VOL. XIX. TOPEKA, KANSAS, MAY 12, 1888. NO. 6

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.

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Well, the first act in the political drama on the Kansas stage, is now over.

Nothing is more evident than the fact that the saloon power is losing its grip as a political factor.

D. R. Anthony's boom is making headway. He may be governor of Kansas yet, and he deserves to be.

Blaine is first choice, and Gresham second choice of Kansas republicans. In this case, the second is the better choice.

What has become of John M. Brown, the colored leader? It strikes us that he does not hom so much as formerly.

Liberal, the new town in Southwestern Kansas will have time to get a good start before the railroad is extended further.

Albert Griffin of New York, is to go to the Chicago convention as a delegate from Kansas. Now let the saloon look a leedle out.

Albert Griffin, T. A. Osborn, James R. Hollowell and Judge Strang are the four delegates elected by the Wichita convention, to declare first for Blaine, and second for Gresham, after a complimentary for Ingalls.

The Grange is steadily growing in favor and in strength in Colorado. Several new Granges have lately been organized. The papers of the State are many of them, publishing Grange news and items and real progress is reported.

R. G. Ingersoll paid a glowing tribute to the memory of Conkling, at Albany, yesterday. His audience filled the Academy of Music to overflowing, and numbered three or four thousand. It was a great and noteworthy effort.

The colored men fought nobly at the Wichita State convention, and came out with one as alternate delegate to the national convention, which means that he can remain at home and hoe corn, and John L. Waller as one of the presidential electors. Altogether this was very good.

Political accountants will do well to estimate fairly the prohibition party, and allow for what it will draw from republicans, and also for the socialist, and to some extent the low tariff labor party that will unite more or less with the democracy. On the other hand, the mugwumps will be less numerous.

The State convention at Wichita on Wednesday to elect delegates to the republican national convention, and to name electors at large, was large and enthusiastic, but with no special features of interest. The fact is, all political conventions, with only now and then an exception, have become very old chestnuts.

Blaine seems to be the second choice of all the states and the first choice of very many.

If it comes to a close fight, we predict that the women it the Methodist church will come out ahead.

In Scott City, recently, a man went to the school house and demanded an apology from the professar for suspending his daughter, drawing his revolver by the way of emphasis. The school master, however, could not offer the apology, but succeded in laying his visitor over the back of a bench and getting his revolver from him. The man is now under bonds to appear before the grand jury.

The Leavenworth Times thinks there is a tendency to let the prohibitory law go by default, and says the law should either be repealed or made operative. Are we to understand by this, that Attorney General Bradford's efforts in that city have failed? If so, an administration headed by D. R. Anthony might be a good thing.

One mistake was made in the creation. It was when it was left to man to make brass from copper and zinc. Brass ought to have been one of the simple metals, and not an alloy Kansas would of course have had one of the biggest mines, and Senator Ingall's boy, Ralph, would have owned it, and so would have had almost as much at his command as he now has figuratively.

An old historic building in Lawrence has been torn down. It once stood in Franklin as a church, where it was proslavery and secession headquarters. After the Quantrell raid in 1863, it was removed to Lawrence, deprived of its steeple, and used as a saloon. So after helping many a man, some to heaven, and some to hell, its history is ended.

Of late years it has been plainly apparent to observing persons that the great corporations were more and more getting control of the highest legislative body in our country, viz: The U. S. Senate, irrespetive of party State Legislatures were so controlled and influenced as to secure the election of Senators of large means, and whose fortunes had been made, or depended upon the corporation in which they either held high official positions or upon whom they were dependent for favors. When once secure in their places, being so far above and beyond the people their voices and votes have too often represented their corporation backers rather than the people. This, among other important questions, has been talked over in the Granges of the United States for several years, and resulted in the growth of a sentiment that the United State Senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people, to whom they should be responsible for their actions. Surely it is much easier to influence and control the votes of a Legislature than to influence and control the votes of all the voters of a State. The National Grange and many of the State Granges have for several years placed themselves on record in favor of a constitutional amendment that United States Senators should be elected by the people. Through the Grange it has been kept before the people, and before Congress, and now we can report that in Congress the House Committee on Revision of the Laws has decided almost unanimously to report the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution, for the election of United States Senators by the direct votes of the people.

Dr. Pendleton, late presiding elder of this district, and a citizen of North Topeka, was the champion in the New York conference for woman representation. A few nights ago he made an address before the women's temperance union in Washington, in which he said he was just from Paradise, that is from Kansas, where prohibition prevails. In the capital city of Topeka, with its 50,000 people, there is not a saloon, and he had not seen a drunken man there in six months, whereas he had seen several in the nation's capital in one day.

And so it seems that the late Miss Fellows, who married the Indian Chaska, has gone into the show business after all. She was offered $5,000 for a ten weeks engagement Her marriage was about to lose her the school she was teaching, her parents, while not absolutely disowning her, would give her no support, so she concluded to accept, and with the money they will buy a farm and go to work. She is 35, and her husband 25 years old.

Col. Fredericks thinks the valuable lives of many lawyers, are in danger because of the unsafe condition of the court house.

City Chemist Church is overhauling the butcher shops for spoilt meat. What imfamous sumptuary work is this.

Allen Sells will build a three story brick opposite the Windsor hotel.

See the advertisement of the Topeka starch works in another column. A few days ago the company received an order by telegraph for a full car load of their starch for Utah.

Ten car loads of excursionists went to Horton yesterday to attend a sale of lots.

Industrial Home ladies meet often and long, and are making things go.

The city railway company have a double track laid well out toward Garfield park.

City weigh master's receipts for April were $77.40.

Assistant state Treasurer Rory Moore was last evening married with Miss Bettie Stern.

"Then Rory, the rogue, put his arm around her neck,
So white and so fair, without freckle or speck,
Then he looked in her eyes all beaming delight.
Then he kissed her sweet lips. Don't you think he did right."

The river is on the rise.

W. H. Moody, the barber is sick.

The price of gas has been reduced.

C. D. Myers spent yesterday in Horton.

J. E. Layton has been on the sick list.

The News three cent column is growing.

The paving work is now getting on rapidly.

North Topeka sewers don't seem to materialize.

The Topeka Democrat has a Holton department.

The daily News is rapidly growing in public favor.

Topeka is full of pretty girls, and they all know it.

Union church meeting of young folks next Sunday.

Topeka is getting to be a city of magnificent distances.

The church of the Good Shepherd expects a new pastor.

Miss Addie Jewell is certainly mistress of the violin.

The north side was well represented at the Grand last night.

M'lle Rhea at the Grand to-night as Hortense in Fairy Fingers.

Garfield park will be a more popular resort than ever this summer.

T. W. Eckert wants to sell out his meat market and grocery business.

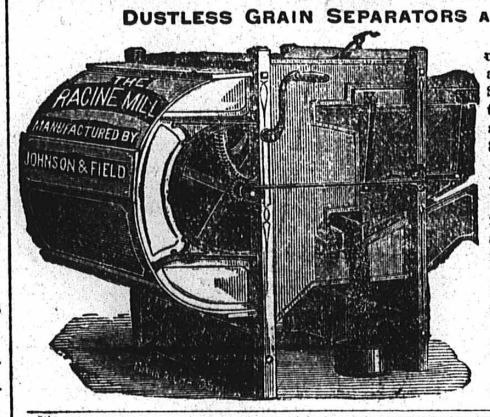
JOHNSON & FIELD,

Racine, Wisconsin,

MANUFACTURERS OF

"THE RACINE" FARM AND WAREHOUSE FANNING MILLS

DUSTLESS GRAIN SEPARATORS AND LAND ROLLERS.



These Mills and Separators have long been used by the Farmers, prominent Millers, Grain and Seed Dealers throughout the United States, who highly recommend them as being the **Best Machines** ever made for cleaning and grading Wheat, Barley, Oats, Corn, and Seeds of every description.

They do the work more thoroughly and have greater capacity than any other machine.

They are strongly built of the very best material, highly finished, and are made in six different sizes, two for farm use and four for Warehouse, Elevator and Millers' use.

The Land Rollers are the most durable, BEST and CHEAPEST in the market for the money. Warranted to give satisfaction.

Send for illustrated circulars and prices before buying.

We can vouch for the reliability of this firm.—*Editor.*

Topeka has set its heart on having 100,000 people within five years.

The News job presses are kept busy doing the best and cheapest work.

Another hitch seems to be the matter with the Rossville rapid transit.

Build up your own ward, your own town, your own county and your own state.

Miss Addie Irene Jewell as leader of the orchestra divided the honors with M'lle Rhea.

We do not hear any more about Sunday sacred concerts, for the benefit of the peanut trust.

It is true that the young democrats of this city are full of grit; yes, they have sand in the craw.

Cement does not harden so readily in cold as in warm weather. That's what's the matter.

The sounds constantly coming from Thomas's planing mill indicate that the buzz saw is in motion.

A choice programme is arranged for the Presbyterian entertainment to-morrow night.

Rheumatism laid its cruel hand on Fred Lacey just as he was ready to leave for Liberal.

Miss Mary Abar of the Capital went to Kansas city to-day to attend a meeting of the social science club.

Steam, gas, and hot water pipes fitted scientifically by Lewis and Alkire 217 east sixth street.

With our streets in such splendid condition we should have better buildings from the bridge north to the fire station.

Improvements on Laurent street forced the removal of the scales in front of Charles's mill. They will be put in the rear.

If you are unfortunate enough to have a dog, go and pay his tax, or what will be better, send him to Indian Territory for life.

Geo. B. Payne & Co. the new real estate and insurance agents in Matthews old stand are evidently well up in the business.

A. J. Arnold can be delegate to the democratic convention in St Louis if he will accept, but he don't go around begging for such recognition.

M'lle Rhea drew a large and fashionable house last night. The company was late in arriving, and the curtain did not rise until nine o'clock.

Robert Lincoln could not accept the invitation to address the G. A. R. posts of this city on the 30th inst. as he leaves for New York June 2 for Europe.

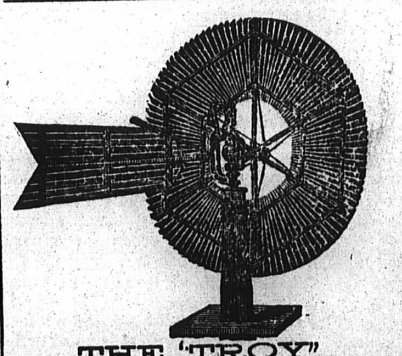
The north side will be well supplied with electric lights under the distribution as already published. There will be one on every block on the avenue from Fairchild street to away down to the Fair grounds.

The democrats of Illinois are talking of running John M. Palmer for Governor. He served the republicans in that position, some years ago. He is one of the best and ablest men in the state, was an early anti-slavery man, a good soldier, and one of those original republicans like Trumbull, Julian, Blair and others, who left the republican party for the democracy after, as they thought, the war was over. None of these men ran for office, like Ingalls, on the McClellan ticket in 1864.

Medical experts, by the use of the Microscope, have recently discovered and classified specific living germs in the blood of all persons suffering from Malaria, and say that to cure the patient these germs must be killed. Thirty years ago Dr. Shallenberger advanced this theory as the correct one, and prepared his "Antidote for Malaria" to destroy these poisonous germs. If you have Malaria in your system, a few doses of this medicine will destroy the poison immediately, and not injure an infant. Sold by Druggists.

30 Miles Disappear.

Thirty miles of country is a big thing to dissappear, but this distance has been dropped out between Kansas City and Chicago. How it happened is thus figured out: The Chicago, Santa Fe & California Railway is completed between Kansas City and Chicago, and the distance between the two cities is only 458 miles measuring from the Union Depot, Kansas City, to Dearborn Station, Chicago. This is exactly thirty miles less than any of the old lines, so you have to travel thirty miles less, your freight has to be hauled thirty miles less, and practically the Santa Fe has made thirty miles disappear. A few years at this rate and Kansas will be in New England.



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WIND MILL AT THE HEAD.
For simplicity, durability, self-regulating, self-oiling, all of which makes it the
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Good live agents wanted everywhere, write for circulars,
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Groceries, Flour & Feed.
Corner Gordon and Topeka Avenue.
Leave orders for coal. Goods promptly delivered
NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

THE MUSIC OF HIS CHIN.

I'm a music-loving man,
And would go far to hear
Pat Gilmore or some African,
Whose tones are sweet and clear;
But save me from the person who,
Will evermore begin,
And evermore will put you through
The music of the chin.

I care not for the old songs,
Though I can get 'em cheap;
Their memory to the past belongs,
So let them idly sleep.
But worse than old songs is the friend
Who seeks your time to win,
And who, when started will not end
The music of his chin.

I've heard steam whistles, brazen gongs,
And bells of every tone;
I've heard the shouts of maddened throngs
And heard a jackass groan;
I've heard a female lecturer swear
At wicked men and sin;
These are as nought, whene'er I hear
The music of his chin.

—*New York Sun.*

"After Darkness Cometh Day."

BY K. K. GRANT.

It seems but a dream—the "long, long ago;" but the memory of some low, sweet song, with its minor cadences; but the transient flush of an autumn sunset, when the crimson glories of the hour melt away before the sombre shadows of night. And yet, and how vividly does each scene rise before me on this chill winter's evening, as I sit alone by my fireside, waiting, hoping, praying, for a call to the "Home" where my loved ones are.

