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Every senator and representative in congress, it is stated, has received a petition from the W. C. T. Union to vote in favor of repealing the internal revenue tax.

A correspondent of the Chicago Times, writing from Waterloo, Ia., claims that "all small stockraisers throughout the entire country are obliged to sell their cattle at a less price than can be afforded. The actual cost of the cattle raised by the small producers is more than they realize for them at present prices."

The Committee of the Consolidated Cattle-Growers' Association at Washington had a hearing before the Senate Committee on Agriculture, Thursday last, submitting reasons why Congress should pass without delay the Cattle-Growers' bill for the suppression of contagious pleuro-pneumonia introduced by Senator Palmer. Hon. E. S. Wilson, of the Illinois Board of Live Stock Commissioners, also made an argument before the Committee in behalf of this bill, based upon facts developed during the late outbreak of the disease in this city. Every cattle-breeders' association that has met since last November has endorsed the bill.

The county seat war now in progress in Sherman county is becoming alarming and reports received yesterday indicate that bloodshed may follow. Mr. John Bray, chairman of the board of county commissioners of Sherman county was in the city yesterday and laid the matter before the governor. He presented an affidavit of some fifteen or twenty of the most reputable citizens of the town of Egustis, setting forth that on January 13th, that they had been attacked by mob from the town of Goodland, that the records of the county had been taken by force, and setting forth that they feared another attack would be made upon them at any time. The governor telegraphed to General Adam Dixon, of Belleville, brigadier general of the third brigade, and Frank McGrath, of Beloit, captain of the Beloit militia, to proceed at once to Sherman county and investigate the trouble, reporting to him as soon as possible regarding the situation. They were instructed to call upon Judge L. K. Pratt, of Norton, and learn as to the legal status of the county seat contest in Sherman county, as proceedings are now pending in Judge Pratt's court. If it should be found, that the presence of the militia is necessary to preserve the peace, several companies will be ordered out.

A State Geological Survey.

We believe there is no one thing that would do so much for the State of Kansas as a thorough and scientific geological survey. It is one thing that the press should work up, and the people talk up, until it is done. It will only be necessary to agitate this matter to secure the requisite appropriation at the next session of the legislature. It really ought not to be necessary to argue the importance of such survey in order to create a demand. It ought to be evident enough that a scientific knowledge of the geology of the state will add ten-fold, even a hundred-fold the cost, to the wealth of Kansas.

Prof. Robert Hay, of Junction City, assistant geologist of the state board agriculture, is in the city for the purpose of rearranging the geological collection in the museum of the agricultural department. Prof. Hay thinks that the prospects for securing a geological survey is very encouraging. He said yesterday: "The matter will be urged upon the next legislature and we believe they will recognize the importance of the measure. There is certainly great need of a geological survey in this state. The little that is known of our mineral resources and the strata of the earth is in private hands. A survey would probably result in the discovery of coal mines which are now unknown and would give us the depths at which we may expect to find coal, salt and other minerals. As it is now, prospectors dig for coal; sometimes they are successful, and often they are not successful; their prospecting, however, is of very little benefit to the state."

"What would a geological survey cost the state?"

"As the government is doing the topographical part of the survey of the state, at a cost probably of \$150,000, the expense of the state would not be near so heavy. The government will furnish us maps of the topography of the state which will be a great aid. If the state would appropriate about \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year for a few years the work could be accomplished. If we would do something towards making a geological survey of the state the government would, I think, be willing to expend a much larger amount here."

Coal Fields of Kansas.

"The Coal Trade" has this to say about the capacity of Kansas as a coal producing State:

The workable coal beds in Kansas, so far as discovered, cover an area of about 17,000 square miles. The same three divisions occur here as in Iowa and Missouri, and the measures are about 2000 feet in thickness. In these measures twenty-two different seams of coal have been found, varying from a few inches to 17 feet in thickness. Ten of those are over a foot thick. In some parts of the state the coal is mined by stripping, and is of superior quality, being rich in bituminous matter, and is a very good gas and blacksmithing coal, being free burning and containing no sulphur.

The principal production of coal in Kansas is in the counties of Cherokee, Osage, Crawford, Leavenworth, Franklin, Neosho, Linn and Cloud.

Governor Martin went over to Atchison yesterday to be present at meeting of the Grant Monument association.

Careful of His Time.

A late number of the Topeka Capital in referring to the recent marriage of J. H. Noble and Emma M. Peffer, daughter of Judge W. A. Peffer, of this city, says: "Mr. Noble is a young man of excellent character, a close student, industrious and careful of his time. He has been some years in the employ of the Kansas Loan & Trust company as bookkeeper and accountant."

Almost the highest compliment that can be paid to a young man—or a young woman either—is to truthfully say that he or she is careful of time.

It certainly is a good deal when young people have brain power sufficient to value their time and not be willing to waste it in frivolous amusements when there is so much to be learned.

There are society amusements that are not so objectionable in themselves and that are well enough for those who are not intellectually able to appreciate anything higher, and those who spend much of their time in their enjoyment, are more to be pitied than condemned. One cannot hear or read of clubs, societies and parties, devoted to those really infantile amusements, without a regret that poor humanity is so weak as not to appreciate something better.

Time is moving forward at wonderful speed. Do the best we can one can hardly keep pace with moral, mental and scientific development of this age, to say nothing of the great past. And yet scarcely one in a hundred of our people, in this most cultivated of nations, will refuse to spend much of his time in the most trivial of pastimes, when they are not needed for relaxation, which is the only legitimate excuse for their indulgence.

"He is careful of his time." Of how many young men in North Topeka can this be said?

The high promise with which the ATLANTIC MONTHLY began the current year is well sustained in the February number. A most important crisis is reached in the fresh and fascinating story by E. H. House, entitled "Yone Santō: a Child of Japan," several characteristic chapters are added by Charles Egbert Craddock to her "Despot of Broomseidge Cove," and the serial story by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Aldrich, "The Second Son," is concluded in this issue. Among the prose articles those on "The Medea of Euripides," by William C. Lawton, and on "The Marriage Celebration in Europe," by Frank Gaylord Cook, are particularly valuable. George Parsons Lathrop contributes an interesting critical article on "George Meredith," and James Brock Perkins an essay on "Madame Necker." A clean-cut bird sketch, entitled "The Blue Jay," is furnished by Olive Thorne Miller. All of the above articles are excellent; yet attention is more likely to be turned to this number of the ATLANTIC on account of the notable poetical contributions which it contains. First among these "Endymion," a poem of five pages by James Russell Lowell, which he himself describes as "a Mystical Comment on Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love'" deserves especial mention as one of Mr. Lowell's most striking poems. "The Gifts of the Fates," by Paul Hermes, merits and will receive warm commendation, as an unusually powerful production; and the briefer poems "At Gibraltar," by George E. Woodberry; "No Songs in Winter," by E. B. Aldrich; and "Carnations in Winter," by Bliss Carman, are literary jewels. This number carries, in addition to the above, the usual number of book reviews, notices of new books, and the Contributors' Club. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The Kansas Miller, published at Abilene, says: "Topeka, Atchison and Leavenworth take the lead in milling this year. Their flour is found in almost every town in the state."

At the late National Convention of Cattle-Growers held at Kansas City Hon. L. S. Coffin of Iowa, introduced a resolution, couched in the forcible language usually employed by that gentleman, demanding that some improvement be made by the railway managers of the country in the livestock freight services of the various roads.

Cumberland Presbyterians.

There is a prospect that Topeka, which is already known as "a city of churches," is to have another acquisition to her temples of worship. Rev. N. D. Johnson, who located here some time ago with the intention of organizing a Cumberland Presbyterian congregation and building a church, has recently made a trip over the state in the interest of the later object and received subscription to the amount of \$2,695. There are quite a good many Cumberland Presbyterians in this city, enough to sustain a good church, and Mr. Johnson hopes to have little difficulty in raising the balance of the money necessary to build the church. It is expected that a church costing about \$8,000 will be built, and it will be located somewhere in the western part of the city.

Bishop Vail, and assistant Bishop Thomas are both absent in St. Louis, where they went to attend the consecration of the Rev. Abiel Leonard of Atchison, as Bishop of Utah and Nevada. Bishop Vail officiated at the services, which took place yesterday, and were very imposing. Bishop Leonard, and Bishop Talbot of Wyoming and Idaho, are the only two western born men who have ever been so promoted. These two men were born in Fayette County Mo. and have always been companions, have both been prominent members of the Episcopal church, were married the same day, and by each other, they were school boys together and afterwards class mates in Dartmouth College, in the New York Theological Seminary, and now are bishops in territories adjoining.

G. W. Findley, state mine inspector, has been visiting Topeka for some days, examining the coal prospects of Shawnee county. He gave an instructive address at the last meeting of the north side board of trade, and he seems to have no doubt about there being excellent coal measures in Shawnee county. He said yesterday: "I leave to-day for northwest Kansas to inspect a few mines in Republic and other counties. I have not yet visited the mines west of Topeka, but will do so before my annual report is out. Cherokee county has until the present year been the leading coal county of the state, but Crawford county now stands first. This is because several large shafts have been sunk this year in Crawford. The Santa Fe, the Missouri Pacific and the St. Louis & San Francisco have sunk shafts."

The historical address of Judge J. L. Eldridge, delivered before the State Baptist association recently held at Salina, on the "Progress of Prohibition in Kansas," is being printed in pamphlet form by his son for distribution in the east. Governor Martin and others have endorsed it as a strong document and one that would do good in other states.

The committee on permanent reunion grounds for the state department G. A. R. met in this city yesterday and last night went to Minneapolis, where they will examine the grounds offered them, and from thence they will go to Edgewood.

SHE WENT ASTRAY.

Seeking Afar What May Be Found at One's Own Fireside.

The invalid proprietress of a wealthy estate in Scotland once visited the continent of Europe to get rid of her maladies.

She went to Baden-Baden and tried those celebrated waters, then to Carlsbad and tried its mineral springs. She got worse instead of better, and in despair she said to a physician: "What shall I do?"

His reply was: "Medicine can do nothing for you. You have one chance, in the waters of Pit Keathly, Scotland?"

"Is it possible?" She replied "why those waters are on my own estate!" Invalids go tramping over the world unsuccessfully seeking the relief that often lies right at their own doors.

Change of climate and travel is no doubt beneficial in some classes of disease, but it is impossible to secure, while traveling, the proper care and nursing, the cheerful comforts of home, which are often necessary adjuncts to medicine in promoting recovery.

In many ailments arising, as so many do, from derangements of those primary organs, the kidneys and liver, with the proper remedy to use, recovery is much more rapid at one's own fireside.

Major S. B. Abbott, of Springfield, Mo., was attacked with serious troubles, and after a long course of medical treatment, tried to find relief at Hardin Sulphur Springs in California, and visited a number of other noted health resorts but all to no purpose. At last he went home—he was induced to try Warner's safe cure for his kidney troubles and soon became a well man.

Dr. Gustav Weber, a leading physician of Dessau, Germany, writes, Warner's safe cure Co.'s branch at Frankfort, Sept. 12th, 1887: "For many years I have suffered from inflammation of the kidney's and each year was obliged to visit Carlsbad for temporary relief. I have finished my fifteenth bottle of Warner's safe cure and have completely recovered."

The main thing is to find the right remedy, then recovery from all the many ailments that are the result of kidney derangement is most easily secured at home surrounded by home comforts. There are few diseases for which travel is on the whole, beneficial but there are many which may be cured by putting the kidneys in a healthy state, thus driving the cause of the disease from the system.

The decision arrived at by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, to haul cattle in patent cars at the same rate as charged in the ordinary stock car has caused not a little perturbation in railroad circles. This move on the part of the Rock Island is simply a recognition of the inevitable. For nearly twenty years scarcely any progress has been made in the matter of transporting live stock, but the time has arrived when more humane and more economical methods must be adopted. The other roads—protest as they may—will have to fall into line.

The snow is going off on a gallop. Let'er go Gal!

A Terrible Moment.

Yes, terrible, for such, indeed, it was! I shall never forget it, even if I should live to be a hundred years old!

Many weighty events pass from the memory, but certainly not the moment which brings a man to the very brink of the grave, and in which he finds himself face to face with a horrible death.

I had lived for nearly five years in Australia, where I had amassed quite a handsome fortune, when suddenly a longing for home took possession of me, doubtless intensified by the fact that my affianced bride was about to sail for Europe, and I could not endure the thought that the wide ocean was to roll between us. So I resolved to accompany her and our marriage was to be celebrated in our native land.

May Brodstone was the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and the most beautiful and attractive maiden for miles around. Before I knew her, she had been, perhaps, a wee bit coquettish—a fact which was destined to cost me dear.

Among her admirers was a certain Albert Streffer. With his dark complexion, his black hair and eyes, he belonged to that class of people who feel everything most keenly, and never forget an injury. He worshipped the very ground May trod upon, and I fear she did not always resist the temptation to flirt with him, although she assured me, (and I could not doubt it for a moment), that she had never given him any real encouragement.

About this time, I appeared on the scene and from the first moment of meeting, we felt that fate had destined us for each other. She immediately turned her back upon all her former admirers, became as staid and quiet as an India-rubber tree in a calm day, and finally whispered the little "yes" which was to seal my happiness forever.

Old Mr. Brodstone was satisfied with his daughter's choice, and, as there seemed to be no obstacle to our union, the engagement was announced at once. I chanced to be present when Albert Streffer first heard the news. With compressed lips and contracted brows, he glared, first at May and then at myself, until I felt that he would gladly have annihilated me, had it been possible.

Without uttering a word, he turned and went away. His conduct impressed me most unpleasantly, and May confessed to me later that she involuntarily shuddered when she met his look of bitter hatred.

From this time, although business often brought him to our neighborhood, we saw Streffer but seldom; yet this man cast a shadow over all our happiness, and we were not at all sorry when we found ourselves on board the ship which was to bear us to our home. We had not lost sight of land, however, when, with a cry of surprise, May laid her hand upon my shoulder, and, pointing to the lower deck exclaimed, "See, Alfred, there he is!"

And so in very truth it was. Leaning quietly over the rail, apparently watching the receding land, stood Alfred Streffer, a passenger upon the same ship as ourselves! This discovery was far from being an agreeable one to me, although I could not help laughing when May nestled closer to my side and whispered anxiously:

"Dear Alfred, I don't know why it is, but I am afraid of that man. I cannot rid myself of the thought that he has some evil design against us." I did my best to dispel her fears and in this attempt Streffer's own conduct assisted me materially, for except a few words which we casually exchanged, he did not intrude upon us in any way, and our voyage had been most prosperous, when one night, a violent hurricane arose.

Our good ship battled bravely with the storm, but in vain. The masts fell overboard with a terrific crash, dragging some of the sailors with them, and before they could be cut away one of them was hurled with such violence against the vessel as to cause a dangerous leak, and on all sides the fearful cry was heard:

"We are sinking! Lower the boat! The pumps are useless!"

The captain's admirable coolness and presence of mind could not fail to inspire us with confidence. The boats were quickly lowered and while the passengers were taking their places, it suddenly occurred to me that in my haste I had left my mother's picture lying in my trunk. To hurry to my stateroom and lift the lid of my trunk was but the work of a moment; already I held the pictures in my hand, when I heard steps descending the gangway, and in the dim light which fell from above I recognized Albert Streffer.

The diabolical expression of his face and the evil look in his treacherous eyes, revealed his purpose but too clearly—he had come to murder me.

I seized my revolver and prepared to defend myself. But it was not his intention to attack me openly. Before I could prevent it he had closed the stateroom door and locked it on the outside.

