink and then drawn it over the page. The clerk was mad in a minute.

'What do you mean, sir,' he demanded, 'by marking up our register like that? It's an outrage, sir, and I won't stand it.'

The gentleman turned, calmly surveyed the clerk a full minute, then drew from his pocket a bank-book with a mark on the leaves similar to that on the register. 'Why,' said he, 'that's the way I always register. It's my regular signature and I even sign my checks that way.'—St. Paul Globe.