A stately, red brick building looms up before me, with its well-trimmed grass plats, each side the paved walk that leads to the imposing portico shading the main entrance. Here, massive doors, like those of some feudal castle of olden times, swing upon their hinges at the resonant call of the solemn gong which sends its dismal echoes through the long corridors, like the groan of some giant monster in the death throes.

A stillness as of death reigns in the large, square drawing rooms, with their ingrain carpeting and stiff horsehair furniture. On each of the white walls, religious engravings, in narrow walnut frames, look down coldly upon each unbidden guest that ventures within these hallowed precincts, sacred to the reception of "His Grace" and his tonsured aids; to the monthly meeting of the "board of trustees;" to the bejeweled dames whom spasmodic philanthropy induces, from time to time, to visit the good sisters, and to the rant of charity.

One flight further up I see hundreds of orphans bending over their tasks in patient resignation to the decrees of fate that exacts from their labor proportionately to their years. Poor little waifs! From babyhood theirs is a life of unquestioning obedience to the black-robed nuns whose mission it is to inculcate lessons of virtue, that the fruit from sin blighted boughs may ripen in eternal life. They are taught, too, to be grateful to the public who sheltered, fed and clothed them, when their own parents had turned them adrift, motherless, fatherless, aye, often nameless, upon the charity of the world.

How well I remember wondering, in my childlike way, if ever I should meet this generous public and be able to thank her for my pretty cotton frocks and heavy shoes that was my pride as I toddled along with the smaller members of the asylum, each Sunday, to the big church where the organ pealed forth its glorious tones, and the marble altars blazed with lights that made my eyes blink. The priests in their golden vestments, the long, double row of altar boys in their crimson cassocks and linen surplices, seeming people from another and a happier world of which we poor orphans formed no part. Then there was the sermon, when some one of the holy fathers ascended the pulpit and discoursed learnedly about salvation and eternal bliss, two words which so impressed themselves upon my mind that I determined to get them the very moment I was big, since they were of so much importance that the priests, and the nuns, too, were always talking about them. But ah! the fear that possessed me when there thundered forth denunciations against wicked sinners, and the priestly eye seemed riveted on me, as if I were specially marked for reprobation. I trembled lest he knew how tired I was; how stiff and sore from weariness, and how this, together with the fumes of the incense-laden air, had made me drowsy. Blessed relief! when those stern eyes wandered elsewhere, and I could hear his voice growing less and less distinct, until at length it ceased; a delicious calm stole over me—and I slept, my cheek resting against the hard back of the pew. But ah! the punishment upon my return from mass! The prophecies predicted for my terrible impiety! How sadly did I creep away to my bed at night and wonder if really the good God would wreak such vengeance upon a tiny girl like me. And yet each Sabbath it was the same offense, the same reprimand, followed by a keen, but transient, remorse of conscience.

One of such days stands out in bold relief before me. We had returned from vespers, and were assembled in the school room. I, with the guilt of impious somonlence upon my youthful soul, waited, like a trembling culprit, the sentence that would consign me to solitary confinement for the rest of the evening. Visitors came around on a tour of inspection. Welcome respite! A lady and gentleman stood in the doorway; the former resplendent in a robe of silken sheen, with sparkling jewels flashing from her ears and breast, as if some tiny stars had dropped from the sky above and nestled there. Her companion, a distingue-looking man, stroked his imperial listlessly while the lady (evidently his wife) conversed in low tones with Sister Ligouri. His restless, coal black eye, in its wanderings around the room, rested at length on me. Perhaps the steadiness of my gaze caused this, for I felt fascinated by that handsome man. His whole face lit up with an expression the like of which I had never seen beam on me before. He touched the lady's arm lightly, and whispered a few words.

"Where?"

"To my left." And he motioned, I thought toward me.

"How lovely! How perfectly lovely!" was the answer in bated breath.

My heart sank then, for I knew it could not be of me they spoke. No one had ever called me anything but "naughty Edna St. Clair."

"Come here, child," said the lady, after conversing eagerly with her husband, in hurried tones. I thought she spoke to me, and yet I doubted the fact of my being singled out from the hundreds there. Not until Sister Ligouri had echoed the words and called me by name did I venture forward. Two soft lips touched mine, in the first embrace I had ever know.

"How would you like to live with me, and be my little gir?

I could not speak; emotion choked me. Had the good God sent a mother to me at last? A mother? Blessed name that nature's self implants in the hearts of lisping babes; name that grows dearer with each added year. The first to leave the lips; the last to be found written upon the heart when death calls hence.

"You know where I live?" coutinued the same sweet voice.

"In heaven?" I falteringly replied.

"O, dear, no; what made you think that?" she answered, laughingly (I noticed that your husband, and sister, smiled too) "You are so beautiful—not like anyone here in the asylum. And—and you asked me to be your little girl—I thought perhaps you were my dear mother. That—that—God felt sorry for me and had sent you back."

"No, dear, I have no claim like this; but I will be your second mother and love you as my own child. Will you come, little Edna?"

"Yes! yes! Take me with you," I cried, convulsively, "take me far away from here, where there are no long sermons, no scoldings, no cross, hateful—"

I stopped abruptly, for the nun's eyes were opened wide in amazement at my audacity; and there was a warning light in them that filled my soul with terror. I grew afraid lest she would keep me in the asylum for punishment. But later on in life, I found how groundless were my fears; that orphans were but a drug in the market and bidders rare. It was settled then, that on the following morning the good lady was to come for me. She would bring, she said, fit apparel, for mine would not do at all. What a heroine of romance I seemed to my companions for the rest of the evening as they crowded around me. I did not need to be told to thank God for having brought me such kind friends as Mr. and Mrs. Leroy, for I did thank Him again and again.

Need I contrast my new life with the old one? Am I equal to the task? Go ask the pardoned convict to speak the ecstasy he feels when the prison gates fly open and once more he breathes the blessed air of freedom. Go ask the mendicant whom some freak of fortune transports from penury to wealth, ask him, I say, if mere words can adequately express his rapture. Let these give voice to their joy; then, and not till then, can I.

True, I was only a child at the time; but what a life mine had been, shut up in those gloomy walls, with every natural impulse of childhood stifled by set rules against which there was no appeal. Housed, it is true, fed, clothed. But housed by strangers; fed by charity, clothed in uniform like the wicked convicts, and our orphan badges proclaiming us to all; outcasts whom the world were better without.

The years rolled on. I learned to love my foster-parents with a love akin to that the Brahmin lavishes on his gods. And I was all in all to them. My luxurious surroundings were in accord with the wealth of my patrons, who were acknowledged leaders in the select coterie to which they introduced me as their daughter, Edna Leroy. I was courted and caressed by all, for the opulence of my putative father shed a halo of worth upon me. Suitors there were in numbers, who poured forth impassioned vows of fidelity, and wept that they sued in vain. At first such scenes were painful to me; but they soon grew monotonous. And when I learned what an elastic affair a man's heart is, at best, I wasted no more time in regret. It was as well, for each disconsolate swain consoled himself elsewhere.

After long years of waiting, there came at length, to bless my kind friend's home, a windsome baby boy; and as I saw the tiny little one nestling on his mother's breast, and read the fond look of pride in her lustrous eyes, I knew her brightest hopes were fulfilled. In vain I looked for some token of welcome in her father's face; there was, but as they always had been, a shadow as of some nameless grief, he groaned aloud, and his face became ashen pale.

"Earnest!" cried his wife, in reproachful tones, "is it thus you greet our babe? You do not love me, I know it now. You have been for years sad and absent. I thought it because of our childless lot. You know that our son has come, you turn away from him. Oh, Ernest, Ernest, how can I live, bereft of your love!"

"Hush, my darling Inez, do not wrong me thus. Would to God I loved you less, then my heart would not be wrung, as it is now, by that tiny face so like your own."

I waited to hear no more; but crept away noiselessly. I had that morning received a note from Rev. Mother Jerome, asking me to come to the asylum without delay, and thither I made my way. It was my first visit to this haven of my infancy, and I trembled as I thought what my life might have been but for the gooddess of God. I looked upon the stately, red brick building, much as a traveler gazes back from pleasant places upon the rugged portion of the road he had left. I was shown into the drawing-room, the portress, little thinking that the elegantly apparelled Miss Leroy was the quondam asylum dependent—Edna St. Clair.

A moment later, and the reverend mother came. She spoke to me quite as if I were yet but a child; questioned me as to my welfare during the eight years I had been with my foster-parents. And then she spoke to me of my mother dying in the hospital wards eighteen years before, and entrusting me to her care.

"She placed a small package in my hands, dear, addressed to you, and bade me keep it for you until the date written on the outside. 'It will unravel the secret of her birth,' your mother said. A moment more and she was dead. I have kept the trust."

From under her cape the nun drew forth a square, bulky packet and gave it to me. As I gazed upon the unfamiliar writing of my mother, my eyes were blinded with tears; for let the disclosure be what it would, she was my mother still. I felt I could not read the dear words there. Home! Home!

"Wait, dear," and the superioress drew from out the ample folds of her black gown an official looking envelope sealed with red wax, "I was to give you this also."

I thanked the good nun and withdrew. As I re-entered my foster-mother's room, I found her with tear-stained face, hushing her infant to repose. My foster-father sat white and silent by her side.

"Father! mother!" I cried, rushing to them, "I have but just received this—the history of whom and what I am. Let me prove my love, my gratitude, by placing it in your hands unopened. Read it. It is but just that you who have done so much for me, have made me all I am, have given me all I possess, should be the first to know whom you have befriended."

Mechanically raising me, Mr. Leroy tore the package open and drew forth from a jewel casket a bundle of letters faded yellow with age. An agonizing cry broke from his lips, as he turned them over one by one, and read the loving words inscribed thereon, all signed "E," and addressed to Etna St. Clair—the Edna, no doubt, whose child I was. Opening a small leather case, there looked out at him a beautiful girl with dark eyes and hair; and opposite to this was—himself as once he looked in the bright flush of early manhood.

A sigh broke from his lips, and with a reverential air he raised each trinket from the casket. One plain golden hoop he turned over on his finger, again and again. "E. L. to E. St. C," he murmured, repeating the words as if some charm were in the sound. A marriage certificate; but he passed it by and eagerly clutched a tiny note that lay now alone in the empty *bijouterie*. It was addressed "To my daughter Edna." Mr. Leroy started as he read the words; and his glance fell wistfully upon me. Seeing the anxiety for him to proceed (that my face must plainly have expressed) he turned to the paper in his hand, and read aloud, but in broken tones:

Bellevue Hospital, April 3d, 1826.

MY CHILD:—I am dying, slowly but surely dying. And of a broken heart, for him I love has proved faithless to the vows he spoke. He grew weary of me and learned to love another. I heard him call her name in his dreams; and I taxed him with the fact. He tried to soothe my jealous fears; but in vain. I persisted in my charges. He answered, first kindly, then curtly. In anger I spoke the cruel words that drove him from me. Next day his lawyer called and told me my husband had settled the whole of his fortune upon me, saying that I was but a woman and could not struggle on with trouble; that he wished me to feel I was perfectly independent and could enjoy the blessings of wealth. I would receive nothing; and wrote him that when they laid me in my grave, I would be no more dead to him then than I was at that very moment. Six months later you came—my baby girl; and I would have lived for your sake; but the wound in my heart is a mortal one. Today I read of your father's approaching marriage to my rival, and I his lawful wife still live. I pray to God to save him from his sin; to take me to Him, and leave my darling free. For I love him, the father of my child. Do not seek to find him, dearest. Leave him to his new found happiness. He did not love the mother, he cannot love her child. God will watch over and protect My lamb.

E. ST. C. LEROY.

"And I, great God! what am I gasped my foster-mother, "That letter was written but a month before our marriage. And this hapless babe, oh, would he had never seen the light of day!"

What could I say in the presence of that mother's agony. How could I hush her grief? I glanced at the large white envelope that still remained unopened. Perhaps there was comfort there. I tore it open and found enclosed a certified copy of the official record of the death of Edna St. Clair Leroy."

"You were married when?" "I asked, eagerly.

"On the 4th of May, 1826," answered my foster-mother, faintly.

Then God be praised! I cried, "that the poor orphan you took to your heart can clear the clouds away from your home. My mother died on the 30th of April, 1826," and I handed her the paper I held. I turned toward my father, and yearningly, the dear arms opened to receive me—his own, his very own child. Together we approached the mother and the babe, but with stern, set features, she waved her husband away.

"Wife—"

"No, no; you deceived me. Married me, believing that you were still bound to another."

"I deny this. I swear, by all I hold sacred, that I believed her dead. News reached me of her death, by an accident on the lake. There was several lives lost at the time, and her name headed the list. Later I married you. Years afterwards I learned that the Mrs. Leroy that perished was not my wife, but a relative by marriage, a cousin merely. I was helpless then; we were man and wife. I hid my secret to save you pain, but when I saw that babe—our son—and thought what he must be, I felt the crime concealment had been. I was tempted to throw myself at your feet and confess all; but I was a coward, I feared to lose you. Inez, wife, can you not forgive me?"

I left them alone. Later they sought me, and the happy light in their dear eyes told the darkness of distrust had passed away, and the calm of perfect love and trust possessed their souls.