All the horrors of my situation flashed across me in a moment. I was a prisoner upon the sinking ship. With a cry of rage I sprang to the door. My only answer was a fiendish laugh and the words,

"Who will marry May Brodstone now?"

Then he hurried up the stairs and all was still. I shouted for help—the howling of the tempest drowned my cries. I waited. There was a momentary lull in the storm and I heard the order given to push off. In my terrible anxiety I shouted again, but at the same moment the storm arose with redoubled fury, and no one heard my frantic cries. All hope had indeed vanished. I was a prisoner alone upon the sinking ship—horrible thought! In wild despair I beat with all my might against the door, although I knew too well that salvation was no longer possible, for, as the boats must inevitably be separated in the darkness of the night, I should not be missed before the ship was entirely wrecked. Indeed, how could I cherish any hope? During the occasional pauses in the storm I could hear the fatal water surging in the hold, could feel that with each movement the ship was settling lower and lower. Suddenly it gave a fearful lurch, a seething wave rushed down the gangway, forced its way under the door and flooded the stateroom. I cried aloud, for I believed all was over and I must die without making one effort to save my life.

I felt that I could have looked death firmly in the face, had I been upon deck, with God's free heaven above me, but my hair stood on end at the horrible thought that I was to drown shut up thus in a cage. Was there, then, no way of escape? I looked about me, and, uttering a sudden cry of joy, sprang to the door, unmindful of the fact that the water was rising higher and higher.

"Fool! Idiot!" I cried. "Why have I not thought of this before? I am my own murderer."

My eye had fallen upon my revolver. With trembling eagerness, I discharged two barrels into the lock, shivered it to atoms, and a moment later was standing upon the deck—not a second too soon, for the ship was sinking rapidly.

Full of wild hope, I strained my gaze to discover the boats, but far and near only thick blackness shrouded the waters. However, since heaven had helped me thus far, I would not despair. I discharged the remaining barrels of my revolver and threw myself into the sea wishing to be as far as possible from the sinking ship.

I hoped to find a piece of the wreckage, and in this I was not disappointed, for I had not been swimming long when I discovered a mast to which ropes were attached, so that I had only to lash myself to it as firmly as possible and let the waves bear me whither-soever they would.

Suddenly, however, a tremendous eddy seized me, I was thrown violently backward, whirled round and round as if in a vortex—then I know nothing more!

When I recovered consciousness I was in one of the boats, and May Brodstone was bending over me.

At daybreak all the boats which had been separated in the darkness were called together, and the list of the passengers and crew was read by the captain. As soon as it was discovered that I was missing, they rowed back to look for me, but no one was able to understand why I had not taken advantage of the boats.

By this time the sea was quite calm so that nothing interfered with their search.

Presently they perceived a dark object, and approaching it, discovered me clinging in desperation to the wreck, laughing and shouting like a madman. I remained in this condition for some time after I had been drawn into the boat. Gradually, however, I became quieter, although I lay in delirium for more than twenty-four hours.

As soon as my mind was again entirely clear, I related my adventures, which filled all my hearers, and especially May Brodstone, with horror.

"Now, I understand!" exclaimed the captain. "The rascal! Our boats lost each other in the darkness. In the morning, they all came together again except the one which contained Albert Streffer and some of the worst characters among the crew. Either he steered the boat in another direction, to escape the punishment which might await him; or he must have bribed the sailors to desert us!"

Whether the captain's supposition was correct, I cannot say, for never, from that day to this, have I heard anything of Albert Streffer.

The very same day we were picked up by an English steamer and landed in England, without further accident or adventure. May and I proceeded at once to Germany, where we were married and established our home. My little wife would not hear of again crossing the ocean, since it was as impossible for her as for myself to forget the most terrible moment of my life.—*Yankee Blade.*

The Alderman and the Mayor.

Once upon a time an alderman in a certain city went to the mayor thereof and declared his willingness to make affidavit that certain other aldermen were guilty of jobbery. He felt that such corrupt officials could not be published and punished too soon.

"Ah—exactly!" replied the mayor, "but you are a little late. Those very officials have furnished me with proof that you engineered all the jobs and received the biggest whack."

"Then, sir!" exclaimed the boss boodler, as he drew himself up in all his native dignity. "I shall at once go to Canada in order to prove my innocence and establish my integrity. Address me at Toronto."

Moral—If he hadn't gone the mayor would have had to.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHINESE HIGHBINDERS.

Fifty Societies in San Francisco—Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts.

Not for many years, says a San Francisco letter, has Chinatown been so much excited as it is at present over the deadly feud of two rival highbinder societies. The attitude of the prominent highbinders is so threatening that the Chinese merchants met at a consulate and resolved, it is said, to adopt the most stringent measures to prevent any more bloodshed. The police aided them by making a raid on Chinatown in order to capture armed highbinders. They succeeded in breaking up a large number of gambling establishments.

The highbinder societies in San Francisco number about fifty. They are an outgrowth of the life of the Chinese on this coast, as none of them were organized in China. When the coolies first began to flock here in great numbers, allured by the offer of high wages to work on the Central Pacific railroad, the lawless element among them saw the opportunity for blackmail and espionage, and began the organization of the societies that have proved the source of most of the Chinese crime committed on this coast. There were already in existence then what were known as the Chinese Six companies. These were societies formed for the mutual protection of members, for aid to the sick and destitute, and, most important of all, for the transfer to China of the bones of those who died. The companies represented the two districts of Chiha which contributed the greatest number of coolies to this country, and no Chinese ventured to come to this country without joining one of these companies. The companies did much good in early days in enforcing order and in punishing any crimes of its members, but of late years their power has been so much encroached upon by the highbinders that little remains.

Nearly twenty years ago the first highbinder society was founded. It was regularly incorporated through the aid of a white lawyer, who declared in his application that it was a society of Chinese Free Masons. This parent society is very wealthy. It owns a handsome brick building on Spofford alley, in the heart of Chinatown, and here are the headquarters of the officers, the large meeting room, and the joss, before which all new members are initiated and all oaths taken. One enters the door, which bears plainly in English and Chinese the name of the society, and ascending the flight of stairs reaches the main audience room, where the state councils of the society are held. This is a handsome apartment fitted up in celestial style, with heavy old oak ranged around the wall, a large table stands in the center directly under a costly lamp, while Chinese paintings and mottoes from Confucius and other moralists cover the walls, for your highbinder is nothing if not moral. Near the head of the stairs is an enormous boxwood tablet, set into the wall, on which are engraved the names of the 1,200 charter members of the fraternity, with the sum of money that each contributed to found the institution.

At whatever hour of day or night one may enter this room he will find someone in the small rear office to inquire about his business, or to answer any questions. It seems that the Chee Kung Tong boasts of over 4,500 members in this city alone, while throughout the United States, South America and Cuba the roll amounts to 15,000. In all it has 390 branches scattered over this great territory, but each reports to the parent society. Every six months four "head men" are chosen by election to conduct affairs, and under them are thirty-three "hatchet men," or active police, who are under oath to obey implicitly any order of the headmen. The Chee Kung Tong for many years was the most influential of the highbinder societies, but many of its most active members have started other associations, and now the palm of supremacy in local powers is disputed by the Ga Sin Sea and the Bo Sin Sea, the two societies between which the present deadly feud rages.

Of these minor societies there are now about fifty in Chinatown. Besides those named the most prominent are the Suey Sing Tong, Suey Ong Tong, Hop Sing Tong, Ep Sing Tong and On Yick Tong. The peculiar feature of membership is that a man may belong to one of the original six companies, say the Sam Yip Company, and also to the Chu Kung Tong and the Goh Sin Sen. In fact, the Chu Kung Tong appears to have assumed the position of a grand lodge, and every highbinder in other societies that was talked with belonged to the parent fraternity. Whatever may have been the principles on which Chu Kung Tong was founded, it is now carried on mainly for purposes of blackmail, like all the other highbinder organizations. Many reputable merchants have been forced to join these societies to escape the extortions of highbinders, but the leading spirits in each are men who recognize no allegiance to any government and who obey no law except those of their own making. Over the halls of most of these societies floats no flag but that of their order, while not even the command of the consul general, the virtual representative of the emperor, would have power to stay any order that had gone forth.

The power of these societies, therefore is very great, and no earthly authority can stay their vengeance. What this vengeance means may be

seen from a typical case. We will say that a Chinaman, through jealousy or other motives, kills another Chinaman, and that he and his relatives refuse to make good the loss to the dead man's kindred by a money payment. Then the society to which the murdered man belongs issues an order proclaiming the murderer and putting a price on his head. Every Chinese in the country is warned against harboring or aiding in any way the fugitive under pain of the vengeance of the society. The proscribed man cannot get any assistance in this country, and he is unable to escape, as every avenue is closely watched. Payment of the fine imposed, suicide, or death at the hands of the hatchet-men are the only alternatives. A more perfect system of terrorizing the timid or the obstinate was never devised, and the police say that the Chinese who have escaped the death sentence by disguise and flight may be numbered on one's fingers.

In conversation with Lee Ah Fook, who is the head man of one of the strongest of the high-binder societies, he smugly admitted that murder was one of the fine arts in which his society excelled. He explained the method of initiation, and the penalties that followed the breaking of any of the rules of the order. The neophyte who is to be initiated is taken before the great joss of the society, and kneels before the burning punk and incense in the sacred bowls that adorn the altar. An attendant, with face concealed by a hideous mask, holds a naked sword to his neck, while a second presses the point of another weapon to the back of his neck. In this position he takes an oath which binds him to obey without question any order of the society's authorized leaders, even though that order be to murder his best friend. Corporeal punishment is frequently inflicted here also, and torture is applied to extract evidence from witnesses precisely as it is in China today.

No organization of this class could be kept from the domination of the worst men. Such has been the fate of all these highbinder societies. The reputable members form the paying basis; they furnish their quota for the expenses because of the freedom from blackmail which membership grants, but they take no part in the criminal work of the fraternity. Among the desperate criminals who have fled from Canton or Hong Kong to escape imprisonment or decapitation, and who live here by organized robbery and tribute. Some of these societies thrive upon the tax levied upon the brothel keepers in Chinatown. If the tax is refused they organize a raid and kidnap some of the most valuable women in these dens, whereupon the payment is speedily made and the old order once more rules. How potent is the system may be judged from the fact that several Chinese interpreters in the federal and criminal courts in this city have resigned lucrative positions because they declared if they remained death would be the result. Their only offense had been the honest translation of evidence that served to convict some highbinders. In one case an interpreter waited until he had been shot at twice before he concluded to give up his office. The judge offered him a police body guard, but he sadly confessed that no protection could save him from the bullets of his enemies.

The favorite weapons of the highbinders are the pistol and the knife. Nearly every Chinese servant who goes down to Chinatown at night, after his day's work is over, to gamble at tan or dominoes, is "heeled" with a pistol, while most of the highbinders are veritable walking arsenals. They select revolvers of heavy caliber, and many of them are no mean shots, although, as a rule, many shots are fired in their melees in proportion to the execution done. The two-edged knife, worn in a sheath, is the weapon best adapted for a close encounter, and many of these murderous weapons are innocently concealed in a sheath which looks like a closed fan. Others are worn in a leather sheath with brass mountings. A police officer and liquor seller in Chinatown have been killed with this weapon within three years. One terrible blow in each case was sufficient, for the terrible weapon, with its razor-like edge, penetrated to the heart and evidently caused instant death. In both cases the murder was done by unknown highbinders, who escaped. The Chinese also use a large sword and a small iron bar covered with flannel or leather when they anticipate a hand to hand encounter. They are partial to coats of mail, usually made of quilted cloth with layers of paper between, which will turn an ordinary bullet or knife blow. One highbinder had a coat made of fine steel bands set in leather, but when he came to don his armor he found it so heavy that he could not run. Hence he was forced to discard what cost him several hundred dollars, and the armor was afterward captured in a police raid. The property clerk's room at police headquarters is full of specimens of curious Chinese weapons, as well as opium layouts and other apparatus of vice.

A Warning to Girls.

The girls who are wont to say that they will never marry a man who smokes, drinks, swears, etc., are getting fewer every year. They always either break this vow, or live to be old maids. Nine men out of every ten have one of these habits, and they usually make the best husbands. The man who has no bad habits is generally a "Miss Nancy" who was brought up a pet, and the girl who embarks with him on the toboggan of matrimony will be ashamed and tired of him in a very short time.—*Peck's Sun.*

PITH AND POINT.

It is a clothes rub for the washer-woman on Monday.—*Boston Bulletin.*
There is not much color to gin, yet it can't be called a sober tint.—*Epoch.*
What most people will find in their Christmas stockings—corns.—*Lowell Courier.*

"Woman feels where man thinks," says a writer. Yes that's why man is bald.—*Puck.*

The green man who starts out to paint the town red is in danger of coming out blue.—*Boston Courier.*

A man may be opposed to capital punishment and yet in favor of hanging up his grocer.—*Boston Courier.*

Santa Claus is said to be of German origin. His favorite oath, we presume, is "By Chimney."—*Norristown Herald.*

"I didn't know it was loaded," remarked the mule, when he didn't succeed in pulling a street car up the hill.—*Washington Critic.*

Judge to pickpocket—"Who are your accomplices?" "Your Honor, you would not have me divulge a professional secret?"—*Paris Figaro.*

"I knew a man once who never told a lie." "Who was he?" "A Chicago drummer." "Nonsense!" "He used to tell two at a time."—*Town Topics.*

When the Chicago girls hang up their stockings for Christmas they are the envy of the rest of the world; but they bankrupt Santa Claus.—*Boston Post.*

"I don't mince matters, I can tell you," observed Mrs. Brown at dinner yesterday. "I should say not, judging from this mince pie," grumbled Brown.—*New Haven News.*

The New York Sun refers to Mr. Philadelphia Ledger Childs as an "elegible" candidate for the Presidency. It is a grave matter to give a man epitaph of this kind.—*Washington Critic.*

Two of the recently hanged Anarchists have appeared at a spiritual seance, one of them playing a jew's harp and the other an accordion. Even hanging, it appears, fails to reform an Anarchist.—*Norristown Herald.*

An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed: "Upon my soul, if the river was but a little higher, I do believe the ship would go to the bottom."—*Washington Critic.*

A little three-year-old Rocklander went into a market last week, and helping herself to a green pepper tried to eat it. After she had failed the market man asked her what the matter was with the fruit, and she replied between sobs: "Dare was a bumble bee in it."—*Middeboro News.*

"Mama, said a little five-year old boy the other day after a caller had left, "Mrs. Newcomb hasn't lived long in Chicago, has she?" "Why do you think so, Willie?" inquired the mother. "Because she hasn't learned how to say Wobblyshavnoo."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Just think how unhappy the little savages must be," said a Sunday School teacher, trying to paint a moral. They have no Christmas at all. Can any of you tell me why?" "It's because they haven't any stockings to wear," chipped in little Johnny.—*Judge.*

"Is there anything sadder," asked a mother, "than the wail of a sick infant in the night?" Oh, we should grieve to sob. You never heard the selection which the orchestra plays between the acts, did you? The wail of the sick infant sounds like the merry laughter of the dancing fairies after that.—*Burdette.*

"John," said Deacon Smithus, after vainly endeavoring to put a letter into an envelope two sizes too small, "is there a dictionary of profanity in this house?" "Yes, sir, replied John. "Very well, then," said the deacon, "go out behind the barn and read it aloud, from beginning to end, as forcibly as you know how, and charge it up to my account."—*Life.*

No Further Use For Poets.

