

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XVIII.

TOPEKA, KANSAS APRIL 7 1888.

NO. 1

WEEKLY EDITION.

Subscriptions, 75 Cents a Year.
Second Copy to send away.
Fifty cents a year.

EIGHT PAGES.—FORTY COLUMNS.

G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.
Paper discontinued when time paid for has expired, therefore no claims for unpaid subscription are ever presented.
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as second class matter.
Job Printing of all kinds done in the most artistic manner, and at lowest prices.

The Colored Man's Policy.

The true policy for the colored race as a factor in American politics has not yet been learned. It was natural enough that the negro should ally himself to the republican party after the close of the war. Since he was admitted to the full rights of citizenship, however, he has had lessons enough to convince any one of ordinary intelligence that politically he is valued just according to the help he gives to one party or the other.

Neither party cares for him, only as it can control his vote, and if one party has done more for his protection than the other it was because it was for its interest to do so. If one party has been more abusive than another it was simply because the colored voter gave that party less support. Divide the colored vote equally between the two parties for five years so that it will be sure to neutralize itself, and it will be impossible for the colored race to say that one party is more friendly to it than the other.

Or, let it unite as one body and throw its whole influence in favor of either party, without asking office for colored men, unless for very inferior positions, and it will find one party as friendly as the other.

We do not believe that any intelligent colored man will controvert this position. If there is any difference in their opposition to the colored man it is in the fact that one party is more open in its hostility to the idea of giving power to the negro than the other.

Take the late contest for police judge in this city for example. One party opposed and abused Curran, the colored candidate. But it did it openly. He was the regular candidate of the other party. It had the power to elect him. If his brains had been one pound lighter, his education more deficient, his moral character worse, his anti-prohibition more pronounced, and his skin white, he would have been elected without any question as to his fitness, one way or the other. His mere nomination would have settled all these points. But the party whose candidate he was, simply assassinated him under the cover of friendship.

If, therefore, it is true that in reality both parties are equally hostile to the negro, there is little for him to choose. He may be content to work with either party and ask no office. He may acknowledge that the ballot to him is not worth a picayune, and refuse to vote. He may continue in the course he has pursued heretofore, and depend upon being worse snubbed in the future than he has ever been in the past. Or he may cut loose from party, concentrate his voting power around an organization of his own; in other words he may become an independent factor in politics, and in his own hand hold the balance between the parties in nearly every state in the Union.

This would be no easy task. Perhaps it is doubtful if he has the capacity for it. But whether it could or not is no question, but the best and only true policy for the colored man to pursue is to cut absolutely loose from all existing parties.

Oskaloosa has no city fathers. It is gratifying to know there is one place where the reporter cannot talk facetiously of the "City dads."

Kansas in Congress.

Special to Kansas City Times.
Judge Emery has just returned from Washington. When asked what position Kansas held in Washington, he said: Kansas stands high abroad among the states, and in Washington as well. Our advanced stand on all the great moral and political questions of the day give us a very proud position. I told a gentleman in Boston that Kansas City even would put away the whiskey saloon before Boston did; that Missouri would adopt the prohibition amendment before Massachusetts did and he agreed with me. What about Kansas in congress? Our state is to-day the most potential on the floor of the senate of any state in the Union. Now is the good time for Kansas to ask for good things by way of appropriations for her benefit—public buildings especially.

"Did you hear Ingalls' speech?"
"Yes. It was a proud day for Kansas though I do not agree with Mr. Ingalls. It was very brilliant, but was the work of a rhetorician rather than the product of an orator in the best sense of that word, or of a statesman. Mr. Ingalls always arrests public attention when he speaks and that is what scarcely any other senator in that body can do. The senate is now a body of rich men and no longer a body of great men. What is needed now is to let the people choose the senators by a direct vote. Then the days of great men in the senate will return. Here is our state in the house. We have a fine delegation and they are all workers, too. Our own representative, Mr. Funston, is a growing man. He took right hold of the measures I went on to look after and Lawrence owes him much for his labors in our behalf. Then there is Judge Perkins, who is on the committee of an Indian affairs, who made an able presentation of our wishes before his committee as did also Mr. Funston. Mr. Morrill is one of the few able men on financial matters and ranks well with any man in the house; all our delegation are good men."

"How about the tariff?"
"I hardly look for the tariff bill to pass this year. The gravest and most serious results are sure to follow. No man can pretend to take a gauge of them. But none of the blame can be laid at Mr. Cleveland's door. We are scooping up a half million dollars every day out of the currency in the hands of the people and locking it up while on all hands values are striking and best stocks are going down. Neither real estate nor anything else hardly will readily sell and bring the money. If this process of shrinkage goes on for a year more where will the country land?"

"What have you to say as to our own town affairs you went on to look after?"
"Senator Plumb said to me just as I left that he thought Lawrence ought to be well satisfied at the prospect now before her. She would have a fine public building as soon as any town in the state. Her Indian school was being well taken care of and he was hopeful concerning all our interests. That he had written to the railroad commissioners calling attention to our need of a depot building. With Mr. Funston I visited President Adams, at New York, in regard to the depot building. He ordered the plans and estimates for this work to get ready at once. The Pacific railroad legislation now pending would place the railroad on its feet, and the first depot built in Kansas should be the one at Lawrence. He would order the old plans made by Mr. Sneed, to be improved with all modern styles and with the many new things to be added which one finds in the depots of the latest build. It should be a structure that will reflect no discredit on the road or town."

Mr. Adams asked many questions about Lawrence, and assured me that he would try and make the people of Lawrence perfectly satisfied. This legislation he expected to pass at an early day, as the bill had been reported to the house by a unanimous vote of the committee, and the absolute fairness of the provisions of the bill was admitted by all.

Mr. Adams said he felt that our people could aid in pushing on the pending legislation; and he hoped they would see fit in doing so. The bill was fair and just and would, he thought, bear the closest inspection. The time had come for the people of Lawrence to pull together and not allow any small and unworthy motives to divide their counsels. I notice a few men in our town are disposed to criticize the city government in what it is doing to help along things, and these men also pitch at me for trying to add my own mite in helping our city fathers. I think this very unfair but I have no time to trifle away in debating with what I was asked to do and well as I could do, and therewith I rest content. My motto is, you know 'Let us have peace' but every man in the 'old historic' do all he can for the general upbuilding of the town."

A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your clothes will aid the whitening process.

Maude Howe, who is now Mrs. Elliott, will soon join her husband in Chicago, in which city they will make their home for the present.

Andrew Carnegie proposes to conduct his steel works at Pittsburg on the co-operative plan, and has sent such a proposition to his men, who are on a strike.

Four times has the White House been draped in mourning since President Cleveland became its occupant—for Grant, for Hendricks, for Arthur, and for Waite.

Miss Frances E. Willard designates the persistence with which the temperance movements is pushed by the better half of humanity as the "tintinnabulation of the tireless woman's tongue."

The last letter written by the late Louise M. Alcott, after spraking of the numberless demands made upon her, ended with the words: "Shall I ever find time to die?" Two days later her question was answered.

Scrape off all moss and loose bark from the fruit trees, trim them up and make the orchard look like an orchard and not like a forest.

Some who feed stock as a matter of course, think that a hen can just as well forage for a living. This treatment will not give many eggs.

In cutting wood or going about among leafless shrubs at this season, poisoning is not infrequent. The best treatment, according to the Scientific American, is continuous application of water as hot as it can be borne.

The poor English sparrows that were so cordially welcomed a few years ago, are now like other foreigners, absurd that "there are enough of us already and no room for strangers." Alas, times change.

Co-education is regarded as one of the probabilities of the near future at Columbia College. By the late action of the trustees, women who have received the D. A. degree may hereafter follow a still higher course of studies for two years for the degrees of doctor of letters or philosophy. Columbia has not come to this without some reluctance—in fact, without a good deal from leading directors. Only three years ago a petition signed by 1,400 people of prominence asking for the admission of women to certain courses was rejected. A year later a slight concession was made in the art school, and the first woman graduate received her diploma at the last commencement.

Twenty-eight women are now studying in the college.

ted to the house by a unanimous vote of the committee, and the absolute fairness of the provisions of the bill was admitted by all.

Mr. Adams said he felt that our people could aid in pushing on the pending legislation; and he hoped they would see fit in doing so. The bill was fair and just and would, he thought, bear the closest inspection. The time had come for the people of Lawrence to pull together and not allow any small and unworthy motives to divide their counsels. I notice a few men in our town are disposed to criticize the city government in what it is doing to help along things, and these men also pitch at me for trying to add my own mite in helping our city fathers. I think this very unfair but I have no time to trifle away in debating with what I was asked to do and well as I could do, and therewith I rest content. My motto is, you know 'Let us have peace' but every man in the 'old historic' do all he can for the general upbuilding of the town."

A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your clothes will aid the whitening process.

Maude Howe, who is now Mrs. Elliott, will soon join her husband in Chicago, in which city they will make their home for the present.

Andrew Carnegie proposes to conduct his steel works at Pittsburg on the co-operative plan, and has sent such a proposition to his men, who are on a strike.

Four times has the White House been draped in mourning since President Cleveland became its occupant—for Grant, for Hendricks, for Arthur, and for Waite.

Miss Frances E. Willard designates the persistence with which the temperance movements is pushed by the better half of humanity as the "tintinnabulation of the tireless woman's tongue."

The last letter written by the late Louise M. Alcott, after spraking of the numberless demands made upon her, ended with the words: "Shall I ever find time to die?" Two days later her question was answered.

Scrape off all moss and loose bark from the fruit trees, trim them up and make the orchard look like an orchard and not like a forest.

Some who feed stock as a matter of course, think that a hen can just as well forage for a living. This treatment will not give many eggs.

In cutting wood or going about among leafless shrubs at this season, poisoning is not infrequent. The best treatment, according to the Scientific American, is continuous application of water as hot as it can be borne.

The poor English sparrows that were so cordially welcomed a few years ago, are now like other foreigners, absurd that "there are enough of us already and no room for strangers." Alas, times change.

Co-education is regarded as one of the probabilities of the near future at Columbia College. By the late action of the trustees, women who have received the D. A. degree may hereafter follow a still higher course of studies for two years for the degrees of doctor of letters or philosophy. Columbia has not come to this without some reluctance—in fact, without a good deal from leading directors. Only three years ago a petition signed by 1,400 people of prominence asking for the admission of women to certain courses was rejected. A year later a slight concession was made in the art school, and the first woman graduate received her diploma at the last commencement.

Twenty-eight women are now studying in the college.

SEDGWICK WOVEN STEEL WIRE FENCE AND GATES.



The best Farm, Garden, Poultry Yard, Lawn, School Lot, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate, Cheapest and Neatest Iron Fences, Iron and Wire Summer Houses, Lawn Furniture, and other wire work. Best Wire Stretcher and Pliers. Ask dealers in hardware, or address

SEDGWICK BROS., Richmond, Ind.

THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

for April surpasses even itself in the rarity and beauty of its illustrations. The exquisite Robertson miniature-portraits of President and Martha Washington form the frontispiece, which, painted nearly one hundred years ago from life, have never been seen by the public until now. Another priceless art treasure appearing for the first time this month in this superb periodical, is a copy of the only cabinet-sized bust portrait of Washington, painted from life by Charles Wilson Peale. Then, as we turn the beautiful pages, we find two examples of Malbone's miniature portraits, perfect gems of early painting, dating back to 1799; and also rare portraits of Robertson himself, of Peale, and of Trumbull. Mrs. Lamb's charming paper, entitled "Unpublished Washington Portraits," includes much fresh and interesting personal sketches of some of the early artists. "The Acquisition of Florida" is a very ably written article by our Minister to Spain, Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL. D., who has had exceptional opportunities for study among the records. Professor A. G. Hopkins, of Hamilton College, contributes "Between Albany and Buffalo," a delightful description of the early methods of transportation and travel in New York; to be continued in May number. A. W. Claason writes very cleverly on the "Falacy of 1860." A bright picture from the diary of Rev. Manasseh Cutler is entitled "Church-going in New York City in 1787." Mrs. Alice D. Le Plongcon furnish an instructive account of "The Conquest of Mayas," in Yucatan. A curiously entertaining contribution is "An Englishman's Pocket Note book in 1828," telling in a very racy style of what the saw in America. Mr. Cecil Hampden Cutts Howard describes "A Washington Relic" of much interest; Andrew D. Mellick, jr., writes of "The Militia of New Jersey in the Revolution," and Professor Oliver P. Hubbard draws a striking picture of the "Harmony of History." The editorial and other departments abound in riches, as varied and agreeable as they are substantial and excellent. Published at 734 Broadway, New York.

More girls than rats have already suffered from "Rough on rats." The German population in New York is stated as 350,000.

Laurel is supplying the use of artificial flowers in England.

The number of daily newspapers in the United States is over 3,300, with an aggregate circulation of 4,800,000.

The largest library in the world is the Imperial at Paris, which contains over 2,900,000 volumes.

In the library at the British Museum there are over thirty-two miles of shelves filled with books.

Out of the twenty-six Barons who signed the Magna Charta, only three could write their names. The remainder made their mark.

It is impossible to count a trillion. Had Adam counted continuously from his creation to this day, he would not have reached number, for it would take him over 9,512 years. At the rate of 200 a minute, there could be counted 12,000 an hour, 288,120,000 a day and 105,120,000 a year.

The expense of smoking three first-class cigars a day, principal and interest, for ten years, is \$745.74; for twenty-five years, \$3,110.71; The expense of three ten cent cigars, at the end of ten years, is \$1,471.56; for twenty-five years, \$6,382.47. At the end of fifty years, it \$54,162.14.

Largest Classes on Record. Prof. Loebette is achieving not only success with the pupils he teaches by correspondence from his offices, No. 237 Fifth Avenue, but also in classes which he instructs. His latest success in the lecturing line is at Baltimore, where he has a class of 1087 pupils from the professors and students of John Hopkins University and the elite of that city; also 1500 at Detroit, 1100 at Washington and 1005 at Philadelphia.

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a teacup of water applied with a rag will clean silver or gold jewelry.

Clear boiling water will remove tea stains; pour the water through the stain and thus prevent its spreading.

Salt will curdle new milk; in preparing porridge, gravies, etc., salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

SEED CORN.

MILLET, All kinds of GRASS and CLOVER SEEDS, FRESH

GARDEN SEEDS

AT

Topeka Seed House,

301 Kansas Avenue,

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

BUILDER'S

HARDWARE, TINWARE,

AND GARDEN TOOLS.

Farm Implements, Cutlery

Pumps, &c.

AT

BABCOCK & PRATT'S

Million acres of land have been added by the Dutch to area of Holland within two hundred years by reclaiming it from the sea.

Wetting the hair thoroughly once or twice a day with a solution of salt and water will keep it from falling out.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

KENTUCKIANS will have 1,500 horses on the race tracks of the country this year.

THE Prince of Wales is just under 5 feet 7 inches in height. He weighs 180 pounds.

BISHOP SPALDING thinks that celibacy threatens this country more than polygamy.

GENERAL SHERIDAN is reported as saying that he would rather be the father of twins than be President.

INDIANA is said to have more politicians in proportion to its inhabitants than any other state in the Union.

THE new capitol building of Texas at Austin will be formally dedicated May 14-19 and will be a big event.

BABY KING ALFONSO XIII is suffering from epilepsy, an hereditary disease in his mother's family, the Hapsburgs.

ONE of the singers at a public concert in Reading, Pa., was a lady 73 years old. The musical critic said she had a fine voice.

ATLANTIC steamships are still encountering logs from the great raft which was broken in pieces about two and a half months ago.

MARION HARLAND says that the coming woman will have her own bank account. Bachelors would like to know at what time she is due here.

THE Michigan adventists are fully persuaded that the world will come to an end during the coming summer, and are making their preparations accordingly.

JAMES REDPATE, who was stricken with paralysis of the throat January 28, is slowly but steadily recovering, and his physicians believe that he will eventually be entirely restored to health.

OPPONAX is the name of a new perfume that has suddenly become very popular in Paris. It is said to be made chiefly from carrots, and has what may be termed a modified smell of that vegetable.

MILLIONS of Jack rabbits immigrated from Oregon to Idaho during the recent cold spell in the far Northwest. They crossed the frozen water of the Snake River in hordes, and presented a wonderful spectacle to the people who saw them.

THREE Russian women, graduates of medicine, have established a hospital for diseases of women at Koschan, Persia. Their experiments have proved completely successful. They are reported to have been consulted by 15,000 patients in the last ten months.

A GREAT number of Mormons have established themselves in Arizona, where they have appropriated the most fertile districts. While the ambitious Americans have been seeking for mineral wealth the wily "Saints" have quietly encamped upon the choice agricultural regions.

GEN. JACOB D. COX, of Ohio, formerly secretary of the Interior, is named by a correspondent of the New York Tribune as a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination who would challenge the respect of all parties and represent what is highest and best in the majesty of American citizenship.

A MINER predicts that there will be a great boom in mining next year. He bases his prophecy on the belief among old miners that every ten years rich deposits are discovered somewhere, and the craze is started. The different booms thus far are the California in 1849, Pike's Peak in 1859, Virginia City in 1869 and Leadville in 1879.

EDITOR CUNNINGHAM of the Baltimore Press advocates the licensing of locomotive engineers by Congress, and argues that this plan would reduce accidents to a minimum, prevent forever and effectually railroad strikes, and save to the traveling public the payment of thousands of dollars in premiums to travelers' insurance companies.

THE Chatsworth disaster has already cost the Toledo, Peoria & Western railroad more than \$300,000 in damages and there is another \$100,000 yet to pay. A new culvert, by which the accident would have been avoided, would have cost \$400. The difference between that sum and the total amount of damages paid and to be paid represents the company's investment in experience.

Lilla's White Pigeon.

Terrible, indeed, was the fate which menaced the passengers and crew of the wrecked ship Hilda.

Lilla Brenta, an orphan maiden, with her widowed aunt, had taken passage upon the Hilda, and her pretty face and winning ways had won a warm place for her in all hearts.