Ah me! this was years and years ago. They are all gone now—father, mother, brother. But far away on the eternal shore they are waiting to welcome me home to their arms again.—*Yankee Blade.*

CHINESE POPULATION.

No Means of Arriving at the Number of Inhabitants of the Empire, Except by Guess-work.

The last two meetings of the Pekin Oriental society may be considered to have annihilated the last vestige of credit which attached to Chinese statistics of population, says *The Chinese Times* (published at Tientsin.) The supporters of the accuracy of those records selected their own field their own time; the field was eminently favorable as being near the very center of authority; yet with all these advantages the best case that could be made out for the official returns was hopelessly pulverized, in the first instance by the careful and measured criticisms of Mr. Bullock, and in the second by spirited and merciless expose of Mr. Jordan. The result is agreeable to common sense; it is hard to understand how any serious person could attach weight to official statements which rested on so unreal a basis. The archaic interest of statistics which in one form or another have been handed down from very ancient times is quite a different matter from their accuracy. It is, in fact, the same in kind as the archaic interest in flint arrowheads, or the Ptolemaic system of the heavens.

No one, foreigner or Chinese, can tell within a few hundred thousands what is the population of such places as Pekin or Tientsin. A high official, born and living nearly all his life in the capital, told a foreign friend quite seriously that there were 3,000,000 families in Pekin. No foreigner accustomed to compare great cities would allow so much as half a million souls for the population of that city, and most good judges put it considerably below that figure. It is doubtful whether the population of the smallest town or village in the empire is accurately ascertained, and yet, when the whole of these unknown quantities are thrown together and mixed up with deserts and mountains, fertile plains and desolate lagoons, and spread over an immense territory, the very geography of which is imperfectly known, then forsooth, we are supplied with most precise figures which profess to tell us the population of the empire to a unit! There is not apparently any means of arriving at the population of China, except by actual inspection and such rough guesses as may be based thereon. Travelers with good powers observation accustomed to the study of other countries whose population is known, especially British India, may form estimates of the population of certain districts, and, from the area which would in course of time get to be known by this method, estimates more or less wild might be made as to the rest. But those who would contribute to this primitive process of census taking must begin at the beginning, establishing their data on ever so small a scale so long as they make sure of the accuracy of their unit. Knowledge must proceed from the center outward, not from the circumference inward, and of all knowledge derived from the inverted order we have a right to be "vehemently suspicious."

We have heard that a foreigner living in or near Foochow has actually undertaken a laborious task of counting the inhabitants of that large city. He has already spent some years on the work, and a good many more years must elapse before his task is accomplished. But, when it is. We shall have a pretty fair notion of the populousness of at least one city in China. Were the example of this rigid scientist to be followed by a fair proportion of the foreigners, who are now scattered over the eighteen provinces, we should, in course of ten years have some reasonable data on which to speculate on the population of the empire, worth more than all the records of the board of revenue, which, indeed, so far as the numbering of the people is concerned, have had their worse than worthlessness completely demonstrated.

GYPSIES IN JEOPARDY.

The Sufferings of Dwellers in Tents During the Late Terrible Storm—"A City in the Night."

"If you've any compassion in your heart, Mister, give us the use of your stable to-night for our horses! The blizzard was hard enough on us. God knows; but this weather is nearly as bad!"

Swarthy, wrinkled and tanned with the heat of many summers was the man who made this pitiful appeal to a Lodi farmer last Monday evening. Immediately behind him stood two boys guarding a string of horses. All around were snow and slush, and the lowering sky betokened impending temptuous weather.

"What! You gypsies here at this season?" exclaimed the farmer, a lean, rugged, elderly man, after he had closely scanned his petitioner's face by the aid of an old-fashioned dark lantern. "Why, you must be mad. You surely don't mean to camp out in this storm?"

For reply the drenched nomad pointed to a wood at a little distance, and there in a clearing the farmer saw the blaze of a huge fire and heard the buzz of many voices, and at once he knew that the gypsies, true to their traditions, were braving the tempest in the open air which they love so well. He said nothing, but drawing his slouched hat well over his face, led the way to his stables, followed by the gypsy and his companions.

An hour later the gypsies had finished their supper and were sitting around fires in the tents, telling their experiences during the late blizzard. The ground on which they sat was littered with straw and was comparatively dry. Here and there, however, were pools of stagnant water and beds of treacherous slush which no device could render passable. The women and children lolled on the straw or sat on the shaft of the wagons. The tents themselves were soaked with rain, and a steady dripping was heard in many places. Altogether, in spite of the leaping flames, the place looked very comfortable and unhealthy, and one used to the shelter of an orthodox house could not help pitying the apparent wretchedness of the wanderers.

But step inside and listen a few minutes to their conversation. Uncle John, or Pop, as he is familiarly called, is the spokesman. "Yes, I'm pretty old now," he says, "and I never remembered such a blizzard. It caught us in East Newark. We had only a tent and a rigging of lumber between us and it. It's cheaper to live that way in winter than in a regular house, as ground rent only costs us $2 a month. But, as I was saying, when the blizzard struck us it piled up snow on all sides of the tent, and for two whole days we weren't able to go to the store for food. Pretty hard on the children, wasn't it? When we did get out you can bet we came loaded."

"What about that awful cry you heard one night, Pop?" asks a comely young woman, whose dark face was finely set off by a crimson shawl, which was picturesquely wrapped around her head. All the others prick up their ears at her words and gather closely around Pop. Evidently the subject is one of intense interest to them.

"Ay, that was horrible, horrible!" says the old man, with a shudder, "and if I live to the age of one hundred I'll never forget it. I was trying to get a wink of sleep that awful Monday night when suddenly, above the roar of the storm, I heard a long moan of agony and then a cry for help. I started up and listened. Again the cry came, louder and with more despair in it. I knew the voice then. It was that of an old man whom I knew well. I tried hard to fight my way to him through the blinding snow, but it was no use. Besides, he gave up crying after awhile, and no one on earth could have found him. In the morning a search was made, but nothing came of it, and, so far as I know, the old man is still buried under a snow drift. His name, I believe, was Connell, or Scannell, but to me he was simply John."

Probably no persons in America were more exposed to the recent blizzard than the thousands who are known as gypsies, and almost certainly none suffered less from the effects of it. This may seem strange, but it is none the less true. Exactly how many gypsies were lost in snow-drifts will probably never be known; undoubtedly there was some loss of life. Even allowing that the majority had not yet left their winter quarters, it is certain that many had begun their annual migration, and the chances are that not a few were caught in the blizzard. But the dwellers in tents, sorely inconvenienced as they were, did not suffer as much as the dwellers in frame and brown-stone houses.

Full of resources, they defied the storm, and when it had done its worst to them went on their way as unconcernedly as ever. Their little children and women folks lacked food, shelter and dry clothing, but their sturdy health was no whit impaired on that account. Inured to hardships, they smile at all freaks of the weather. Only when slush and rain are abundant, as they were this week, do they complain of their lot and sigh for the goodly days of summer. And when the summer comes to the thousands who sigh for it now, and they ask one another, "Where is Uncle so and so?" or "How did the old man weather the snow last winter?" and the answer comes, "The blizzard carried him off," then, and then only, will they know how many of their number are the untimely victims of the terrible storm.—*New York Herald.*

Chinese Dainties for Epicures,

Bow ob Jon—Boned ducks' feet boiled with mushrooms, bamboo shoots, cloves and other spices.

Chow Chop Suey—Thin strips of pork fried with chicken gizzards cut in shape of roses, heavily spiced.

Chow Kai Quot—Boned chickens' wings fried with celery, pickles, and a species of water potatoes, and slightly sweetened.

Yen Woh Gond—Bird's nest soup. This is a glutinous stuff of a yellowish white, boiled with finely beaten eggs and seasoned with rock candy.

Bo Ob—A boned duck, head and feet complete, stuffed with Italian chestnuts, lotus seeds, Canton dates, and about half a dozen other species boiled in rich liquor.

Chow Kai Pieon—Small strips of white chicken meat and chicken liver fried with finely cut strips of celery and fungus. Corean seaweed, and bamboo shoots, with thick brown gravy heavily seasoned with Canton soy.

Swift Birds.

Thomas Alexander, in his book entitled "Game Birds of the United States," says that wild ducks, unaided by the wind, fly from sixty to 100 miles an hour, and that the blue-winged teal, "going down the wind at the top of his speed, will make fully 150 miles an hour, possibly more." The swiftest bird on the wing is the frigate bird, a sort of nautical bird of prey. Sailors believe that it can start at the peep of dawn from the coast of Africa, and following the trade winds, land on the American coast before sunset. It can undoubtedly fly more than 200 miles an hour, but we do not know of any trustworthy record of the speed of which it is capable.—*Golden Days.*

INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

Topics of Interest to the Soil Tillers.

Sheep the Best Stock for Restoring and Keeping the Fertility of Land—No Good Reason Why the West Should Not Produce Beans Enough for Home Market.

It is a fact generally acknowleged that sheep keep up the fertility of the soil on which they are kept better than any kind of animals. Their droppings are very rich, being according to the estimate of several agricultural chemists, three times more valuable than a mixture of horse, cow, and hog manure. Sheep dung ranks next to the droppings of fowls as a fertilizer. It does not need to be decomposed before it is in a condition to benefit all kinds of cultivated plants. It contains no seeds that are likely to germinate when buried in the soil, as sheep masticate and digest food so well that the vitality of even hard seeds is destroyed before they pass through the intestines. The seeds of weeds and grass make excellent manure, but they readily pass through the digestive organs of cattle without having their ability to produce new plants destroyed. The dung of cattle and horses certainly enriches the soil with which it is mixed, but in making it more productive it is likely to cause it to be foul. Sheep manure is the best common fertilizer for all purposes, and almost the only one that is productive of no evil effects.

Pastures are not improved by having horses and cattle feed on them, even if they are not put in yards at night. They eat little but the tender grasses, and do not touch the weeds and bushes. Sheep, however, eat almost every kind of vegetation. They will devour Canada thistles with a relish, and will keep the leaves stripped so closely from various kinds of bushes that they will die. They make a sod firm, but do not break through it when it is moist, as cattle do. Their love of variety of food causes them to eat many plants that horses and cattle reject. The droppings of cattle and horses remain in one place and ordinarily kill the grass on which they fall. They also cause the grass near them to grow so rank that it will not be eaten by animals. The droppings of sheep, however, roll apart and are distributed to long distances. They are scattered better than most kinds of manure can be spread apart by any sort of an implement. A pasture fully stocked with cattle and horses will carry as many sheep as thre are other animal's, for the reason that they will devour many plants which the latter will leave.

A worn-out farm or a portion of one can be rendered productive in a few years by keeping sheep upon it. A part of it can be sown to red clover each season and fed oft by sheep. A fair crop of clover can be raised on even poor land if plaster is used as a fertilizer. Raising clover and allowing sheep to eat it in a green or dry state will put land in an excellent condition to produce potatoes, corn or any of the small grains. It will be rich, but it will contain no seeds that will produce undesirable vegetation. The late Eli Stilson of Oshkosh, Wis., was for many years in the habit of buying land that had become impoverished by raising successive crops of wheat, seeding it to clover, fertilizing it with land-plaster, and feeding the crop to sheep. In four years' time he would render the soil as productive of wheat as it ever had been. He practiced recuperative farming on an extensive scale, and the means he employed were clover, land-plaster, and sheep. He brought up worn-out land without the expenditure of much money, as he was extensively engaged in feeding fine sheep and the raising of wool.

The farms in the country that have for a series of years best retained their original fertility or increased their productiveness are those on which large numbers of sheep have been kept. The farms in Vermont on which Merino sheep have been kept from the time of their first introduction into the country are valuable and productive, notwithstanding the fact that the soil was thin and the land stony. In Pennsylvania, New York, northern Ohio, southern Michigan, and Wisconsin, the farms on which sheep have been kept continue to produce large crops, and as a rule are not mortgaged or advertised for sale. They have not run down like the farms that have been devoted to raising grain for the market. The old farms in Canada that command the highest prices are those on which sheep have been kept from the time they were first occupied. The pastures on them are comparatively free from bushes and weeds, while the soil is productive of the best sorts of grasses. A farm on which a large number of sheep have been kept for many years is very desirable for dairy purposes.

An observer states that the best bluegrass in Kentucky is found on farms on which sheep have been kept for many years. A British authority declares that the farms in England and Scotland that are the most productive are those on which sheep have been the leading kinds of animals kept, though very small quantities of commercial fertilizers have been applied to them. The reason appears to be that sheep convert coarse fodder into manure much better than horses and cattle. With the aid of a little concentrated food, like oil-cake or cotton-seed meal, they will make a rapid gain on a diet of grain, straw and turnips. The profit of keeping sheep is not to be estimated entirely by comparing the price of the wool and meat they produce with the cost of keeping them. The improved condition of the farm must also be taken into consideration. The advantages of keeping sheep may not be shown in one year or in five years. The profit in the sheep business is only determined by comparing the condition of the farm on which they have been kept for many years with that of other places where they have not been kept.

The Dearest Farm Product.