Some of the leading publishers have announced that they will not issue any more volumes of poetry. They declare that there is no sale for latter day verses. This proves that civilization has reached a high state. It proves the people are becoming so cultivated that being able to express themselves in prose, they demand a similar aptitude of expression. Barbarians have written fine poetry, but barbarians have never written fine prose. The old poet was a sort of wood musician. The new prose writer must be a person of not only close examination, but of experience and good sense. The old poet's lack of grammar was excused; the new prose writer's inaccuracies of construction are condemned. Hume, the historian, in comment upon the literary achievements of a certain reign, says: "And if such was the condition of its poetry, what must have been the condition of its prose, since we find that to write fine prose requires more skill and thought." These may not be, in faultless precision, the words employed by Hume, but they serve to cast a shadow of his meaning.—*Opie P. Read.*

A Fit Comparison.

"Mamma," said a little girl of four, whose father pays very little attention to the dinner hour, "Papa is just like the moon, isn't he?" "Why, my dear?" "Because he comes a little later every night."—*The Epoch.*

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Timely Hints for Soil Tillers.

In the winter it is necessary, thinks a writer in the *Mirror and Farmer*, to confine cows much in warm shelters and even in summer, especially when soiling is the practice, the cows will be in their shelters not a little. The successful dairyman will give the greatest attention to stables. In fact, the success of the dairyman, while by no means altogether due to it, is usually measured by his study of sheltering and the wisdom and care he shows in the building and care of cow stables.

The first point is ventilation. Without it, foul air will soon collect in the stables—air fouled not only by the matters from the lungs and cutaneous glands of the animals, but by the exhalations, not altogether avoidable, from their excrement. This foul air will so poison animals, so reduce their thrift, and therefore their production, and favor the appearance of disease to such an extent that this alone would justify the necessary means of ventilation. But the dairyman, more than the beef grower, loses by foul air in the stables. It is usually necessary to milk in the stables; at least, it is very inconvenient, and occasions an expense of labor, not to do so; and the foul gases in the stable will begin the contamination of the milk as soon as it leaves the udder. The absorptive power of milk is almost surprising, and if exposed, for only a short time, to the matters that must exist in an unventilated shelter, the best butter cannot be made from it. The loss to the dairyman is generally more than he imagines.

If the dairyman also rears his own cows there is a further reason for ventilation. The poisoned blood of the cow is the blood of the fetus. The cow confined in a foul shelter cannot drop a vigorous, thrifty calf.

For the same reason that he has an unusual interest in ventilation, the dairyman has an unusual interest in light in the cow stable. Light is essential to the health and thrift of cows, as it is to the health and thrift of nearly every one of the higher animals. But, besides this, sunlight is an important agent in purifying the stable. Filth and foul gases breed in darkness; sunlight in their foe. The more light admitted into the stable the less dampness and contamination. And why should there not be an abundance of light where glass is cheap and can be protected by a few bars? I have no excuse for basement stables so situated or put so far down in the earth that they cannot be well lighted; and I am free to say that I think a majority of the basement stables are of decidedly doubtful economy. In the management of dairy cattle the handling of their excrement is a matter of importance, and is intimately connected with their stabling. We cannot afford to waste this excrement.

Horse Shoeing.

It is an old and fully acknowledged saying, that "no feet, no horse," or as it might be stated in other language, no matter how perfect or sound a horse may be in other respects, if he is defective or unsound in the feet he is practically valueless.

In this connection there is another matter to be considered, and that is, that feet that are sound upon a horse may be rendered unsound not by the carelessness and neglect of the owner or keeper wholly, but by improper and defective shoeing. If the truth could be arrived at in the matter there is little doubt but that a large proportion of those who attend to the shoeing of horses really do not know very much about the actual bony structure of the foot, or to such a degree as to be able to remedy existing or threatening troubles to it. It is rarely the case that a country smith upon whom dependence is placed for shoeing understands anything about the anatomy of the horse's foot. Because of this lack of knowledge the shoeing may be so done as to create lameness, and from continuance of the cause disease of the foot may be produced and ultimately the horse be ruined. But if the foot is fully understood, for a trivial lameness the shoe, by being properly set, may relieve it and finally cure the trouble.

We have frequently heard it claimed that faulty action in the horse could be to a great extent corrected, but we never realized the same to the extent we have since reading that valuable work by Professor George E. Rich entitled "Artistic Horse-Shoeing." The author began to shoe horses when eleven years old and, having been in constant practice since then, has formed more than fifty different kinds of shoes, all for a specific purpose, adapted to different conditions of the foot, curing some diseases or correcting some faults of the gait. He succeeds in accomplishing, in treating horses injured by bad shoeing, what ordinary blacksmiths regard as wonders. For the good of these patient and faithful animals shoers should instruct themelves in the matter of setting shoes scientifically as well as artistically, so that the noble horse may not be injured or ruined.—*William H. Yoeman, in Mirror and Farmer.*

About Harrowing.

It is laid down by a writer in the *American Cultivator* as good husbandry that grain and corn should be often harrowed, and the argument is used that it disturbs the soil and takes out the grass and weeds; again, that this

can be done with perfect safety and without injury to the future crop. Now let us take corn, for instance. It is said that this should be often harrowed, and that it may be done without injury until the corn is at least six inches high. To stir the soil often is so important a matter as to admit of no doubt. Equally important is it to remove the grass and weeds, but is a harrow the implement with which to perform this work?

If it be said that to harrow a field of young corn or grain will injure it some and benefit it more, and upon the whole the benefit would outweigh the injury, this would be a proposition which, while open to controversy, would still be entirely different from the one laid down as good husbandry. It would seem as though grass or weeds, with their numerous roots, must adhere to the soil as firmly as young corn with its one root, or at most its very few roots. If so, whence comes all that nice discrimination on the part of the harrow tooth to destroy the one and do no injury to the other? Will not a blow from a harrow tooth do as much violence to the tender blade as would a blow from a hoe or club or a falling hail-stone? To be sure it is said the teeth of the harrow must be slanting. On the other hand, if the teeth are sufficiently slanting to disturb nothing, then the work is useless. Again, if the teeth are sufficiently upright to affect the grass and weed in any manner, how can they run over the field without affecting the corn in like manner? When in the parable the servants of the householder instinctively asked permission to go forth and gather up the tares the answer was, "Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares ye root up also the wheat with them." It may be said that the Testament is not an authority upon agriculture, yet it is a book which we reverence and believe, and I submit that the direction therein given is much more sensible than that of the late uninspired writers upon the same subject.

Thrashing Oats by Hand.

Some good farmers are re-adopting the old method of thrashing their oat crops with a flail, leaving the work to be done in winter, and thus furnishing employment to men, who would otherwise be idle. There are some other advantages in this practice not included in the employment it gives to labor in winter. The freshly threshed oat straw is readily eaten by stock, and there are usually enough light oats left in it to make it passably good feed. It is better to leave light oats in the straw than to put them in the bin among the threshed grain, for unless the grain is carefully graded some of these light oats will go in the seed and help to deteriorate the crop. With hand-threshed oats in cold weather the seed has been impaired by heating. While the oat is in the sheaf any dampness in the grain is absorbed by the chaff, and as the head is bulky and porous it dries out without injury. Oats threshed by machine as soon as harvested, and then dumped, several hundred bushels, perhaps, in one bin, are pretty sure to heat. It would be better in such case if the seed were entirely spoiled instead of having its vitality impaired. The crop comes up weak, and if the season is not every way favorable it is a partial failure at the best, and this makes a larger proportion of poor oats for seed the subsequent season.—*American Cultivator.*

Farm Notes.

The question is not what could be done if we had certain other things, but what can we do to make the most of what we have.

It pays to keep eyes and ears open for the new developments of agriculture. Our fathers didn't know it—neither do their sons.

If a farm will pay no more than legal interest how can a buyer who has to borrow the whole price expect to meet the debt at last?

The cranberry crop of New England is estimated to be 15 per cent less than last year. The whole country falls short half a million bushels.

"Spanish" onions, which are really Sicilian and Italian onions, are largely supplanting the American onion from the markets of this country.

To wholly abandon a staple crop or product because it is temporarily unprofitable is to lose one's hold on the market when it becomes profitable again.

When butter is gathered in the churn in granular form it is never overhurned. Pounding it after it is in a lump or large mass is what overhurns it.

Large profits do not always depend upon large crops. One may grow an extraordinarily large crop, but the expense of so doing may balance the receipts.

More than 10,000,000 eggs arrive in New York each week. The chief supply is from Canada and Michigan. A single Canada train had thirty-one cars with 200,000 eggs in each.

It is estimated that over eight thousand head of cattle have been slaughtered in Chicago in the efforts of the Illinois Live Stock Commissioners to stamp out pleuro-pneumonia in this state.

Professor McMurtry seems to prove by investigations that the much praised and sought for "fold" in merino sheep are determined, in that they do not increase the yield and do decrease the quality.

Household Hints.

Cup custards—Beat five eggs with three quarters of a cup of white sugar,

add flavoring and one quart of sweet milk; pour into cups and place in a baking pan of water. Bake in a slow oven.

Corn cake—One cup of flour, one-half cup of corn meal, one cup of buttermilk or sour, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, a little butter (melted) and salt. Bake in a quick oven.

Rye pancakes—One cup of sour milk, one cup of flour, one cup of rye meal, four tablespoonfuls of molasses, one egg and one small teaspoonful of saleratus; drop from a spoon into hot lard and fry like doughnuts.

Roll jelly cake—Three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of sugar, two cups of flour or only a little more, one teaspoonful of lemon extract, a little salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. This makes two cakes.

Fruit cake—Five eggs, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one-half cup syrup, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, three cups of flour, one teacup each of citron, currants and raisins.

Doughnuts—Two cups of water, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of shortening, one quart of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda, and a pinch of salt. Flavor to taste.

Potato custard—Grate six large potatoes and add to them one quart of boiling milk; stir in three beaten eggs and one-quarter of a pound of sugar; boil seven minutes, taking care not to let it burn, then add one-half cup of butter. This will make three good-sized custards.

Meat croquettes—Two cups of chopped meat, two cups of bread crumbs, two cups of hot milk. Season the meat with salt and pepper. Beat the yolk of one egg, add the milk, a teaspoonful of melted butter, bread crumbs and meat. Form into small flat cakes and fry in butter.

Quick pudding—One quart of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, one-half cup of molasses and salt. Let the milk come to the boiling point, beat the eggs, meal, molasses and salt together and stir in the boiling milk, then let all boil up once. This makes a good, quick dessert.

Pickled oysters—Rinse the oysters in the liquor, strain it upon them and let them come to a boil, take them out of the liquor to cool. Prepare cider vinegar boiling it with peppers, a little salt, mace, cloves and nutmeg, and when cold pour it over the oysters and keep them in a covered stone jar.

WILD DOGS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Vanquishing a Dove of Bears After a Terrible Battle.

The writer has had occasion on one or two occasions prior to this to tell of the fierce nature and savage practice of the wild dogs which infest the mountains of the Upper Wind river. These dogs are not the common wolf of the western prairies and mountains. They are something more powerful and dangerous. Several years since a male Scotch staghound and a female English bulldog ran away in company from Fort Washakie, made their home in the mountains, and these wild dogs of the Upper Wind river are their savage offspring. With such ancestry how can this offspring help being a canine terror?

To the speed and endurance of the Scotch staghound is mated the ferocity and tenacity of the English bulldog, and these wild dogs are evidently worthy in every way of their origin. Speedy, savage and stubborn, these animals are deterred by no pursuit, are deterred by no fear, and are daunted by no difficulties. They pursue, slay, and devour; such is the simplicity and efficiency of this native code of canine ethics. The latest exploit of these canine marauders of which we have any account is the destruction of a small herd of bears. It appears that about two weeks ago a dozen bears of the dreaded and large silver-tip variety came down from the surrounding mountains to enjoy themselves on the sunny slopes of the Warm Spring Basin. In the course of the day those bears got together, and while thus massed were attacked by about 100 of the wild dogs.

The conflict was terrible. The bears fought with all the courage for which the silver-tip is noted, but the mingled strain of the staghound and bulldog supplied a courage and ferocity greater still, and at the end of half an hour every bear had died where he was brought to bay.

The dogs suffered severely, twenty-five of their number perishing in the fight. The survivors wasted little time, however, in mourning over their dead companions, but began at once on the banquet their own powers had provided, and in an hour from the time the combat ceased only the clean picked bones of the twelve bears remained to tell of the struggle to the death which had taken place and the savage feast which had followed it.—*Ex.*

Why She Was Tired.

"Mamma," said a little six-year-old girl the other day, "I'm so tired and sleepy. I wish you would put me to bed right now."

"Why, my dear, what makes you so worn out to-night?"

"Oh, it's 'cause we've been playing Buffalo Bill all day, and I've been the Buffalo."—*Louisville Post.*

ARTISTS IN PLUMAGE.

Light Work that is Done by Hosts of Pretty Girls With Nimble Fingers.

"How do we steam feathers? Why, by holding them over the steam," and the pretty feather-worker laughed heartily at the question. But feather-workers' trade is not so simple after all, for time must be given before one is expert enough to handle the delicate feathery articles.

From lower Broadway away up to Seventeenth street may be found hundreds of stores where handsome, glossy feathers are exposed for sale. In them are employed twenty times the number of pretty girls whose occupation, from 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning till past 5 in the evening, is to smooth and curl and steam the ruffled wings of the feathered tribe brought from all parts of the world, and in all shades, sizes and conditions.

The primary object in steaming feathers is to limber the quills and lay the ruffled, tiny feathers that are the components of not only the completed bonnet, but of the price itself. And, indeed, the husband who would be so cruel as to refuse his wife such a love of a thing as is made out of these varicolored articles doesn't deserve to have a wife.

Steaming feathers seems simple enough. "Just hold them over the steam." But the novice would get his fingers burned and burned again in the attempt, and then—well, then the feather would be worth throwing away. The old-fashioned way of doing the work, which is still in vogue in the smaller stores, is to fill an ordinary tin kettle, having an extra long straight nozzle, with water, and then heat it. When the boiling point is reached and the steam issues forth the work of the pretty steamer begins. The feather is held in the steam, and with the disengaged hand the girl smooths the obstinate particles until they shine as brightly as the eyes of the worker. This is all the work there is to it. Still, it is a long, tedious occupation, which strains the mind as well as the hands. But, if Shakspeare's right, that "laughter lightens labor," then, indeed, this is the lightest labor in the world, for, from morning to night, about the little figures twine in and out amidst the gold and yellow, the scarlet, blue and black, there is nothing but laughter.

In addition to being steamed the feathers are dyed, curled and finally prepared for the milliner, after being glued to the regulation wire pin, much after the fashion of the flower from the florist. Dyeing a feather is like dyeing anything else, save perhaps that it costs more because there is so little of it. The curling is done over hot fire, the deft fingers again playing a prominent part in shaping the twists and turns till they represent, so husbands will claim, about \$5 a twist. Then the wing feathers are attached to the wire pins or handles by means of paste and a heavy, thick strip of cloth, and then the goods are ready for market.

Just how long it takes to steam and prepare each feather is a question that even a skilled workwoman cannot answer. Her intuition and knowledge of the article is a help in determining, but some feathers are just as obstinate about getting steamed and polished as their original owners were about getting caught, and they will not down. But the slender fingers finally coax the wayward tips and then the work is finished.

Of course in the larger house the method of doing this work is much simpler, through probably no contrivance has yet been devised for surplussing the girls and their deft work with machinery. Indeed, it is doubtful if there could be a machine invented to so thoroughly get at the little details with which the works abound, and this may be the cause of the girls' constant good nature. Still, as the subject is a light one perhaps it would be just as well to drag machinery into it.—*New York World.*

Varied Experiences of a Sailor.