She had brought on board a white carrier pigeon, which had fluttered helplessly down at her feet some time before, maimed by a shot from an unskilful sportsman. A billet had been fastened under its wing, but its contents were in a tongue unfamiliar to those who perused it, and it would have been thrown carelessly away had it not been saved by Lilla. She had nursed the bird back to health, and, although eventually meaning to again put the billet in its place under its pinion and send it forth into the realms of space, she had not yet schooled herself into parting with it. An indulgent relative had procured for Lilla a delicate chain of silver so that she could fasten it about one slender leg, and thus keep the bird a partial prisoner.

Lilla's courage and fortitude had been the one bright spot on board during the terrible hours of suspense which followed the fury of the storm which had wrecked the staunch ship. No murmur came from his lips, and she refused to take more than just food enough to sustain life, saying that those who had the work of pumping and managing the maimed vessel needed it more than an idler like herself.

The sight of her gave the sailors courage. They felt that no craft would go down with such a freight on board.

But weary days passed without sign of succor; and, hungry and cold, their courage sank at last.

Lilla's cheeks were no longer like a rose. They rivalled her name. But her eyes seemed to grow brighter and clearer with each passing day.

One morning, with only a piece of biscuit between each man and starvation, Lilla threw off the shyness which had thus far kept her silent on the subject, and said, "Let us all kneel down and pray together. We can surely say the Lord's prayer, every one of us."

Then Lilla knelt down, her white dove upon her shoulder, and her cheeks gaining a little of their natural color in the elevation of the moment.

She commenced with the first words of that prayer—the most eloquent and comprehensive one in the whole world—and without one exception, the other voices added their quota of sound; those who had forgotten it, or, it may be, had never known it, following after, word by word.

It was a solemn and touching scene, never to be forgotten by those who were participants in it.

After they had risen from their knees again, a sudden cry broke from Lilla's lips, and looking towards her, to the surprise of all, the cause was seen. The pet pigeon had broken a link of its detaining chain, and had fluttered off into the blue sky which arched above, in a seeming sunny mockery of their desolate state.

"My bird has deserted me!" was Lilla's pathetic cry. And tears, which suffering had failed to call to her eyes, filled them now.

"Don't cry, little one. You've kept up so far, and if you give way there's not a man of us but will blubber too. Don't set us a bad example now."

With a brave effort Lilla controlled herself. But she could not put her sorrow of her bird out of her heart. She kept thinking to herself, "Now I can never do my duty and send the billet."

Strange, that at such a time she could bear anything in mind but her own suffering! But so it was, and it added a keener pang to the loss of her pet.

But marvelous to relate, when the noonday sun was glaring down upon the famished group, a white speck appeared in the sky, and coming nearer, soon attracted attention. Then, in a few seconds, it came fluttering down, with a coo of content, and lighted upon Lilla's shoulder.

It seemed to their wondering eyes like a spirit.

"It is a good omen!" was whispered around among them. "God has not forgotten us!"

And, inspired by this thought, the sailors again turned their dim eyes across the broad expanse of waters, to see if any sign of life should appear in sight.

Several hours went by, and then a dim shadow appeared in the distance. It grew larger and more distinct, and at last proved to be a brig bearing down towards them.

Oh, that the man on the look-out should see the signal raised by the distressed crew! The suspense was sickening, but at last, to a certainty, they were observed, for the brig paused and lowered her boats, which, manned by a competent crew, were soon propelled towards them. They were reached, after a time, and taken on board.

Now comes the wonderful part of my story.

The man at the wheel was steering in an entirely opposite direction from the one which would have brought his vessel to the relief of the shipwrecked crew, when a white bird flew against his face, and fluttered its wings in such a way that the astonished sailor did not dare to open his eyes while the assault

continued. The captain witnessed the singular occurrence, and being, like all sea-faring men, superstitious, he said: "It strikes me that there is a meaning in this. We must change our course."

Owing to this, the course of the brig was changed, and by means of it many lives were saved, as we have seen.

After this, Lilla's pet pigeon was, as is natural, considered a most wonderful bird, and was made the theme of talk for days after the rescue, while Lilla herself lay prostrated upon a bed of sickness. The reaction from despair to hope had done what her distress had not been able to do, and it was long before she was well enough to come upon deck.

When she did so she was but a shadow of herself; but youth rallies quickly, and she soon was as merry and blooming as before.

The captain was quite an old man, and his heart warmed towards Lilla in a fatherly manner.

"I have a son at home," he said to her one day, "who would give his eyes for a pigeon like that," pointing to Lilla's pet, which was, as usual, perched on her shoulder. "He's so fond of studying into the ways of dumb creatures that he's good for nothing else. Not but he's made a good thing of it, for he is now a teacher in some department of a college which teaches such things. He corresponds with learned men all over the world, and I am proud, if I do say it, who shouldn't I. He is greatly taken up with this kind of carrier-pigeon, and a while ago he let an educated East Indian take home one of his pet birds, with the understanding that he should let him loose when he got home, and wing his way back, bringing my son a letter telling of his safe arrival. But Perry has never heard from him, or hadn't when I was at home last time. He says most probable some accident happened on his homing trip."

"How long ago was it?" asked Lilla.

"It was about two years since."

"I found my pigeon lying almost wounded to death just about that time," said Lilla. "And he had a note tied under his wing with the oddest looking writing on it I ever saw. I shouldn't wonder if it came from the East Indies; I will get the note and show you. I saved it, meaning to be honorable and let the pigeon take to its proper owner when I could make up my mind to part with the pretty creature."

And Lilla put her bright lips to her pet's white breast with a loving gesture.

"Don't do anything of the kind. You've got an undoubted right to the bird. That would be an excess of honesty."

Lilla smiled at the captain's views regarding her intended restoration.

"Your advice agrees with my wishes, but I don't quite think it does with my conscience," she said. "But I will get the billet."

It proved to be as much of a puzzle to the captain as to Lilla. So they had to wait for its solution until land was reached.

That time soon arrived, and Lilla was soon domiciled with her relatives, who had almost given up all hope of welcoming her, thinking that the ship Hilda must have shared the fate of others which had been given up for lost.

One evening the captain called to see her, accompanied by his learned son, who was so shy and constrained in his manner that Lilla at first thought him very uninteresting; but she found out her mistake before the call was over.

Once warmed to his subject, he lost the coldness which had at first seemed to chill Lilla.

The pet pigeon came in for his full share of interest, although he did not prove to be the old friend the captain had spoken of.

The captain's son was able to translate the contents of the billet, which was written in one of the tongues which he had mastered. I will copy the translation, which had been undoubtedly penned in a spirit of sportful romance, by some young scholar in a foreign university, and fastened to a homing pigeon. The writer little thought how like a prophecy the ensuing events would make it seem.

"Go forth, white bird, to one whose maiden soul
Is like thy gleaming plumage—white!
Tell her that o'er the billows' thunderous roll
One waits her coming—her true knight!"

It had proved a true prophecy. Lilla and Perry are to be married in the spring.

A Blessing in Disguise.

A smoker once lived in Cohoes. Whose mind was so bent on his woes
That with one sweeping scratch
He struck a good match
And tried to light it with his nose.

At last, when his stogie was lighted,
His thoughts turned again to hopes blighted,
And with mind in eclipse,
He put to his lips
The end that the match had ignited.

The smoker then quickly arose,
Stamped holes in the heels of his hose,
But said to the woe:
"You are just what I need
To turn thoughts away from my woes!"
—Columbus Evening News.

A Malignant Pet.

"Did you know," said a dog fancier the other day, "that there is a wrong impression floating regarding the traits of the English pug? This impression doubtless prevails on account of the short nose—looking some like a bulldog. The pug is often quoted as the 'early pug,' and worst of all, as not being of bright intellect. People who have such dogs can rest assured that they are mongrels." —Albany Journal.

One Beautiful China Woman.

Ng Yee Nam is the Chinese name borne by a beautiful girl who arrived on the steamer Belgic nearly a month ago. When the steamer was released from quarantine and pretty Ng Yee was taken to the Circuit Court to arrange for proper bonds for her release on a writ of habeas corpus, she created no little sensation among the officials, attorneys and reporters present. Instead of having a Chinese caste of countenance, Ng Yee possessed an oval face, a nose slightly Roman, large, round, dark eyes, pearly teeth, and a figure that many an American beauty would give worlds to possess. Such was Ng Yee's appearance, and her actions in court were decidedly anti-Chinese. The ordinary Chinese girl's demeanor when among those not of her own race is proper to a preciseness. She holds a handkerchief to her face never smiles and under no circumstances expresses surprise—in fact a prim maiden aunt would go into ecstasies over such a ward. But Ng Yee had no one to shake a warning finger at her; she had all the latitude possible and took advantage of it. She peered out of the corner of her eyes at a reporter in a most bewildering way, then pouted because he was to modest to saunter over to where she sat and say nice things to her. She was well up in all the artifices known by the girls of the present day, and by those thoughtless airs she wrecked her own happiness, for she will be sent back to China. Consul Bee heard about the wail, and as she lacked proper credentials he proceeded to investigate her case, as it is quite probable she was shipped to America for immoral purposes. The Consul said yesterday: "Her case is a remarkable one, so far as I have gone. Both her parents were not Chinese—of that I am certain. She has Portuguese blood in her veins, and her very appearance disproves the statement of Lee Kong Yoo that the girl is his wife's sister. He says that she was born in America and she returned to China in 1878. Who purchased her ticket to this country, and by whom she was sent, I have not learned as yet, but I will bring her to the consulate on Friday and hear her story. She will probably be remanded." —San Francisco Chronicle.

The Freshest Fad.

Time was when girls did emulate
The festive kangaroo;
'Twas as the Grecian bend, that gait
Long since gone by, we knew;
But worse than that barbaric style
Is this that's all the talk—
The latest fad of fashion is
A waggle for a walk.

The English stride, the graceful glide,
How zooooo they are!
The ladies all fall into line
When Paris gives the pas;
The edict has gone forth. Each dame
And damsel bestirs
Her lovely self to learn forthwith
To waggle in her furs.

The springy step that poets sing
Is anything but chic;
A carriage natural and free
Would make the French folks sick.
What tho' she make herself a guy,
And eke a holy show,
A leader of the *fon* to-day
Must waggle, don't you know.

What fools these mortals be! And, oh
Who so provokes the mind of man
To diabolic mirth,
As does the fool of fashion, whom
No ridicule e'er balks,
Who puts a monstrous bustle on,
And waggles as she walks!

An Absurd Lecture.

A newly-arrived Englishman was told that the editor of the *North American Review* would, that night deliver a learned lecture, and that if he desired to become informed upon live issues in America, he should attend. He did so; and, the next day, he wrote as follows to a London newspaper:

"The Americans are surely a very peculiar people. Last night I went to hear a well-known gentleman lecture on what these people term live issues and I must say that I never heard a more ridiculous discourse. The people laughed in his very face, but he did not appear to mind it. He talked about absurd things, and spoke of showing his fist into the bosom of the night, and went on at some length to tell of a dog that had fleas. I did not want to be rude, but I really laughed. I actually expected to see the people mob the fellow, he was so very, very queer!"

He had been "steered" against Bill Nye. —Arkansas Traveler.

Charlie's Beta Noire.

A little boy three years of age, was playing with his grandmother's work basket, when his mother entered the room and said: "Charlie don't you know your grandmother has forbade you to meddle with her basket?"

"Yes," said Charlie, "but grandmother is not here."

"No but God is." The child was in deep thought for a few minutes, and looking up to his mother said: "I'll take my chances with God saying anything as long as grandmother is not here." —Philadelphia Press.

Applied Sunday-School Training.

A refractory Boston youngster was being sharply rebuked by his mother for his numerous transgressions.

"Harry, Harry," she exclaimed, "if you behave in that way you will worry your father and mother to death; and what would you do without any father and mother?"

"The Lord is my shepherd," said the small boy; "I shall not want." —Boston Transcript.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A hornet's nest applied externally is recommended as a cure for sore throat.

A gnatless, just arrived in New York, stands seven feet three in her hostility.

A free application of soft soap to a fresh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh.

A consignment of 1,500 tons of potatoes has arrived at Boston on board a steamer from Glasgow.

A Berrien Springs (Mich.) family of four persons live on nineteen cents a week, exclusive of house rent.

A New York man at his death left to his son-in-law receipts for all the bills he had paid for him, and nothing more.

The substitution of wood pulp for plaster of Paris in the manufacture of all kinds of building ornaments is constantly increasing.

A museum illustrating the various forms of religion which have prevailed in the world is to be one of the attractions of Paris the coming summer.

More people enter Russia than come out of it. Between 1872 and 1881 the number of emigrants was 8,000,000, and the number of immigrants 9,450,000.

There are 141 veterans of the civil war in the National House of Representatives, of whom fifty-eight were Confederate and eighty-three Union soldiers.

It is said that there are not more than one hundred negroes in the entire city of Paris, and throughout France very few persons of African blood are to be found.

There is in Philadelphia a blind newsdealer whose sense of touch is so acute that he not only makes change accurately and rapidly, but can detect a counterfeit note or coin.

A Reno (Nevada) paper sees a great domestic outbreak ahead unless the indiscriminate naming of half-breed Indian children thereabouts after prominent citizens be stopped.

The wife of James McElmore, of Texas, Kansas, Texas, has just given birth to her third set of triplets within three years. At last accounts all the youngsters were living and healthy.

Some of the shepherds in the mountains of Bulgaria live for ten and fifteen years attending their flocks, and never knowing what it is to sleep in a house or to enjoy any of the comforts of civilization.

Medicine can now be administered to a man by electricity, whether he wants to take it or not. The electrodes of a battery are saturated with the medicine and applied locally to the skin, and the medicine is absorbed.

A new rolling mill has been built at Gate City, five miles north of Birmingham, Ala. It has fifteen puddling furnaces, one muck-bar mill, one guide mill and bar mill, and will make cotton ties one of the specialties.

A Nashville carpenter arose in his sleep and went into his shop and began filing a saw. The noise woke him up and he was mightily puzzled to find himself engaged at such work at 2 o'clock in the morning in a dark shop.

The editor of the *Griggs County (Dak.) Courier* calls attention to the fact that Griggs County contains room enough to seat the entire population of the globe in armchairs within its limits, allowing each person a space of thirteen feet.

There is a woman at Port Jervis, N. Y., who goes into convulsions every time she hears anyone sing the air of "Old Lang Syne," and a neighbor woman has just been muled in the tune of \$400 for singing it with malice aforethought.

Fosteria, O., is to have another glass works. There will be a sixteen-pot furnace and the building will be of corrugated steel, costing about \$25,000. About 150 persons will be employed and the works will turn out all kinds of tableware.

Among the correspondence of a Philadelphia professor of dentistry there came recently a rather odd inquiry from a Western member of the profession. He is about to open an office, and asked the price of a bushel of old teeth, which he intends placing on exhibition at his place to impress a credulous public with "his ability" at extracting.

A gentleman in Washington, Ga., had an iron safe, and the man from whom he got it through a legal process, refused to give him the combination. The man in possession of the safe wrote to the makers for instructions about getting into it, when they wrote him to break off the handle, take a steel punch and knock in the revolving rod. He was not more than five minutes in getting into it.

According to statistics compiled by the Philadelphia Mint and published in the *Inquirer* of that city, the production of gold has steadily increased since 1881, while the production of silver shows a decline. The total yield of gold the world over in 1887 is given at \$97,189,795 and of silver \$119,769,947. Should the present rates of production continue—and there is no apparent reason why they should not—silver will grow relatively more valuable and gold less so, which is exactly what the financial condition of the country demands.

Talk of originality, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*, is original and pretty, and an astonishing idea for an unsentimental man to conceive of. A lady up town was showing to her friends a very handsome ring her husband had given her. It was an oval of diamonds, with three little opaque bluish-white stones in the center. Nobody could tell what those stones were, and everybody got curious to know. She did not know herself. Her husband had not told her. They insisted on his telling. "Well my dear, those are the first little teeth cut by our three children. I saved them, one by one, and—there they are."

Barrels are now being made of hard and soft wood, each alternate stave being of the soft variety and slightly thicker than the hard wood stave. The edges of the staves are cut square, and, when plasted together to form the barrel, the outside are even, and there is a V shaped crack between each stave from top to bottom. In this arrangement the operation of driving the hoops forces the edges of hard staves into the soft ones until the cracks are closed, and the extra thickness of the latter causes its inner edges to lap over those of the hard wood staves, thus making the joint doubly secure.

FARM AND HOME.

Early Oats.

No doubt early sowing is beneficial, and the earlier the seed can be put in the ground in the spring the better, provided there may not come a killing frost just when the oats are two inches or so above the ground, when the young plants will be destroyed. I have tried early sowing of oats every year to some extent; that is, at a time when open weather permits the sowing, and have sown in February and March. If no severe frost lasting several days happens, everything is lovely—the seed germinates, and the crop gets ahead and makes an excellent yield. Last year I plowed and prepared a few acres and sowed oats on March 5, and two days after sowed peas. The ground was in the best condition, and a few days of warm weather brought up the oats rapidly. Then came the cold spell of the 13th to the 29th of March and the oats that had come up above ground were killed outright. The few which were still underground alone were saved, and made about a fourth of a crop. Young oats cannot withstand a temperature of 10 degrees, while winter oats sown in September will go through the winter safely, and will not be injured by a zero temperature.

My experience with early planted potatoes was more favorable. A part of the ground was planted late in the fall and another part in February, when some mild weather permitted plowing the land. The seed in both cases was dropped in furrows about five inches deep, and two furrows were turned over it so as to make a ridge eight to nine inches deep. As early as the state of soil permitted in the spring, the ground was leveled by a thorough harrowing. In May many potatoes were planted in the usual manner. The first planted yielded three times as much as the May planting and were fit for use early in June.