Good beans now sell in this market for $2.75 per bushel, while the best wheat brings but about 73 cents. In other words, one bushel of field beans is worth almost as much as four bushels of wheat. On land suited to them the yield of beans is about as large as of wheat. In most parts of the country a paying crop of wheat can only be raised on land that still retains most of its origional fertility. Beans, however, do well in soils that have produced several crops of small grain. Wheat is not a paying crop unless it can be sown and harvested by machinery. It must also be raised on land that is free from stumps and stones, for machines cannot be operated among them. Beans can be raised to good advantage on land that contains stumps and stones, and will pay better than almost any crop that can be planted. A drill for planting, a machine for cutting the stalks, and another for threshing are desirable, but at present prices beans constitute the most profitable crop a farmer can raise if the seed is dropped, the harvesting performed, and the thrashing done by hand. Farmers who have considerable help but small capital generally find the raising of beans profitable.

No one should attempt to raise field beans on land that contains the seed of weeds or to which fresh manure has been applied. A crop is raised with the least labor on an inverted sod of clover or cultivated grass. When such land is used for raising beans the plowing should be done about the 1st of June, and a deep furrow should be turned. The harrow should be immediately used, and the beans planted before the middle of the month. The rows should be from two to three feet apart, according to the width of the harrow or cultivator that is to be used in working the soil between them. The amount of seed required to plant an acre will depend on the size of the beans and the distance between the rows. It will vary from half a bushel to a bushel. What prairie farmers call first-class corn land, rich and black soil, is not as good for beans as a poorer and lighter soil. The thin soils of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Canada produce good crops of beans, though they are not rich enough to raise large crops of corn or potatoes. There is considerable land in all the western states that is better adapted to raising beans than any other crop.

Verry rich land produces too large a growth of stalks and leaves, and causes pods to form too late in the season to mature and ripen. A rather poor and thin soil produces small stalks and little foliage, but the pods will be of fair size and well filled. A field devoted to producing beans should have a nearly uniform soil throughout. This will insure beans of about the same size and maturity at the same time. A few immature beans in a lot are certain to greatly reduce the price. Poor specimens among beans are conspicuous. To insure ease in cultivation and to prevent the ground becoming weedy the rows should be straight and of uniform distance apart. Working the ground occupied by beans is for the purpose of keeping it light and free from weeds. It should only be done when there is no dew or rain on the vines. If they are disturbed when they are wet or dirt be thrown on them they will be likely to rust, and black spots will appear on the pods which may extend to the beans they inclose. A tolerably dry climate is very favorable for raising beans, which suffer much from excessive moisture.

It seems somewhat singular that few of the western states produce beans enough to supply the local markets. Farmers complain because they have to send their corn and small grains to the eastern states or to Europe to dispose of, but beans are brought to western cities from the very places to which other farm products are sent. The west should at least produce all the beans that are needed for home consumption, and the consumption should be largely increased. It is likely that good crops of field beans could be raised in portions of Kansas that are too dry to produce potatoes and corn in an average season. Beans have lately become a very valuable crop in the dry portions of California, and they have been sent to supply the miners and lumbermen in Michigan. As an article of common food beans take a high rank, as they are at once wholesome and nutritious. The most thifty people in the world are the largest consumers of beans. Many western farmers hardly ever eat beans, as they do not raise them and find them costly when obtained in groceries.—*Chicago Times.*

Shopping Styles.

Husband—What are you rigged out for now?

Wife—I'm going shopping, and want to be treated with respect.

"Humph! Go shopping in all that finery and you will be charged three prices for every purchase."

"I don't intend to buy anything today. I wear my old clothes when I buy."—*Omaha World.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

MUFFINS.

One pint of milk, two beaten eggs, two tablespoons of melted butter, two tablespoons of sugar, two teaspoons of cream tartar, one teaspoon of soda, flour enough to make a batter that will drop from the spoon.

GOLD CAKE.

The yolks of eleven eggs, one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter, grated rind of one orange, the juice of two lemons, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

APPLE PIE.

Make your pie as usual, adding your spice and a little salt and bake them. Put your sugar in a tin and water enough to make a syrup; let it cook, and when you take your pie from the oven insert a small tunnel in the pie and pour in the syrup hot, and you have a moist, finely seasoned apple pie, without any juice in the oven.

CAKE ICING WITHOUT EGGS.

Powdered sugar merely melted with water makes a good semi-transparent icing and dries white on the cakes. It may be colored as well as that made with white of eggs. To make icing to beat up white and firm, and yet use no egg whites, take a little gelatine and dissolve it in hot water. Have it like mucilage and dissolve like white of eggs.

CHOCOLATE JELLY.

Take seven spoonfuls of grated chocolate, the same of white sugar, one cup of sweet cream; mix together and set over the fire and let come to a boil. Pour it over cornstarch pudding, or put between layers of cake.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.

Two cups of white sugar beaten to a cream, with one cup of butter, one cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, whites of seven eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix thoroughly and add one pound each of sliced citron, raisins, blanched almonds and figs.

A LA MODE BEEF.

Take a piece of beef about four inches thick, and with a sharp knife make small holes entirely through it at short distances apart; put into these holes strips of fat salt pork, rolled in pepper and cloves, lay the meat on a pan, cover closely and steam three hours; when done thicken the gravy with a little flour. Good cold.

DATE PIE.

One pound of dates, one quart of milk and three eggs. Season the same as for squash pie. It needs no sweetening. Put the dates in the milk and heat until they are soft enough to sift. This makes two good-sized pies. Use one crust, the same as for squash.

BAKED CHEESE.

Take one and a half cups of finely chopped or grated cheese, add half a cup of bread crumbs, one cup full of milk, one egg beaten light, a little red pepper and salt to taste. Put in a buttered dish and bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven. This is a good way to use the last of a piece of cheese when it becomes too dry to be nice alone.

TOMATO SOUP.

Take one quart of canned tomatoes or three quarts of raw ones and place in an earthen vessel. Cut into this two small onions, boil two hours and strain into one quart of beef stock. Before sending to the table thicken with three tablespoonfuls of corn starch, adding one teaspoonful of celery salt, and serve with croutons.

OATMEAL GEMS.

Soak one cup of oatmeal over night in one cup of water. In the morning sift together dry one cup of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add a little salt, mix the oatmeal and flour together, wet with sweet milk to a stiff batter, drop into gem pans and bake immediately.

MACKEREL BALLS.

Let the fish stand in water over night; in the morning pour some boiling water over it; pick it carefully from the bones and add an equal quantity of cold mashed potatoes, two beaten eggs and a pinch of pepper. Shape into balls and fry in hot butter.

Premonition of Danger.

Dr. Wm. Lewis: "Did you ever notice how an accident is always preceded by a premontory thought? Well, in nearly every case it is so. I have been in a good many railway smashups, and can honestly say that just before every one of those accidents occurred I felt a premonition of danger to come. One night last week, while riding here from Chicago. I was lying on a reclining chair, and my thoughts wandered on to the many accidents I had been unfortunate enough to be in, when suddenly the thought came to my mind: 'Suppose a car was filled with a load of ties that those ties, through the jostling should become misplaced, and that we darting along through space, should strike that tie and it offered resistance that a terrible accident would be the result.' I had hardly completed the thought when crash came a shower of broken glass down on my face and body, the car was filled with smoke and the cries of terror from women and children were frightful in the extreme. The lights in the car were extinguished by the great shock, and when they were relighted and an examination made of the damage done, it was found that one side of the car had almost been torn away and the cause of the accident was a tie projecting from a car on a freight train which was passing us at the time."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Georgia farmer has made $300 from a quarter of an acre of cucumbers, to say nothing of what the doctors have made.—*Doctor Bulletin.*

A Negro's View of Adam.

"Huh," says Adam, w'en he dun walked all ober de gyarden o' Eden, "I's gittin' sorter tired stayin' here by myse'f. I know dis yere place full er fine truck ter eat, an' I ken see dat watermillion ober dar, shinin' wid dew beads; an' I sees dat yaller mushmillion dar in de cornder o' de fence, but all de same I's gittin' sorter tired knockin' roun' yere. Tell you whut would suit me monstus well 'bout dis time: some turnip greens an' er ole haug's jowl. But I don't see none 'reund yere. Reckon da must er kep' dat sorter eatin' up yander in heaben. B'l'ebe I'll lay down yere now, an' see ef I kai' get er little nap."

Den he laid down in de shade an' drapped off ter sleep. W'en he woke up an' looked roun' dar stood er monst'us fine 'oman.

"W'y, good ebenin'," says Adam, "good ebenin'."

"Jes' toler'ble, thank yon," says de lady.

"Ahem," Adam 'lowed, sorter cl'arin' his froat, "whar'd you come fum an' whut's yo' name?"

"Neber mine whar I come fum. My name is Eve."

"Glad ter see you, Sister Eve. Jes' make y'se'f at home, an' ef you want anything you doan see, call fur it."

"'Bleeged ter you, sah, for yo' kine an' perlite ertention."

"Not er tall, not er tall. Look yere, honey, I jes' been er thinkin' erbout dis yere fack. You come 'long wid me an' be my wife. Whut you say ter dat p'int?"

"I's wid you—tell you dat, now."

Den da 'gunter make dar 'rangements fur de erfairs o' life, an' Eve she swep' out er cornder o' de fence—da didn hab no house, you know—an' got er lot er flowers an' stuck 'em roun' 'twixt de rails, and it wa'n't laung, I tell you, tell she made Adam open his eyes wid her smartness. Well, erfairs da went along dis way fur some time till one day Adam he see Eve talkin' ter er monst'us black snake. He called 'er, he did, an' says, says he:

"Look yare, chile, I doan' want you foolin' 'way yo' time talkin' ter dat ar sarpent. I know dat raskil. He runs er blin' tiger in er prohibition town, he do, an' dar ain't er bigger scounnel in dis yare 'munity den he is."

"Doan fret yo'se'f," says Eve. "He kain't git none de best o' me, but I doan think he's er scounul. Oh, he showed me de fines' sight I eber seed in my life."

Adam didn' know den whut it wuz but he found out atterwards. He foun' dat de ole sarpent had er lookin'-glass an' kep'er holdin' it up in front o' Eve.

"All right, honey, you done yearn whut I tole you. Wush atter it's dun too late dat you'd tuck my wa'nin'. But go on, 'case you's jes like er 'omen nohow."

"My greshus," says Eve, "want er body ter stay right here an' neber hab no 'joyment? Does yer think I ain't got nuthin' ter do but set up yare in de cornder o' dis fence like er toad-fraug?"

"Go erhead, I tells yer; go erhead, but w'en you yare suthin' hit de groun' doan blame me. W'en you yare suthin' go 'kerflop' doan say it wuz de ole man's fault. I's dun said all I's gwineter, an' ef you wantster 'socyate wid mokes an' spiders an pizen things an sich, all right. You won't yare nuthin' mo' fum me, I tell yer dat."

"My stairs," says Eve, "neber did see sich er cross thing ez er man. Body kain't be perlite widout stickin' out his mouf."

Dat settled de conversation, an' Eve she got up, she did, an' traipsed off down whar de ole sarpent he wuz layin' on er log sunnin' hisse'lf. Adam he cut off er chew terbacker an' sorter shuck his head. Atterw'ile he yared Eve er callin' him, an' thinkin' dat she mout er got inter er sorter squabble wid de snake, he jumped up, he did, an' hurried down ter whar Eve wuz.

"Come yare, come yare," says she. "Jes taste dis yare June apple," an' she hil' out erpiece.

"Look yare, ain' de fruit de Lawd said dat we mus'n' eat?"

"Yas, but jes stick yo' teef in dis yar. My stairs, it's sweeter den er pie."

Den ole Adan flung out his terbacker an' stuck his teef in de fruit, an' de ole smake he laughed so hard he roll on de groun'. Hub, den de trouble wuz at han', an' de fus thing dat Adam an Eve knowd da wuz grubbin' down in de gronn'. Yas, sah, da wuz workin' wid sas'fus sprouts an 'simmon bushes. I's thought erbout dat ercasion er good deal, but I neber had no pity fur folks dat would turn erway frum er watermillion an' eat er apple.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Dog That Earns His Board.

It is said that Mrs. B. M. Edwards, of Clarke county, has a St. Bernard dog that is a jewel in his way. He is sent out to the pasture every morning with cattle and returns with them safely every afternoon. In milking he keeps the calf off, and when it is through carries the pail to the house. He works the treadmill by which the butter is churned, and is useful in the domestic arrangements of the household in many ways. But the faithful fellow is put to a more remarkable use than this. Every summer he is sheared and his silken wool spun into yarn.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

HOW SOME POSTAGE STAMPS SELL.

Curious Old Stamps Held at Hundreds of Dollars—Some Auction Prices Last Monday.

The prices obtained at auction and private sale for articles valuable only to one who rides a "hobby" are wonderful. Thousands of dollars for bric-a-brac, old furniture, plates, dishes, vases, books, paintings and lesser amounts for coins and postage stamps. These last, although financially not so interesting, still bring even high prices, if we consider the shortness of time during which postage stamps have been in use.

As an example, take the auction sale of January 16, this year, for an original Brattleboro, Vt., stamp $226 was obtained. This is the hightest price a postage stamp has ever sold at auction in this country. But this stamp is not the most valuable in existence, for for the first issue of Mauritus from $500 to $1,000 is the estimated value. There are several other extremely rare stamps known, among which might be mentioned this first issue of the Sandwich Islands, the first issue of the New Caledonia used, and the first issue of the Isle Reunion, all of which are held at prices ranging from $200 up.