Among the passengers landed at Castle Garden yesterday from the steamer *Arizona* was a sailor named John Barry, hailing from Philadelphia, and black as the ace of spades, save where the small-pox has pitted his face a yellowish white. He sailed from New York three years ago and has knocked about the world in a promiscuous manner ever since. He was shipwrecked, picked up at sea, shipped again, and finally found himself a seaman on the bark *Williams*, bound for Pernambuco, and thence for a Brazilian island for a load of guano for New York.

Before reaching Pernambuco one day the boatswain and one of the crew got into an argument about the rate of speed the vessel was making. From words they came to blows, and the boatswain finally stabbed the sailor, killing him instantly. On reaching Pernambuco the boatswain was arrested, on the order of the British Consul. Barry and two other sailors were confined in jail four days, and finally sent to Liverpool as witnesses. Soon after leaving Pernambuco Barry was taken with small-pox, which he had contracted in the jail. After reaching Liverpool he was in hospital for a month, after which he was detained as a witness, although not deprived of his liberty. The trial finally came off in the latter part of November, and as soon as it was over Barry started for home. He left last night for Philadelphia, to renew his acquaintance with his wife, whom he has not seen for over three years.—*New York Telegram.*

A CURIOUS COUPLE.

The Dusky Bride of a Boston Professor.

It is seldom that a stranger couple is seen at the union depot than one which passed through the city last night, says *The Pittsburg Commercial Gazette*. Comfortably seated in the drawing room of one of the New York cars from St. Louis on the eastern express was a white man and by his side was a full-blooded negress. The couple appeared very attentive to each other, and did not seem to mind the impertinent staring of other passengers into their private apartment. The couple were accompanied by a colored man-servant who, like the woman was coal black. When the train arrived at the depot they did not get off, but had their supper served to them in their private apartment. They were at the station for nearly an hour but did not venture out side of the car. When the car was dropped down on a track where the people could see into it the blinds were drawn by the gentleman, but this did not prevent a number of people on the platform from seeing them.

The woman was about 22 years of age, small in stature, and was dressed in an elegant traveling costume made of silk. In her ears were large diamonds, a beautiful necklace of the same encircled her throat, and she had several diamond rings on her fingers. Her manner was modest and her general bearing was that of a high bred woman.

The gentleman appeared to be 40 years old, had an intellectual appearance, and dressed like a gentleman. He was of medium height and wore iron-gray side-whiskers. A pair of gold-rimmed spectacles surmounted his nose, and gave him a literary air. One of the passengers—a Mr. Weyl of Philadelphia, who has been traveling in the same car with them from Kansas City—told the reporter the following story:

"The man is Prof. McPhee, of Boston, and the woman is his wife. The professor was for a number of years a teacher in one of the educational institutions of 'The Hub' but being wealthy gave up teaching a year or so ago. Since then he has been traveling around the world on a tour of pleasure. About six months ago he landed on the Sandwich islands, and about the first thing he did was to call on King Kalakaua. The king, who lives in the height of style and enjoys the good things of life, made the professor stay with him and wanted him to invest some money and settle down on the island. While Prof. McPhee was stopping with King Kalakaua he met the young woman who is now with him. She was well educated and refined, having been taught by an English tutor in the king's household. McPhee fell in love with her, and after a few weeks' courtship they were married according to the customs of the people there. The event was probably the greatest thing that ever occurred there since the island became civilized.

"After the wedding the couple departed on a honeymoon to the United States. They had only intended at first to come as far as San Francisco, but when they arrived there the professor concluded to visit his old home in the suburbs of Boston. The woman is well educated. She and her husband have been heard conversing in half a dozen languages. They both have plenty of money, and buy almost everything from the train boys. They do not mingle with other passengers while traveling, but always keep themselves secluded in the drawing-room. She has been in Australia several times, but this is her first visit to the United States. She is of royal blood being a distant relative of Queen Kapiolani. The professor seems to be a perfect gentleman, and apparently does not feel as if he lost caste by having a black wife. They are both in love with one another, and are not afraid to let other people see it. The professor's people—if he has any—will probably raise a row about his marriage, but I think he intends to return to the island and help Kalakaua run it."

The above was gleaned by Mr. Weyl in conversation with the professor and his servant. The drawing-room the couple occupied was full of books, magazines, boxes of sweetmeats, etc. When the reporter sent in his card the gentleman declined to see him saying: "I don't wish to see any more reporters."

A Judicious Husband.

I was walking through the edge of a clearing when I started up a mother bird, apparently looking for a good site for a nest. She was much excited, and flew about hither and thither, crying "Cheep, cheep," and twitching her tail nervously. She made so much noise that her husband heard her and came flying home to find out what was the matter. He did not think either my dogs or I looked belligerent, but he followed her about from limb to limb in order to be on hand in case anything should happen. It was very evident that he did not sympathize with her fears, as he neither cried out nor jerked his tail; and after he had chased her here and there, up and down, back and forth, for some time, he turned toward her on the branch and looked at her, as much as to say, "Oh, you tiresome creature; why will you be so absurd? Don't you see that they are not going to hurt you?"

His content had no effect, however, and—he opened his mouth at her. This threat of conjugal authority subdued her, and at last she meekly flew off into the woods with him.—*Audubon Magazine.*

SPRIT OF KANSAS.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance.

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

For the week ending Jan. 28 1888.

The terrible blizzard that was to appear to-day, has switched off. It is cold but clear, and last night was the same.

Senator Dolph has introduced a joint resolution in congress to forever prevent bigamy or polygamy in any state or territory.

Some of the tragedies connected with the recent ice-storm in the Northwest would furnish a terrible theme for a realistic novelist.

A railroad man just from Colorado says that the state is alive with new railroads. Their passenger trains go loaded down, and all through the mining district there is the greatest activity.

The blizzard throughout Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Kansas and Colorado last week gave the railroads more trouble than they have ever experienced in so short a time before.

When Michael Schwab, in Joliet, heard that the remains of the dead anarchists would likely be cremated, he merely looked up from his kitchen task and said softly: "Peace to their ashes."

One of the most successful real-estate agents in Washington is a lady. Her method of selling property at so much per foot and furnishing the measurement herself gives her customers quite an advantage.

The Missouri Pacific issued notice yesterday of a reduction in rates on special commodities from New Orleans to Kansas City to meet the reductions made by the Gulf two or three days since on the same class of goods.

Jokes about ex-President Hayes's henry are again going the rounds, but it is better to have fresh eggs for breakfast and chickens for supper, than to chew ham sandwiches in the abodes of scribes and paragraphers.

It is to be hoped that Congress will act speedily and favorably upon Secretary Bayard's recommendation for granting funds to aid in a complete exhibition of American progress and industries at the French international exposition in 1889.

The postmaster general to-day issued a circular to postmasters, embodying rules and regulations which will hereafter govern under the new law relating to permissible writing and printing on second, third and fourth-class matter. The law went into effect today.

The triumphant conclusion of the wool conference at Washington will rejoice the hearts of every friend of protection in the country. The advocates of free trade in wool had hoped to set the manufacturers against the wool growers by insidiously insinuating to the former that if wool should come in duty free, they could obtain the raw material for their manufactures at a greatly reduced cost, and thus would add largely to their profits.

The Chicago Tribune has this of the Columbus bench show fire: "Senator Ingalls' home destroyed by fire, mused Statesman Lawlor, as he looked over the telegraphic columns of the morning paper and mechanically stirred something in a tumbler, 'his magnificent library a total loss. Too bad. Sorry for old Ingalls. He can get more books, though. Country's full of 'em. M'm—m'm. Any other fires? Let's see. What's this? Fire in Fourteenth Regiment armory at Columbus. O.—dog show—\$00 of the finest dogs in the United States—suffering Moses!—burned up! Chicago dog valued at \$2500 among them! Good heavens! What a pity! what a pity! Them dogs can never be replaced."

Yes, we say to Dakota, come in out of the cold.

All our business men seem confident of a prosperous year, and that is half the battle.

Michigan has twelve counties that under the local option law, have come under the banner of prohibition. In one form or another the soul of prohibition is marching on.

Mrs. Laura M. Johns, President of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association, publishes an address urging the women to register. Miss Willard also sends to Kansas an address to the same effect.

The Garnet Journal, which for two years has been the leading third party prohibition paper of Kansas, has been sold and will hereafter be democratic. There seems to be no need of a strictly prohibition paper in this state.

There is talk of refunding the national debt at still lower interest, two per cent. The debt ought to be to be paid off, but if it can be funded at two per cent, the people, by some means, ought to get money for less than six per cent.

The farmer is the last person in the country who would be benefited by free trade. What might possibly be saved in the few things he has to buy would be as nothing compared with the advantage of having a market for his products.

In Indiana a preacher was taken out and whipped because he did not provide for his family. Possibly if the congregation had done their duty in providing for their minister, he might better have provided for his family. Such instances are not uncommon.

Three hundred and seventy-one thousand six hundred and nineteen steamer passengers landed at Castle Garden last year—an average of over 1,000 a day at one port. Some time perhaps, congress will get around to the subject of restricting immigration and keeping out those immigrants who are likely to prove public burdens or public nuisances.

It savors a little of nonsense to compare the position of the republican party of Kansas in 1884, with that of the party to-day. No matter what the party had done up to that time; no matter how it voted on the original amendment question. Since the administration of Governor Martin, we have that entire degree of prohibition that the most radical third party prohibitionist then asked. He who is not satisfied with the result is probably more anxious to defeat another party than to secure prohibition.

The farmers' institutes which are being held this winter in several States appear to be attracting a great deal of attention and will undoubtedly result in much good. Of course not a very large measure of instruction can be derived from the one institute held in his neighborhood which the farmer may be able to attend, but the desire can be awakened for wider and more detailed information concerning agricultural, stock-growing, and dairy—notably the public press—from which the farmer can draw at his leisure such information as he may require. The public institute occurring once in two or three years, or in favored neighborhoods once a year, is a grand thing for the farmer, but the newspaper, covering even a wider range of topics and presenting them in such form that they can be preserved, re-read thought over, and coming into the farmer's homes once every week, is even a better thing than the institutes. And the farmer who attends these institutes, gathering the experience of other men and noting how many different methods, are employed for various farm operations—all of which cannot be correct or most economical—and how they often differ from his own, can scarcely fail of a desire to place himself in a position to learn and gather more and to keep himself closely advised of what others are thinking about and working out on the farm.

A Remarkable Business Move.

Harrison, Farrington & Co, wholesale Grocers, of Minneapolis, Minn., have sent out 2,000 circulars, each accompanied with a copy of the N. Y. Voice, asking each of their patrons to become a subscriber. They then offer premiums amounting to \$5,000 to canvassers to that paper to beginners in sums ranging from \$2,000 to \$25, for those sending the largest number, providing an aggregate of 50,000 new subscribers are secured, and pro rata for less. The Harrisons became converts to the Third or Prohibition party a little more than a year ago. They are among the wealthiest men in Minnesota. The family settled in Illinois, near St. Louis, at an early day and became famous millers, and acquired great wealth. The Harrison brand of flour is still famous at St. Louis. Nearly thirty years ago, they moved to Minnesota, then in its infancy, and with ample means made wide investments. The family is strongly methodist, temperance and republican and was radically anti-slavery, when democratic John A. Logan was favoring the Illinois black laws. One branch of the family was left in St. Clair county, Ill. when the rest went to Minnesota, and it still manages the great Harrison machine works of Belleville, manufacturers of Threshers, Engines and other well known farm implements. The action of the Minneapolis firm is remarkable and has never had a parallel in the country. It has attracted the attention of the press from one end of the land to the other. Politicians in and out of congress discuss its effect. It is safe to say that in the eight weeks since those circulars were issued it has done more to awaken the republican leaders to the necessity of some action favorable to prohibition than all that has been done by the Griffin anti-saloon movement in two years. It is regarded as a breaking out of the people, a movement that comes with the power of an earthquake, or a cyclone to overthrow everything that stands in its pathway. It has already proven contagious. One of the largest manufacturers of Connecticut, has set to work getting subscribers to the Voice. A fund that now reaches \$20,000 has been subscribed to send their paper to every minister in the United States.

As a result of all this several bills have been introduced into congress, by republicans, restricting the sale of liquor in the District of Columbia, and probably they will be made more stringent and more comprehensive, although it is hardly probable that any of them will become laws. But all this indicates that the politicians have become aroused as they have never been before on this question.

The Osage City Free Press says that one-half the newspapers in the state dare not tell the truth, where the truth should be spoken, and that their chief work is to slobber over somebody else. The Free Press at least tells the truth. In his address before the State Historical Society, the Hon. James F. Legate, of Leavenworth, added emphasis to the same idea. We reckon that we, of the press, are a noble band of fellows, but we do fear we are not what we are cracked up to be.

The Grand Army encampment of Kansas will meet next month at Winfield, and already the contest for the chief office is as lively as in a political campaign, and the state is flooded with dodgers, leaflets and papers in favor of Tom, Dick and Harry.

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 1883 will be Prof. John Tyndall, of England; Justice Samuel F. Miller, of the United States supreme court; Prof. Emile de Laveleye, 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 Maudslayi, 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 Culton and Edward Everett Hale.

Pot-Pourri.

Dedicated to WALTER BURGESS.
I am a simple druggist's clerk;
My cheek is pale, mine eye is dark;
And all day long, and to and fro,
The maidens come in lengthened row.
One maid comes in, and sweet and shy,
She begs, "An ounce of pot-pourrye."
Another comes with dash and flurry,
To buy "A jar of your pott-purry."
Another lovely, blushing houri
Would like "A bit of the pott-powry."
A fourth, who smile is fair to see,
Demands "A little pott-perree."
A fifth, a first ward maid is she,
Says, "Give me some of pea-pree."
And I? I wince and shrink, poor me!
But give them all their pot-pourri.

The Topeka wheel will prove to be the wheel of fortune. Let us have it.

W. S. Charles and wife and T. J. Matthews and wife departed on Thursday for a six weeks sojourn in Florida.

Nothing has been heard of Mr. Sargent, the old man who so strangely disappeared nearly a week ago.

Mrs. Clark at 1429 Van Buren Street, desires to get plain sewing, children's aprons and underclothing to make. Parties in need of such work, by giving it to her will be sure of having it well done.

The News is emphatically a north side institute. It does not actually make the paper on which it is printed, but we do make much of the material used in printing it under letters patent of our own, which no other office in the city does.

One subscriber thinks we furnish the News too cheap, and declares it is the best paper in the city. There is one thing we have found true. The amount of reading we give makes the news welcome in every family, especially when there are reading children. It is this fact that gives it special value to advertisers.

Mr. J. Nunn of the Post Office Book Store has two most imposing signs in front of the Rock Island Ticket Office for which he is North Side ticket Agent.

Grand Master Workman J. M. Miller, of the A. O. U. W. of Kansas, who has been in the city for the past two days, has enjoyed the hospitality of three of the local lodges. Thursday night he attended Capital Lodge No. 3 and last night divided the time between No. 11 and No. 244. The latter called a special meeting for the purpose of entertaining him, and invited No. 11 to participate. The exercises consisted of addresses, introductions, supper and music.

Dr. F. M. Harrell late of Chicago, located in our city some weeks ago, and has already met with the most satisfactory practice. While a regular physician, he makes a specialty of the eye, and as an oculist has become best known. He is an old acquaintance of H. M. Atherton, the artist. It may be remarked that last year he gave our city a trial, and did not succeed. Since his return he has met with a good business, another indication that times are improving as the city grows.