This fall and winter planting may be done anywhere that the ground will not freeze down to the seed. I did it thirty years ago in Northern Michigan where the sun protected the ground from deep freezing, and it is a common practice in many parts of the South. If the potatoes should come above ground early enough to be nipped, only the top leaves are injured, but the growth is slow through the deep covering, and the root growth is surprisingly large. I have taken twelve to fifteen good sized potatoes from one plant, the top of which could be bunched up and covered in one hand, and which would appear to be too small to have any tubers attached to it.—*New England Farmer.*

A Jersey Herd.

We averaged nine milk cows for the year, seven of which were milked through the year, with the exception of each going dry for a short time previous to calving. The other two were made up of three heifers, which came in with first calves at from sixteen to eighteen months old during July and August, and few others which were milked but a very short time each, making about twenty-four months' milk for one cow in all, which we counted as two cows. One of the seven, and one of our best milkers and butter cows, calved in February, and was affected with garget, from which she lost one-quarter of udder, and was almost due with calf again. Another, a two-year-old heifer, was in milk for over twelve months previous to the beginning of the year, and during the year was bred and produced a calf; no allowance was made for these cows. Three of the seven were under three years old at the beginning of the year. We made 2,208 pounds of butter and sold 731 quarts of milk and 435 of cream; allowing six quarts of milk to make a pound of butter, and five quarts of cream to make three pounds, it would give us 2,591 pounds of butter, or 288 pounds for each cow; for which we received \$738.87 or a little over \$82 per cow. The butter was sold for 30 cents per pound through the season, milk at 6 cents per quart, and cream at 18 cents. While many herds may do better, we think, considering age and condition of cows, and the very moderate feed, this is a very good showing. The herd is principally made up of the blood of Coomassie, Rieter and Regina.—*Letter in Country Gentleman.*

Amount of Food for Hens.

It is an oft-repeated question, "How much food should ten hens be allowed per day?" and yet such a question cannot be correctly answered, for the reason that no two hens are alike. Fortunately, many experiments have been made in feeding which, while not giving an exact estimate of what should be allowed, at least throws some light on the subject. In selecting several breeds for purposes of experiment, it was found that some ate more than others, yet the heavy feeders did not lay a greater number of eggs than those that ate less, as the food was converted into flesh instead of eggs. As much as seven ounces of food per day was consumed by some hens, but the general average was four ounces per day. This meant dry food, or its equivalent. It gives us something, however, upon which to estimate as to the amount of food to allow. The four ounces of food per day means three pounds for a dozen hens, or about one and a half quarts. Hence, a pint and a half of food in the morning and the same at night, is the proper allowance. If must not be overlooked, however, that when green food or vegetables are fed, the allow-

ance of grain must be reduced proportionately; nor must it be forgotten, as stated above, that breeds differ, and all hens do not eat alike.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

Improving Poultry Yards.

To improve the breeds, even if crossing is resorted to (though selection from the pure breeds is a better method) one must aim to improve in one direction only. It is useless to attempt to secure superiority of egg production along with those qualities that tend to create the perfect market fowl. Such an undertaking is as difficult as that of endeavoring to produce a breed of cattle that excel in beef production, yet possessing the milk and butter qualities in the highest degree. Then there are other characteristics to seek, such as hardiness, early maturity, color of plumage, legs and skin, as well as decreasing the size of the comb. At present the best laying breeds appear to have the large combs, and the question is whether, by reducing the size of the combs the laying qualities are injured? We think not as many breeds possessing small combs, such as the Brahmas, are good layers, but the active breeds are those with large combs. Nature does not permit us to improve in more than one direction at the same time, but yet there will be plenty of room for improvement even in one characteristic, and he who succeeds in effecting improvement on any breed will be amply rewarded for his labor.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

Farm Notes.

Have a care whom you take into your family as "help on the farm."

The intelligent farmer thinks, and the evidence of his thought is a well-kept farm.

Make certain that the fowls have a variety of food. It is very essential and they will pay for it.

The best preventive of trouble at lambing time is daily exercise for the ewes during the winter.

Raw onions chopped fine and mixed with food occasionally are better than a dozen cures for chicken cholera.

Some thoughtlessly overload the horse and then wonder when the education thus given develops an obstinate, balky animal.

See that the hens have warm, dry quarters, that no snow has drifted in, that their nests are clean, and their roosts comfortable.

Feed your stock regularly three times a day and at the same hours, before 6 in the morning, at noon and before dark. It pays to be systematic.

In adding to your horses be sure to get good walkers. It should not be lost sight of that most of the farm work is done by horses when walking.

Keep your cattle clean. The amount of filth oxen are often forced to carry about with them is disgusting to the beholder and an outrage to the patient animals.

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

Other things being equal it is not the largest hog that returns us the most profit, but rather the hogs that will make the best growth in the shortest time and upon the smallest amount of feed.

There is a great waste of fertilizing material by drainage from the barnyard. If turned into cisterns, pumped out and spread over grass fields it would wonderfully increase their productivity.

Keep the calves growing lustily. Teach them to eat oats at an early age. A calf will never get fully over the bad effects of having been stunted and starved through even a comparatively short period in its life.

The most critical period in the life of a calf is the first winter, but it will bring no serious risk if the animal has abundant food of good quality and good comfortable quarters with freedom from parasitic insects.

The practical value of a farm horse should not be judged by the work he is able to perform in a day or a week, but by the amount he can do all the year round. It is the "every day horse" that is worth the most money on a farm.

A Western-fruit grower used seventy-five bushels of wood ashes on his strawberry vines last season, and the crop yielded 250 bushels per acre. He thinks the ashes also counteracted the effects of the drought to a considerable extent.

Our dairy work is not well distributed through the year; too much of it is done in summer in the warm weather, and the product thrown upon the market at a time of the greatest abundance and at a time when it is most difficult to preserve it in good condition.

It has to be remembered that thrift in the lamb is dependent upon the condition of fattness of the ewe so long as it remains under her care. Take away this condition and the ewe is deprived of the material requisite for the production of milk, which is the chief support of the lamb.

Beans are good for cows. The bean meal is probably the best form. But if the beans are boiled soft they may be fed with profit. Waste beans on the farm, or damaged stock that can some times be bought cheap, should always be fed. Beans are rich in proteine or nitrogenous matter.

Hints of the Home.

Rice pudding—Boil a small cup of rice in a pint of water a half an hour, then add a quart of milk and cook thirty minutes longer; beat together a cup

of sugar, three eggs, and a teaspoonful of salt, stir into rice, and bake the mixture in a buttered pudding-dish a half an hour.

Arrowroot pudding—Bring a pint of milk to the boil and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot dissolved in water; remove from the fire and add two beaten eggs, half a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and bake in earthen dish in a quick oven.

Calf's liver stewed—Cut the liver into small slices, about three inches square. Into the saucepan place two onions sliced fine, a tablespoonful of sage, a little pepper and salt; then add the liver and cover with water, and let it stew for two hours. Just before you serve it dredge on a little flour, and add a tablespoonful of butter.

Orange pudding—Peel and slice four or five oranges, and arrange the slices in a pudding dish, sprinkling sugar over each layer. Make a custard of the yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, a cup of sugar and a pint of milk, and while hot pour it over the oranges. Beat the whites of the eggs with two spoonfuls of sugar, and frost the pudding.

Suet pudding—One cup of milk, one cup of molasses one cup of suet chopped fine, one cup of stoned raisins, three cups of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and the same quantity of soda, also a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and allspice, and a quarter of a grated nutmeg. If sour milk is used add a half a teaspoonful more of salaratus. Steam four hours. Serve with hot sauce.

Beef a la mode—A piece of nice round of beef, about four pounds, is excellent for this toothsome dish. Lard with strips of salt pork dipped in vinegar, then rolled in pepper, salt, onion chopped very fine, and sage powdered and sifted; place in a pan, closely and steam four hours. When tender thicken the gravy with browned flour and pour over it. Serve either hot or cold.

Broiled mutton chops—Cut some chops from the loin, trim them neatly, removing the skin or fat, leaving only enough of the latter to make them palatable. Place the chops on a grid-iron over a very clear fire; turn them frequently, taking care that the fork is not put into the lean part of the chops. Season them with pepper and salt. When done put a piece of fresh butter over each chop, and send them to the table on a hot dish.

Potted beef—Take a piece of cheap beef, that from the round will answer, and boil two hours in enough of water to almost cover it; season with pepper and salt. When the water is almost boiled away turn the meat often to prevent its sticking to the bottom of the kettle; let the meat brown a little when the water has evaporated; take it out and add to the hot fat flour and water. It is best to have a tablespoonful of browned flour mixed with a pint of water ready to pour in as soon as the meat is removed, that the fat may not scorch.

Boiled mutton with caper sauce—The leg is best for boiling. Trim off the fat then immerse in boiling water slightly salted. When it boils skim well and put the kettle where the meat will simmer only and cook until tender; twelve minutes to a pound is the time allowed. Add more salt half an hour before the meat is done. For the sauce, use two spoonfuls of butter, a spoonful of flour, salt to taste and a pint of boiling water. Mix the butter and flour together, and slowly add the water carefully stirring until it is very smooth and well sealed. Add three tablespoonfuls of capers and let the sauce simmer; then serve.

Thinking vs. Slugging.

If pugilism have any value at all in relation to human affairs it is in what it teaches of the art of self-defense by the aid of nature's weapons alone. It is perhaps worth while to tolerate glove contests and sparring matches now and then if thereby the weaker man may learn how to defend himself when attacked by the stronger, and do it without resorting to the use of pistols and knives. Even a fist-fight may have that redeeming element of value. When Sullivan went to meet Mitchell it was an unequal contest. Sullivan was the superior in weight, height, strength, and length of reach. Everybody took it for granted that the Englishman had no show. Nor would he have had if it had been an affair of slugging pure and simple. But Mitchell made it otherwise. He brought brains to bear—brains against brawn. In the limited area of a twenty-four-foot ring he found it possible to resort to strategy in coping with brute force. He used his head to good advantage and outgeneraled his opponent. The biggest man is not the best man. Mitchell is entitled to credit for demonstrating that fact, and for proving that the man of clever wits need not be afraid of the mere power to hit hard. His tactics were shrewd and successful, for he went into the ring not so much to whip his antagonist as to avoid being whipped himself. To that extent the Englishman was the victor, and in respect of headwork he was unmistakably the better man of the two.—*Chicago Times.*

A Nice Distinction.

Earnest a five-year-old, was sent upstairs with a small basket of potatoes, and after tugging them up half way he set the basket down to get a fresh hold. An aunt of his standing at the head of the stairs said to him, "What is the matter, Ernest? Is the basket heavy?" "No," he says, "the basket isn't heavy, but the taters is."—*Boston Globe.*

IN A MANDAN'S CAVE.

The Retreat Made for Himself by a Scalpless and Degraded Warrior.

I was riding leisurely along over the prairie one day, about three miles southwest of Fort Berthol, says a writer in *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, when I saw, standing ahead of me about two hundred yards, four Indians. I thought nothing of it, and turned my head to look at a deer that was bounding in fright over a distant hill. When I looked in the direction in which I had seen the Indians there was a blank. Where could they have gone? There was no butte behind which they could have hidden, and not a gully was to be seen in which they could have crept. I looked in every direction, and suddenly as they had disappeared they appeared again, though for the life of me I could not have told where they emerged from. They arose as if they had sprung out of the ground, as did the soldiers that grew from the dragon's teeth that Jason sowed.

I went up to the band. They happened to be a tribe with whom I could converse without difficulty, and I asked them where they had been while I was there. They pointed in reply to a flat stone that looked as much as anything like the side or end of a massive piece of sandstone. There was a crack in the stone, it is true, but it was of such a nature as to excite no suspicion. It afforded an opening large enough for a man to creep through without any trouble. I was invited to follow the leader of the gang. I dismounted, and handing the pony I was riding to one of the Indians, entered the strange retreat. It was a queer cave out of the hill. There was a bench on which a man could get a good night's rest if he were sleepy, a number of holes cut in the wall overhead looking like pigeon holes, and, although there was a grimy look to the walls, it was not an uncomfortable abode. There was a heap of bones in one corner, which I afterward learned were the remains of many a feast of the owner of this hole in the ground.

A Mandan Indian, who, unfortunately for his peace of mind and his social standing, lost his scalp in battle several decades ago, constructed this home here. He was disgraced by the loss of his scalp, and never more could live with his tribe or abide with his squaw or little ones. Determined to make as much as possible of what life he had remaining to him he heaved a place out of the earth where he was free from molestation. Here he lived alone and in comparative comfort, secure against blizzards and equally protected against the heat of summer.

This unique specimen of a fast-dying race was something of an artist. Around on the rock of his lonely abode he had carved a number of the most primitive appearing designs. I could not learn from my guide whether or not it was probable that the artist was accustomed to drinking that peculiar brand of whiskey that years ago the white man traded to the red skin for pelts, but it was a strange fact that the artistic skill displayed appeared to run to snakes. Representations of snakes in all attitudes adorned the walls. In some cases they were represented as swallowing a man, and now a huge crawling monster would have an expiring buffalo within his coils. There were a dozen well preserved impressions of snakes, all of which represented monsters, and not the small harmless reptiles that are found in this region.

My guide informed me that the scalpless man depended for his artistic ideas upon a legend of a huge serpent that existed in this region, and that legend has fed upon a peculiar under-ground passage, tortuous and sinuous in the extreme, which is pointed to by the natives as the former home of a bad spirit in serpent form.

She Quit Smoking at One Hundred.

One hundred and two years ago this month—one year previous to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States—occurred the birth of Margaret Death in Fairfield County, O. She grew to maidenhood and married William Dutton, a young man of her native county. In 1831 her husband died and soon after she, with her children, removed to Effingham County, Ill., and purchased the farm where she now resides. She was one of the first settlers of the county, and for many years wove all the material for her own and her children's clothing and made straw hats for the entire neighborhood. Mrs. Dutton was an only child, but is the mother of seven children, grandmother of thirty-seven, great-grandmother of twenty-eight and great-great-grandmother of one. She has been a member of the Methodist Church for more than three quarters of a century, and has been a Republican from the incipency of that organization.

She is a small woman, never having weighed more than sixty or seventy pounds, but she is quite active, and can well remember events that transpired during her early childhood. She smoked until she was a hundred years old, and then feeling the habit detrimental to her health, she foreswore the use of the weed, and for two years has kept her vow inviolate. She has planted a number of orchards, always saying she would not live to eat the fruit, but her children might; yet she has lived to gather fruit from all, and still survives. She seems well pleased with life, and bids fair yet to live many years.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A MILLIONAIRE'S WAY OF DOING IT.

How Senator Stanford Would Go About it to Abolish Poverty.

The other day I asked the millionaire Senator from California, "How would you abolish beggary?"

"There is one way" he said. "Dry up the source—abolish the conditions that make beggars. To try to cure poverty by street charity is like trying to stop a hole in your roof by mopping up the puddles that gather on your floor."

I asked him if he would specify conditions.

"Yes," he said, "I can vaguely indicate them. Let me say, in the first place, that it is not millionaires that cause poverty. Nobody is worse off because the Vanderbilts are worth \$200,000,000. If they had not the wealth it would not exist at all. It is only in those communities where millionaires are possible that average citizen has enough to eat. Now what causes poverty?"

"First—Ignorance of how to save money. I found beggars in California in 1850, when any man could go out with a tin pan and earn \$5 before breakfast. When by working three hours a day a man could make his board and clothes, there were always shiftless creatures around whom the rest had to support. It is the same way now. The soil is wonderfully fruitful there. Merely 20,000 men produce all the wheat of the state, and export 1,000,000 tons of it every year, and yet there are beggars. We can cut, thrash and sack wheat at an expense of one and a half cents per hundred pounds, potatoes cost only half a cent a pound, and flour is only \$4 a barrel, and yet there is want. An important cause is unthrift. People do not understand economy or practice it, as almost every rich man has had to at some time in his life. I really believe that there would be beggars in the world before night if \$20 gold pieces were to be sown broadcast every morning, and so distributed that every man, woman and child were certain to get some.

"Second—The sale and use of liquor. As long as there are ten times as many saloons in this country as there are of both churches and schools, and they are mainly supported by the very poor, the sources of misery are pretty obvious.

"Third—A lack of manual training. This last need is most serious. If so many people could be taught trades that the entire product of this country were doubled next year the wages would be doubled, either in increase of money received, or in the smaller cost of the necessities of life to be bought. More capable skilled hands—that is one of our greatest needs. My great hope is in my university, which I wish to build so tall and deep and broad that the rudiments of every useful trade and occupation may be taught. When everybody knows how to do some difficult and useful thing poverty will rapidly diminish."

THE "STAR OF BETHLEHEM."

The Foolish Vagary That It is to Reappear at the Present Time.

The reappearance of the star of Bethlehem is still looked for by the credulous, although there is no more reason to suspect the return of the legendary star than there is to look for the reappearance of the fiery sword which, according to Josephus, hung over Jerusalem just previous to its destruction by Titus. There are thousands who have scanned the heavens this season with the expectation of beholding the wondrous star which 1900 years ago guided the wise men to the place "where the young child was." Some charlatan with a smattering of astronomy first started the theory that the year 1887 was the time for the advent of this celestial phenomenon, and notwithstanding repeated denials from leading astronomers have been published over and over again by the press throughout the civilized world, there are still those who write to the newspapers, anxiously asking when the star is to be expected. Some time last autumn Venus shone resplendent as the morning star, and it had been repeatedly announced that it was Venus. But these wonder mongers deluged the newspapers with queries as to whether this was not the long expected star. The only foundation for the belief in the reappearance of this star is the fact that on November 11, 1672, Tycho Brahe, a renowned astronomer, discovered a radiant star of extraordinary size. It exceeded the largest planets in brilliancy, but gradually faded and entirely disappeared in March of the same year. As similar phenomena were known to have occurred before, the devout of those days were inclined to give a sort of supernatural interpretation to them, and from this came the theory that the star of Bethlehem becomes visible in cycles of 800 years. This theory has, however, been utterly disproved. The comet of fire which hung over the doomed city of the Jews may have been and probably was a comet. And it is casting no credit upon the records of the evangelists or upon the belief of devout readers to suppose that the star which pointed out the place of the Saviour's birth may have been one of those strangely luminous and erratic bodies that have occasionally in the distant realms of space, flamed up and died out, never to be seen again. It is no less a miracle that like phenomena may occur again in obedience to some unknown law of the universe; for is not every star in the heavens a miracle?