Then among the United States stamps there are some very rare and valuable ones, such as the Baltimore stamp of 1846, consisting of the autographic signature of James M. Buchanan, the postmaster of Baltimore at the time, with 5 cents below, the whole enclosed in a frame of single lines and printed in black. Of these only ten specimens are known. They are valued at about $200 each. Another valuable stamp is the original uncut stamp of New Haven of 1845. Only one specimen is in existence, and it is valued at $500. The 5-cent black stamp of Millbury, of which only three specimens are known, is also valued at about $500. It is very seldom that these extreme rarities are offered at auction.

A curious thing in connection with rare stamps is the fact that there was one, issued by the postmaster of New York in 1845, a specimen of which has never yet been discovered. Of course, if one shoud be found it would command a very high price. The way this stamp is known is from a printed description printed in the New York *Express* of July 8, 1845, It is there stated that the stamp was in use at that time. It probably remained in use only a few weeks, for on July 14 adhesive stamps were issued, which must have taken its place, It is described as being simply a hand stamp having as a design five cents above, and R. H. Morris (the New York postmaster) below, the imprint being in black and upon an envelope.

Last Monday evening an interesting auction sale of postage stamps was held at Bangs & Co.'s auction rooms, 739 Broadway. From 5,000 to 6,000 specimens were sold, netting altogether about $1,440. The attendance at the sale was very good, some 40 persons, mostly of mature age, being present. One of the largest buyers was the Scott Stamp & Coin Co. The collection had been the property, of Mr. E. H. Sinsabaugh, of this city, and was noteworthy because of the number of unused stamps in it. In fact, all except a very few were uncancelled. None of the astounding varietes just mentioned were represented, but there were a number of the second degree of rarity.

Some of the most interesting prices, both to the collection and the general public, all the stamps sold being uncancelled, unless otherwise stated were the following:

United States—Issue of 1866, 3 cents scarlet, $5.75 newspaper stamps, 1872, $12 green, cancelled with punch, $6.36 red, cancelled with punch, $11.25; $48 brown, cancelled with punch, $13.25; $60 voilet, cancelled with punch, $18; New York, 1843, 3 cents, blue glazed paper, $4.50; 1845, 5 cents black, without signature, $2.30; Providence, 10 cents black, unsevered, $15; carrier stamp, 1851, horseman, 1 cent red, cancelled $6.10; War Department envelope, 10 cents red on white, $12; 10 cents red on amber, $7.75.

Bolivia—1867, 10c., brown, $7.50; 1876, 11 stars, 50c., black, $19. Dominican Republic—1862, 1 r., green, italic letters, $14. Great Britain, 1847, 1 shilling, $6.50; envelope stamp, Mulnady first postage stamp ever issued 1 penny, black rapper, cancelled, $3.05; same, 2 penny, blue wrapped, cancelled, $5.10. Natal, 1857, 9 penny, blue, $21.50. Nova Scotia, 1857, 1 shilling, violet, 1850. Two Sicilies, issued during the time of Garibaldi Arms, ½ tornese, blue, $30. United States of Columbia, 1872, 20c., red, $21. Bolivar, 1863, 10c., green, cancelled $19.—*New York Sun.*

The Oldest Living Mason.

Col. Edward Sumner, of San Francisco, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Ada E. Taylor, on Locust street. Col. Sumner is the oldest Free-Mason known to be living in the world. He has been a Mason for seventy-one years. He was born in 1796. A remarkable fact is that he can read without the aid of glasses. In the war of 1812 he was a member of a transportation company in New York which was engaged in transporting munitions and troops. He came to California in 1850, but returned to Wisconsin a few years later. He served in the Wisconsin Legislature during 1859-60. In 1863 he once more came to California, where he has since remained. Col. Sumner who is a descendent of the Sumners who came to America in the Mayflower.—*Santa Cruz (Cal.) Sentinel.*

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

May 12, 1888.

Practical Statesmanship.

For a few days past the partisan press of the country, on one side, has abounded in fulsome praise of a great speech made in the United States Senate by one of the Kansas Senators. It was eloquent, brilliant, personal, scathing. In effect it was like a torrid sun upon a desert land. No fruit could spring from its influence to bless mankind. It was simply a display of party pryrotechnics.

Yesterday another great speech was made in the senate chamber, by the other senator from this great state. It was not so brilliant in rhetoric. It was not a blazing sun on barren sands, but it was like abundant rain upon a fruitful soil.

The senate had under consideration the establisment of a bureau of Animal industry, and to facilitate the exportation of live stock.

Senator Vest said "the syndicate," was the most terrible tyranny ever exercised. There were five men or firms in the city of Chicago which regulated the price of cattle every day. They met every night and fixed the price for the next day. Talk, said he, about trusts: Talk about pools! The cattle pool of Chicago is the most infamous tyranny that ever existed in the United States. They have got there the corn and cattle producers of the entire west, and I know no remedy for it. The statesman who would invent the remedy would deserve a monument more enduring than the capitol. He would perform the highest benefaction on the people of the northwest, and for the cattle raisers of the country.

It was then that Senator Plumb took the floor, and instead of imitating his colleague, and skinning alive the Missouri senator, because he was a rebel a quarter of a century ago, he joined hands with him in the treatment of a live issue. Senator Plumb's speech was worth to the people of today, a million like that made by Ingalls. He said:

In his opinion the worst combination in the country was the combination of beef and pork packers. There was no trust or combination, the Standard oil trust, the sugar trust, the copper trust or any other trust that had so powerful or so baneful an effect as that combination. For years the price of cattle to the producers had been going down. They had gone down he thought fifty per cent. In the same time prices of meat to consumers had gone up, and every single dollar of the difference had gone into the pockets of that combination. So perfect was their control, that they knew absolutely not only how many cattle were to arrive each day in Chicago, but over what railroad they were to come, where they had been shipped from, their character, and the men who shipped them. When the cattle reached Chicago the syndicate's representative was sent to review and put a price upon them. And the price at which they had to be sold, unless it was made lower. No cattle commissioner dared to set up for himself in Chicago. His occupation would be immediately gone. Owing to the operation of this trust prices of cattle had declined unnecessarily and destructively. It was safe to say that on every car load of steers of three years old and upwards, raised west of the Mississippi river during the past five years, the market value had been, by this combination, reduced not less than $10 a head. The damage to

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Alone during that period of time had been more than $40,000,000, and the wealth of the syndicate had grown proportionately. They had a committee there now, having in their pockets the money of this "stock ring" to get congress to give them control of the question of cattle quarantine. With that Chicago would be made "open water." and St. Louis could be quarantined against; practically there was the same influence in St. Louis and Kansas City. This "combine" had allies in the railroad managers. They had allies in the railroads. They had made the railroad officials partners in their stockyards, partners in their feeding stations, and had given them "sops" out of all the profit derived by them from the time the cattle were shipped, until the cattle reached the abbatoir in New York or elsewhere. Step by step they had come to the final condition where they actually fixed the price of cattle, just as though they were the men who raised them and were the only person in the world who did raise them. When he considered that they then proposed to have Congress rivet the final chain on the cattle industry in their behalf, he was lost between admiration and indignation at their audacity. He believed the commissioner of agriculture would do as well with the power given in the bill as anybody else. He had great confidence in him. He would trust him a thousand fold before he would trust anyone in the "combine." He believed in giving to the commissioner of agriculture all the powers proposed to be given to the commission, and would not vote for any measure that would detract from the power and dignity of that department.

There is a class of politicians that will approve the policy of men like Senator Ingalls. They are not thoughtful, candid men. They are partisans, usually with selfish motives. No one can or will attempt to defend the men who, during the war were Copperheads—northern men in sympathy with the rebellion. The present generation can not take in the enormity of their crime against the nation. It was more contemptible and mean than the open treason of the southern rebel. D. W. Voorhees was one of the worst of these men. It was never denied. It has been known for more than twenty years without proving. It was not necessary for any present purpose, to rake up that matter. It would serve just as practical an end to unearth the treason of Aaron Burr, as that of Voorhees. It would not so well serve a partisan purpose. The NEWS suggests to Mr. Ingalls that this thing may be over done. There are republicans who will get enthusiastic over it. There are others who will be disgusted. These issues are false, untimely, artificial. Decoy issues are unfit for these times as a decoy duck is for the table. There are live, vital issues that will unite the party and divide the enemy. Senator Plumb took one of them by the horns the other day, and proved his worth over that of the filmy Ingalls, as a practical leader. Ingalls is making notoriety for himself, but he is bringing ruin to his party, and his admirers will find themselves hugging a delusion within a twelve month.

The general Methodist conference now in session in New York, has much of the same wisdom that led Attorney General Bradford to decide that women are not eligible to the office of state superintendent, because a clause in a certain statute, referred to duties pertaining to his office. Women are recognized as belonging to the laity, but it comes to representation in conference, it is a very dubious question whether a woman can be a "layman." And it all comes from the imperfection of the great English language that has no form for expressing both sexes in one word. O give us Volapuk.

In the May number of Woman commences a series of remarkable articles. by Helen Campbell, on the wretched condition of the working classes of London. This series will be one of great interest, and will portray the miseries of the poverty-stricken workers of Berlin, Paris and Rome. The illustrations, by Hugh Eaton and Edgar J. Taylor, are of the highest class of pictorial art. Oliver Thorne Miller begins in this number her articles on Representative Woman's clubs, the Sorosis and Meridian clubs of New York being the subjects of the first paper. Price $2.75 a year. Woman Publishing Co., N. Y.

When the great Methodist Conference at New York, shut its doors against women, it made a mistake, the fruits of which no one can surmise. The time has past when the women of this country can be ignored, either in politics or religion. The following action was taken at a Washington woman's meeting a few days ago:

RESOLVED, That it is the duty of every woman in the Methodist denomination to withdraw from any church where the pastor upholds the action of the general conference assembled in New York City, in refusing to receive the noble women sent there as delegates.

The Burlington strike has not been officially declared off, but has been allowed to die for want of support. About two weeks ago Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood, advised the men quietly to return to work whenever they could. In other words the strike kind o' petered out.

An Anti-saloon convention may be expected to pass resolutions against the saloon. Let us wait and see what the republican national convention will do. Its voice on the question will have some significance. So will its silence, if it remains silent.

James G. Blaine consents to be a passive candidate. He was passive all the while.

The indignant citizens of Lebanon, Tennessee, were foolish enough to burn Ingalls in effigy. It was a very useless and childish performance.

The only hope for the republican party lies in a divided south. The Ingalls policy will unite the south more firmly, and disgust the conservative north

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The German Emperor is now doing so well that no more daily bulletins will be issued.

The Crops.

The following official report of the state board of Agriculture, submitted by Secretary M. Mohler, is based on returns from correspondents representing every section of the state and constitutes their estimates for May 1:

Winter wheat—Proportion of area plowed up because winter wheat killed or destroyed from other cause, 10 per cent.

Condition of live plant compared with full average, 80 per cent.

Spring wheat—Acreage compared with that of last year, 90 per cent.

Condition compared with full average, 96 per cent.

Corn—Acreage compared with that of last year, 110 per cent.

Condition compared with full acreage, 100 per cent.

Oats—acreage compared with that of last year, 105 per cent.

Condition compared with full average, 96 per cent.

Barley—Acreage compare with that of last year, 90 per cent.

Condition compared with full average. 100 per cent.

Tame grass—Condition, 100 per cent.

During the month of April, with but few exceptions, rains have been abundant in the eastern part of the state, also in the south-western portion.

In west, central and north central Kansas and generally throughout the northwest. the rainfall was light and crops have suffered somewhat.

In many counties east of the ninty-eighth meridian chinch bugs are reported numerous, but only in a few counties, as having damaged the crops to any extent.

On the whole, the situation throughout the state is quite satisfactory, and the farmers generally, are as hopeful as they were a month ago.

Florida promises to become a large producer of opium. The poppy grows there very readily and larger than anywhere else in the United States. Sixteen plants will produce an ounce of opium and an acre should give a profit of $1,000. As the plants will thrive among trees the land on which are young and non-bearing orange trees can be utilized while the trees are reaching maturity.

Home life on a farm, properly conducted, ought really to come near to the idea of Utopia. It takes us to the old patriarchal idea of families. It is the home where around the hearthstones are gathered so many memories of the past, of family tradition, of the homely.old-fashioned ideas of purity of conduct, the uprightness of life. It is the place where viture sits upon the throne and where home comfort is, or ought to be, at its best.

A method of preserving the natural color of flowers, recommended by R. Hegler in the Deutsche Botanische Monatshefte, consists in dusting salicylic acid on the plants as they lie in the press, and removing it again with a brush when the flowers are dry. Red colors in particular are well preserved by this agent. Another method of applying the preservative is to use a solution of one part of salicylic acid in fourteen of alcohol by means of blotting-paper or cotton-wool soaked in it and placed above and below the flowers.

Mr. Miller, in Husbandman, refers to the fact that recent experiments made by the agricultural college of Michigan showed that the Holstein calves made the largest average grain, on the least quantity of food in a given time, of all standard breeds, excelling even the Shorhorns, the Galoways and the Herefords. The more the good qualities of this breeds of cattle are known the better they are appreciated.