If the bonds are voted for the Rapid Transit in Soldier, Menoken and Rossville townships, the work of construction will be commenced as soon as the season will allow, and long before the time promised the cars will be running. The new market house in this connection, will bring North Topeka and Northern Shawnee into the closest relationship, and town and country be alike benefitted. The voters of the above townships are well aware of the advantages the road will be to them, and there is very little doubt as to the result of the vote.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine

For February

An exceedingly interesting article by Lily Higgin, on the Modern English Artists, with portraits, appears in the February number of FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE, giving just the information that all wish to have. Colonel C. Chaille-Long's "From the Suez Canal, Through two Seas, to the Equator, is important in view of the perennially interesting Eastern Question. Then, too, there is "A Visit to Porto Alegre, Brazil," full of information and illustrations. Among the shorter contributions to this number may be mentioned: "The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem"; "Joan of Arc"; "The Best of countries," by Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage; "Harrow School"; "Hymns"; "The Sacred Book of China"; "Some Superstitions of the Synagogue"; and other of interest and value. There is not much poetry in this number, but what there is is good, especially the sonnet, "In Fortressing-Castle," by Adelaide Cilley Waldron. The number closes, as usual, with a piece of sacred music.

Prof. JOHN TYNDALL spent some time last fall on the Alps taking observations of the sky, and he has written one of the most important and interesting of his popular scientific essays on the subject, which has been bought for exclusive use by the Forum, and will appear in the February number. Senator CULLOM will write in the same number on "The Government and the Telegraph"; Prof. W. T. HARRIS on "What shall the Public School Teach?"; Judge W. D. KELLEY on "How Protection Protects," and Dr. AUSTIN FLINT on "The Mechanism of the Singing Voice."

The Santa Fe is preparing to build a fine depot at Arkansas City.

F. E. Brooks, of the five-cent store, returned yesterday from Boston and New York.

Frank Conklin departed yesterday for a visit to Denver.

W. F. Monteith has sold to the cotton mill company, eight lots in Maple Grove addition.

Mr. J. N. Henry and family have moved into their elegant new residence at 1212 Quincey.

The young people of the Presbyterian church will organize a singing class on next Monday evening.

Mr. A. A. Powers contemplates removing to Wyandotte, for the purpose of engaging in the real estate business.

The restaurant at the Rock Island Junction, has changed hands, Mr. A. H. Walkins succeeding the former proprietor.

City Treasurer Phillips calls attention to the fact that licenses for the half year ending July 1, are now due and should be paid.

Mr. Cal. Mathews expects to leave for Alabama by the 21st of this month and make his home there, his health not being good here.

There is considerable suffering among the colored people, but there would be less if more of them were willing to work.

T. M. James is named for Alderman from the first ward. Could the ward do better than to elect him.

The foolish girl who was married in the jail to a prisoner, is already tired of it and has applied for a divorce.

The stockholders of the creamery and cold storage company will hold a meeting at the board of trade rooms, this afternoon.

The thermometer at 7 o'clock yesterday morning registered 9 degrees below zero, and at 11 o'clock last evening it was 7 below.

Mrs. Dr. Branstrup was called yesterday to Indianapolis, by telegram, to see her father who is very sick and not expected to live.

The ball given at the Lukens' opera house on last evening under the management of Jesse Reeves and Chas. Crawford was quite a successful and highly enjoyable affair.

Deputy Marshal Allen says that large numbers of tramps infest the locality just east of the city limits. He thinks that many of them come from Kansas City. They, however, steer clear of the city proper and the police.

It is said that the committee appointed to select the site for the location of the market house, have decided upon the site just north of the Kansas Avenue M. E. church. The site is a good one, almost in the center of the first ward.

Mrs. L. T. Crawford who resides on Van Buren street and has been sick for a long time is improving in health. Her disease is dropsy. Dr. Swift and Blakeslee performed an operation to-day, it being the twelfth time the patient has been tapped.

The Friday afternoon Rock Island train for Kansas City, did not pull out until nearly night and some of the passengers after waiting several hours gave it up and went home. We are not informed of the cause, but there was no doubt good reasons for the delay, as the Rock Island is very careful.

The Capital man visited the office of the evening News, yesterday, and found the general editor, Mr. Kimball, in a happy frame of mind over the excellent encouragement and support the first ward folks were giving his new venture. Mr. Kimball has recently perfected two new patents, one of lead and slug mould; the other a blank attachment to typan sheet for printing envelopes. It is quite likely that these new and useful inventions—for both of which patents have been granted—will result profitably to the inventor.

The Missouri river having made serious encroachments upon its banks opposite Atchison during the past several years, two government engineers, the city engineers of Atchison and an engineer of the Kansas city road, have made an examination and reported that unless something is done at once, the expensive bridge will be destroyed by high water in the spring. Not only this, but the railroad property in East Atchison, valued at thousands of dollars, will be destroyed. The railroad interests, four in number, have consequently announced that they will join the bridge company and rip-rap the east bank directly above the bridge for the distant of a mile. The work will cost \$50,000.

A large attendance was given the Grand Opera House meeting Sunday afternoon. Bishop Vail presided and the interest manifested was wide and deep. In nearly every city of the size of Topeka, and in many that are smaller, humane societies have been organized. There is really more need of it in some cities than in Topeka, but there will be enough for us to do here. Sunday's meeting was sufficient to give it a good start.

STEWART CONCERT COMPANY.

Coming to the Grand Opera House February 3rd.

For benefit of Ingleside.

Social dance at the A. O. U. W. hall Saturday evening.

Hall and Traver are doing some fine work. Mr. Trover is a genius in his line.

Healthy baby boy to S. D. Wise yesterday.

William Best is enjoying a visit from his brother John, of Denver.

Next Sunday will be Kansas day—the 27th birthday of the state.

Kansas sheriffs are holding a state convention in the city.

A party of skaters were improving the shining hours and solid ice on Soldier Creek yesterday afternoon.

No fear of an ice famine next summer. We counted seven large wagons heavily adea with clear ice in Skinners yard yesterday afternoon.

The Social Club of the A. O. U. W. give a dance at Lukens Opera House this evening.

Layer cakes, fruit cakes and a great variety of small cakes at C. Jones 806 1/2 Kansas Ave. North Topeka.

F. Moore, of Independence, was brought before Judge Foster yesterday, charged with violating the laws.

A new furnace will be put in the city jail shortly. Court is now being held in one of the jail apartments owing to the cold.

People will steal rather than starve and they will steal rather than freeze. So in Nebraska they took coal from the cars that were blocked with snow, and when that was gone they tore down the company's buildings for fuel. In western Kansas they take railroad ties.

The well-known drug firm of Whiting & Washburn have dissolved. Whiting will shortly open a jobbing house, dealing in glass and oils, in the elegant Odd Fellows' building on Quincy street, while Washburn will continue in the drug business at the present well known stand on Kansas avenue.

J. C. Watt and Dr. L. N. Burgen addressed the people of Soldier township and Pleasant Hill last Friday on the Rapid Transit question. They are very united and decided, in the desire to have the railroad in their locality. The election on the proposition to vote bonds to the company will take place at Rossville on the 8th of February.

Some farmers living in the vicinity of Elmont are indulging in a lively row with the school teacher, Arthur Jordan. It appears that Mr. Jordan had occasion to keep several boys in after school hours to make some inquiries regarding something that had happened during the day. Among them were two sons of John Bell. As soon as Mr. Bell heard that Jordan had detained his boys after school, he procured a shot gun and started for the school house. On his arrival he upbraided the teacher with a torrent of abuse. He informed him that if he kept his boys in again after school he would "fix him." Jordan, not relishing the idea of having his body loaded with shot, permitted the boys to go home with their father. Bell is encouraged in his opposition to the teacher, by Rose, one of the directors of the school district. The matter was laid before County Superintendent Mac Donald, who will visit the school this week, and endeavor to set matters right.

Reunion and Wedding.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Stone and of Cory Conklin will be interested in the following from Carthage Ill. Republican:

"REUNION AND MARRIAGE"

A very pleasant and enjoyable time was the occasion of the reunion of the Stone family and relatives at the residence of the late E. P. Stone, of this city, on Thursday, January 12, 1888. The affair concluded with the marriage of Mr. Cory E. Conklin, of Topeka, Kan., to Miss Henrietta Stone, the youngest and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Stone, of Topeka, Kan.

The ceremony was performed at 12 a. m. by Rev. T. Stone, of Quincy, granduncle of bride, in the presence of relatives and friends only.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Stone, father and mother of the bride, and brother V. B. Stone, of Topeka, Kan., Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Stone, John Putnam, wife and daughter, of Quincy, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kidson, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hull and son Clarence, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stone and daughter, and E. W. Stone, of Dallas City, Mrs. R. A. Pomroy, of Adrian; also a few friends from the city.

After a shower of congratulations a sumptuous repast was served by the grandmother of the bride, Mrs. Emily Stone, of this city. The happy couple took their departure via the Wabash, 4:12 train, for an extended tour to the principal cities of the east, and will be in Topeka, Kan., after February 14, which will be their future home.

FOR COAL

go to

J. V. McNEELY,

Corner of Adams and Fourth.

A Parody.

Affectionately inscribed to my old school teacher, L. M. POWELL.

Our Bard who dwells on Mount Parnassus, Whose steed is the fleet-winged Pegasus, Was asked a poem to indite On childhood's memories so bright, And this is what the muse inspired, And then the Bard was quickly fired; "How dear to my heart is the school I attended, And how I remember so distant and dim, That red-headed Bill and the pin that I bent, And carefully put on the bench under him, And how I recall the surprise of the master, When Bill gave a yell, and sprang up from the pin, So high, that his bullet head smashed through the plaster, And how the scholars all set up a din, The rebuke of the master, my own sad disaster, When Billy, the luckless, sat on a bent pin; That active boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy; That loud shouting Billy, who sat on a pin."

Fresh oranges at Jones.

The Santa Fe road will present 100,000 bushels of seed wheat to needy settlers in western countries for spring use.

The Topeka man who went to Los Angeles, invested his money and lost, is entitled to no sympathy. The place for a Topeka man to invest is Topeka.

The Misses Laura and Lulu Dolman were elected to membership of the Degree of Honor charity lodge of the A. O. U. W. Saturday evening.

Word has been received of the safe arrival of Mr. Sargent at the home of his son, W. W. Sargent, at Junction City.

The Wichita Journal claims to be positively the only political independent daily paper in the state. When it got that idea into its head it had not seen the News.

The following were elected officials of the Presbyterian Sunday School at the election last Friday night superintendent, W. C. Tracy; assistant superintendent, C. H. Shellebarger; treasurer, John Bradley; secretary, John Tracy; librarian, Mrs. Bradley.

An examination for county teachers will be held at the high school rooms Saturday p. m., January 28.

The big demand exhausted Anderson & Son's supply of coal, but they are all right now.

It must be a terrible temptation for a street car driver to confine his horses to a walk across the bridge such weather as we had last week, and the driver James Hooker might well have been excused, instead of being fined \$5.00. It would be a blessed good thing if the police department winked at no greater crimes than this.

Ex-Governor Robinson, superintendent of Haskell Institute at Lawrence has returned from a trip to Washington in the interest of the school. He secured the consent of the department of the building at the school, among them a girl's dormitory, a cottage for the superintendent, and an addition to the hospital. The tin shop and printing department will be fitted up at once, and among the probabilities are a macadamized road to the city, electric lights and a system of water works. The governor expects the school to rank first among the United States Indian industrial schools in a short time and expects an attendance this year of 600 to 700 Indian children.

About ten days ago a man by the name of Mark Commer, accompanied by a ten-year old boy, stopped at the Blue Front restaurant on this side and stated that he was from Missouri. He said that he was looking for a good farm in the vicinity of Topeka and would like to invest in some real estate; however he failed to leave any of his cash with the proprietor of the restaurant in payment for his board. On Thursday morning he borrowed two dollars from the proprietor of the hotel and left for Kansas City, saying he would return that evening, leaving his son at the restaurant. "As nothing has been heard of him since, the boy was questioned by Deputy Marshal Allen and states that he has an aunt by the name of Mrs. Curtis, in Clinton, Missouri, and would like to go there. He thinks some accident has befallen his father and is worrying considerably over it.

ECLECTIC, ALA. Oct. 20, 1886.

Dr. A. T. SHAFFENBERGER, Rochester, Pa. Dear Sir: Last February I received from you a bottle of your Antidote for Malaria, and gave it to a young lady attending school here, but who had not been well enough to go for several weeks, and was quite broken down in health. In a few days after taking the medicine she was back in school again, and has not lost a day the entire summer. I think it is the best medicine I ever knew. Yours very truly, R. C. WILLIAMS.

Books and Magazines.

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 their 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, 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 delightful surprises 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 extent, 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 newsdealers 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 \$5.50 for each half year, in dark green levant cloth, and \$4.50 for bound in half morocco. Address: Magazine of American History, 743 Broadway, New York City.

W. T. Brown spent Sunday in Silver Lake.

A certain young lady of North Topeka, said to a young man, "Is there really such a person as a fool-killer?" "Oh, I guess not, but I don't know," said the young man, who was reading the Evening News. "Y. L.—"Well all I wanted to say is, please don't go out after dark any more, until you find out. Don't forget this, as I don't want to lose you."

At F. E. Brook's Great Five Cent Store, 423 Kansas Avenue, there is exhibited in the show case a platter, one of the old fashioned blue-edged kind that the old people may remember. It is said to be 130 years old and been in use most of the time and yet has a better glaze now than much of the modern ware. It has been exhibited at several centenials and old settlers reunions. It belonged to a wedding outfit more than a century ago, and came from Scotland.

A pupil in one of the public schools of this city, compiled recently in the following manner with a request to write a composition on the subject of a physiological lecture to which he had just listened:

"The human body is made up of the head, thorax and the abdomen. The head contains the brains when there is any. The thorax contains the heart and lungs. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five, a. e. i. o. u. and sometimes w and y." Another boy after hearing his teacher explain the manner by which starch in food is converted into sugar by the action of the saliva, inquired whether if he should spit upon some starch it would turn to sugar.

Religious Notes.

Rev. M. F. McKirham preached yesterday at the reform school.

Dr. S. E. Pendleton, presiding elder, of this district was at Carbondale yesterday.

The Kansas Avenue M. E. Church was crowded last evening, there being scarcely space for chairs to be placed.

The Congregationalists held a dime social at Mr. Clauser's residence on Jackson St. on next Wednesday evening.

At the Congregational church last evening, Rev. Mr. Pipes preached from the text "What wilt thou have me to do?"

At the Good Shepherd Bishop Thomas preached in the forenoon to an appreciative audience. The subject of the discourse was "Some seed fell upon stony ground."

Representatives from the Baptist churches of Topeka, Silver Lake and Holton visited the church at Hoyt on last Friday to consider the propriety of recognizing the Hoyt church as a regular Baptist church. After due examination it was decided to proceed with the recognition services. A sermon was preached by Elder Riley, of North Topeka. The church was organized last year with five members and it now has thirty-two.

The members of the United Presbyterian church have been holding meetings this week in homes throughout the city, operating in two bands—one under the leadership of the pastor and the other under Mr. Patterson, his co-worker. A large number of people have been interested in religion who have not been identified with any of the churches. Next week the forces will unite at the church. There is to be a gospel rally Monday night. Revs. George, of Lawrence; Colvin, of North Cedar; Garges, of Nortonville, and others, will be present to speak. Meeting every night next week at the church, to be followed by a special communion service.

Bishop-Elect Leonard, of Utah.