TOPEKA, KANSAS

April 7, 1888.

The Burlington engineers have manifestly made a failure of their strike. The switchmen who were in sympathy with them, not only struck but went to rioting, and that always results in disaster and always should.

By some oversight the republican convention did not enlarge upon the subject of prohibition and neglected to say anything in condemnation of slavery, or the impressment of American seamen by the blasted Britishers. The boys must have been too excited for real business.

Dr. Snyder, a very strong and popular preacher of St. Louis, sees the overthrow of the republican party through the influence of the Prohibition party, but does not see in it any benefit to the temperance cause. He predicts that after the defeat and overthrow of the republican party it will absorb the prohibition party, and then will come the struggle between the party so formed and the democracy. At this stage of the proceedings, however, he has no sympathy with the third party.

We do not see that it amounts to a row of pins whether Mr. Blaine is or is not the choice of one-tenth or nine-tenths of the people of Kansas. Mr. Blaine declines a nomination because he knows quite well that he cannot in any probability carry two or three doubtful states. His nomination would be an egregious blunder, and there is not a well balanced politician not under some special influence who does not know it. No matter how strong he may be in some sections, and no matter how magnetic, he lacks in just the essentials necessary for success and that is enough.

There is no occasion for Edward Russell of Lawrence, or any other man, to show that the republican party has not always been a high protective party. The tariff has never been a vital party question. In 1856 the new party was silent upon it, more so even than the prohibition party was in 1884. This was necessary because it was made up of elements that could not hamper on this question. There was as much difference between Horace Greeley and his Tribune, and William Cullen Bryant and his Evening Post all through the most important eras of the party, on the tariff question as there is to day between Samuel J. Randall and William R. Morrison among democrats, or James G. Blaine and Mr. Russell among republicans. The party has no record on the question. It has played the artful dodger, and not until Blaine attempted to force protection as an issue, was it ever held to be one of the cardinal virtues of republicanism, and that attempt beat the party. And still we are reminded of the enthusiasm that his name creates whenever it is mentioned at a republican banquet. Blaine is the only man ever commended for kicking over a bucket of cream waiting to be churned.

In as few words as possible the Grange is teaching the farmer to "mind his own business," as a producer, as a man and as a citizen. In a single sentence the Grange means education. It teaches the farmer that he has mind as well as muscle, brains as well as land, and that it pays him to cultivate the one as well as the other, for "knowledge is power."

It is teaching the farmer not only how to be a better farmer, how to get better returns for his labor, how to grow a crop, but how to sell it. Not only how to earn money, but to spend it to the best advantage. By organized effort and on business principles he knows the cost of goods and the value of his products; and how to open up the channels of trade so as to reach the best markets. Grange banks, Grange fire and life insurance companies, Grange co-operative stores, creameries and schools organized and run by farmers as a part of their business have been in successful operation for years. Grain warehouses, grain elevators, freight lines, fruit growers and other "exchanges," and dozens of other organized business helps, are springing up more and more in all parts of the country.

The Grange has an 1st making the farmer and his family more social. It makes brighter and happier homes. It benefits its members mentally, morally, socially and financially. Temperance is supported, charity is a prominent characteristic. It makes the farmer better to his neighbor, better to his country and better to his God. It has by none of its teachings ever made a man or woman worse, but it has made hundreds of thousands better. Its lessons all develop the good, the beautiful, the true. The half has not been told of its good work, and it can and will do more in the future. Every farmer and his family should become members. It will return dollars for every cent that it costs if its advantages are improved.

The Time for Another Strike.

HAVE EMPLOYERS NO RIGHTS?

Tyrannical Usurpation of Labor Shirks.

The Season for Rebellion against Labor Unions and their abuses.

Labor is honorable. It is dignified. It should be well paid. The laborer is entitled to his full share of the product of his labor.

These trite sayings and a hundred more are true. It is not just that labor should become a tyrannical, incendiary and murderous monopoly. It is not just that industrial and economic axioms should be perverted, that truth and reason, and justice should longer be perverted and abused, and the press and an out spoken public sentiment no longer raise a voice in protest.

We may as well perish under a monopoly of capital, of trusts and chartered corporations, as under an ignorant, intolerant and bigotted monopoly of indolence, incapacity and unreasonable attempts to pervert the most natural and just laws of mind and matter, of reason, of good sense and of God.

This is the monopoly developed in the philosophy of modern strikes. It was not so apparent at first, but it appears in forms of growing hideousness, with every advancing step. The working men's monopoly is getting to be ten-fold more oppressive than railroad or any other monopoly on record. It is not only oppressive but is unreasonable beyond further endurance.

THE STONE CUTTERS STRIKE.

The Missouri Valley Association of cut stone firms, comprising persons and companies in Kansas City, Topeka, Leavenworth, Omaha and other places resolved to protect themselves by the adoption of the following rules. It is submitted that they are not unreasonable:

We, the undersigned, cut stone firms of the Missouri Valley association, in order to protect the interests of our trade, to prevent the crowding of cut stone out of general use, and to retain control of our own business, hereby resolve:—

First.—That we assert our right to employ workmen regardless of their being members of societies or not.

Second.—That we assert our right to fix the compensation of labor, and to pay workmen according to their usefulness, and according to the amount of labor they can perform.

Third.—We shall tolerate no authority in our yards but our own.

Fourth.—We shall sell cut stone (and if required set it) to any body and at any building where it is demanded.

Fifth.—Overwork, when needed, shall be paid for at the rate of day work.

Sixth.—That for the year 1888, stone cutters shall be paid according to their proficiency, but in no case more than 45 cents per hour.

Seventh.—That we assert our right to employ as many apprentices as we may deem proper.

Eighth.—That these resolutions shall be conspicuously posted in every members office or yard.

This notice was posted yesterday morning on the door of the contractor's office on the state house grounds. Whereupon the men laid down their tools and took off their aprons. The people of Kansas should willingly consent that the state house never be finished rather than permit those men again to go to work until they acknowledge that every rule above laid down is just.

Similar rules to the above should be made the written or unwritten law of every employer in the country, whether he be farmer, builder, printer, machinist, railroad or other company.

Here are involved fundamental business principles that cannot be violated with impunity, and the attempt to do so is demoralizing the business interests of the country, and making arson, personal assault, murder, anarchy and all the crimes common and reputable.

To-day comes the News of the burning of the round house at Aurora, Ill., and the hotel that had been fitted up to accommodate new men, scabs they call them in their choice slang, but respectable, industrious working men who are willing to work for their families. The building is fired in several places, while one hundred of them are sleeping—fired by strikers, who will not work themselves nor permit others to work.

This business should be stopped. The right of a railroad or a farmer

to hire or to discharge work men, must be upheld just as sacredly as the right of the laborer to work or not to work.

No employer with any self respect will submit to be told how many apprentices he shall hire, or whether he shall employ women, or white men or black men.

The workman's right to quit must not be challenged.

There is no other tenable ground.

The business men, merchants, manufacturers, farmers, all will do better to insist upon the acknowledgment of this principle of the principles set forth in the rules above given, even if every wheel is stopped, every door closed, and the growing grass garlands the country with green ribbons along every railroad track on the continent.

Every unprejudiced person feels that a wrong has been growing up in this matter, but for imaginary prudent reasons there has been no general protest.

It is time to protest.

It is time that the business interests of the country be protected by public sentiment.

The strike monopoly ought to be put down, or be made subservient to reason.

Not that strikers may not be justifiable, but that they seldom are so.

As usually managed they are conspiracies, morally and economically indefensible, at least against the general prosperity.

Equal and exact justice to all.

A poor, insane woman with seven children landed here a few days ago from Nebraska. Her husband had deserted her, and her father, Mr. Garret lives here. She was sent to the asylum; and the children will be cared for as the grandfather is not able.

Sheriff Andy Fuller received a communication yesterday from Superintendent Eastman of the insane asylum, notifying him of the very sudden death of Mrs. Cynthia Starr of this county, an inmate of the asylum. Mrs. Starr was adjudged insane on the 15th of last month and has been confined in the asylum ever since. The direct cause of her death was paralysis of the heart.

Prof. A. Montgomery, instructor in drawing in the Topeka schools, has accepted a proposition from Potter, Knight, Ainsworth & Co., the well known book publishers, to prepare for them a series of illustrated lessons in drawing. When Prof. Montgomery began his work in the Topeka schools, he adopted a new system of drawing which had not been used in this country, being the system in use in Germany and other foreign countries. Prof. Montgomery has demonstrated that the system is far superior to any others, and the firm above mentioned, who have been watching his work since he came here, are convinced that it is a good thing and desire to introduce it. Prof. Montgomery's illustrations will be lithographed in Topeka.

The piquant and refreshingly novel story of "Yone Sauto, a child of Japan," which E. H. House is writing for the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, is continued in the April number. The same number contains the second part of Henry James's entertaining "Aspern Papers." Another charming article is that on "English Faith in Art," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. A timely biographical critique entitled "Ferdinand Lassalle," written by D. O. Kellogg, treats of that restless socialist's life, and its influence in Germany and France. The First Crisis of the American Revolution" is the title of a most readable and valuable article by John Fiske, whose contributions to American Colonial History are always as important as they are welcome. Other prose articles are an elaborate review of the new book of poems by Mr. James Russell Lowell, a review of the new "Life of Darwin," the usual book notices of the month, and short essays. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

ST. NICHOLAS.

This favorite periodical for young people comes to our table for March abounding with good things. Profusely illustrated; with stories, sketches, etc., by the most popular writers, St. Nicholas beyond question is the favorite magazine for juveniles in this country. Articles by Frank R. Stockton, Marion Douglas, Louisa Stockton and other popular magazine writers, make up a number of unusual interest.

J. W. Alderman will remain in Atholston, and will not come to be presiding elder of this district.

On Monday Geo. H. Hughes shipped two settings of eggs, one of Plymouth Rocks, and one of Buff Cochins to Aurora Mills Oregon. It is known afar off that he has choice fowls.

The eighth annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian association, for the election of directors and the presentation of the various reports of the different committees of the association, was held in the Association Hall last evening. President R. B. Gemmill presided; the hall was comfortable filled with the members and friends of the association.

Emmons Blaine, the son of his father, is in the city on railroad business.

Attorney General Badford yesterday received the following telegram from Riverside, Cal.: "Are there any license saloons in Kansas?" "Mr. Bradford thinks this must be from another Rip Van Winkle."

The making of gardens has begun in earnest.

"Did't Know It Was Loaded."

The young man fell dead!
A friend had pointed a revolver at him.

"He did't know it was loaded!"
We often hear it stated that a man is not responsible for what he does not know. The law presupposes knowledge and therefore convicts the man who excuses crime by ignorance!

"If I had only known" has often been an unfortunate man's apology for some evil unknowingly wrought, but in a matter of general interest—as for instance that laudanum is a poison, that naphtha is a deadly explosive, that blood heavily charged with a winter's accumulations of the waste of the system,—it is one's duty to know the fact and the consequences thereof. Our good old grandmothers knew for instance, that the opening of spring was the most perilous period of the year.

Why?

Because then the blood stream is sluggish and chilled by the cold weather, and if not thinned a good deal and made to flow quickly and healthfully through the arteries and veins, it is impossible to have good vigor the rest of the year. Hence, without exception, what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, was plentifully made and religiously given to every member of the family regularly through March, April, May and June. It is a matter of record that this prudential, preventive and restorative custom saved many a fit of sickness, prolonged life and happiness to a vigorous old age, and did away with heavy medical expenditures.

Mrs. Maggie Kerehwal, Lexington, Ky., used Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla "for nervous sick headache of which I had been a sufferer for years. It has been a great benefit to me." Capt. Hugh Harkins, 1114 S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa., says "it purified my blood and removed the blotches from my skin." Mrs. Aarea Smith, Topton, Berks Co., Pa., says she "was entirely cured of a skin disease of the worst kind," by Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Bad skin indicates a very bad condition of the blood.

If you would live and be well, go to your druggist to-day and get Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and take no other,—there's nothing like it or as good,—and completely renovate your impaired system with this simple, old-fashioned preparation of roots and herbs.

Warner, who makes the famous Safe Cure, puts it up, and that is a guarantee of excellence all over the known world. Take it yourself and give it to the other members of the family, including the children. You will be astonished at its health-giving and life-prolonging powers. We say this editorially with perfect confidence, because we have heard good things of it everywhere, and its name is a guarantee that it is first class in every particular.

The Newspapers and Periodicals of all kinds issued in the United States and Canada, now number 16,310, showing a gain of 890 during the last 12 months and of 7,136 in 10 years.

The organization of republican clubs is going on vigorously. Illinois is not a whit behind Kansas. There is everywhere a determined effort to recover lost ground.

There is not the least danger in the world that the people of this country will forget that treason is a crime.

The Gazette says that more land around St. Marys than ever before, is being seeded to tame grasses. It also notices an increased interest in improved grades of stock, and in the planting of trees. All these are very healthy indications.

The whiskey men are doing more for prohibition than all the other fellows. When they rebel against law and order and defy authority, they seal their own doom. The Kansas City Times tells them plainly that the saloons of that city are doing big work for the prohibitionists.

See that the "hired man" treats your animals as kindly as you would were they in your care.

Churning can better be done in the cool hours of the day. A fact it will soon be well to remember.

Parsnips should be planted early. They are excellent for feeding, retaining their flavor into the Spring.

Hints for the sick Room.

Beds.—Never use anything but light blankets as a covering for the sick.

Hiccups.—Swallow a mouthful of water, stopping the mouth and ears. Or take anything that makes you sneeze.

Bedrooms.—Should be on the sunny side of the house, so that light and air can pass freely through them the most of the day.

Weak Eyes.—Sulphate of zinc, 3 grs.; tincture of opium, 10 drops; water, 2 oz. To be applied three or four times a day.

Tooth Powder.—Take 1-2 oz. powdered myrrh; 1 oz. powdered bark; 2 drs. cream-of-tartar; 1 dr. bole ammoniac; mix in a mortar.

Toothache.—Oil of cloves, 1-2 dr.; laudanum 2 drs.; powdered alum 1 dr.; spirits of nitre, 2 drs.; chloroform, 1-2 dr. Mix. Apply with lint.

Rheumatism.—Extract of sarsaparilla 1 oz. Triturate in 1 pt. boiling water. Dissolve 2 drs. of iodide of potash, and begin with small doses, two or three times a day.

Warts.—Rub them daily with a radish or with the juice of marigold flowers. Or water in which sal-ammoniac is dissolved. Or apply bruised purslain as a poultice, changing it twice a day. It cures them in seven or eight days.

Cinders in one eye have been quickly removed by rubbing the other eye.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, the leading woman physician of England, has an income from her profession of \$50,000 annually.

John Reynolds, one of the survivors of the famous "noble six hundred" made immortal at Balaklava, died at his home in Buffalo, New York, March 12th.

William Shirrey, of Ontario county New York, who fought under Wellington at Waterloo, at the age of 103, walks two miles to church every Sunday.

The average attendance at the St. Petersburg theatres throughout the year is 4,000 nightly.

Mrs. Eliza Garfield is the only woman who witnessed the inauguration of her son.

A collar worn by an elephant in a Hindoo funeral procession, was worth \$25,000.

Men's hearts average in weight eleven ounces, women's hearts average nine ounces. According to this statement of the Medical News, in changing hearts men lose two ounces in weight, but then a lump of coal weighs more than the diamond.

In Waterville, Maine, D. M. Warner accused of causing the death of his wife, shot his two daughters and then killed himself.

Boston received its only news from New York by way of London, March 13th.

After thirteen John Smiths at Akron, Ohio, had received and read a certain letter, it came into the hands of the John Smith for whom it was intended.

It is recommended that the perfume industry for which we now depend largely upon France, be cultivated in this country. Flower farms can be easily maintained in many parts of this country.

Thirty musicians recently gave a concert under a rose tree in the garden of Mme. Reynen in Roosteven, Holland. The prodigious rose-tree has some 10,000 roses at once.

A curled walnut was recently felled in the Coal River Valley, West Virginia, after being cut up into veneering sold for \$1,600.

Amherst suffered a \$55,000 fire on Tuesday of this week.

Miss Grace Arlie, a lovely Toledo young lady has just recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever to find her skin as black as a negro.

Frank Crawford of Galesburg, Illinois, one hour after being released from the Springfield, Illinois jail, March 12, was run over by the cars and released from earth.

The royal family of Germany with its various branches, is maintained at an annual cost of twenty millions.

Think of paying \$130 for a knife and scissors, but that is the auction price recently paid for Marie Antoinette's.

The artificial limb business has increased since the war which was not anticipated, but locomotives and other machines are the cause.

The Saguenay River is supposed to be the deepest stream in the world.

Although the State of Potosi in Mexico comprises but 11,000 square miles, it has every variety of climate. This is of course secured through difference in the elevation of the land.

Monkeys in Southern Mexico work with the telegraph wires.

Women at the Front.
A dispatch from Oskaloosa says that the election on Monday resulted in the choice of a city ticket composed of women for the council and a woman for mayor by sixty-six majority. They are representative women and a fine administration is looked for.

The electric belt humbug seems to grow like lightning.

Is there not in all Topeka a democrat capable of a little political judgment? If there is, he should be dragged from his cover.

The republicans commenced the campaign well planted on the color line. The democrats grew crazy and drove them upon the party line. Result about as you see it.

When Jay Gould turns letter writer he can be intensely personal. He shows up the New York Herald richly, and proves his love for James Gordon Bennett.

It said that J. R. Burton says he will nominate Ingalls for president, at the national convention. It might be well to wait until it is known that he will be a delegate.