Moncure D. Conway writes in the May Cosmopolitan, a lively article on "The Pedigree of the Devil" which is illustrated with a number of rare and weird pictures, including four pages in color. The colored pictures of the Faust legend, showing Mephistophele with Margaret and in the witch's kitchen, and of the Japanese demons and Persian devils are the most finished and attractive color work that has yet appeared in this enterprising magazine. Mr. Conway is presumed to be on intimate terms with his subject, having been formerly a methodist divine, and having written the best book published on Demonology. The article is opportune just now. as it is exactly 300 years since Mephistopheles made his first appearance (in the earliest English "Faust" book). important a character in the world as his Red Majesty surely deserves a memorial now and then, and no doubt he appreciates the compliment of so bright and entertaining a description of his protean career.

Matthew Young, charged with assaulting Thos. L. Young with intent to kill, in the Indian Territory, pleaded guilty in the United States district court and was sentenced to ninety days in the county jail.

Dr. J. N. Lee left for Cameron yesterday.

Chas. Wolff is building a large brick addition to his packing house for the purpose of having room to canvas hams, shoulders, etc. This industry will give employment to a considerable number of women. It gives us great pleasuse to chronicle such evidences of a growing business. Mr. Wolff is one of our most enterprising citizens.

Jas. Caldwell of the Packing house on A street has associated with him in business J. H. Higginbottom of Meriden. The new firm expect to enlarge their facilities to meet the requirements of their business; Mr. Higginbottom is now looking for a house as he wishes to bring his family to north Topeka to live.

The little village of Willard, 16 miles west of here on the Rock Island, is in a state of great excitement over the recent discovery of what purports to be a very superior article of clay. A large tract of land has recently been purchased by a St. Louis syndicate and it is said that it is their intention to put in a million-dollar brick manufacturing plant, employing a very large force of men. The samples of the clay show it to be of a very tough adhesive nature, and will burn a beautiful dark red color.

Hon. Willam Lloyd Garrison, son of the distinguised abolition leader, called at the state historical rooms yesterday and was very much interested in the collection of books and volumes touching upon his father's work. The Society has thirty-four volumes of Mr. Garrison's journal, the Liberator.

Mr. S. N. Harper of Menoken township lately sold all his beef cattle to Mr. Ed. Buckner, of the City Meat Market. Mr. Harper's cattle were extra good, and Mr. Buckner realizing that they were choice offered such prices that it was no object to drive them to the cars for Kansas City; six of these cattle were received one day this week at Buchner's who never serves his customers with any thing but the best of everything in his line.

Commissioners Doings.

Session of the board was held Friday,

Taxes were remitted on tract No 294½. reservation 4, Soldier township and the treasurer directed to take credit for the same.

Lucy Smith confined in the county jail for non-payment of fines in a state case ordered released.

Arguments were heard in the petition of the Garfield Park & Northern. Heights railway asking right of way over certain highways. Under advisement until May 12.

A protest entered by the Union Pacific Railway company against the opening of Vail avenue, North Topeka, was referred to the county attorney.

The county clerk was instructed to give proper notice of the intention of the board to appropriate the following sums for the construction of bridges:

For a bridge over French creek, Topeka township at a point near Corning's fare, $950.

The sum $500 for a bridge over Blacksmith creek on the Alma state road, Dover.

The sum of $750 for a bridge over the Wakarusa creek, on Hoagland road, Auburn.

The sum of $850 for a bridge over Lynn creek.

The sum of $1,000 for a bridge over Soldier creek, Central avenue, North Topeka.

Adjourned to meet at 10 a. m. on May 12.

A Scientific Benefactor.

If a benefactor be one who "makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before," he certainly is a benefactor who makes one hour do the service of five or six. And this is precisely what Professor A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave., New York, does with his marvelous system of memory development. He makes bad memories good and good ones better. He is a scientific benefactor. Write for his prospectus.

The prevalence of warm days and cool evenings brings out many queries when the band concerts, which so delighted the people last summer, will begin.

There was a large attendance at the ice cream and strawberry supper in the M. E. church Wednesday evening, the receipts being about forty dollars.

James Weiland, a well known citizen of northern Shawnee, died yesterday morning after an illness of three month, of pleurisy. Mr. Weiland has friends in the city who will be grieved to learn of his sudden death. His remains were shipped to Iowa yesterday for interment.

A. W. Lacey says that the Pettibone manufacturing company of Cincinnati, which made the suits for Marshall's military band, are sending broadcast over the country copies of an article from the New York Metronome which speaks very highly of the band and their nobby suits This is a good advertisement for our worthy musicians.

Ed Klussman of the Kandy Kitchen has a half cent United States money coined in 1804. He has a half dime coined the same year which is worth $12.00. He also has the first half dollar he ever earned. It was paid him by his father twenty-five years ago for cutting corn.

And now, you builders, contractors and what not, before purchasing elswhere, go to the St. John & Marsh company, southeast corner Third and Jackson streets, and see their fine grades of lumber. Buy a bill of them and you can rest easy in the assurance that you will receive full measure up to grade and fair, honorable treatment throughout.

One of the most delightful occasions of the season, was the semi-monthly meeting of the teachers, at the pleasant home of Miss E. Parkhurst on Central avenue, last evening. Miss Parkhurst is a most charming hostess, making her guests feel "at home" at once. Besides the usual attendance, there were a number of visitors, whom we noticed, County Superintendent McDonald, Prof. Larimer, Miss McKeever, Miss Fulcher, Miss Sabin, Miss Addie Page, Mrs. A. J. Arnold, Mr. Arthur Lacey, Mr. Patterson. A very fine program was rendered. The subject for the evening, Kansas Authors, being ably handled. The first exercise of the evening was a piano overture by Mrs. Nicholson in her usual graceful manner. Next a synopsis of Miss Mary Ninde's, "We two alone in Europe," by Miss Smith, of Grant school, who introduced us to this talented lady in very appropriate and pleasing prefatory remarks. Those of us who have met Miss Ninde personally, or through her book, felt this was not only a very beautiful tribute, but a very just one, and in every way worthy the pen of the accomplished essayist, who possesses many of the prominent characteristics she so plainly shows us in her portrayal of Miss Ninde. Music, cornet solo, by Mr. Lacey, accompanied by Miss Parkhurst, came next, and then Miss Troutman's opinion of Noble L. Prentis and his writings. The names of the essayist and author are sufficient assurance that this was an excellent number, but time will not permit a careful review. Mrs. Arnold sang, "Sing Oh! bird in yonder tree." Miss Fulcher told of our own immortal bard, T. Brower Peacock, reading humorous selections from his published works. The audience showed deep emotion, at times, as some thrilling passage was rendered in Miss F——'s inimitable style. She also treated us to a brief introduction to Miss Horner, (relative of Jack's, I suppose.) Miss Edna Parkhurst favored the guests with a beautiful contralto solo. Miss Shaw also sang a fine selection. Mr. Davidson told of Howe, of Atchison, Miss W——, of Mrs. Humphreys, Miss Campordoras, of "Ironquil," reading the "Washerwoman's song and other short poems of his; these last as the the first, were exceeding interesting, but we must not encroach upon your patience.

Of course these are but a few of our numerous notable authors, enough however, for one evening's entertainment. The only failure was on the part of the one who was to have given synopsis of "Esther, the Gentile," and sketch of the author's life.

The exercises closed with Kansas Doxology—John Brown's Body &c., —the whole audience joining.

As a social and literary feast, this was a grand success. Miss Parkhurst's home is becoming quite noted for such gatherings.

Three coach loads of high school teachers and pupils yesterday went down to Lawrence and visited the State university and the Indian school. They returned last evening.

Four hundred and seventy-five births were registered in Shawnee county in the year last past. Of these, 240 were males, and 230 were females; 402 were white, and 73 colored; 160 were the first child of mothers, 84 the second, 63 the third, 31 the fourth, 28 the fifth, 24 the sixth, 20 the seventh, 10 the eighth, 8 the ninth, 3 the tenth, and 7 the eleventh or more; there were 329 births in cities or towns of 5,000 (or more) population, and 136 in towns of less than 500 population, and in the country; there were 10 twins; 3 fathers were under 20 years of age, 64 between 21 and 25.

M. C. Klingman has gone to Hiawatha as foreman of Web. Wilder's World.

Jennie Adams could stay out of jail hardly one day.

Bertie Lidell, a little boy 9 years old, is very low with diptheria. He is a brother of little Myrtle Lidell, who died with diptheria, last week.

At last Thursday evening the following officers were installed in Topeka Lodge, I. O. G. T. C. T. Geo. Lillie, V. T. Clara Hosmer, Sec. E. S. Adam Reckey, Tr. Mrs Hulda Lillie, Chap. Mrs J. R. Rhodes, M. W. J. Baker, G. Annie Lillie, S. Obanmeter, H. Sec. Ida Quinche, D. M. Ida webb. The reports showed a gain during the quarter of 90 per cent. The interest is constantly; the evening of May 17 the Lodge will hold one of its delightful socials, prepartions now being made assure the committee in charge that the occasion will be a very pleasant one; musical and literary exercises will be the order of the evening. Refreshments will be served; all friends are cordially invited to be present.

An ice cream festival under the auspices of the Episcopal church of the Good Shepherd, will be given at the U. P. hotel in the near future.

The Christ hospital guild held its regular monthly meeting at the residence of Bishop Vail at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

S. B. Wills returned from Indiana Thursday.

The Methodist church is progressive. It is also strongly tinctured with policy. Without sacrifice of vital principle, it adapts itself to the popular will. Scripturally speaking, it aims to be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove. It will settle the woman question at the present conference. Four years hence, and at minor conferences before that time, women will be fully recognized. It is the fiat of progress, to which the Methodist church does not close its ear. The great quadriennial conference, now in session in New York, will continue through the month of May. It will do more work and better work in one month than the United States congress will do in six. Its voice will be heard on the temperance and other questions as never before, because during the last four years they have assumed an importance that never before brought them within practical reach. The influence of this conference will be felt in our politics, and be felt for good. While there is no recognized connection in our country, between church and state, it is true that the church has a growing influence in our politics. In other words it has a growing influence upon the state. It is insisting upon a higher morality, upon more personal purity in candidates for office. It demands the elimination of the grog-shop,—the saloon keeper and the boodler from politics. To this extent there must be a connection between church and state influence. A religious idea that would not carry a moral and elevating influence into a government that rests entirely upon the morality and intelligence of the people themselves, would bear no semblance to religion. It would be a mockery and a sham. The religious thought of the United States is not of this kind. Its constant demand is not only for a higher religious life, but for a higher political morality. Who can say that in this it is not right?

Those who are outside the democratic circle don't care very much whether heads win or tails lose. Yet, in the squabble between to federal officers and the Tomlinson wing, one's natural sympathies run with the outs. We approved the idea when the President notified his appointees that they were expected to attend to their work, and let party politics alone. They were not to follow the evil example of republicans, and make their offices a part of a political machine. It was civil service reform and we all liked it. But Pension Agent Glick rebels. He wants to be the machine. When Tomlinson protests in the name of the party and for its good, Glick balks and kicks. In court he would be fined for contempt, and in reason the President ought to remove him. But then it is not our kettle of fish Still we are rather pleased to see Tomlinson on top. So when the officials got out their little primary ticket on Saturday leaving Tomlinson and his friends off, there was a gleam of satisfaction when he got out another and stood by the polls handing them out to loyal true blue democrats in the third ward, where the fight was made, until his ticket was elected. It was well done.

Cleveland, passing by such men as Sherman, not daring to appoint Carlisle because of his habits, afraid to appoint Phelps, lest he might thereby lose the Irish vote, he fished out of obscurity a man by the name of Melville W. Fuller, for Chief Justice.—Abilene Chronicle.

The News does not wish to pose as an admirer or special advocate of President Cleveland. The man who does not know anything of Melville W. Fuller better say nothing Otherwise he may make a donkey of himself. Mr. Fuller is in no wise inferior to any of the men named by the Chronicle. His appointment was a happy one. No intelligent republican of Illinois has or will dare question ite wisdom.

Discussing the establishment of sugar factors in Kansas the Hutchinson News says:

While there is no question about the success of the Parkinson-Swenson method of making sugar, there are grave doubts about a sugar factory being the best thing for a town to take hold of, considering the amount of money required in the investment.

Illinois prefers Gresham of Indiana, but the latter state endorses Harrison. This man is not the revivalist Harrison, and would not equal Gresham in that line.

If George W. Glick would drop out of Kansas politics, it would be a great boon to the democracy of the state. Notwithstanding the name Glick is no Mascott.

Farmer Funston will return to Congress. For that matter so will all the present Kansas delegation.

Those Indiana White Caps ought to be strung up on a line.

The tall Sycamore was well peeled, but, Cui bono?

Remove the Brute.

Saturday morning the brutal bridge policeman proved himself unworthy of his place. He should be at once removed. His proper place is pounding rock. He is unfit to serve where he comes in contact with the unfortunate. A small boy, perhaps ten years old, had fallen in a fit, and was taken to the policeman's room, at the south end of the bridge. When the little fellow recovered he gave his name as Evarts, living on Fillmore street. His father is a painter. The boy begged to be allowed to go home, but was not allowed to do so.