The consecration of Rev. Abel Leonard D. D., as Bishop of Utah and Nevada, which will take place at Christ Episcopal Church, this city, next Wednesday noon, will be an imposing religious event. The services will begin at 11 a. m. A large number of eminent Episcopal clergymen from a distance will be present to witness the ceremonies. Bishop Vail, of Kansas, will be the consecrator, while Bishop Tuttle, of this city, and Bishop Perry, of Iowa, will constitute the commission to take order for the consecration. Bishop Seymour, of Springfield, Ill., will also take part in the solemn rites. The clergyman of Kansas City, and Rev. Robert Richie, of Kansas, the sermon will be preached by Bishop Talbot, of Wyoming and Idaho. Prof. M. S. Snow will have charge of the ceremonies, which will last several hours.

Rev. Abel Leonard, who is to be consecrated, is a native of Fayette, Mo., and is 43 years of age. His father was Judge Leonard, a famous lawyer and politician in his day. The family traces its ancestors back to the Revolutionary forefathers. Dr. Leonard graduated at Dartmouth College, and afterward completed a theological course at the General Theological Seminary of New York City. He lives at present in Atchison, Kan. Formerly he was pastor at Hamibal, Sedalia, and, for a short time, at Grace Church in this city. He is married and has a family of four children. Dr. Leonard will live in Salt Lake City after being confirmed. He is an eloquent preacher and learned man, and also has peculiar administration abilities, which will fit him for his new and high position.—GLOBE DEMOCRAT

North Topeka Coal.

There is an exhibition in the doorway of Watt, Powell and Co., a specimen of North Topeka coal. It is twenty inches in thickness which is two inches thicker than any of that procured in Osage county. An examination will show that in quality it is equal to any that is brought to this market. It is clean, hard, and free from impurities as the best. The coal comes from the Forbes' mine a few miles north west, and but two miles from the line of the proposed Rapid Transit railroad. The mine has been worked imperfectly for some years, supplying the farmers of the neighborhood, and no effort has been systematically made to develop it.

We believe that no one will examine this sample without being fully convinced that we have an abundance of coal at our very doors. If coal exists on the Forbes farm there is very little doubt about its existence all along the bluffs to the north of us. Our future coal supply is apparently assured. The thing to do now is to go to work to secure the harvest.

The News Blank Attachment for printing envelopes, for which we have secured a patent, gives this office advantages in this line enjoyed by no other.

The Press Club had a big free lunch at the Copeland last Friday night, but it was not their fault that it was free. The boys were willing to pay but landlord Gordon wouldn't have it so.

More than one Topeka girl who goes to our fashionable balls, may be said to "stay up" more than is good for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kirkpatrick of Rossville, came down visiting Saturday, and this afternoon with Miss Della Stearns, visited Highland Park.

A conductor on the Rock Island road informs us that last week some section men near Ellis, Nebraska, found a man standing by a fence, frozen stiff.

The school houses of Soldier and Menoken townships are used to discuss the Rapid Transit question. That is a capital idea.

The city council will be called upon to order an election to vote for or against bonds to build and maintain a city hospital.

ST. NICHOLAS

For Young Folks.

SINCE its first issue, in 1873, this magazine has maintained, with undisturbed 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, Frances 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 grown-up folks,—too, has a remarkable faculty for snowing and entertaining children. Under her skilful 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. Boyesen, Joe Chandler Harris, J. T. Rowbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Louisa M. Alcott, Professor Alfred Church, William H. Stieglitz, Washington Gladden, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Frances Courteney Bayler, 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'Reilly, a well known Australian journalist, will describe "The Great Island Continent"; Elizabeth Robins Pennell will tell of "London Christmas Fancies" (Alice in Wonderland, etc.); John Burroughs will write "Meadow and Woodland Talks with Young Folk," etc., etc. Mrs. Burnett's serial will be the editor says, a worthy successor to her famous "The Lord 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 \$2.00, or subscribe through booksellers and newsdealers. The Century Co. 33 East 17th St. New-York.

The Atlantic Monthly

FOR 1888

Will contain, in addition to the best Short Stories, Sketches, Essays, Poetry, and Criticism, three serial stories:—

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Contributions may be expected from Charles Eliot Norton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Charles Dudley Warner, E. C. Steedman, J. P. Quincy, Harriet W. Preston, Sarah Olive Jewell, Henry Cabot Lodge, Edwin M. Thomas, Horace E. Scudder, George E. Woodberry, George Frederic Parsons, Maurice Thompson, Lucy Larcom, Olive Thaxter, John Burroughs, Fernald Lowell, Agnes E. Scudder, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, Olive Thorne Miller, Bradford Torrey, and many others.

TERMS: \$1.00 a year in advance, postage free; 50 cents a number. With superb life-size portrait of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell or Holmes, \$5.00; each additional portrait, \$1.00. The November and December numbers of the Atlantic will be sent free of charge to new subscribers whose subscriptions are received before December 20th.

Postal Notes and Money are at the risk of the sender, and therefore remittances should be made by money-order, draft, or registered letter, to HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

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PRESBYTERIANS

Should take the Herald and Freeman, a large eight-page Presbyterian weekly; subscription price, \$1.50 per year; interesting and instructive to old and young. Send us \$1.50 and we will send you the Herald and Freeman for one year and a copy of the steel-engraving "Longfellow in His Library." Regarded by Holley. Size 6x12 inches. Add 10 cents postage and packing of engraving. SPECIAL OFFER. We have on hand, in supplement form, Fanny's latest serial, "High-seas." While the supply lasts, we will send it FREE to each person who will return this ad. to us with \$1.00 to pay for the paper one year and the engraving. The story is both funny and thrilling. SEND AT ONCE and get your friends to order with you. Put "where you saw this" and address: HERALD & PRESBYTER, 175 ELM ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO. Send five-cent stamps for sample copies and our steel-engraving Calendar for 1888; size 4x4 1/2 inches.



After forty years' experience in the preparation of more than One Hundred thousand applications for patents in the United States and Foreign countries, the publishers of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copy rights, etc., for the United States and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries. Their experience is unacquainted and their facilities are unsurpassed. Drawings and specifications prepared and filed in the Patent Office on short notice. Terms very reasonable. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free. Patents are granted by the Commissioner of Patents in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has the largest circulation and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands. This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published WEEKLY, at \$3.00 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works and other departments of industrial progress, and is listed in any country. It contains the names of all patentees and sites of every invention patented each week. Try it four months for one dollar. Sold by all newsdealers. If you have any intention to patent write to Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 361 Broadway, New York. Handbook about patents mailed free.

Topeka Seed House.

Just received a car load of fresh New Grass Seed, Clover, Timothy, Orchard Grass and Red Top. Also a large supply of fresh GARDEN & BEEF, Call at our address DOWNS MILL & ICE Co. 204 Kansas Ave.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

REV. DR. BEARDSLEY is about to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his rectorship of St. Thomas' church, New Haven.

ONE of Oscar Wilde's expectations is that he will be buried in Westminster abbey. It is hoped that he may live long enough to see it realized.

MAINE has eight living ex-governors. They are Frederick Roble, D. F. Davis, Hannibal Hamlin, Sidney Perham, H. M. Plaisted, Selden Connor, J. L. Chamberlin, and Nelson Dingley, Jr.

THE constitution of the State of Guantajuato has been amended so as to permit the re-election of the governor of the State for a second term although a third term is forbidden by the same amendment.

HENRY SHACKELFORD, an old engineer, well known among the railroad men of Atlanta, Ga., and other southern cities, died Tuesday, from an overdose of opiates, accidentally taken. He was 58 years old.

MRS. DANIEL MANNING and her step-daughter Mary will occupy the house on Fifth avenue, New York, which Mr. Manning leased for three years a short time before his death, until May when they will go to the country, returning to the mansion early next fall.

FLOYD TAFT, if he does not stop accumulating flesh pretty soon, will in a short time be as broad and as thick as Dickens' fat boy in "Pickwick." He is only 8 years old, yet he weighs 125 pounds. Westville, Conn., claims to be his birthplace.

THE story that Mme. Patti contemplates selling Craig-y-Nos, her Welsh castle, because of the recent robbery there must be untrue, for in a conversation with Labouchere the divine singer spoke of the longing that she would have in South America to get back to her Welsh home.

EARLY in his career Dr. D. H. Agnew, the eminent Philadelphia surgeon, became discouraged over his unsuccessful treatment of a case of trachotomy, gave up his profession, and entered the coal business. Failing in that also, he went back to surgery, and soon gained a world-wide reputation by his skill.

A MAN was recently tried in a suburb of London for murdering a six-months-old infant by pouring sulphuric acid down its throat. The man admitted the crime, but pleaded that he was unable to support an increase of family, and so he took this monstrous method of slaying his youngest burden. A jury of cutthroats and brutes set the murderer free.

THE executive committee of the North Carolina teachers' assembly met in Raleigh last week, and arranged a program for the next meeting, which will be held in Morehead City next June. The assembly now has a membership of two thousand. It was decided to lay a corner-stone of the Assembly hall April 2. That ceremony will be witnessed by several schools, which will make an excursion to Morehead City.

SPEAKING of Col. Nicholas Smith, the professional beauty and high-priced "best man." George Alfred Townsend says: "Col. Smith is a great deal disliked by ugly men, because he is very handsome. For my part I like to see an American Apollo, since they are quite rare. A man who can sit before me, and his form, color, contrasts and gestures never violate my sense of art, is such a rare being in my house and block and city that I am disposed to believe that there are also lines of grace in his character."

A LOVELY matrimonial scandal is now agitating court society at Berlin, and will soon end in a divorce. Baron Hechtritz, a popular young officer of the cuirassiers, was married a few months ago to a daughter of the consul general Baron Bletchroder, who brought him a fortune of 3,000,000 marks. Shortly after the bride and bridegroom had returned to Berlin for the winter, it was discovered that he had resumed a liaison which had existed before the marriage; but the secret has been so well kept that Baron Bletchroder was in utter ignorance of his son-in-law's entanglement. Baron Hechtritz has now brought matters to a crisis by eloping with his lady friend, and the affair has created a mighty commotion, and has greatly enraged the emperor and Prince William.

MOTHERS OF MEN.

Influence upon Agassiz, Dickens, Leigh Hunt and Others.

The mothers of famous men are always interesting studies. Concerning many of these women the world knows much, but of the majority it is ignorant. The mother of Louis Agassiz, the scientist, was the wife of a Swiss Protestant clergyman, and lived to a very old age. Louis was her favorite son, and she trained him with greatest care. When, in 1857, Prof. Silliman of Yale College visited her, he found her at four score a "tall, erect and dignified woman," with animated address and cultivated manners. When she was assured by her guest that her son's adopted country loved him and was proud of him, her strong frame was agitated, her voice trembled with emotion, and the flowing tears told the story of a mother's heart.

The day that Prof. Silliman left she walked a long way in the rain to bid him and his wife farewell. Presenting them with a little bouquet of pansies, she bade them tell her son "her pen- sions were for him." "Pensee" in French means both pangs and thought. On the 50th birthday of Agassiz the Saturday club of Boston celebrated it with a dinner at which Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell read poems. In the poem of the former allusion was made to the natural mother as mourning over the fact that the great mother, nature, had drawn her son from the first side and wished to keep him:

And the mother at home says, "Hark! For his voice I listen and yearn; It is growing late and dark, And my boy does not return."

Agassiz had been bent during the reading of the poem, but when the allusion to his mother was made his ruddy face flushed with restrained feeling, tears gathered in his eyes, as the last line was uttered they dropped slowly down his cheeks one after another.

The mother of Alphonse and Ernest Daudet, French novelists, was an intellectual woman. She was a constant reader, and her children were early impressed with her superiority over other mothers, and were profoundly grateful to her in after life for her careful training of their minds. The father was a rich silk weaver and had only an ordinary mind. Loss of fortune soured him, and he seemed to have little influence over his gifted sons. But the mother was their inspiration and delight.

The childhood of Dickens was so shadowed by poverty, and his sensitive and imaginative mind was so keenly alive to his position, that he could draw an absolutely impartial picture of his parents. His mother had a keen appreciation of the droll and of the pathetic, and likewise considerable dramatic talent. She was a comely little woman with handsome, bright eyes, and a genial, agreeable person. From her Dickens undoubtedly inherited his temperament and intellectual gifts. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imagination was something astonishing. Her preception was quick, and she unconsciously noted everything that came under her observation. In describing ridiculous occurrences her tone and gesture would be inimitable, while her manner was one of the quaintest. Dickens declares that to her he owed his first desire for knowledge, and that his earliest passion for reading was awakened by his mother, who taught him not only the first rudiments of English, but also a little of Latin. Poverty saddened and darkened many years of her life and her children were early compelled to leave her and earn their own living, but they all honored and loved her as she deserved.

Leigh Hunt thus writes of his mother: "My mother had no accomplishments but two best of all—a love of nature and of books. Dr. Franklin offered to teach her the guitar, but she was too bashful to become his pupil. She regretted this afterward, partly, no doubt, for having so illustrious a master. Her first child that died, was named after him."

"I know not whether the anecdote is new, but I have heard that when Dr. Franklin invented the harmonica he concealed it from his wife till the instrument was fit to play, and then woke her with it one night, when she took it for the music of angels.... Having been born nine years later than the youngest of my brothers, I have no recollection of my mother's earlier aspect. Her eyes were always fine, and her person ladylike; her hair also attained its color for a long period; but her brown complexion had been exchanged for a jaundiced one, which she retained through life; her cheeks were sunken and her mouth drawn down with sorrow at the corners. She retained the energy of her character on great occasions, but her spirit in ordinary affairs was weakened, and she looked at the bustle and discord of the present state of society with frightened aversion.... Never shall I forget her face as it used to appear to me coming up the cloisters with that weary hang of the head on one side and that melancholy smile.

"One holiday in a severe winter, as she was taking me home, she was petitioned for charity by a woman sick and ill clothed. It was in Blackfriars' road, I think about midway. My mother, with tears in her eyes, turned up a gateway or some such place, and beckoning the woman to follow took off her flannel petticoat and gave it to her. It is supposed that a cold which ensued fixed the rheumatism upon her for life. Actions like this have doubtless been often per-

formed, and do not of necessity imply any great virtue in the performer; but they do if they are a piece with the rest of the character. Saints have been made for charities no greater."—*Woman's Argosy*.

MECHANICAL SPIDERS.

Scientific Skill Displayed By the Insects in Constructing Their Webs.

The spider's thread is often knotted, or a minute ball is formed at certain points when it crosses another thread, as in the case of the garden spider's geometrical web, with its numerous concentric rings, or, more properly, spiral rings.

The object of these knots or balls at the points of crossing is to prevent them from slipping by binding them together, and, at the same time, strengthening the web and enabling it to hold more securely its prey.

An eminent entomologist, who made spiders and kindred insects a specialty, counted 120,000 of these knots in a web of fifteen inches in diameter.

It is a very remarkable fact that the threads of concentric or spiral portions of the webs are quite different in quality. To explain, the spider has three different sacks holding the viscid or sticky fluid from which the threads are made. Connected with these are three separate spinnerets, or sets of tubes, each one spinning its own peculiar thread.

One of these sets furnishes the stronger threads, called in natural history radii, that branch out from the center like the spokes of a wheel, and it also spins the stronger cable that anchors the entire web and keeps it firmly fixed. It is a curious fact that while all the circling threads are very sticky these radii are not so at all. Anything touching them does not adhere. Being so strong, perhaps they would hold too large a prey, something so large that the spider could not well manage it or something that might injure the web in its weaker parts.

Why this great number of threads, you will naturally ask, and why can they be so rapidly formed as we have seen?