They still keep up the Albert Griffin clatter. If Kansas has not the material for a Republican delegation to the national convention it may do to piece out with some one "formerly from Kansas."

The difference between the two parties is that the democrats don't know when they have won a victory, and the republicans don't know when they are beaten. It is a very great difference.

No brewer is a fit man for mayor of a city, says the Journal, and it should have added that no saloon keeper is a fit man for councilman. In Kansas City nearly every democratic candidate for alderman is a saloon keeper, which disgusts even the Times, and it takes a good deal of that sort of a thing to disgust it. The whiskey rings have captured both parties in that city, which they usually manage to do.

The printers' strike in Louisville is ended, and the printers are glad to get positions. A newspaper or job office that must ask a printers' union how it may manage its business, how many apprentices may be employed, how many girls, if any, and be asked to pay all men the same wages, regardless of the ability to earn equal amounts, is in a humiliating position and should shut up or institute a rebellion.

Not being a party paper the News says some things that neither a republican nor a democratic paper would say. Therefore it does not hesitate to say the speeches made last evening in favor of G. I. Curran were the merest bosh, and such as would never have been made, but for the imbecile management of the democratic side of the campaign. The very men who hustled up to Curran support at the last moment, are men who would have voted against him, and some of them have done so notwithstanding their talk. It would have suited them better if Curran could have been quietly slaughtered.

The best interests of the Craftsmen of the country do not require that employers violate every natural business law. It may be that such strikes as that of the Burlington engineers may lose the company many thousands dollars, but the men directly involved also lose more in proportion, and the business interests of the entire west must suffer. This takes with it some loss to every citizen. Say what one may, the company has its right to say what it will pay, and the men have the right to say what they will charge. These rights are equal. If they cannot agree no others should be involved.

It is now nearly certain that two of the important measures advocated and supported by the Grange will be passed by the present Congress. One reducing the postage on seeds, plants, etc., from the present rate of 16 cents per pound to 4 cents per pound has already had a test vote in the House of Representatives, with a very decided majority in its favor.

The other matter is the issuing of fractional currency for use in the mails in place of postage stamps and postal notes. It would be well, now that the victory is nearly gained, if Patrons and farmers would once more write personal letters to their Congressmen urging the passage of these bills in the interests of all the people. Specially urge upon both your U. S. Senators, as it is in the Senate that the express companies will make their greatest fight against the reduction of postage. This work cannot be done so soon.

A Grantville man fell in with a colored woman on the north side Saturday evening, sometime after the ringing of the curfew, and his charge is that she stole from him several hundred dollars, and when he wanted it back she went for him with a well sharpened razor and he got badly cut up. The woman, Geo. Parker and Frank Redmond were subsequently arrested, and a roll of nine \$20 bills was found in the street on the line of the woman's retreat. This was only a small part of the lost money however.

At this writing the election is in progress. There exists considerable party feeling all of which has been worked up within the past forty-eight hours. It is the result of gross democratic blundering, always the best friend, and the most reliable auxiliary that the republicans ever had. Three days ago G. I. Curran was overwhelmingly beaten. For three or four days after his nomination the election of Isenhart was generally conceded. There was no necessity for democratic attacks upon Curran. It was stupid folly to deny that people opposed him because he was colored. The republicans of the city were ready to defeat for this reason and no other. It was inexcusable political ignorance that induced the Democrat to get out a fac simile of Curran's writing, which in itself was not worse than half or three-fourths of the writing of Topeka voters. If the democrats had simply let Curran alone and worked only for their own candidate, party antagonism would not have been developed. Curran would surely have been defeated and the democrats have been in position, with an olive leaf in hand, to have shown the colored people that the color line does exist in the republican party, as well as in their own. With Curran defeated, the result would have been a greatly divided colored vote; a bitter feeling against republicans, and a warmer feeling towards democrats would have been engendered. As it now stands Curran may be defeated, it is probable he will be, but by the stupidity of democratic management and shrewd tactics of the republicans, they can reap no possible benefit from the result.

This utterly stupid policy of the democratic leaders is kept up to the very last moment. The latest and most useless appeal comes in official form, from the chairman of the City Central Committee, and appeared in last evening's Democrat. It is strange that such childish appeals could be made in a city of so much intelligence, and where the appealing party is in such woful minority.

The result may still be the election of a democratic police judge, but there was an infinitely greater fruit they have thrown away, and again it is evident that republican reliance upon democratic blundering is still a good staff to lean upon.

The Newark Machine Co. of Columbus, Ohio, have concluded not to dispose of their business to the Victor Machine Company as has been contemplated. Therefore, the Company have started up their factory with increased capital and are building their full line of Victor Clover Hatters, Imperial Straw Stackers, Victor Manure Spreaders, etc., which they are prepared to furnish to the trade.

We are indebted to J. S. Morse for a ride behind his fine grey Sunday afternoon which took in a part of the north side west of the avenue and some of the country to the north west. During the ride we noticed not less than twenty five new residences nearly ready for occupants. Once such trip in any direction is enough to convince one of the remarkable growth of the city outside of the business centres.

The Topeka wheel and malleable iron company have accepted the very liberal offer of Jacob Willits, and located their works on the track of land lying between the A. T. & S. F. R. R. and the K. N. & D. railroad, just south of twenty-first street. This track comprises about eighteen acres and is the best place for manufacturing in the city. Switch facilities can be had from both these great lines of railroads.

The four year old son of Irvin Breck, colored, fell into the Kan-as river at Wamego, and drowned.

Garry, son of E. S. Fell, fell into Rock creek at the entrance to Spring park at Louisville, three miles north of Wamego, and was drowned, and the body was soon recovered.

It is discovered that crookedness has been discovered in the Belvue postoffice, a package of \$150 having mysteriously disappeared from a registered envelope. For several months farmers round about Belvue have suspected that something was rotten, and they have been patronizing the Wamego postoffice, when they wished to send off money. No arrests have as yet been made.

The Topeka Brick company, incorporated last year, have purchased E. E. Bostwick's plant on the Shunganunga and will soon commence work with an increased capacity for making brick. The officers of this company are C. E. Walker, president; H. E. Belcher, vice president and treasurer; E. E. Bostwick, secretary.

The Peyton house at Silver Lake, gets its bread of Jones, its cigars of Scott, and its reading from the News.

Mrs. J. N. Henry, who has been so sorely afflicted of late, is rapidly recovering to the joy of her numerous friends.

The Industrial School.

The Industrial School and Home for Orphans is now open for the reception of children. The management expected that perhaps a half dozen might apply for admission but they open up with twenty-seven. Any donations of groceries, clothing, shoes, furniture, carpets, bedding or any thing likely to be needed in such an establishment, will be gladly received. The articles need not be new, many people have such things that could well be spared from their abundance and many doubtless would be glad to know they could bestow them and do some good. Parties having anything to give can obtain information from Mrs. B. S. Hughes of the Adams House, who belongs to the Board of Directors.

Books and Magazines.

St. Nicholas.

THE April number has frontispiece two toddlers under an umbrella, on "An April Day."

Louisa M. Alcott, in "Trudel's Siege," relates the effort of a brave little Dutch woman to tide her parents over a time of trial and shows how she succeeded through "patient, courage, and trust in God."

"The Tables Turned" is a true account of a sheep who chased wolves. A novelty is "Ham Estabrook's Can-Opener," which contains, in an interesting story, every step necessary to secure Letters Patent.

There is one of the "Aztec Fragments," by J. G. Francis, and charming poems, verses, or songs; "Handiwork for Girls," wise little "Jack in-the-Pulpit," "The Letter-box," "The Riddle-box," another prank of the "Brownies"—all illustrated.

Take the Kansas City Weekly Journal, an Eight Page—Eight Column paper, chock full of the latest happenings throughout the world, interesting letters, Miscellany, Market Reports, articles on farming, domestic affairs, etc. etc. By sending one dollar, this, the best paper in the west, will be sent postpaid, one year. By having the Journal in your family you will not express wonder or be surprised when told that Columbus is no more—you will be kept posted and ready to tell what is going on at the Capital and elsewhere—where the telegraph reaches. Try it one year. Specimen copies sent free. Address Journal An., Kansas City, Mo.

THE April St. Louis Magazine is a magnificent Western production. It contains timely illustrated papers on "Easter Offerings" and "Japan and Japanese" and "At Compiegne with Napoleon III." "The Civil War Papers" and the War Stories are rich in reminiscence; "Literary Chats, poems, Western stories "Light Moods"; Price, only 15 cents. St. Louis Magazine Co., Pubs., St. Louis, Mo.

Everybody to His Trade.

Nothing is truer than that a man who attempts to be a jack at all trades is successful in none. Equally true is it that life is too short for a man to prepare himself for grappling with all kinds of diseases. We need specialists in medicine, and in large cities it is becoming more and more the custom for physicians to adopt some favorite special line of practice. The names of many such become familiar the world around, as that of Dr. Douglas who attended General Grant, or that of Dr. Foot, of New York, whose original ideas and successful practice in chronic diseases, have become widely known because his entertaining writings and remarkable cures are to be found in almost every country of every state of the Union. His favorite work, "Plain Home Talk," has worked its way around the globe both way, via London and via San Francisco to Australia and New Zealand, with the result that the doctor, at his office, 120 Lexington Ave., New York, is in receipt of consultation letters and reports from patients in every foreign mail. But this prophet is not without honor in his own country, and it is mainly from his own country-men that Dr. Foot invites a free consultation, and to whom he offers the benefit of his thirty years experience. His career and success alone prove the advantage of specialism.

Vick's magazine, Rochester, N. Y. for April is at hand; like every thing that comes from the house of James Vick, it is full of good practical things.

Plant a tree on Arbor day, plant a holy. It is the appropriate tree for Kansas.

Already the Fourth of July boom is up in the distance and arrangements for picnics and excursions are under way.

Prescott and Gilchrist shipped yesterday another choice load of horses for the Boston market, this time over the Rock Island road.

Rev. Joseph Cook, the distinguished Boston divine, will lecture at the Grand Opera house in this city on Ap. 11 24. His subject is "Does Death End All?"

Rev. Dr. Pentleton has received a letter from Clinton B. Fisk, chairman of the reception committee of general conference of the M. E. church, to be held in New York during the month of May, stating that all the Kansas delegates will be assigned the same hotel.

THERE died at Cherryvale, recently, a tramp printer, Fred Lyman, who, forty years ago, was identified with the leading Chicago newspapers; who published the second newspaper in Iowa, and who was the first man to write up the Bender murders.

The St. Mary's Gazette says, that Charles Wolf of Topeka, was in that town this week looking for fat cattle and that he bought a car-load of fine animals of John Kiser; a noted stock man of that place. Mr. Wolf is always on the lookout for the best cattle.

The state dentists will next meet in convention, in this city. It is hoped they will have no occasion look down in the mouth while here.

Lawrence is most miserably because it has not a better Union Pacific depot. The staid old town has not much use for a depot except when it has a fair at Bismarck Grove, and then they use the little station near the gate.

Over 2,500 houses were erected in Topeka last year, costing over \$3,000,000, and the indications now are that the number and cost of buildings erected in 1888 will largely exceed that of 1887. The amount expended in manufacturing enterprises, street railways, street improvements, etc., during the year 1887 will approximate \$3,000,000.

During services at the Kansas Avenue M. E. church, last evening, some of the floral decorations on the gas fixtures took fire, and for a little while a small sized panic seemed imminent. The flames were extinguished without damage, but the birds had a narrow escape.

Facts Worth Knowing.

There are 2,754 languages. Envelopes were first used in 1839. America was discovered in 1492. A square mile contains 640 acres. Telescopes were invented in 1590. A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds. A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds. The first steel pen was made in 1830.

A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches. A span is ten and seven-eighths inches.

Watches were first constructed in 1476. The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829. Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7. Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

Modern needles first came into use in 1545. The average human life is thirty-one years.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826. The first newspaper was published in England in 1588.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652. Until 1776 cotton-spinning was performed by the hand-spinning wheel.

Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch. The first sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

The first steam engine on the continent was brought from England in 1753. The first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559.

The national colors of the United States were adopted by congress in 1777. The cost of coal burned by an ocean steamer on a trip will average \$13,000.

The sun is 92,500,000 miles from the earth. The latter receives only one two-billionth of the solar heat. The nearest fixed star is 16,000,000,000 miles distant, and takes three years for its light to reach the earth.

The wood-pile for the summer should be made ready now, at the latest.

Railway Signals.

One whistle signifies "down brakes."

Two whistles signify "off brakes." Three whistles signify "back up." Continued whistles signify "danger."

Rapid short whistles "cattle alarm." A sweeping parting of the hands on a level with the eyes, signifies "go ahead."

Downward motion of the hands with extended arms, signifies "stop." Beckoning motion of one hand, signifies "back."

Red flag waved up the track, signifies "danger."

Red flag stuck up by the roadside signifies "danger ahead."

Red flag carried on a locomotive signifies "an engine following."

Red flag hoisted at a station is a signal to "stop."

Lanterns at night raised and lowered vertically, is a signal "to start."

Lanterns swung at right angles across the track, means "stop."

Lantern swung in a circle, signifies "back the train."

Poultry Chips.

Milk makes feathers. Charcoal is good for the roup. Pure air is essential at all times. Food is wasted and birds spoiled by crowding.

The most expensive food is poor, unwholesome food. The best protection against rats and mice in the poultry-runs is a good well-trained cat.

Probably more mischief is done by lice than by disease. Wash the roosts with kerosene oil.

Salt, seasoned to taste, is excellent for poultry, but when fed in excess is injurious, says a leading fancier.

The reason the hen that steals her nest always hatches well is that she is not too fat, and every egg has the same vitality.

Is it strange that the eggs of hens fed on the manure heap, and compelled to drink the barnyard water have a "peculiar" flavor?

The importation of live hogs or hog products from Denmark and Sweden, has been prohibited by our government, because of a contagious disease prevailing among the swine there.

ST. JACOBS OIL

FOR SORE THROAT.

Malignant Sore Throat is very prevalent among the people of India.

Mr. E. A. PEREIRA, Head Inspector Post Offices, Calcutta, India, writes over his autograph here shown:

"Instantaneous relief in Throat troubles in the Campbell Hospital was obtained by St. Jacobs Oil. Was myself cured by it."

— Sold by —
DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
The Chas. A. Vogel Co., BALTIMORE, MD.

Early potatoes will bring high prices.

The earlier oats can be sown the better.

In France drying potatoes is an extensive industry. Young scorpions are articles of food in Mexico.

Very young children should be taught to plant seeds. The Southern States anticipate a large vegetable crop.

Great Britain is greatly increasing its ensilage business. Rabbits are reported to be doing serious damage in Arizona.

The Louisiana strawberry crop is the largest ever known. South America will probably export less wool this year than last.

8,000,000 sheep skins are sold annually by fifty firms in Boston. Neatness is an important requisite in the care and handling of butter.

Early sown winter wheat is reported to be doing uncommonly well. The threshing of corn, stalks and all, is daily becoming more popular.

It is best to select native potatoes, and avoid foreign potatoes for seed. All farm work should be planned in advance of its being undertaken.

A corner of every garden should be reserved for the growing of "pot herbs."

The custom of bagging pears, plums and grapes is excellent it judiciously followed.

It is almost time to plant peas. Be sure to have some sweet peas ready to plant, too.

The good effect of the Grange and the Farmers' Club, is being felt all over the world.

In planning, be sure to remember to arrange both for a vegetable and flower garden.

In selecting your roses get the best hybrid perpetual. They will give most pleasure.

New Orleans is already shipping large quantities of early cabbages all over the country.

Don't select all the disagreeable bits of work for the boys you wish to keep on the farm.

Sick hens should be taken from the rest of the brood, and be carefully cared for separately.

Make certain that your seed is clean. There is nothing more disastrous than sowing foul seed.

Straight rows in a sown field look better and are easier to cultivate than those sown irregularly.

Ice cream and strawberry festivals are now common in Florida. A thousand Iowa women own and personally attend to their farms.

A poor half starved goat found at the bottom of a shaft of the Balm Lode Mine, near Butte, M. T., explains the theory held by the miners that the place was haunted.

A Tipton county farmer raised of one acre of land more than a hundred barrels of sweet apples, which netted him more than \$150.

Cover unsightly places with vines. Where grape-vines will not serve, there are many annual vines that can be easily grown.

The first sheep imported into the United States it is said, were brought to Jamestown, Virginia, in 1609, and to Massachusetts in 1633.

Many laboring men complain that they are too poor to supply their tables with fruit, who find a way to supply whiskey for themselves.

Two-thirds of the misery occasioned by disease from which animals suffer, could have been prevented had the owner given them proper care.

In parts of Brazil emancipation is progressing rapidly. One million boxes of raisins will probably be produced at Fresno, California this season.

TO MOTHER.

BY SUSIE R. KENNEDY.

When twilight deepens o'er the vale
And robins trill their sweet good night,
When hills aglow from sunset rays
Seem losing all their golden light,
When hushed is labor's busy sound
Mid dark'ning shadows soft and gray,
Then, mother, will thou think of me
From childhood's home so far away?
I love to watch the changing tints
Of sunset clouds on heaven's blue dome
As often when a merry child
I watched them o'er the hills at home.
Thou knowest well that Time, since then,
Has brought full many a change to me.
But through them all, I still have kept
A warm place in my heart for thee.
Then, mother mine, when sunset tints
Are fading from the western sky,
And glistening drops of falling dew
Upon the meadow grasses lie;
When gentle night winds wander past,
And shadows creep across the sea,
I think that thou wilt not forget
To send a loving thought to me.
—Cottage Hearth.

Jealous Jack.

BY WILLIAM G. PATTEN.

"You are not going out to-night, are you, Jack?"

There was a beseeching, half-reproachful ring to Mamie's voice.

For a few moments Jack, who was standing in front of the mirror, arranging his cravat, did not reply. Finally, he said:

"Only for a little while, dear. I will return by twelve."

"By twelve! Oh, Jack!"

Her voice broke in a half-sob. Jack scowled at his own reflection, but said nothing.