He was shut up in the room while it was said, his father was sent for. The child cried, at which the inhuman wretch grew angry. This only frightened the nervous boy, and he begged the more pitiously to go. He was ordered to be silent, or his hands would be tied. The attention of passers-by was attracted, and a lady was admitted, upon request, when she protested against the treatment the boy was receiving. He was sick, nervous and frightened. When asked to treat the boy kindly, the brutal fellow replied, that he was not there to coax and tease. This brute is the colored officer who succeeded the late officer Brommell. He is unfit for the place. In the name of the people, we ask his removal, and the appointment of some one possessed of human sympathies, as well as knowledge of human nature.

County Teachers Meeting.

There were present about sixty-five.

Miss Nona Wood presided.

Industrial education was disgussed. Mr. Larimer was opposed to attaching a system of this sort to the public schools. We must lay more stress on training for citizenship. Our schools were intended to make good scheols for men and women of boys and girls. The other speakers favored some degree of industrial education. Mr. Barber thought boys who gave but four hours to some industry would be better educated.

Mr. Jordan contrasted the conditson of clerks working for from $30 to $40 a month with that stonecutter getting about $3, and asked whether the last named were not better off.

Mr. MacDonald thought it was more of a question for the cities. Country children got a great deal of indstrial education milking cows, taking care of horses and doing general farm work. He thought, however, such arts of sewing could easily be taught.

Mr. Ashpole conducted the "Current Topics" exercise. The Ingalls speech, death of Conkling and Dr. Agnew, deadlock in the house of repsesentatives, death of Matthew Arnold and other events were discussed.

Mr. Larimer delivered the eighth lecture of the course in English literature. His subject was James Fenimore Cooper, but there was no question his birth place was Burlington, N. J. The popularity of his novels was such that when the Last of the Mohicans were published 3,500 copies went in three hours. Cooper was accused of aristocratic leanings. These he got from an early tory tutor a tory wife. He had fought his way to to fame without aid of any sort. His Pilot was a greater sea novel than Scott's Pirate. Cooper's greatest strength was in describing scenery, and his descriptions were always from nature.

The next was a pronouncing contest conducted by Mr. MacDonald. Eleven volunteers presented themselves. The leader took his place at the desk behind them. A slip of paper with twenty words on was handed to the lady at the head of the class. After she had pronounced the words she passed the slip to the next, and so on all the way around the class. The following are the words: Peremptory, demonstrate, opponent, adept, franchise, antipodes, aye (yes), biography, complex, condolence, cowardice, decade, deficit, desultory, extempore, facade, lamentable, massacre, moustache, finance.

There was no need to suppress anything about the Abilene convention for removal of the Capital. It really was a matter of indifference whether it was reported by the associated press or not. The more addled in the shell.

The Kansas City Weekly Journal. More good interesting reading for one dollar per year than is found in any paper in the west. Every Postmaster is agent for it, they will send for it—or you can do so yourself. Sample copy free.—address Journal Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Rev. S. E, Pendleton, formerly of Topeka Methodist district, now of Leavenworth district, made a good fight for the admission of woman as lay delegates to the Methodist conference at New York.

Mrs. C. J. Kendall and Mrs. T. D. Thacher took hold of the work of raising $1.000 to clear Christs Hospital, and did it in a few days last week, by securing contributions from leading business men who responded cheerfully.

Josiah Jordan of the Journal will take a vacation this week. He wants to be county superintendent.

Don't forget, new goods at Mrs. Barbers every Wednesday.

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General Traffic Manager White has rented the Congressman Ryan house for the summer.

The Topeka Creamery Cold storage company commenced making butter Monday.

The clearings of this city for the week ending Friday were $351,031, an increase of about $70,000 over the previous week.

The May number of The Century begins a new volume. The opening article is the first paper of the series by George Kennan, illustrated by G. A. Frost and Henry Sandham, in which is to be recorded the results of THE CENTURY Expedition into Siberia and examination of the exile system. The frontispiece of this number is a touching scene at the Siberian boundry post. In the "Author's Preface," Mr. Kennan relates the circumstances under which he undertook his Siberian mission. The illustrations are numerous, and there is a full-page map of the route pursued by the travelers on their extraordinary journey.

Theodore Roosevelt, in his series of Ranch articles, describes (and Remington illustrates) his adventurous and amusing pursuit and capture of three boat-theves, a short account of which appeared not long ago in the newspapers.

Two brief papers appeal especially to the soldier audience, but are of general interest as well. The first deals with 'The chances of being hit in battle," being "a study of regimental losses in the Civil War." The second describes the famous "Locomotive Chase in Georgia," one of the most thrilling incidents of the war.

The Lincoln Life deals especially with the efforts made to keep the Border States from Secession, and Mr, Lincoln appears not only in the historical setting, but also as a character of fiction in Dr. Eggleston's Western novel, "The Graysons," which is now approaching its most interesting point.

Dr. Eggleston, in the MAY CENTURY, publishes also an important chapter in his colonel series, namely, his original account of "The Church of England in the Colonies," with a number of illustrations of churches, etc., and a portrait of Bishop Berkeley,

A two-part story of Henry James, "The Liar" begins in this number, and there is a complete story by Edward Bellamy, entitled "A Love Story Reversed."

Matthew Arnold's recent address on Milton is here printed for the first time; there is an engraving of Lenbach's portrait of the Pope, with a brief study of his personality by the poet Maurice F. Egan; Professor Atwater gives a chapter in his series, in which he deals with various foods and beverages including gelatine. meat-extract. tea, coffee, alcohol, etc., and Mr. Cheney has another chapter on "Bird Music."

The poetry of the number includes four brief pieces by Aldrich, a dialect poem by Riley (illustrated by Kemble), etc.

The departments are unusually full, and such subjects are discussed as Civil Service reform and the coming National Conventions; "The Newspaper Side of Literature;" the training of girls in the direction of self-support, manual training, Emerson's Message, etc.

The Forum for May, a larger edition of which was called for in advance than than had ever been issued of any Previous number, contains articles on the following wide range of public questions: The Judiciary, Municipal Goverment River and Harbor Bills, The Liquor Traffic, The Railroads, The Public Schoolls, The Admission of Utah; and of foreign questions, The Irish Problem, and The Temporal Power of the Pope.

Judge Barret of the Supreme Court, New York, before whom the "Boodle" Aldermen and Jacop Sharp were tried, writes of "Miscarriages of Justice," and points out remedies for certain defects in onr judicial system—an article of especial interest to the judiciary and to lawyers.

Mr. Frederic Tylor, a New York banker has an argument—from the practical financier's point of view—for the national control of railways

Ex-Mayor Seth Low, of Brooklyn, summarizes his experience in an article on "Obstacles to Good City Government."

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, points out the unfairness and the scandals of River and Harbor bills, and proposes the creation of a National Commission on Public Works as a preventive.

An insight is given into the Mormon communities outside Salt Lake City, and of the practical workings of the hierarchy, by Capt. E. C. Dutton, of the U. S. Geological Survey, who spent several years in Utah.

Michael Davitt has a strong article on Irish Landlordism, in which he mantains that the Irish queston is the landlord queston, and shows what home rule would do for the development of the country.

Other articles are "Objections to High License," by the Rev. Dr. Leonard W. Bacon; "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" by Judge R. C. Pitman; "Steam and Its Rivals," by Prof. R. H. Thurston; and "The Pains of Fear," by Eliza Lunn Lipton.

The growth of the FORUM is a significant indication of the taste of the American reading public, which does not demand sensationalism, but does desire the discussion of practical living topics. The FORUM is published at 253 Fifth ave. N. York.

The Rapid Transit.

It is now well settled that the Rossville rapid transit road will be speedily built. The company has been reorganized, with George Stcker as president and J. D. Pattison, secretary. A meeting of the directors was held this afternoon, to make final arrangements, and Mr. Edwin Brazier purchasing agent for the company, will leave to-morrow morning to buy iron. He expects to be absent two weeks. The time is now so short that a personal visit to iron works is necessary, in order to make purchases without delay, and to see that shipments are made promptly. While Mr. Brazier is absent, the work of grading will go on, so that as soon as the iron arrives it can be put in place without delay. Nearly all the first assessment of stock has been paid in and is now in bank. This enterprise will be a great thing for northern Shawnee, and will make things lively on the north side for some months to come, and will insure other valuable improvements

Dr Kendall has taken Hitchcock Bro's. old stand for his drug business.

Prof. Carruth of the Lawrence university preached at the Unity church Sunday.

While Laura Crane, of the Golden Gate hotel and restaurant, on East Fourth street was absent in court, Saturday, getting a divorce from her husband, one of her brothers called Reddy went to the house and with a hatchet went through the belongings of the boarders and Mrs. Crane and altogether made a pretty fat take of it, getting perhaps $50 in money and considerable jewelry etc. He was afterwards arrested but nothing was found and he denies the thieft.

New goods at Mrs Barbers next Wednesday.

New goods at Mrs. Barbers next Wednesday.

The democratic congressional committee of the Fourth districts is called to meet at the parlors of the Windsor hotel in this city, on Thursday, May 10, at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

A large number of the gentlemen friends of J. S. Morse visited him last evening to wish him many happy returns. It was his birthday and the boys had a good time.

There will be light according to the latest flash of news, from the city's electric plant, about June 11.

A mad dog was shot on Central avenue by Policeman Neal yesterday.

Next Sunday afternoon a union meeting of the young people of all the churches will be held at one of the churches.

Hank Lindsey, chairman of the board of county commissior, left yesterday for Indian territory on a visit of a few days. He will return the latter part of next week.

Mr. F. G. Hentig left Saturday morning for Detroit, where he has been called to attend the death bed of his mother. Mr. Hentig returned from Detroit only a short time ago where he was called to attend the funeral of his brother.

A petition will be presented to the county board at their next meeting asking them to have a road graded west from the sugar works about two miles. It will be necessary to have the road graded in order to make it possible for farmers to haul sorghum to the mill. The sugar company have agreed to pay their share of the assessment and one half the additional cost of the improvement. It will cost from six to eight hundred dollars.

A cheap hose for watering plants can be made of heavy ducking, says a correspondent of Farm Life. Cut the ducking into strips the width needed to make the size wanted, fold the edges together, and sew two seams with a sewing machine. Then roll into rolls or balls, and boil in grafting wax, the same as cloth for grafting purpose. "I made 150 feet of such hose, says the correspondent, "to water strawberries and vegetables. I cut the cloth lengthwise about fifty feet in a section, and then sewed the section together. It will leak a little, but not enough to amount to anything."

The idea of Sunday sacred concerts at Garfield Park needs to be presented in its true light. As a moral movement in any sense it is a fraud. It is simply a money making scheme. With that understanding there is no deception in it, and it is just as legitimate as base ball playing on Sunday.

The city police protest that the regulation uniform is not in keeping with the size and dignity of the city and they ask an appropriation to assist them in purchasing better and more becoming uniforms. There were twenty-seven signers to the petition.

The democracy of Marion county held their county convention at Marion on the second instant, and fired the first gun of the campaign by unanimously passing the following resolution:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this convention that the delegates this day chosen to represent the democracy of Marion county in the convention at Wichita should vote against anyone for delegate to the St. Louis convention who holds an appointive office under the federal administration."

Judge Caldwell, of Cincinnati overruled the demurrer filed by a saloon keeper charged with keeping his saloon open on Sunday, based on allegations of the law improperly enacted. The court found the law was enacted in due form. Warrants were issued to day for 127 persons who last Sunday violated the Owen law; all were arrested and gave bond. Mayor Smith intimates they may change the policy next Sunday by arresting at once all who open their saloons.

The results of the late Burlingtion strike may be summed up about as follows: The treasuries of the Brotherhoods are empty. 2,000 men are out of work and many have lost their homes, and $500,000 in wages, while the company has sustained a loss of $2,500,000 in the fight.

Another English scoundrel has come to this country, passed himself as a lord somebody, married a simple, but rich girl, with the consent of a foolish and ambitious mother, has returned to England, and on landing, has been arrested for embazzlement.

ST. JACOBS OIL

FOR RHEUMATISM.

$20,000 LOST.

COL. D. J. WILLIAMSON, Ex-U. S. Consul at Callao, Peru, whose fac-simile signature from his testimonial is here shown, states:

"I was a helpless cripple for years from rheumatism, spent $20,000 in vain, then used St. Jacobs Oil, and it cured me."

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

While the NEWS is not given to partisan politics, it cannot fail to hav an interest in all political movements. It fully understands the shams and the hypocrisy of party tactics, the readiness of all parties, so far as their leaders may be concerned, to sacrifice principles and friends, to gain personal ends. The thought is not edifying; the knowledge is not inspiring. Just now, interest centers in the contest in the democratic party. It is a struggle between the good and the bad elements in the party. One is headed by ex-Gov. Glick. Unfortunately he is at the head of the president's appointees. The question of interest is, how far he will be supported by those holding federal positions. Mr. Glick does not in any sense represent the better elements in his party, and hence every good citizen outside of his party would be glad to see him eliminated from Kansas politics. His latest offense is an unseemly interest in the selection of delegates to various conventions. It cannot be said that he is doing this in behalf of President Cleveland, since there seems to be no opposition to him inside his own party. We hope to see the party in the state follow the action of the democracy of the first ward, and declare that no federal office holder shall go as a delegate to St. Louis. We then want to see them send as one delegate to the national convention, A. J. Arnold of North Topeka. Then it will begin to look as if the better side of the democracy is turning toward the sunlight.