The number is necessary for size as well as strength, to catch and hold securely the prey that is entangled in its meshes. Anyone observing a spider has seen how rapidly it can envelope or completely encwrap in a silken net his victim so as to render it perfectly helpless. Three thousand threads enable it to do it, aided by the wonderfully formed claws on its hind feet, and also its powers of rapid spinning gives it the capacity to weave a web of sixteen inches in diameter in forty-five minutes. The silk worm and caterpillar have no need of doing such rapid work, and hence they spin their single threads slowly, it being unnecessary, perhaps, to give time for the gummy substance, of which their silken threads are made, to harden and thus acquire the proper strength.

A curious fact is that the silkworm's sack that holds this gummy substance has, at the extreme of the opening, a single tube that is much harder and more horn-like than the tubes of the spider's spinnerets, because there is a greater strain upon it in spinning a thicker and stronger thread.

There are spiders also in the sea which spin their webs and spread them out to catch minute marine insects very much as those do to catch their prey on land. We see, also, a merciful provision of the Creator for shortening the sufferings of the insects caught in the spider's webs. There is a tube connected with the poison sack by which poison is forced into the wound made by the spider's fangs, and which instantly produces insensibility, and, very soon, death.

In all these arrangements we see means strikingly adapted to ends, and we can not resist the conviction that all these were so arranged by an intelligent and all-wise Being, who had regard for the welfare of his creatures as a whole.—*The Current*.

How the Shan of Persia Looks.

He was born in 1830, his mother being Maedeh Kahn. Neither mother nor son was ever a favorite with Mehmed Shah; and even at the hour of his birth Nur-ed-Deen's mother was virtually in banishment in a village near Tabriz, not many miles from the Caucasian border line of Asiatic Russia. The young prince exhibited the outward characteristics of his race even more plainly than had his father. He looks quite otherwise than does the modern Persian of pure lineage. His eyes have a melancholy, veiled look and are too near the nose; he is of taller stature—six feet high—whereas the Persians average about five feet five inches; he has decided bow-legs and his organs of speech are so fashioned that even at the present day he cannot properly pronounce the Persian, with its innumerable hoarse gutturals and its odd vowel sounds. His mother did not speak Persian but only a dialect of Turkish, and as this, too, is spoken universally in that part of Persia in which he was brought up, the Prince habitually spoke Turkish until his accession to the throne, and learned Persian in a desultory manner, as one would master a foreign language. Even to-day the Shah speaks Persian much as he does French—with a strong foreign accent to it; and there are many words in Persian that he is unable to pronounce at all, such as the phrase "khellee kloub" (very well), which recurs hundreds of times a day.—*The Cosmopolitan*.

TYING A KNOT.

Simple, But Very Few People Can Do It Neatly.

It is not very difficult to tie a neat and secure knot, but comparatively few persons can do it. Nor is it easy to show how it is done without the help of illustrations, but the following directions are as explicit as mere words can make them. The weaver's knot is one employed in netting, and sailors call it the "sheet bend." To make it, bend one piece of cord into a loop, holding it between the finger and thumb of the left hand; the other cord is passed through the loop from the further side, then round behind the two legs of the loop, and lastly under itself. In the smallness of its size and the firmness of its hold this knot surpasses every other; it can, moreover, be tied readily when one of the pieces is exceedingly short, less than an inch of common stout twine being sufficient to form a loop.

So firmly do the various turns hold each other that after being tightly pulled it is very hard to untie; this is the only drawback to its usefulness. In making a reef knot it is necessary to observe that the two parts of each string are on the same side of the loop; if they are not, the ends (and the loops, if any are formed) are at right angles to the cords. This knot is less secure than the weaver's knot, and the sailors call it a "granny knot." It is made as precisely as a shoestring is tied, only the ends are generally pulled out instead of being left in bows. The bow knot is used in slinging heavy bodies. It can not slip and will stand the heaviest strain. Take the fixed or standing part of the rope in the left hand, lay the free end over it, and then by a twist of the wrist make a loop in the standing part which shall enclose the free end; then carry the free end behind the standing part and through the loop, parallel with itself. This knot is the hardest one to learn, but will well repay, by its usefulness, the trouble in learning it.

Another knot which is called the binding knot, and it exceedingly useful in connecting broken sticks, rods and the like. To make it, lay a loop of the cord upon the stick, across the break; then bind the long end of the loop about the stick many times, finally pass its end through the upper part of loop, and tighten it by drawing the short end of the cord. Another knot is known to sailors as "the double half-hitch," or "the clove hitch," and is an especially useful knot to fasten a cord to any cylindrical object. Form two loops, precisely similar in every respect; then pass the second loop over the object to be tied, and then the first above it; now tighten by drawing ends. If this is properly done the knot will not slip, through it may be tied around a perfectly smooth cylinder. This knot is employed by surgeons in reducing dislocations of the last joint of the thumb, by sailors in a great part of the standing rigging, and in mooring a boat by a cable to a post or similar object on the shore.—*New York Telegram*.

Simple Cure for Rheumatism.

I hope people are enjoying the present weather. Everybody I know is either suffering an unbecoming martyrdom from cold in the head, or some form of bronchitis or rheumatism, or some kindred misery. It is rather amusing, however, to notice that there is scarcely a person whose name is illustrious enough to figure in the Almanach de Gotha, and who is old enough to appreciate the desirability of being in the fashion, who does not declare himself or herself a martyr to rheumatism. It is at present, par excellence, the fashionable complaint among kings and queens. Perhaps they sit on damp thrones. The latest royal victim, however, as it suddenly occurs to me, hasn't a throne to sit upon. I refer to the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, who has gone for the benefit of the waters to Wiesbaden, and she has, like the rest, become a sufferer from rheumatism. These remarks must be considered as prefatory to a curious prescription which I heard, years ago, from an Irish lady, resident then and now in Leeds. Her sufferings from rheumatism used to be acute, until she adopted an old woman's remedy, which simply consisted of four of sulphur dusted into the soles of her shoes and stockings. This was a perfect preventive. If any one doubts its efficacy, it is singularly easy and inexpensive to test the matter, and I should be very much obliged if those who may try it will let me hear the result. All I wish to do is to vouch for the perfect truth of the statement as regards my friend's experience.—*Kathleen, in Leeds Mercury*.

Disappointed Damsels.

He was tanned by tempest and foreign sun, and he was the center of a group of young ladies who insisted on hearing of the countries he had visited, so he started.

"When I was in Rome!"

"Oh! you have been in Rome. How delightful! Did you see the catacombs?"

"Did you see any gladiators?"

"What does a forum look like?"

"And the baths?"

"And the temples?"

"When I was in Rome!"

"Do tell us about it!"

"I always did love Rome."

"It is too delightful for anything."

"When I was in Rome, N. Y., I caught the typhoid fever and nearly all my hair came out."—*Nebraska Journal*.

THE GARTER REVIVAL.

An Ancient Bridal Custom—Costly Garters Now All the Rage.

In olden times it was considered the privilege of the bridegroom's friends to pull the garter from the blushing bride's knee immediately after the wedding ceremony, and the man who was lucky enough to obtain it was looked upon with envy by his fellows. This custom was called "seizing the garter," and seldom was the privilege denied to the young husband's friends. The husband cut a painful figure as he saw his wife of a few moments in the center of a struggling crowd of his personal friends, each one bent on securing the coveted prize. Nevertheless, he was helpless to resist, and his only solace was the knowledge that he had once been engaged in the same struggle.

As for the bride, it was her purpose to frustrate the designs of the friendly assailants, and, if possible, to get away from them. Coy and shy maidens must have had a terrible time of it in those days. Sir Walter Scott, in the closing chapter of that delightful romance, "Quentin Durward," draws a graphic picture of a struggle of this nature, and one cannot help feeling sorry for the modest and beautiful heroine as she is hustled about by the rough, but faithful, friends of her husband on her wedding day. In fact, it was the roughness of the men that finally brought about the abrogation of the custom. In those days garters were frequently adorned with precious stones, but this custom also fell into disuse, and the garter sank into insignificance, until now fashion has again decreed that it shall come into prominence once more.

Cable dispatches from Paris state that garters of the most costly and extravagant style are now all the rage, and that the windows of the leading jewelers in Paris are gorgeous with displays of unique and costly designs of garters and garter buckles. The fashion was revived some time ago and the responsibility for it is laid at the door of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. That lady has been one of the leaders of fashion since she gave up the business of running a government, and the news is that she had given an order to a prominent jeweler in Paris for a pair of garters so studded with diamonds as to conceal the ribbons set all the fashionable ladies agog. Immediately afterward they flooded the jeweler with orders as elaborate as their purses could afford, and now the garter fever is all about. In this city it has begun, but has not extended beyond the knowing ones who keep themselves posted as to the latest fads of European society. It is safe, however, to say that the fashion will spread, and soon jewel-studded garters will be among the gifts which intimate friends and relatives will bestow upon young ladies.—*New York Letter*.

THE THREE BELATED LAWYERS.

And the Truthful Georgia Landlord. Not far from the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the roads running from that city, live a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke when ever possible. One bitter, stormy night, or rather morning, about two hours before daybreak, he was aroused from his slumbers by loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar, and as he could see no one he cried out:

"Who are you, there?"

"Three lawyers from Montgomery," was the answer. "We are benighted and want to stay all night."

"Very sorry I can't accommodate you so far, gentlemen. Do any thing to oblige you, but that's impossible."

The lawyers—for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the State, and ready to drop with fatigue—held a consultation, and then, as they could do no better and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

"Well, can't you stable our horse and give us chairs and a good fire until morning?"

"Oh, yes, I can do that, gentlemen. Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet cloths by a bright fire as they composed themselves in the chairs, dozing and nodding, and no and then swearing a word or two of impatience as they waited for daylight.

The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along, and in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a last night?" said one of the travelers.

"I didn't say so," Ford replied.

"You didn't? What in the name of thunder, then, did you say?"

"You asked me to let you stay here all night, and I said it would be impossible for the night was two-thirds gone when you came. If you so wanted beds why didn't you say so. The lawyers had to give it up. They of them on one side, and the landlord had beaten them all."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

An English journal has offered a prize any one who will discover the cause of bunions. We know, but we don't tell.—*Burlington Free Press*.

HOW SHE ROUTED THE MASHER.

An Amusing Street Car Incident—The Pretty Girl and Her Deep Revenge.

There were only six persons in a street car that was rattling lazily along uptown the other afternoon. One of them was a lady of pleasing appearance. She was calculated to attract attention from her neat little bonnet, with its aigrets nodding wantonly among the olive moire ribbons, down to the little kid-encased feet resting lightly on the wooden matting. The effect of her dress and its several fashionable attachments was iridescent and dazzling. To add to this she had a pretty face. Her black eyes, though well-behaved, had no timidity in their glances, and helped to make up the dazzling entirety.

The car stopped and a man got on. Robust, well dressed, well jeweled and well along in life was he. He looked a prosperous merchant, a club man, "one of the boys"—and he looked at the girl. And he kept on looking. He was evidently one of those valuable individuals who had done the same thing before, though not at the same girl. His lips got into that peculiar preparatory attitude so often noticed in mashers, so that if the girl should rest on him for a moment the lips could jump quickly into a smile of an interrogatory nature. The girl's black eyes, in their prances from this object to that, lit on the man's face once or twice, only to dart indignantly away. But he kept looking, and she was evidently aware of it.

Suddenly she shifted her position a bit, so as to squarely confront him, and bending forward slightly, began gazing at his feet. It was a curious, almost mystified look that took possession of her pretty face. The man looked startled, bent forward and looked at his feet, which were all that a well-dressed man could ask for in appearance. He looked at the girl again. She was still manifesting a curious interest in his shoes. She even shifted her dainty form again and looked harder still at his feet, until the man drew them in a bit. Still she looked. Again the man himself looked at them, and while she seemed more puzzled than ever over them, he looked absolutely getting uncomfortable, and his lips, lost that peculiar preparatory attitude, and were in no danger of breaking into a smile. He drew his feet in still more, shoved them out, and looked at them, while she showed symptoms of terror; then he drew them back till his heels were plump against the wood-work under the seat.

At this impressive moment that American trait whereby when a person stops and looks at anything every one who notices the act stops and looks, too, although there is nothing in particular to see, began to make it still further uncomfortable for the masher. An elderly lady who sat a little distance from the man, and who noticed how mystified the dazzling young woman seemed to be over something in the direction of the man's feet, adjusted her glasses and looked, too. She of course saw nothing but the highly polished shoes, but the man got very uneasy, and drew his feet under sideways as far as he could, while he tried to look calmly at the window. The lady at the end of the car, seeing her neighbors puzzled over something, bent forward and looked sidelong at the man's feet. He drew them clear in until they rested awkwardly on the toes. The iridescent young lady was gazing at them as hard as ever.

The car stopped and another young lady of fashion got in. She knew the iridescent young lady, and the latter whispered something in her ear, and both began looking hard, very hard at the man's feet.

It was more than he could stand. He got up and stepped quickly and awkwardly off the car. The girls looked at each other and smiled.

The woman nearly opposite leaned forward and asked in an undertone: "Say, what was the matter?"

"O, nothing," said the iridescent girl with charming frankness. "The big goose tried to flirt with me and I simply got him out of the way by looking at his feet. That will always make them get out of the way. No man can stand it. I don't sit still and let men keep gazing impudently and insultingly at me. No girl need to. Just look at their feet. They'll go."

As soon as the prosperous looking masher got off the car he climbed into a boot-black's chair. The boot black looked surprised, for the shoes were already highly polished.

"Do you see anything the matter with them?" asked the man.

"No, boss, nothing the matter."

"Well, here's 10 cents for your opinion," and he walked off, asking himself what that damned pretty girl was looking at.—*New York Sun.*

Oscar Wilde on Tight Lacing.

Miss Leffer-Arnim's statement, in a lecture delivered recently at St. Saviour's Hospital, that "she had heard of instances where ladies were so determined not to exceed the fashionable measurement that they had actually held on to a corset while their maids fastened the 15-inch corset," has excited a great deal of incredulity, but there is nothing really improbable in it. From the sixteenth century to our own day there is hardly any form of torture that has not been inflicted on girls, and endured by women, in obedience to the dictates of an unreasonable and monstrous fashion. In order to obtain a real Spanish figure," says Montaigne, "what a Gehenna of suffering will not

women endure, drawn in and compressed by great coohes entering the flesh; nay, sometimes they even die thereof!"

"A few days after my arrival at school," Mrs. Somerville tells us in her memoirs, "although perfectly straight and well made, I was inclosed in stiff stays, with a steel busk in front, while above my frock bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod with a semicircle, which went under my chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I and most of the younger girls had to prepare our lessons;" and in the life of Mrs. Edgeworth we read that, being sent to a certain fashionable establishment "she underwent all the usual tortures of backboards, iron collars and dumbs, and also (because she was a very tiny person) the unusual one of being hung by the neck to draw out the muscles and increase the growth," a signal failure in her case.

Indeed, instances of absolute mutilation and misery are so common in the past it is unnecessary to multiply them; but it is really sad to think that in our own day a civilized woman can hang on to a corset while her maid laces her waist in a 15-inch circle. To begin with, the waist is not a circle at all, but an oval; nor can there be any greater error than to imagine that an unnaturally small waist gives an air of grace, or even of slightness to the whole figure. Its effect, as a rule, is to simply exaggerate the width of the shoulders and the hips; and those whose figures possess that stateliness which is called stoutness by the vulgar, convert what is a quality into a defect by yielding to the silly edicts of fashion on the subject of tight lacing.—*Woman's World.*

A Wonderful Dog.

Mr. Tobe Clay, of artesian well fame, and who now lives at Bartow, on the Central Railroad, has presented Mayor Price with a pointer dog that for sagacity is one of the most remarkable that ever barked.