"I wish you wouldn't go to-night," she ventured.

"But you see I must," he declared.

"I have promised Charley Bates."

"Charley Bates! But where are you going with him? Jack, you know that he has a bad name. People say that he does not treat his wife well and that he sometimes flirts with other women. Please don't go with him."

"Oh, bother what people say! If a young married man looks at a woman other than his wife, he makes food for the gossips. As for me, I don't think much of this being tied hand and foot."

Having expressed himself thus, Jack proceeded to quietly don his great coat and hat.

"There is a masquerade over the river," he said, as he paused by the door. "Charley and I may look in."

Jack was a little cruel in saying this, for he had no intention of going to the masquerade. He merely wished to plague his little wife.

Mamie's eyes flashed now.

"Why do you never take me to a ball?" she exclaimed. "You never take me anywhere now."

"Oh, someone must mind the baby," said Jack, carelessly. "Good-bye," and, without kissing her, Jack went out.

As he thought over what he had said, Jack was not a little ashamed of himself for attempting to tease his sweet little wife. He realized that it was hard enough for her to remain at home and mind the baby without feeling that he was at the scene of the gay masquerade. But with his old friend and college chum, Jack soon forgot his remorseful thoughts.

It was much later than he intended that it should be when he reached home that night. He found the door locked, but let himself in with a key.

A great surprise was in store for Jack, for he found the house deserted. His calls for Mamie failed to elicit a response other than that echoed back by the empty rooms.

Jack quickly arrived at a conclusion. "She has gone to the ball," he muttered, "thinking that she would find him there, she has left the baby at one of the neighbors', and gone to the masquerade."

A few moments later Jack was in the street, hurrying toward the hall where the masquerade was to take place. He reached the hall and found it a scene of brilliant gaiety. The floor was covered with merry dancers, and the lively strains of music floated through the open windows out upon the cool, night air.

From a secluded spot Jack watched the forms of the masqueraders as they swept by. Eagerly he scanned every female figure. Soon a muttered exclamation burst from his lips.

"There she is," he muttered, as his eyes followed the graceful figure of a female attired in the star-gemmed, sombre robes of night. "I believe that I would know that form among ten thousand."

In no pleasant humor he watched her as she glided gracefully over the floor. Her partner was a tall, slender fellow, dressed in a costume intended to represent an Italian brigand. To Jack it seemed that she bestowed many coy looks upon her graceful partner, and he could almost catch her low tones as she spoke softly to him.

With feverish haste, Jack hurried away; but he soon returned en masque.

A waltz was in progress, and Jack soon discovered the familiar form attired in sombre star-gemmed robes. And again her partner was the Italian brigand. Jack's teeth came together with a click.

"Hang that fellow!" he breathed, fiercely. "Who is he, anyway? and what does she mean by allowing him to pay such marked attentions to her?"

Jack was growing jealous. With

growing impatience he waited until the waltz was over, and then at once sought out the dark-robed female. With a simple inclination of her head she consented to favor him with the next dance. They were soon on the floor.

At every opportunity, Jack ventured some remark and endeavored to draw his companion into conversation, but he could only draw forth low, indistinct murmurs. More than once Jack fancied that his companion's eyes were fastened on the form of the Italian brigand. Gradually Jack grew more angry and jealous.

At the close of the dance he succeeded in leading his partner to a secluded alcove.

"I think we had better go home, Mamie," he said, as soon as they were alone.

His companion did not reply, but gazed at him in surprise.

"Oh, you can't deceive me!" Jack declared. "I know you, Mamie. I am your husband, Jack—see."

With these words he removed his mask. The female drew back.

"No, you don't!" and with these words, he quickly snatched the mask away from her face, only to utter a cry of surprise and drop it to the floor.

The face revealed was not his wife's, but that of an utter stranger. Without stopping to apologize, Jack fled from the spot.

Shortly after, as he hurried along the street towards home he muttered:

"What a confounded fool I have been! I ought to have known Mamie better than this. She thought that I had gone to the ball, and being lonesome, probably went to some of the neighbor's—to Fanny Rowe's."

And so it proved. He found Mamie and the baby at a neighbor's, and soon got them home. For fear of being laughed at, he never told his little wife of this affair, but she soon became aware that something had wrought a change in him, for he remained at home more evenings and never again did he attempt to tease her out of pure malice.—*Yankee Blade*.

His Two Wives.

President Chauncey M. Depew, of the New York Central Railroad, was asked what he thought about the proposition of the National Travelers' Protection Association, that all companies should issue interchangeable 5,000-mile tickets. He said the difficulty would be that the tickets would fall into the hands of the scalpers, and be by them resold in sections.

"But the idea is to make each purchaser of such a ticket first prove his membership in the Commercial Travelers' Association," said the interviewer, "and then stick a photograph of his face on the ticket, so that conductors could not refuse to accept when presented by the man portrayed—wouldn't that overcome the difficulty?"

"Hardly, I think," said Mr. Depew, "because the photograph wouldn't be an infallible guide. Suppose a drummer should take a notion to shave off his mustache or whiskers, what would become of the likeness then? Why, I heard once of a festive drummer whose semi-annual tour extended from this city to San Francisco. He had one wife on the Atlantic coast and another on the Pacific. While at this end of the trip he was beardless, soon after starting out on his commercial journey he let his mustache grow. Along about Chicago his upper lip sustained a handsome growth of hair, and in that city he figured in a section of society as a gay bachelor. From that point westward he ceased to shave altogether, and by the time he reached San Francisco he presented himself to his other wife with heavy whiskers. The precaution almost saved him from the trouble that ever results from bigamy. Suspicions were aroused and inquiry made. But an exchange of their husbands' photographs by the wives seemed to show no resemblance between the hairless face of the New Yorker and the hairy face of the San Franciscan. If some traitorous fellow craftsman had not divulged the secret of this man's plan it would have worked successfully."

"But does your story prove conclusively—"

"That the National Travelers' Association's scheme of 6,000-mile tickets, protected against transfer by portraits, is not feasible? Not conclusively, perhaps, but I don't think it will work unless each buyer of such a ticket binds himself to maintain his whiskers, or his lack of them, without a shade of alteration."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A Narrow Escape.

I was at a wedding. The guests filed slowly through the room where the presents were displayed, and each gazed in wonder at the one that lay above them all.

"How good of him!" was echoed.

"O, father, how could you!" said the bride as she saw it, and fell blushing on his neck.

"Never mind," he said, in choked accents, "you deserve it."

Three hours later, when all was still and the room deserted, he stole in in his slippers, drawing short, quick breaths as he approached the wonder-causing gift. Then he clutched it, crumpled it in his eager, nervous grasp and threw it in the stove.

"Saved!" he gasped. "Saved from beggary and ruin!" and he went back to bed.

It was an order for a ton of coal.—*New York Sun*.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Some More of Mr. Bowser's Incon-sistencies.

Mr. Bowser had been reading for half an hour one evening, when he put down his paper glanced around the walls, and finally said:

"I was over to Johnson's this afternoon to see his horse."

"Not with a view of buying, Mr. Bowser?"

"Suppose it was or wasn't? I presume I am of age."

"Oh, certainly, but you know how dreadfully we were deceived in that last horse."

"We were deceived? Not much! You were taken in and done for, but I wasn't fooled in the least."

"But you bought him, and he turned out to be blind in one eye and all spavined up."

"Certainly, but I bought him for a blind and spavined horse. If any one can fool me on a horse he is welcome to."

"Well I hope you didn't buy of Johnson."

"You needn't worry. You've taken on so about horses that I shall never buy another one. Johnson invited me into the house."

"Did he?"

"Certainly, and I guess it was a plan to make me ashamed of my own home."

"Why, Mr. Bowser."

"You needn't Mr. Bowser me. If I had a wife like Mrs. Johnson I should be a happy man. She's smarter than a streak of summer lightning."

In what respect?"

"In all respects. She has been taking lessons in elocution, and she reads to me beautifully. If you would only take a few lessons in reading instead of dawdling around with some two-shilling rug I might have occasion to be proud of you."

"I have been waiting for you to take lessons in oratory, Mr. Bowser."

"What! What's that. Be a little careful of your language, Mrs. Bowser! I may not be an orator, but I know something about pronunciation, and I can read a short paragraph without getting my tongue twisted in a hard knot. Mrs. Johnson also showed me some of her paintings."

"Does she paint?"

"Beautifully. She is one of the finest artists in Michigan. Their parlor walls are covered with her work, and she may feel proud of her talents. While you have been reading novels with your old wrapper on she has gone at it and become an artist. She also showed me some fancy tidies which were just lovely. She had worked in some deer-heads which were as natural as life."

"Well, I'm sorry that I haven't done better," I said pretending to wipe away a tear.

"Oh, you needn't cry over it, Mrs. Bowser," he replied. "All people can't be alike, you know. Mrs. Johnson happened to be gifted while you were not. You are not to blame for it. I suppose there are some men in this world smarter than I am."

"Do you really?"

"Well, ahem—well, I was using that in an illustrative sense you know! Don't feel bad, Mrs. Bowser. There are some good points about you, even if you are not smart."

In about a week I was ready for him. I couldn't hope to "elocute" successfully in that brief time, but I hunted around and found where Mrs. Johnson got the loan of the patterns for her tidies. I brought the originals out and out, and then I found that all her paintings were copies from pictures in an artist's studio. I hired three of the finest for a week, and one evening when Mr. Bowser came home to tea I said to him:

"Mr. Bowser, I know I am thick-headed and wear No. 5 shoes, and I don't blame you for sometimes getting discouraged with me."

"What's up now?" he asked as he looked around.

"But nevertheless, I am not a hopeless case," I continued. "I have two or three tidies and two or three paintings I want to show you. It has been a secret with me for many months, but I know you'll forgive me for not giving you a hint."

"Mrs. Bowser have you gone and—"

"I'm afraid I'm not much of an artist, but good critics have been pleased to comment very favorably upon my work. Come into the parlor, Mr. Bowser."

"If you've gone and made a fool of yourself don't expect any praise from me! What do you call these?"

"Tidies, my dear."

"Horse blankets, you mean! And you've spoiled them at that! So that's the way you've wasted your time and money, is it?"

"Aren't they as nice as those you saw at Mrs. Johnson's?"

"Humph! Is there any comparison between a rose and a Hubbard squash?"

"Well what about my paintings?"

"Paintings? Oh, yes. You furnished an old sheet, I suppose, and hired a house-painter to lay on the colors. How much did he charge per day?"

"What is wrong with those paintings, Mr. Bowser? Give me your criticism of this ocean scene."

"Is that what you call it? Well, who ever saw water that color? And look

at those clouds! Why, nobody can say whether they are clouds or table-cloths! Mrs. Bowser, I'm sorry for you."

"Anything wrong with that landscape?"

"Is there anything right? The artist who called that a landscape, and who took your money for learning you to paint it ought to be in State Prison!"

"Isn't it as good as Mrs. Johnson's?"

"Isn't it? Mrs. Bowser, am I blind in both eyes?"

"I hope not."

"Do I lie in a cave, and do the owls hoot about my ears?"

"Of course not."

"Then don't take me for either a blind man nor a green horn. Those paintings of Mrs. Johnson's are paintings. You see the real artist in every touch. These are simply dabbs, and I doubt if I could get a tea store man to give them away with a pound of fifteen cent hay seed. No, Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but some one has basely imposed on your credulity. After supper I will take those burlesques down and carry 'em out behind the pig-pen."

After supper I told him the true facts in the case. He would not believe me until he had paid another visit to Johnson's, and until he had the word of the artist, and then he gave me one drawn out look, which seemed to be composed of bullets, bombshells and dynamite, and went over and kissed the baby and said:

"You poor little thing, how my heart does bleed for you! What a dreadful thing it is to be motherless."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Using Up a Pack of Wolves.

One day George Starr and Bert Manne were doing the lumber camps on the north shore, says *The Cheboygan (Mich.) Democrat*. They had been hoofing it all day on snow-shoes, and darkness had settled over the wilderness. A little animal ran across their track and stopped. When they got up to it suddenly increase enormously in size and turned out to be a porcupine. As it would not get out of the way Bert shot it, and, from a sudden and providential, it afterward turned out, instinct, he tied a string to its tail and attached the other end to his belt and started off again. The party had not gone far when they were startled by the yelping of a dozen wolves on their trail, and as the wolves were fast gaining on them they decided that the best way would be to skin up a tree, and see if the wolves would not leave, and they lost no time in putting the idea into execution. In getting up a tree they lost their revolvers and were in a pretty fix. They knew not what to do, as the wolves had squatted on their haunches around the tree and seemed bent on making a night of it.

Finally, George saw the porcupine and said, "Pass up that animal and I'll few 'em." Very carefully the hedgehog was passed up and George would pull out a quill bend it up in a big chew of tobacco and throw it to the wolves, which seemed to be very hungry and snapped up the morsels and swallowed them without tasting, like old land sharks as they were. After a few minutes half the wolves had swallowed huge chews of tobacco, which apparently made them deathly sick, and as they tried to throw up the stuff the poisonous quills got loose and caught in their throat or stomach.

Then they got frantic and pitched into each other, stung to incredible ferocity by the pains they suffered, and in half an hour instead of a dozen wolves there was only one left, and a quantity of fur and bones. Then George fell out of the tree laughing, and as he tumbled he uttered a blood curdling yell or series of yells which for a moment unsettled the wolf's nerves, and before he could rally George got his revolver and put an end to the beast. It was a close shave.

An Intelligent Dog.

The writer saw an instance of intelligence on the part of a dog the other day, says *The Boston Transcript*, which was very remarkable as uniting a high degree of politeness with excellent understanding. Crossing the terry from east Boston he noticed, sitting on one side of the passageway, a gentleman who was accompanied by an immense and very handsome St. Bernard dog. Directly opposite were two young ladies who could not restrain their admiration for the dog, and made evident signs of a desire to be friendly with him. The dog, however looked at his master and declined to budge. But presently the gentleman remarked quietly, "Go over and see the ladies," whereupon the animal moved promptly across the passageway and wagged his tail amiably while the young ladies patted his head and raved over him.

But presently came the remarkable exhibition of politeness referred to. The wharf was reached and the passengers rose and moved toward the street cars. One of the young women carried a basket, and this basket the dog insisted upon taking in his mouth. The lady gave it to him and he walked proudly toward the car with it, casting a glance at his master, who remained standing on the platform. He entered the street-car with the basket, deposited it in the lap of the young lady when she had seated herself, and then winked ponderously and rejoined his master. It was a clear case of a friendly service courteously performed.

PUNGENT POINTS.

There is considerable difference between a punny poem and a funny poem. One is and the other isn't.—*New York Graphic*.

There is so much chin music among the pugilists nowadays that it would be a good idea to settle all future prize-fights by arbitration.—*Pittsburgh Post*.

If liquor should be sold at the coming dog show would the dispenser of liquors be called a whine clerk or a bark keeper?—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Don't size up a man by the thickness of his roll. He may have a \$2-bill of uncertain pedigree wrapped around a section of rag-carpet.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Dr. Hammond says that death is not a necessity. But people will go right on using it just the same, some as a convenience and others as a luxury.—*Buffalo Express*.

Utah is knocking loudly for admission into the union. Nothing should avail except a ticket inscribed as were Artemus Ward's free passes to his lecture on the Mormons—"Admit bearer and one wife."—*Teas Siftings*.

"Johnnie, what business do you expect to engage in when you are a man?" "Oh, I'll be a colonel like pop and write articles about the late war." "But you won't be able to; you never saw the late war." "Neither did pop."—*Lincoln Journal*.

The campaign song has already begun to make its polka-dot appearance in the pages of the American press. Pretty soon the baleful straw-vote fiend will break into publicity, and then the question of whether life is worth living will possess a new importance.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"I'll have to ask you for an increase in my salary," said a Pittsburgh clerk to his employer this morning. "Why, you had an advance the first of the year." "I know; but you see my wife is attending some cooking lectures and cooking according to recipes."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

If Sullivan had knocked Mitchell out in thirty-eight rounds the American people could have stood it, as a delicate compliment to the thirty-eight states of the union; but the evidence goes to show that it was not until the last moment Sullivan realized that Dakota was still out in the cold.—*Peoria Transcript*.

A Washington belle who went west to teach the young Indian idea how to shoot is to marry one of her buck pupils. By the time she is drawing fire-wood for the family tepee, with a papoose or two strapped to her back, she will realize that the noble red man lives only in Cooper's novels.—*Peoria Transcript*.

A New York oculist says that what is known as the "cigarette eye" is becoming common. Its symptoms are dimness caused by a film-like gathering over the iris and pupil which appears and disappears at intervals. Only cigarette-smokers are troubled with it. If not arrested blindness becomes inevitable.—*Cincinnati Times*.

Extract from current novel: "And when Godfrey discovered the ominous words 'Danger! Beware!' it seemed that he would turn to stone." Godfrey was evidently a good man and tried to obey the injunction to beware. It was easier to be stoneware than any other kind; though, if he was as big a blockhead as most novel heroes, he might have become woodenware.—*Binghamton Republican*.

"My beloved brethren," announced a preacher from his pulpit, "on Sabbath morning next a collection will be taken up for our blessed Fiji mission." "Amen!" rang fervently through the congregation. "And I would add," went on the preacher impressively, "that amens, however resonant and sincere, make but little rattle in the contribution-box. Let us unite in prayer."—*New York Sun*.

Signing the Contract.

"You will have the kindness to sign your name here, mademoiselle," said the old clerk delighted with his evolution and the fluency of his rendition of the contract.

The young men from the office pressed forward alertly under fear of the awful possibility of being overlooked. The ladies and gentlemen rose from their seats, and all advanced toward the center table, where a space was being cleared for the signing.

The young girl took the pen, which had been dipped in ink, and waited for the papers to be straightened out and pressed flat.

"Here, on this line, mademoiselle." She placed her hand where he pointed and bent over.

"No! no!" she cried, straightening herself, holding the document in her hand. Her face became red as she heard her weak, thin voice trying to steady itself into audibility in the room full of strange faces.

"No! no! I can not sign it! I will not sign it! I do not wish it! I refuse! I give nothing. I will take nothing! Nothing!"

She forced her lips, trembling convulsively, to utter what her voice was resolutely proclaiming in her breast. "I give nothing but love! I want nothing but love," and the elaborate act, the notarial work of a week fell in long, thin strips to the floor.

There was a sudden decline in the value of bonds and stocks and landed investments. Madame Montyon's hillock of gold disappeared for once from before her eyes, leaving them staring at blank poverty.—*Miss Grace King, in New Princeton Review*.

ADVICE TO FATHERS.

I can look back down the lane of the past and see where my father failed to hit the nail on the head in managing his boys, albeit no one can doubt he did what he thought for the best. There comes a day in every boy's life when he wants to be a pirate. It looks silly to us grown folks, but that boy is in dead earnest. It's no way to grab him by the collar and rush him to the wood shed and bang him around and growl: "Want to be a pirate, do you? Want to go around cutting throats and scuttling ships, eh? Want to have a rendezvous up some lagoon and boss a band of Spanish cut-throats? Now, boy, I'm going to lick you within an inch of your life!"

If my boy caught the pirate fever I should call him in and kindly say: "Now, James, I did want to make a lawyer of you, but pirating is the next thing to it, and I am not going to scold. If you bend your energies to the task you will climb to the top and become a boss pirate. I should like to buy you a Cunarder and start you off in first-class shape, but unfortunately for us both I am poor. The best I can do is to give you a dollar in cash, and you may take along the butcher knife, my old pistol and most anything else you think will come handy. Write to us as often as you can, boy, letting us know how many treasure galleons you have captured to date, and how the general crops promise in your section, and when adversity overtakes you, and you want \$6 or \$7 to pay your fare back to the old roof-tree, don't hesitate to telegraph me."

If the boy attempted to back out after this talk I should rather insist upon his going. If he could be induced to travel off about ten miles, and to put in a night in a fence corner or a straw stack, he would return next day so changed that you'd have to look at him twice to know him. He'd find such a difference between commanding a pirate ship in his mind and crowding up to a rail fence to keep the shivers off that a new page in the book of life would be open to him.

If I had a boy who had read of green islands and wrecked sailors until he could shut his eyes and see parrots and monkeys and cocoanuts and waving palms—if he had firmly made up his mind that he never could be happy until cast away on an island and reduced to a goat-skin overcoat, I should take him out behind the barn and say: "My son, I see you are not happy, you evidently hunger for something which my limited means will not permit me to tote home. I think you want to be wrecked. Very well. There's the river and an old skiff, and you can find an island a few miles down. Get two or three pieces of tarred rope, a plug of navy tobacco and a fish hook, and go on with the wrecking business. If you like it, come home at the end of a week and I'll send you out to the Pacific, where the mosquitoes are bigger and the cannibals more numerous."

If the boy went I should look for him back next morning—certainly at the end of two days, and when he got back the subject should be taboo forever.

It is perfectly natural for every boy to yearn for the deep blue sea and the life of a sailor. He hasn't the least idea that a sailor has anything to do but sit around the captain and spin yarns and answer, "Aye! aye! sir!" when the captain calls out the name of Jack Brace. He therefore desires to go to sea and visit foreign countries and come home with the bronze on his cheek and a roll to his gait. Don't give your boy a chance to run away. When the signs become plain have your plans all perfected and be ready to say:

"James, anybody could tell by the way you handle a clothesline that you were born for a nautical cut to your job, and it is plain enough that the bounding billow is your true element. I have arranged for you to make a trip on the lakes, and will then help you get a berth on an Indiaman. Be all ready to-morrow morning, James."

I'd put him aboard of a schooner bound, say, from Oswego to Chicago, and I'd forward money to Chicago for him to come home by the rail. If the money wasn't there he'd come home on foot. With the dark, damp fore-castle—the sea sickness—the curses and rope-endings from the mate—the pulling and hauling—grease and tar buckets, he'd land in Chicago feeling that it would be a privilege indeed to live on turnip at home and sleep in the garret on a straw bed. I've been right there, and I know.

No father should be surprised if his boy develops a yearning to become a mighty mimrod. There is something highly fascinating in the idea of knocking over buffaloes, lions, tigers, elephants and giraffes, and successful encounters with alligators and boa constrictors. It makes one's mouth water to think of juicy antelope steaks and buffalo sirlon, and the boy who doesn't want to be a hunter must be lame or blind. When the signs begin to crop out the father should be ready. Take the boy out and sit down on a log with him and say:

"James, it's a burning shame for me to keep you around home here and spoil your whole future. I came across a bar of lead, half a pound of salt and a loaf of bread which you secreted in the oat bin yesterday as a starter for going West. There's no need of any slyness, my son. I want you to go. I shall be proud of you if you become a great hunter. I'll lend you the shot gun and two horse blankets and a frying-pan, and help you carry 'em to the

nearest piece of woods. If you'll stay there three days and nights, then I'll fit you out and send you to the Black Hills."

How long would he stay? He'd be almost certain to come sneaking into the back door before bed time, but if he put it off until the morning so much the better. He'd have the whole night in which to turn pale, look about with wild eyes, shiver at every sound, hold his breath at the hoot of an owl, and to promise himself over and over again: "Just let me live 'till morning and I hope to die if I ever leave home again."—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.*

The Fox Hunting Judge.

Rather a good story used to be told by Justice Porter, a well known legal bonvivant of Dublin. It concerns a rare old Irish judge on the northwest circuit, who loved the hunting field more than he did the stupid, sleepy court room. His clerk was like minded, and a joyous pair they made.

One fine morning the clerk whispered to the judge:

"Yer honor, old Billy Duane's meet's to-day at Ballykillmulligan, an' they've a fine dog fox."

"How many's in the dock?" asked the judge excitedly.

"Twenty, for rioting and breach of promise, yer honor."

"Tom," said the judge, "do you think you can get the first fellow to plead guilty without a jury trial, and me to let him off with a week in jail?"

"The easiest thing in the world," answered the faithful clerk.

"Make haste, then, and bring the whole gang; and, I say, Tom, tell Jerry to saddle the mare meanwhile."

The twenty Fenians were brought into the court—a defiant gang, nineteen of them prepared to fight with counsel and jury to the bitter end. The twentieth had been interviewed by the clerk. He was called.

"Guilty or not guilty of the crime charged?" demanded the judge, with a propitious smile.

"Guilty, yer honor," said the crafty prisoner.

"Well," said the judge, glancing benevolently about the room, "I fancy I can let you off with a week."

The man thanked the judge and stepped down to the bailiff. There was a terrific sensation among the other defendants. Why, none of them expected to get off with less than five years in limbo. Here was a chance to profit by 'his honor's' pleatant mood. One and all manifested an earnest desire to follow the example of their comrade and acknowledge the crimes in a batch.

"Do you all plead guilty?" demanded the judge eagerly.

"We do!" shouted the enthusiastic nineteen, in chorus.

"Fourteen year's transportation apiece," exclaimed the judge, with a click of his jaw—"Jerry, is the mare saddled yet?"

The above cheerful anecdote has been making the rounds of the press for some time. The legal fraternity find it exquisitely comical. The judge's craft in humbugging those poor fellows strikes the average lawyer as being irresistibly amusing. Legal gentlemen are in the habit of finding fun in queer quarters.

Dickens hit off this peculiarity after his own matchless manner, in relating the close of the great Chancery suit of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce. The lawyers rush from the court-room roaring with laughter. A bystander asks, "As that long drawn case at last over, and what is the verdict?" "No verdict," responds an attorney, "the costs have eaten up the entire estate," and then goes off into convulsions of merriment, while upstairs a fair young man is reeling under his death blow.

The judge in the above story would disgrace an ordinary chain gang.—*Farmers Voice.*

Pretty Tough on Abstainers.

A guest at the Planter's yesterday, while performing some necessary ablutions, was led to perpetrate some sarcastic remarks concerning St. Louis water.

"Why, over in Cincinnati, you know, I thought the water dem'd yellow, you know, but it wasn't a circumstance to this. It is full of beautiful red clay, but after an hour or two it settles, and the upper third is slightly moist. But this stuff holds the foreign matter in solution. I don't see how you are going to close your saloons in this city as long as such stuff as this represents the aqua pura."—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Dreadful Threat.

An Austin colored man, with protruding eyes, rushed in Justice Tegener's office and exclaimed:

"I want Col. Jones who libs nex door to me, put under a million dollars bonds ter keep de peace."

"Has he threatened your life?"

"He has done dat berry ding. He said he war g'wine to fill the nex nig-gah he found after dark, in his hen-house, plum full ob buckshot."—*Texas Siftings.*

Brief and to the Point.

"Howard," said the city editor, last Monday night, to the reporter who had been to the French ball at the Metropolitan, "in writing up the woman's fancy costumes let them be brief."

"That will suit me, exactly," replied Howard. "They will stand that style; none of them were long, and of some of them there was nothing."—*Mr. Grundy.*

CONGRESSMEN'S BLUNDERS.

A Lot of Funny Mistakes Made by Members of the House.

The New York Tribune has a correspondent who has taken notes in the two houses of Congress of what does not go into the Record. To read it would be a good lesson for a student of logic, elocution or English grammar. In most of examples given it is carelessness in the use of the language rather than ignorance.

A lesson on tautology: Belford, "the red-headed rooster of the Rockies," as he was called, pointed to a fellow member after having demolished him, and said: "There he sits, mute, silent and dumb," when a witty member sitting near by said: "And he ain't saying a word."

The same red-headed gentleman once rose and said: "I move this House adjourn sine die." The laugh that followed brought the "rooster" to his feet again, and he said: "I move this House do now adjourn bona fide."

The uproar lasted some seconds, when then gentleman came to his own relief and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I move that this House adjourn in the common way it always does."

Congressman Bingham speaks rapidly, and the other day in debate he said:

"Now as to the question of this matter being effected by this question."

Whereupon a Congressman from Pennsylvania said that reminded him of a speech made in the Legislature of Texas, when Davy Crockett was a member. The member rose and said: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general is disposed to take advantage of the generality of mankind in general."

"Sof down," said Davy Crockett; "you old fool, you come out of the same hole you went in at."

Mr. Taubee, in an earnest speech, said: "Now let each man work together."

A member close by said, "Yes, be he either man or woman."

Senator Vest was describing the limited means of the postoffice in Kansas City, and said: "Why Mr. President, I have seen waiting at the delivery window of ladies half a mile long."

Senator Vance rose and said: "Mr. President, I wish to inquire if that is the usual length of the ladies in Missouri?"

In distributing time Mr. Gallinger, temporarily in the chair, said: "I give three gentlemen to the minutes from Kansas."

And Mr. Carlisle, when tellers are appointed, directs the members to pass "through" instead of between the tellers.

Mr. Ingalls, the other day recognized Senator Hale, of Maine, as the Senator from Hale, and in a fit of absent-mindedness, when his colleague, Senator Plumb, rose to speak he recognized him in the usual greeting of the cloak room, simply by the word "Plumb."

Herbert, of Alabama, began a speech: "If all the gentlemen who have spoken on the other side." And a member from Pennsylvania speaking of the boys in the mines, said: "It will do personal violence to their constitutional health."

Crain, of Texas, said: "This is an organic change of law."

Reagan said: "This thing must be stopped undecidedly."

Mr. Bland said: "I returned back home."

Timothy Campbell said: "Lynch was the baldest-headed man in the House."

Such expressions as "has come" "has saw" and "bonny fide" are common.

Mr. McMillin, with his fist clenched said: "I will show the gentleman from Illinois something."

Mr. Brumm said: "It is a matter to be decided between he and his employes."

O'Neal, of Indiana, spoke of a law as coming down upon us through the crucible of time.

Cox asked how it came through a crucible, but the Hoosier refused to be interrupted.

Senator Harris said in debate the other day: "I make this statement in bona fide good faith."

The Big Gun Nearly Completed.

Comfortably tucked up in the annealing furnace the cast-steel wheel gun which is to defend the fair fame of Pittsburg's manufacturing enterprise is going the final stages of operation which softens, toughens, and renders the casting more ductile. It will be taken out next week and mounted upon a carriage to show its proportions, get the finishing touches, and will be shipped to Washington on Tuesday, the 20th, for trial, which Mr. Hainesworth hopes will be as speedy as possible. He is having constructed a model section of the English gun made, 111 tons, which is of the built-up pattern and composed of forty-five pieces, the lines indicating the position of each separate piece. This gun is 10-inch bore, 43 feet long, and the model will show the actual size, beside which the Pittsburg gun will be placed for comparison. The English gun's velocity is 2,100 feet, while that of the cast-steel gun is 2,000 feet, guaranteed and must exceed it, and the difference in cost, quality of material, and relative usefulness as weapons of offense with facility of handling, will be made apparent. The biggest English gun thirty years ago weighed 5 tons, was 10 inches in bore, and only 128 inches in length.—*Pittsburgh Times.*

Disorders of the Ear.

A correspondent in Iowa who had bought and used without benefit two different appliances for the benefit of the hearing, writes, "Do you know anything that will do for the ears what spectacles do for the eyes?"

There are defects of the sense of sight which are helped not at all, or only partially, by glasses; others only by special appliances; but most of such defects come under the head of shortsightedness, or the far-sightedness of age. Both of these are readily and perfectly relieved.

The organ of hearing however, is very complex, delicate, and peculiarly exposed to harmful and even destructive disorders. There are three divisions, the external, the middle and the internal ear. The canal of the ear may be plugged up with hardened wax, the ear drum may be perforated, ulcerated or thickened by inflammation. In the middle of the ear is a series of little connected bones—the "mallet," the "anvil" and the "stirrup"—the first of which played upon by the ear drum, and transmits its vibrations to the internal ear.

Inflammation or ulceration may impair or destroy the transmitting power of these little bones. Moreover, there has to be a free communication between the air of the middle ear and that outside. This is effected by an open tube (Eustachian), which extends from it to the mouth; but this is liable to be closed up by inflammation, acute or chronic.

The internal ear, with an arrangement of nerves incomparably more wonderful in power than a harp with a thousand strings, is hid away for security in a chamber of solid bone. Its disorders are severe and difficult of cure.

The ear is much exposed to harm; to inflammation from cold winds blowing on it, from water getting into it while bathing, to bursting of the ear drum from boxing the ear, or from the effect of loud explosions, to destructive inflammations extending to it along the Eustachian tube in cases of scarlet fever, diphtheria or other forms of malignant sore throat. It is plain that the case of the eye and ear is quite different.

Deafness from hardened ear-wax can be readily removed by the extraction of the wax. This trouble is very common. Deafness due to age can be greatly helped by a good ear trumpet.

Broken ear drums may readily heal up, as readily as a cut finger. Others, more badly perforated, may heal up with medical aid, or artificial drums may be substituted. Even the little bones of the middle ear, which have been displaced by disease, can often be brought into place again, or if rendered useless may be removed, and the hearing greatly improved, sometimes almost wholly restored.

In every case it is desirable that the ear should be examined by an expert aurist, and the character of the trouble exactly determined.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Beginning of the End.

Notwithstanding the whistling to keep up courage that is heard in the camp of the self-discharged engineers, there it is evident that the interference with the traffic of the Burlington system will soon cease. The men engaged in that interference have nothing to gain by continuing it. They must be satisfied that they can not prevent the company from securing an adequate force. They must also be satisfied that they can not accomplish much by the unlawful boycott method. The decision of the engineers on the Pan-Handle and Fort Wayne roads when the situation was clearly explained to them very plainly shows that the boycott on the eastern connections can not be made effective. The decision of Judge Dundy in the matter of the injunction to restrain the engineers against the rights of railroad companies and the public must not be less convincing as to western connections.

In view of these things it will not be surprising to see the brotherhood quitting the field, and the men returning to the places that are still vacant, within a short time. All the talk of brotherhood men to the effect that their defeat in this struggle would be fatal to their organization is idle. Their organization is safe, and will be unless they make the struggle one of life and death by making it general. Their organization has everything to lose and nothing to gain by pushing the contest to that extreme, and much to lose and nothing to gain by prolonging it on the present lines. As they must see this the inference is that all they are now fighting for is an easy way out of a bad situation.—*Chicago Times.*

A Canine Hero.

Mr. Charlebois's red Irish setter dog Dash made himself useful in assisting to get the sailors ashore from the ill-fated schooner Wednesday by swimming out into the breakers and bringing a stake ashore that had been thrown out of the vessel with a rope attached. It was a difficult feat for a dog to perform, as the rope pulled heavily against the waves—so heavily that it equalled a man's strength to get it ashore, but the faithful animal held on until he landed, when he was rewarded by acclamations and caresses from the assembled multitude.—*Ventura (Cal.) Democrat.*

A DUCHESS OF FRANCE.

How the Daughter of a New York Auctioneer Became the Bearer of a High French Title.

There is a little story connected with the house occupied by Secretary Whitney which illustrated a peculiar feature of New York life, says a letter from the city to *The Philadelphia Press*. It was formerly the residence of Mrs. Frederick W. Stevens. She is the daughter of one of the old auctioneers of New York, named Sampson, who died years ago, leaving her an income of \$400,000 a year. She married Frederick Stevens, who was a poor lawyer, and several children were born to them. They lived in comparative happiness until in an unlucky moment she received a visit from the Marquis de Talleyrand, a grandson of the celebrated trickster of the great Napoleon's day. The talk of society concerning the sentiments entertained by the auctioneer's daughter for the titled Frenchman need not be repeated, but the gossips did not fail to remark that not long after the return of the Marquis de Talleyrand to France the auctioneer's daughter decided that there was something in the climate of Europe, especially of France, absolutely essential to the preservation of her health.

She went to Europe, leaving her husband here, and for several years, it is stated maintained relations with this sweet-scented sprig of nobility that need not be particularized. Then she came back to this country, and in a wonderful court at Newport obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground of "neglect and incompatibility of temperaments." This legal miracle accomplished, she returned to France and became the wife of the Marquis de Talleyrand. The father of this model French guest to introduce into American homes was too poor to properly maintain his dual title, and he therefore relinquished it in favor of his son, and now the auctioneer's daughter is a duchess of France.