Yesterday the Mayor was seated in the chief's office at the City Hall, and to a few friends he gave an exhibition of what his dog could do. The least that could be said of it is that it was a wonderful performance.

"I want to write a note; get me some paper," said the Mayor to Rico.

Then Rico nosed around the office until he found the waste basket, which he overturned and secured a scrap of paper. This was carried in his mouth to the Mayor, who pretended to write upon it. This note was then given the dog and he was told to carry it in the next room. Rico obeyed, and the note was carried as well as though a child had carried it.

"You're a Republican, Rico," said the Mayor, when the dog returned.

Rico growled his dissatisfaction at being called a Republican, and on its being repeated pretended to bite his master's hand.

"No, you're a Democrat," said the Mayor, and the dog laid down quietly at his feet with an air that seemed to say, "You better your sweet life I am."

"Say your prayers for these gentlemen, Rico," was the next request, and Rico raised his fore feet on the wall of the room, and bending his head growled for the space of a minute.

Rico seemed to have an unusual amount of sense. His master can write a note ordering cigars and give it with a piece of money to him and then start him off with the command to "go and get some cigars." He goes nosing around among the stores until he gets a whiff of cigars and then if the merchant should try to palm off any other article than cigars he will not take it.

He will jump over chairs after the manner of circus dogs, sit up, stand up, play dead, make a speech, and no dog ever tried harder to talk. In addition to these tricks, he is a fine dog in the field, and for that purpose alone would command a high figure.

Mayor Price is exceedingly fond of him, and hereafter his constant companion will be Rico. Mr. Clay, who presented him to the Mayor, was a long time in giving the dog a thorough training and he succeeded well.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

The Broken-Down Dude.

"I beg your pardon," said a nervous and somewhat seadily dressed young man, "but can you do anything to assist me a little to-day?"

"No, sir, I cannot," promptly replied the business man. I don't believe in encouraging beggars, sir. You are able to work—what's the matter; been burned out?"

"No, sir."

"Sickness in the family—nine children to support?"

"Oh, no."

"Forest fire sufferer or Charleston earthquake victim?"

"Neither, sir."

"No blind parents to support, no property swept away by speculation, wasn't reduced in circumstances by a bank, eh?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind."

"What is the trouble, then?"

"I was formerly a leader of society, and have been thrown, by the death of my father onto my own resources. If I could only get money enough together to buy me a—"

"Hold on—I understand!" broke in the business man with emotion; "I didn't suppose your case was so bad! You are excusable in applying for charity if any one ever was. There take that," he added, after scratching with a pen a moment; "take it, and God bless you—it's an order for a spike tail coat and a high collar. I'm always willing to assist a man in obtaining tools to carry on his business!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

WILL HAVE THEIR SPREES.

Every Forty Days in One Case and One Week a Year in the Other.

As regular as forty days goes by, says *The New York Graphic*, a carriage drives up at the block in front of a palatial house on Madison avenue at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. A prim, white-haired man gets out, followed by a dapper young fellow, who struggles to suppress a grin. They lift out a portly, handsome man grievously drunk and drag him up the steps and into the house. The two come out shortly and drive off. They are the drunken man's cashier and junior clerk and they have brought their employer home in this way for years—every forty days. He is a Wall street banker, and he has a periodical spree after each interval of this period. He says he can't help it, and has reduced his arrangements to a system.

He leaves his office at 3 o'clock, when the time of sobriety is up, and drinks himself almost insensible, his two guardians staying in the carriage they have called until he sends for them. When he gets home his man servant carries him to an upper room. There he remains for three days and consumes nearly a gallon of whisky. Then his physician comes in, straightens him out, and for another forty days he is a sober, rigid, clear-headed man of business. His family do not go near him during his seclusion, having long ago resigned themselves to his strange attacks. He regards himself as the helpless victim of a disease, and has exhausted all the resources of pathology in trying to cure himself. When his attack is over he takes his place in his family as if nothing had happened, makes his wife a costly present, and goes down to his office and makes up for lost time. He has an income of \$100,000 a year.

There is another and yet more curious case of a leading dry goods merchant. But his periodical outbreak comes only once a year, and lasts seven days. For the rest of the time he is an exemplary member of society. When the date comes around, his family goes away for a week and leaves him in full possession of the house. The servants are given a vacation, and he hires some footman for a week and fills the house with the worst roysterers of his acquaintance. He loads up his cellar with rich wines and spirits and his kitchen with costly dishes. For that week the usually staid mansion is the scene of the wildest revelry that can be devised when the orgies are limited to one sex. They drink, eat, sing, play, smash dishes, and keep up a wild hurrah till midnight of the seventh day. At that time they are sent off to a Turkish bath in carriages, the traces of the debauch removed, and when the family and servants return the house has resumed its usual tranquil aspect, and everybody professes to know nothing of what has happened.

The Small Boy from the Country.

I have thought sometimes of keeping a boy's school, not for the sake of teaching—that I couldn't endure—but for the pleasure and the profit of the society. There is a frank barbarity in the boy that I find very refreshing. He comes close to nature; and has, I verily believe, more ideas of his own than the average man. "The nonchalance of boys," says a great writer, "who are sure of dinner and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say ought to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature." These reflections are suggested by the fact that a day or two since I had the honor of sitting behind a brace of boys on a railroad train. They were country lads; that is, they lived about ten miles out of the city, to which they had gone to make some purchases. It is needless to say they were eating peanuts; and when I mention the fact that one of them drew from his pocket a newly-bought article, handing it to the other for inspection—it is unnecessary for me to add that that article was a knife. What airs of connoisseurship that second boy gave himself! He turned the knife up to the light, felt on the point, breathed on the blade and then rubbed it with his sleeve, "hefted" the handle and finally handed it back with the admission that the knife was a pretty good knife, but hinting a doubt as to its durability. The owner pocketed it with an air of relief, as I could plainly see, having evidently feared that his companion would condemn his knife as a fraudulent city article got up to sell.

The fact was that the second boy, as I have called him, was the greater man of the two. He took the seat by the window. The conversation ran at first upon the fighting qualities of their urban contemporaries; and it was clear they held them somewhat in awe as being desperate characters, thirsty for blood. From this the talk passed to the pleasures of hunting and the merits and demerits of certain guns. The boy by the window treated with scorn a timid suggestion by the other that a particular breech loader was "rather heavy." All that he wanted he declared was "a good dorg," and he intimated that were he the owner of such an animal not a quail or partridge would be left alive within twenty miles of his residence. But at this point the conversation ended, for the boys left the train, glancing furtively at the conductor, scowling at the brakeman as being their natural enemy, and lounging off in true boyish vagabond, savage, free and easy style.—*Boston Post.*

STRIKES FOR SIX YEARS.

The Labor Commissioner Reports—Figures Showing the Financial Losses to Employers and Workmen.

The Commissioner of Labor, Carroll D. Wright, has transmitted his third annual report to the Secretary of the Interior. This report relates entirely to strikes and lockouts occurring in the United States for period of six years beginning, Jan. 1, 1881, and ending Dec. 31, 1886. Mr. Wright says the industrial depressions which have been so frequent in this country since 1877 really establish the period as one of the strikes and lockouts. The manufacturing establishment is taken as the unit in all matters, rather than the strike itself. The names of establishments have not been given for many apparent reasons, but the localities and the industries to which the establishments belong are all clearly specified. After detailing the methods by which the bureau collected its information (and these show that the greatest care was taken in the investigation) the Commissioner states that there were, for the whole period involved, 22,336 establishments in which strikes occurred, and 2,182 in which lockouts occurred. The strikes are divided by years as follows: In 1881, 2,928; in 1882, 2,105; in 1883, 2,759; in 1884, 2,367; in 1885, 2,284, and in 1886, 9,893. Since the 1st of January, 1887, so far as the bureau has been able to ascertain, there has been a great falling off of the strikes, as compared with 1886, the number of establishments in which they occur dropping below 5,000, 3,000 of which occurred in the first half of the year. Nearly 75 per cent of the establishments in which strikes occurred for the six years named, and nearly 91 per cent of those in which lockouts occurred, were in the five States of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio and Illinois, which states contain 49 per cent of all the manufacturing establishments in the country and employ 58 per cent of the capital invested in mechanical industries in the country.

The total number of employes involved in the whole number of strikes for the whole period was 1,318,624, while the number of employes locked out was 159,543. Of all the strikers 89 per cent were males and about 11 per cent females, while of those locked out 69 per cent were males and 31 per cent females. The totals show that of the strikes occurring in the 22,336 establishments during the period covered by the investigation those in 10,407 succeeded, and those in 3,004 met with partial success, while in 8,910 establishments the strikes were failures.

Many difficulties were found in ascertaining the exact loss of employes, but the information secured shows that the loss to them for the six years was \$51,816,165, while the loss to employes through lockouts for the same period was \$8,132,717, or a total wage loss to employes through strikes and lockouts for six years covered of \$59,948,882. The sum of \$3,325,057 was expended in assistance to strikers, so far as ascertainable. The employer's losses through strikes for the six years amounted \$30,732,658, and through lockouts to \$3,432,261, being a total loss to employers in establishments where strikes and lockouts occurred of \$34,164,914.

An examination of the summary tables by industries, for both strikes and lockouts, discloses the fact that the chief burden under strikes was borne by thirteen industries, viz.: Boots and shoes, 352 establishments; brickmaking 478; building trades, 6,060; clothing, 1,619; cooperage, 484; food preparations, 1,619; furniture, 491; lumber, 395; metals and metallic goods, 1,585; mining, 2,060; stone, 468; tobacco, 2,959; transportation, 1,478, or a total number of establishments in these industries of 19,957, being about 90 per cent of the whole number of establishments subjected to strikes. In lockouts five trades bore 80 per cent of the whole burden. They were as follows: Boots and shoes, 155 establishments; building trades, 631; clothing, 773; metals and metallic goods, 76; and tobacco, 226, or a total of 1,761. For the two classes of disturbances, strikes and lockouts, these trades that have been named affected 22,432 establishments, or about 90 of the whole number involved.

Among the long list of strikes there were several which presented unusual difficulties in the way of tabular statement, and for these namely, the telegraphers' strike of 1883 and the strike on the Southwestern of Gould system of railways, in 1885 and 1886, all having a national influence, specific explanations are given. The facts given by the bureau regarding the strikes occurring prior to 1881, and also those relative to legislation and the decisions of courts concerning strikes, combinations, conspiracies, and boycotts, constitute an exceedingly valuable portion of the report.

He Had Found a Remedy.

"My young friend," he said in solemn tones, "why do you drink that accursed stuff?"

"To warm me up," replied his young friend. "There is nothing like a drink of good whisky, sir, in cold weather."

"But don't you know that this effect is only transitory, that it soon passes away?"

"Yes, sir; but as soon as it does I take another drink."—*Epoch.*

FACT AND FANCY.

From Dec. 15 to Dec. 31, 1887, fifteen bodies were cremated at one crematory in New York.

A wagon load of squirrels were sold at Hot Springs, Ark., a few days since, the vendor selling them by the bushel.

Mexicans propose to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America in 1892 with a grand world's exposition.

The council at Logan, O., has ordered the ringing of a bell at 9 P. M. to notify parents to call their children in from the streets.

A Nevada ranchman, to protect his cattle from the effects of blizzards, has painted them all with a mixture of tar, red clay and linseed oil.

A kindling-wood factory, about to be started at St. Johnsbury, Vt., will employ thirty men and use ten thousand cords of slabs a year.

A farmer in Tyler county, West Virginia, recently sold a lot of well-seasoned railroad ties, which he had cut and hewed thirty-eight years ago.

At Boston last Monday 180 poor widows received a silver half dollar as a Christmas present from a fund left by W. H. Knight for that purpose.

Forty men and five girls were sent to Jacksonville, Fla., by a bogus employment agency in New York, which charged them \$3 each for places they didn't get.

Forty-one calico aprons were among the Christmas presents received by a female resident of Belfast, Me. She had previously told her friends that all she cared for was a calico apron.

It is said that an apple tree in Pleasant county, Virginia, which has borne fruit for a number of years, has never been known to blossom. This year it bore largely of fruit that had neither core nor seed.

The San Francisco Examiner has contracted with a New York publishing house for 1,000,000 copies of a magazine supplement for that paper, which will give reliable information about California and its resources.

At Waterbury, Conn., the other night, John Miller was seriously stabbed in the groin. He stopped the hemorrhage by pinning the edges of the wound together, and then put himself under the care of a physician. He will recover.

A Maine man as an experiment clipped the fleece from a pet Newfoundland dog and had it carded and spun into yarn. It yielded four skeins of jet black yarn, weighing two and one quarter pounds, and was as soft as wool.

A handsome buck deer was recently shot near Rock Springs, Ky., which for the past ten years had been a target for the rifles of the hunters of the neighborhood. It weighed 175 pounds and its antlers were of unusual size.

The pastor of a wealthy New York church is said to have recently received as a fee for marrying a young couple a handsome locket on which were the initials of the pastor's wife set in diamonds. Inside of the locket was a \$100 bill.

A gift of \$20,000 was received Tuesday by the president of Yale college from Alexander Duncan, of London, who graduated in 1825. It is Mr. Duncan's desire that the money be used in providing immediate necessities for the college.

At Mount Vernon, Me., recently, was witnessed the novel sight of a farmer mowing on the ice. The swamp had frozen up, but left enough grass remaining above it to warrant at thrifty farmer cutting it and drawing it home for horse-bedding.

A seal went up Mystic river, Connecticut, last week as far as the bridge, and was seen there at intervals for an hour or more. It was a rather remarkable trip, as it took his sealship a mile inland to a place where the river can not be much above two hundred feet broad.

One Wagner night at the Metropolitan opera house, says *The New York Sun*, is almost enough to put those who sing the principal parts in sick-beds, so great is the strain upon their voices and physical strength. The light opera almost invariably succeeds one of Wagner's works on this account.

The Rev. George F. Pentecost, the well-known evangelist who gave up a pulpit at a salary of \$3,000 a year to enter the revival field, is having a disturbance with church people at Augusta, Maine, because they published his receipts from his new labors, and intimated that he is making more money than he received on a salary.

At Wooster, O., Tuesday, Laura Side instituted legal proceedings against Byron A. Fouch for \$5,000 damages for breach of promise. Fouch is a Wooster university graduate, and until recently practiced law at Findlay, from which point he was taken to Wooster several weeks ago to answer a criminal charge preferred against him by Miss Side and which was compromised.

Naugatuck (Conn.) Congregationalists are building a parish house, a modern idea, worthy of imitation. It will have twenty-four rooms, besides hall, cloak-rooms, and closets. The first floor has an assembly-room, reception-room, Sunday-school library, and seven class rooms; the second floor eight class rooms, reading-rooms, kitchen, and dining-rooms; third floor for pastor's study and a gymnasium.

They tell in Dover, Me., that two strong temperance women one day came upon a man lying drunk by the roadside, while his wife sat by his side knitting. She had been walking home with him when he collapsed. One of the ladies asked the faithful wife: "What would become of him if he should die in that condition?" "I don't know what his destiny would be in the future, but he seems to have a good time now."

The archbishop of Lima has sent a letter to the Peruvian minister of justice, education, and religion, protesting against a performance that a circus company was to give for the benefit of the Masonic hall about to be erected in Lima. "Thus scandalizing," said the archbishop, "a Catholic city, insulting its religious belief, and violating the laws of the republic, which recognizes the Catholic religion as that of the state and prohibits all others." The archbishop asked the government not only to prohibit the performance alluded to, but also to prevent the erection of the Masonic hall. The executive has taken no action in the matter.