Her New York palace occupied four lots at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, where ordinary gravel is about as valuable as gold-dust. When she finally took up her abode in Paris she offered the residence for sale, and it was bought by O. H. Payne, one of the Standard Oil Corporation, for \$600,000. He presented it to his sister, the wife of the present secretary of the navy. And it may be added that on the birth of Mrs. Whitney's first child he presented to the mother, to be held in trust for the youngster, the sum of \$1,000,000.

Care of Poultry in a Nutshell.

I notice that much interest is shown in the matter of winter laying of hens. As I have had good success in that line this year, your readers may be interested to know what has been done.

1. Stock. My brood consists of eight pure Brahma hens, two years old; ten Plymouth Rocks, and ten of a cross between a pure Brown Leghorn cockerel and White Brahma hens, of which twelve are eight and the balance six months old; one Plymouth Rock and one Brown Leghorn cockerel.

2. Feed. First thing in the morning a medium feed of three parts wheat and one of corn. In the middle of the morning the table scraps from breakfast warmed up and a teaspoonful of concentrated chicken feed from the grocer's stirred in. In the middle of the afternoon the dinner scraps are fed as they run. We give no feed at night. Water given in an open iron baking pan every morning.

3. House. Moderate size, wood floor, two small windows, floor raised a foot from the ground, shelter shed on one side. No artificial heat. Well ventilated.

4. The run. Since the middle of October they have been free to forage in lawn and garden.

5. General care. House cleaned weekly in summer, and once a month white-washed with carbolic acid in very thin lime wash, fresh hay in nests and roosts rubbed with kerosene. The run spaded up twice in the year.

6. Results. But two chickens or hens lost from sickness in two years. Pullets began to lay at six months of age, the cross-bred laying first—nine to twelve eggs a day through December and January, thus far.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Exercise for Girls.

However just much of the criticism upon the management of children at the present time may be, it is certainly true in one respect at least modern mothers are wiser than were their mothers and grand-mothers before them. It is only in a few homes that girls are now required to "sit still and be little ladies." Why should a healthy, growing girl be expected to sit still any more than her romping brother, about whom no concern is manifested, provided he remains in the house only long enough to eat and sleep? What matter is it if out-door sports are hard upon dresses and boots? It takes less time and anxiety to mend torn clothes than to watch by beds of sickness, and it costs less to pay the shoemaker than the doctor. The daughters of the present generation are to be the mothers of the next, and they need out-door exercise and in-door sports to make them healthy in body, gentle in disposition, and free from all those nervous affections that are the bane of every woman, whose days of girlhood were passed in making patchwork and doing the thousand and one other foolish things commonly dominated "girls work."—*Nashua Telegraph.*

Strikes are Conspiracies.
 It has been conclusively proven that strikes do not remedy the evils that produce them. On a large scale, like the one now afflicting the country, they are a great public evil. A remedy should be had in law. No one man and no combination of men should be permitted to jeopardize the great commercial, manufacturing and agricultural interests of the country, or any great section of the country, because of any private grievances they may have, real or imaginary, so long as there are other men waiting and anxious to take their places.

The system or policy is not protection to labor, but it is encouragement to anarchy and to social disorder. It paralyzes trade, begets idleness, incites crime, and utterly disregards personal rights.

Transportation companies and corporations giving employment to labor should be properly controlled so that the rights and health of laborers may be protected; their contracts for labor should be such that no one could quit without due notice, and no general suspension at one time should be possible. A strike should be made a crime, a conspiracy to defraud.

Dickson School of Shorthand.
 A first class exclusive School of Shorthand, Type-writing, Punctuation, Business Correspondence, etc., etc. Office, West Sixth street, Jones' Building, 3rd floor.

The Cross Eclectic system of shorthand briefest, shortest and best system extant. Young ladies and gentlemen of ordinary ability made competent stenographers in twelve weeks without fail. Quick work unexcelled results, unequalled facilities.

This institution is a branch of the well established Dickson Institute of Kansas City, and besides being under the direct supervision of Mrs. W. B. Dickson it will be conducted by competent and practical teachers.

Student directly interested in the study, should make their application at once to Miss Mills, associate principal, who will be found at the above address. Call or send for circulars.

A Great Bargain.
 960 Acres of land adjoining the beautiful city of Wakeeney, the county seat of Trego Co., Kan. Wakeeney is on the U. P. R. R., midway between Kansas City and Denver, and is surrounded by a fine agricultural country. Two new railroads have lately been surveyed through the city. This land is unsurpassed in fertility of soil and will be an investment for agriculture purpose only—but what is better, the entire tract lies so close to and overlooking the city as to make the finest additions. So acres lies within the city limits and is already platted, and with a little wise manipulation may be made to pay for the entire tract. Price \$28.00 per acre. Terms easy. For map and particulars call on or address the Editor of this paper.

It has been decided by the Postmaster General that the Atchison road must carry the mails.

The volcano of Popocatepetl is renewing its violent disturbance.

The Americans of the City of Mexico gave a banquet to Gen. Bragg the new United States minister, March 21. A vein of coal thirty inches thick was struck in Hutchinson, Kansas at a depth of 430 feet. Strikes are now in order.

The ice in Moultonboro' Bay, New Hampshire, is said to be twenty-four inches thick.

One of the conspicuous memorials of Richmond known as Lumpkin's Jail an old slave pen, is being torn down.

The wife of a Virginia gentleman is said to possess the finest solitaire diamond ear jewels in Washington.

There is a great need of a personal pronoun of the common gender. It is proposed to make it, nominative "se," possessive "his," and objective "him." For example, "Each pupil may take his seat."

James Allison, who at the age of fifty is an inmate of the Philadelphia almshouse, though once a popular merchant in Ireland, has just fallen heir to \$150,000. Life has many changes.

Rev. Heber Newton has boldly declared himself for woman suffrage.

It is estimated that the late Chief Justice Waite left an estate worth \$200,000.

Rosa Elizabeth Cleveland denies that she is doing any literary work for publication.

Senator George Hearst, the California millionaire, spends \$50,000 a year on his racing stable.

Jeff Davis is at work on his new book about the war, and hopes to have it ready for publication by next fall.

Mme. Henry Greville has been ill all winter and unable to do any literary work. She is getting a little better.

Frank R. Stockton says he does not intend to write a novel describing Washington's life, and this puts to rest many rumors.

Nine dogs, seven cats, eight canaries, two white mice, and a monkey are owned by man in Blossbury, Penn., who, though poor, is bound to have fun.

Sheridan, Terry, Howard and Sherman are the four only living men who have received the thanks of Congress by joint resolution.

Weights and Measures for Cooks, Etc

One pound of wheat flour is equal to 1 quart.

One pound and 2 ounces of Indian meal makes 1 quart.

One pound of soft butter is equal to 1 quart.

One pound and 2 ounce of best brown sugar make 1 quart.

One pound and 1 ounce of powdered white sugar makes 1 quart.

One broken loaf sugar is equal to 1 quart.

Four large tablespoonfuls make 1-2 gill.

One common-sized tumbler holds 1-2 pint.

One common-sized wine glass is equal to 1-2 gill.

One tea-cup holds 1 gill.

One large wine-glass holds 2 ounces.

One tablespoonful is equal to 1-5 ounces.

Applying kerosene with a rag when you are about to put your stoves away for the summer, will prevent them from rusting.

Charcoal is recommended as an absorber of gases in the milk-room where foul gases are present. It should be freshly powdered and kept there continually.

A teaspoonful of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed, will whiten surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily.

It is not necessary to add to our possessions as to care for what we already have.

424,000 sacks of potatoes have been shipped to New York since November 1st.

The farm is a wonderful institution and requires careful and judicious management.

Grafting wax and scions will be among the early requirements of the progressive farmer.

The most valuable agricultural notes are those made by the farmer one season to be put in practice the next.

The cultivator when well used not only kills all grass and weeds but stirs the ground and aids the growth.

If there is abundant pasture, it is better to keep spring calves until fall and thus better prices may be obtained.

Work, that will pay, for a quiet day is the making of label tags and support stakes for use in busy days to come.

Take care that hot-bed sashes are raised when an unusually warm day comes, that the plants may not be scorched.

Underdrainage should be resorted to when it is required to raise a crop on ground where water stands stagnant.

Small fruits will bear when a year or two old, and every family who has a small piece of ground should cultivate them.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew has insured his life for \$500,000.

It is estimated by an experienced guide, that there are yet in the Adirondacks, 60,000 deer, 2,000 bears and 100 wolves.

A man in York, Penn., has a brass clock nearly 150 years old, that has not stopped for fifty years and keeps correct time.

William Watts who was recently buried at Burlington, Kansas, hated women and cook stoves, and would have neither where he was.

If you have a boy to work for you, in order to save a man's wages, make sure you give him a boy's work and not a man's.

The season for Florida oranges will last but two or three weeks longer.

Bermuda exports great number of Easter lilies, 4,000 lately arrived on one steamer.

The Town Council of Syracuse, Kansas, is composed exclusively of women, and their work is much praised.

The American Ice Company in Bangor has been organized with a capital stock of a million dollars.

Samuel B. Gray, of Bow, New Hampshire, has sold his apple crop of last season for \$300.

Keep sweet. This applies to person as well as temper.

Members of the New England Woman's Press Association have sent a petition to Congress in favor of the International copyright.

The services of Mr. Joseph Chamberland in negotiating the fisheries treaty were appreciated so that a baronetcy was offered him. He declined the honor.

The decision to waste one's own time does not include the right to steal another's.

Last year more than ten thousand people were cremated in Japan.

A bit of cotton wool placed over the mouth and lips will enable one to penetrate thick smoky places with ease.

The Fashions

GLOVES for the street are heavily stitched in self-color.

FEATHERS mounted on gilded metal arrows are among the most popular millinery ornaments.

SHORT jacket bodices over full vests are seen on street dresses.

In the various evening shades light yellow, Nilc green, pale pink or blue, ribbed silk stockings are popular.

Most of the woolen materials have woven borders in white resembling braid designs, and these borders form the trimmings on the dresses.

WRAPPERS for wear in the morning at home are in light figured woolens, made with loose fronts of surah filled or gathered. The surah is bordered all the way down with bands of velvet.

The use of bead passementeries will not be so wide as in past seasons, but more of this variety of trimmings will be worn than last winter's fashions displayed.

Among the flowers that adorn spring bonnets small blossoms predominate. Violets, buttercups, lilies, lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots are among them. On the other hand, some very large flowers are also seen. Marechal Niel roses and daisies appear on some of the rustic hats.

Agricultural Notes.

A field of carrots will be found profitable by the farmer.

It will pay to hatch your chickens as soon as possible now.

Clean out the cellar now, and prevent one source of disease germs.

Help should be hired early in the season before the best is all selected.

March 3, a Glasgow steamer brought 1,500 bushels of potatoes to this market.

From fifteen to twenty quarts of sap are required to make a pound of sugar.

LIME mellows the stiffest soil.

Now trim and train the grapevines.

LET the boy try his hand at grafting.

EARLY to plant means early to reap.

No better time to trim apple trees than now.

The thinner the crop sown with grass seed the better for the seed.

TRY a hotbed for early vegetables; muslin makes a good covering.

Don't be in a hurry to bring out the chicks—haste makes waste.

Spring Thoughts.

Flood the whole house with sunshine.

SEE that sleeping rooms are thoroughly aired.

REMOVE every particle of decayed matter from the cellar.

PLAN for a good garden.

PLANT peas, and sow lettuce and radishes as early as possible.

Any soil in good fix for corn, potatoes and cabbage will grow strawberries; better have a bed.

POTATOES for the early market cannot be planted too early after the frost is out to the depth required for working.

SEE that all surface drains and water courses are made clear. A little work cleaning out gutters may save damage when the "freshet" comes.

Poultry Hints.

AN ounce of ground bone daily for ten hens is sufficient.

A QUART of grain a day for 10 hens is considered liberal feeding.

Cooked turnips and potatoes with chopped clover, thickened with ground corn and oats is excellent.

ONE cock with 10 to 15 hens; one drake with six ducks, and one gobbler with a flock of twenty hen turkeys is the rule.

A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.

Only 75,000,000 acres arable lands are included in the territory of Alaska according to the Land Office estimates.

\$10,000 worth of bumble bees have been ordered from Kentucky by an Australian, to help in the growing of red clover.

Have a care of the roadsides of your farm, cut down the brush, fix the fences, and show that there is enterprise there.

Six species of North American birds have become extinct with the last ten years, and the blame is put upon the English sparrow. That's right. "Hit him, he has no friends." But how about the sportsman's havoc and the spoils of the schoolboy's stone.

A Texas stock company recently paid \$79,000 damages, by court decision for selling a lot of mules infected with glanders.

An Italian greyhound six months old is the smallest dog in Gloucester. He is eleven inches long and weighs one pound eleven ounces. He is owned by Thomas King.

WELL DRILLS,
 FOR EVERY PURPOSE
SOLD ON TRIAL.
 Investment small, profits large. Send 20c. for mailing large illustrated Catalogue with full particulars. Mfg'd by
GOULDS & AUSTIN,
 187 & 169 Lake St.,
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1888
 Will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a handsome book of 128 pp., with hundreds of illustrations. Colored Plates and full color plates. BEST GARDEN, FLOWERS and FLOWERS. Burpee's Flower and Fruit Catalogue. It contains rare Novelties in Vegetables and Flowers, and a full list of seeds and plants. Send address on a postal for the most complete Catalogue published, to
W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AN UNPRECEDENTED CLUB OFFER
The Cosmopolitan
 THE MOST COMPLETE MONTHLY MAGAZINE
 "It is the beautiful illustrations and great variety of interesting and valuable articles by prominent writers, make it the best and cheapest magazine published." Boston Traveller.
 AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH
 WHICH HELD CORRESPONDENTS NEW YORK
The Cosmopolitan
 29 Park Row, NEW YORK.

SURE CURE DISCOVERED FOR
CATARRH
 PARKER'S GINGER TONIC
 Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC without delay. It has cured many of the worst cases and is the best remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, and diseases arising from impure blood and exhaustion. The feeble and sick, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting to the grave, will find many cases restored to their health by the timely use of Parker's Ginger Tonic, which is a disorder of stomach and bowels. \$1.00 a bottle.

AGENTS WANTED
 or the most complete popular family physician book ever produced. Select something THOROUGHLY USEFUL OF TRUE VALUE, and saleable always sure and large. ENTIRELY NEW, up to the very latest science, yet in plain language. A great novelty in all its parts and attracts instant attention. 250 engravings. The most profusely and beautifully illustrated book of the kind ever got up. BEST OF ALL, it is by far the LOWEST priced ever published—less than half the cost of any decent volume yet out. Agents who are tired of struggling with high priced books, write to particulars of this great new departure in book-selling.
PLANET PUBLISHING CO.,
 231 Pine Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.
 30 day's time given agents without capital.

MEMORY
 MAKES
SUCCESS
 Wholly unalike artificial systems.
 Any book learned in one reading.
 Classes of 1887 at Baltimore and 1903 at Detroit. 1500 at Philadelphia, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wesleyan, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauque, etc., etc. Endorsed by Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hon. Benjamin F. Johnson, Judge Benjamin F. Johnson, Judge Gibson, E. H. Cook, Principal State Normal College, Dr. Brown, etc. Prospectus sent free from PROF. LOISELLE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

EXTRA BOOK AGENTS, HIGH TERMS.
 Agents who have had fine success should write us in a letter (no postal cards) names of books date, number sold in what time, what language, received (FULL PARTICULARS), and obtain from us NEW PLAN and EXTRAORDINARY DISCOUNTS to better themselves and fast-selling books. HENRY HICKLIN & CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Liebig Company's
EXTRACT OF MEAT
 INVALUABLE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

An Efficient Tonic for Invalids.
Instantaneous Beef Tea.
 Also for flavoring Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

GENUINE only with Baron Liebig's SIGNATURE in BLUE INK
 across the label.
 Sold by all Storekeepers and Druggists.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.
THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS
 Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with self-adjusting ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person lies down. It is the only truss that is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.
W. H. HARRIS & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

PLANT SEED COMPANY'S RELIABLE SEEDS FOR THE GARDEN, FARM AND FIELD.
 Write for their ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Address: **PLANT SEED COMPANY,** 608 NORTH FOURTH STREET, SAINT LOUIS, MO. (Mention this Paper.)

IMPROVED EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR
 Simple, Perfect and Self-Regulating. Hundreds in successful operation. Guaranteed to hatch as large percentage of fertile eggs as any other hatcher, send 5c for new illustrated Catalogue. Circulars Free.
GEORGE H. STAHL,
 Excelsior and Self-Regulating Incubators.
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

LESS THAN ONE CENT A DAY
 Secured 12 Complete New Novels, besides Essays, Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, etc. Each number is complete, and a volume in itself. One year's subscription makes a book of **NEARLY TWO THOUSAND PAGES**
 Of the choicest works of the best American authors. Among the Complete Novels which have already appeared are: "Brother's Boy," "Miss Devereaux," "Sister," "A Self-Made Man," "Kanyon's Wife," "Douglas Duane," "The Deserters," "The Whistling Reed," "Anchor," "A Land of Love," "The Red Mountain Mines," "Apple Seed and Brim Thorn," "The Turquoise Box," "From the Banks," "Check and Counter-Check," etc., etc. The subscription price of this "King of the Novels" is but \$3.00 a year. Sample copy sent on receipt of 10 cents in stamps. Address
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, PHILADELPHIA.

AGENTS
 double their money selling our BEARS
REFLECTING SAFETY LAMP.
 Can be sold in every family. Gives more light than three ordinary lamps. Send liberty five cents for complete lamp and see how convenient. We manufacture a large line of household articles. Send for free illustrated Circular to
FORSHEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati, O.