Is a valuable and interesting number of this favorite family monthley. Both solid and light reading, grave and gay prose and verse, are found in its pages, and the many beautiful illustrations add to the interest and value of the text. "Luxurious Railroading," by Arthur Vaughan Abbot, is very intertainingly written, and conveys an immense amount of information, which is enhanced by the many illustrations accompanying it. "The Beginning of Mission Work in North Africa," tells the story of Missions in Tunis, Tripoli, Algeria, and Morocco. An article on "Heidelberg," M. and Wilcox, will attract attention, for many American scholars hav been educated in this famous University in that city, and "A Pembrokeshire Parson," by George Huntington, is a most entertaining account of an eccentric clergyman of the Church of England. Two short stories are given in this number: the first, a remarkable one by Mrs. General Wallace, "The First Cinderella; a Story of the Red Pyramid," and the other, a pretty love tale, "Pussy Willow," by Millie W. Carpenter. Dr. Talmage's sermon is a striking one on "Thrist in a Cavern," and there are many other good things in verse and prose, and a fine and vigorous hymn tune on the last page by C. Wenham-Smith, to the hynm "Crown Him with Many Crowns."

A singular meeting took place Saturday at one of the wharves in Baltimore. The steamer Minnesota delivered on the waterside a large shipment of straw matting that left Hong Kong February last by a steamer for London, where it was transferred to Baltimore on the landside. She was met by a train of cars from Vancouver that discharged at the same time the same kind of a cargo, that left March 26. This makes a difference of 48 days in favor of transcontinental line.

The supreme court in an opinion written by Judge Sherwood, reverses Judge Noonan's decision upon the law of 1857—the Sunday law. It is held that the city governmedt of St Louis never had the authority to grant permission for the sale of wine and beer on Sunday.

Mrs. Winslow who died Sunday was buried yesterday afternoon from the family residence on Topeka Ave. between Gordon and Park to the Rochester Cemetry.

A snob giving rules observed by well bred young ladies, says that she never takes more than one glass of wine, but does not limit her as to the number of cigars she may smoke. One is as lady like as the other.

The Spirit of Kansa

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

IT looks as though Prince Alexander of Battenberg had been non-suited for the time.

BOBERT BROWNING is revising his poem "Pauline" for a new editior. He should add a glossary and various diagrams.

GOV. DAVIS, of Rhode Island, will be remembered as the Governor of that State who was not rich. This is a unique distinction in Rhode Island.

MISS Jennie Chamberlain, the famous beauty, and her mother have returned to Cleveland, O., from Florida. Miss Chamberlain will soon sail for Europe.

A SETTLEMENT at Cape Colony is to be named after Lord Tennyson. Should a man who exclaimed "Rather fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay" be thus honored?

GEN. FRANKLIN, who has for a number of years occupied a salaried position in the Colt Arms Manufacturing Company, of Hartford, Conn., has severed his connection with that organization.

GEN. BOULANGER says that nearly all the letters he receives contain offers of money. Paradoxical as it may sound, therefore, his progress is the more rapid on account of the checks he receives.

COLLECTOR MAGONE, of New York, has made Henry F. Gillig, of the American Exchange in Europe, pay full duty on a diamond necklace which a special treasury agent charged him with smuggling into the country last January.

THE engagement is announced of Miss Flora West, daughter of the British Minister, to Mr. Gabriel Salanson, one of the Secretaries of the French Legation at Washington. The wedding will take place in Paris some time in June.

F. C. BURNAND, of London *Punch*, possesses remarkable skill as a ventriloquist. He was educated for a Jesuit priest, but his inclination to play practical jokes with the ventriloquil power under his control brought him into disfavor with his superiors.

FUMIGATION is said to have originated with Acron, a physician of Agrigentum, who is said to have first caused great fires to be lighted and aromatics to be throw into them to purify the air, and thus to have stopped he plague at Athens and other places in Greece about 473 B. C.

ELDER WEIMER, of Meriden, Conn., is building at that place a Faith-Cure Home. He has been unable to raise money enough, however, to pay the contractors, and there is now a lien on the unfinished building. Faith may move mountains, but Weimer finds it unavailing in raising ready money.

LEONARD W. VALK, the Chicago sculptor, says that once when taking a plaster cast of President Lincoln's hands he detected a scar on the left thumb. Noticing that it had attracted his attention the President said: "You have heard me called a rail-splitter; well, one day while sharpening a wedge on a log the ax glanced off and nearly took the end of my thumb off. That's the scar."

AN unpretentious-looking man with a short, brown beard, a derby hat and fashionable clothes is often seen walking briskly up Broadway, New York. It is ex-Gov. Geo. Hoadly, of Ohio, who is now making an annual income of $50,000 in the metropolis as attorney for several railroads. When Gov. Hoadly had finished his term he realized that there was no future for him in Ohio, so he went to New York. His success here has been more than up to his expectations.

MRS. PARAN STEVENS has raised the boycott she decreed last summer against Newport. The comment caused in the press by the Duke of Marlborough's letter caused Mrs. Stevens to assert that she would never again set foot in Marietta Villa, her summer residence at New Port. She now says she will go to her villa about the first of July, and that during the summer she will entertain certain distinguished guests. This probably means that Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, who will visit Lady Randolph's parrents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard W. Jerome, during the summer, will accept Mrs. Steven's hospitality for time.

PERSECUTING THE BLIND.

The Sightless Driven to Prison For Sweet Charity's Sake.

A Noble Work Being Performed by the Charity Organization Society Officers—Perjury and Blackmail—Driven to Starvation and Suicide—Wolves in Sheep's Clothing, and How They Aid the Poor.

A knot of statesmen, newspaper men and men-about-town stood in the rotunda of the Astor House the other day discussiug city matters, when one of the party mentioned the Charity Organization and denounced it as being most cruel and persecuting in its attitude towards those most helpless mortals, the poor blind of New York.

The speaker was known to most persons present as one having an almost hereditary right to be informed on those matters of which he was so outspoken, from the fact of his having been on one of the leading newspapers ofthe city from boyhood in those capacities in which his father and grandfather before him had served. That he was instinctively *en rapport* with the matter of his discourse was quite evident when he feeling remarked that he had been in a position to know of the heart-rending trials and struggles for maintenance of these afflicted people for the past twenty years.

Speaking of *The World* and its influence, he said to a reporter who was present: "I was never in your office; never wrote a line for its columns, but just after the holidays I called upon your managing editor with a letter from a respectable and worthy blind man, who, with a wife (also blind) and four little ones, was literally starving in a tenement on the west side of the city. I had known of their circumstances for several years. Their only aid and succor had been the pence of the benevolent passer-by; but now the bread-getter was prostrate with a painful malady. I sought aid through *The World*, not so much on account of its immense circulation, but for the reason that I knew that it was read largely by that class of our people which is more quick to sympathize with suffering and misery than is that class whose drippings percolate through the refrigerating sieves of the Charity Organization Society. The insertion of that brief appeal brought not only instantaneous aid, but it has kept flowing, thus enabling the family to exist until the father can again get on the highway, from which the Charity Society wolves have in vain endeavored to hound him.

"At last one clegyman, whose weather-beaten church is the outside of the 'tenderloin' district, and his congregation, though primitive-mannered, is composed of citizens who are native and to the manner born, has shown himself to be the one good shepherd who is not afraid of the fury of the wolf. His parish is what was in early days 'Greenwich village,' where to-day can be found more descendants of the Knickerbockers than in any other spot on this island, and where respectable and shrinking poverty is also more rife. He has seen the foreign hirelings of the Charity Organization Society growling like so many wolves among his flock, and he has hunted them to their lair on University place, as in the case of the Italian Chiardi, recently arrested in the act of blackmailing a poor Italian woman.

"Already the protests of this clergyman against the pharisaical machinations upon their heads, and the laudatory accounts of the work of the society and the ponderous philippics of the 'leader' writers have appeared simultaneously in the columns of the goody-goody newspapers owned by the Pharisees and Mammon worshippers. It would seem that some facts might prove interesting reading just now regarding the system of espionage carried on by the society against blind peddlers, and I think the narrating of some of its victims can be obtained if if you will accompany me in search of them."

Before starting out the speaker explained how the laws of the Penal Code, as passed by the Legislatnre, had been manipulated by the philanthropists of the various socities so as to prevent any blind persons being led by even their own children while receiving alms. Not only can the child be apprehended as a vagrant, but the blind person can be committed as a felon on a charge of cruelty to children.

"The case that first struck terror to the hearts of the blind was the arrest and commitment of William Gardner, a graduate of the New York Institution for the Blind, while peddling soap and being led by a boy over fifteen years of age. To secure his conviction the woman who had married him twelve years before, with another husband still living, and, as was subsequently discovered, was then living with another blind man, was permitted to testify against him. He has committed no crime. Mr. Colgate, from whom he bought his soap, certified to his integrity. James C. Carlise, a blind veteran of the war and ex-Junior Vice-Commander of the Grand Army, appeared as representative of the Adult Blind Aid Association in the blind prisoner's behalf, and yet, so determined were the officers for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to drive the indigent blind of this city into destitution that three police justices sitting in the Sessions, sentenced this sightless man to the penitentiary in the beginning of winter, where he was obliged to linger day and night clad in a petty-larceny garb, and over his cell door was the damning inscription, 'For cruelty to children.' His crime consisted in endeavoring to obtain a subsistence by the only channel open to him—exposing his wares from a box on his breast. After his discharge he felt his way to my office and implored me to obtain for him the pittance that is allowed him by the city. He never got it.

"Why? Because he had been an inmate of an institution.

"William Smith, also blind, was committed on the complaint of an officer of the Charity Organization Society. His crime was offering for sale pencils. He was sentenced at the Essex Market Police Court to the Island for six months. During his imprisonment his invalid wife, suffering from want and hunger, committed suicide by taking Paris green. Her body was found before the empty fireplace, above which was the inscription, "God Bless Our Home," a silent satire on poverty. William Buris, also blind, was arrested on complaint of the same society for selling lead pencils and court plaster. Three months on the Island was his sentence. William Leep, also blind, was being led by his wife when arrested. Both were sentenced to imprisonment in the Workhouse. The wife died within a month from the day of sentence.

"Stephen Brown, a colored man who has been sightless for years, was arrested on complaint of officer Chiardi, for playing a small music box in one of the parks. He was taken to Jefferson Market Police Court, when the officer swore that he had seen him every day for some time before soliciting alms, and despite the poor fellow's tears, and protests that he had not been in the city, he was sent to the island for six months. Later, through the efforts of friends he was released, and it was learned that he had been away from New York during the time Chiardi swore he saw him begging.

"Mrs. Gallagher, a blind woman, was arrested by the society for having a placard on her bosom stating she was totally blind. The officers gave her pennies, and she was sent from the Jefferson Market Police Court for a term of imprisonment.

"There are two blind men who do not stand in terror of the cruelty of the Charity Organization Society. One has in front of him the Grand Army medals, and the other a noble English mastiff, and yet both have been hounded by the same foreign mendicant whom the Charity Organization Society placed on horseback to run these unfortunates down. Henry Smith is a veteran of the war and totally blind, with a wife and several children, the eldest a young woman now about eighteen years of age. Several years ago she was leading him about the city while he was peddling pencils and other small wares. She was snatched from his side, and, notwithstanding she had a moderately comfortable home, was sent to some institution to be kept as a witness against her father, who had been committed for trial. 'Smithy,' as he is called by the comrads of his Grand Army Post, rallied to his side their aid, and made matters quite lively for those who were prosecuting him, and now he may be seen the coldest of days sitting in front of the Tabernacle Church, at Sixth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, turning the handle of a small harmonican, clad in his old army clothes, with only his sightless sockets to indicate his helplessness.

"'If they will only let me alone,' he says. 'I can eke out an existence with what my wife and daughter can earn between them. When the inquiring passer-by learns that there is no asylum, refuge or institution for such as me, I hear his nickel sliding to the bottom of my cup, and I am happy and contented with the thought that my little ones will soon be able to be bread-winners. That is all the hope that is left me.'

"The amusement-goers of this city may have noticed a small emaciated blind man standing at the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth street with a large mastiff at his feet. He is Garret Roach, a native of this city, who has been blind from boyhood. He passed through the curriculum of the the New York institution for the blind, and became a teacher in the Mississippi State Instution for the Blind at Natchez. His health failing him, he returned to this city and met the woman who joined him in his misery, who had also graduated from the same institution.

"'I realized,' he said, in explaining what may seem a singular union of unfortunates, 'the force of what was said by one of old: "He who can live in solicitude must be either a wild beast or a god. It is not a life for man."' For several years he has received sufficent alms to maintain a home. The severity of this winter has shattered his constitution and he was seut to one of our large hospitals for surgical treatment.

"To prove that in this great metropolis there should be some place of refuge for the exclusive treatment of blind invalids would be only necessary to describe the ordeal this unfortunate man went through with those into whose care he was placed after the surgeons had attended him. He was allowed to totter out within a week of his entrance, and, with occasional steers, worked his way to his home. It was his appeal for help in *The World* that was so generously answered.

"In one of my visits to this family their dying infant was lying in its crib partially uncovered. The dog went to the side, and, catching the coverlid in its teeth, drew it over the suffering child, and at my last visit, when the baby was dead, the faithful animal was sitting by its side seeming to realize indeed that he was their chief dependence.

"'Yes,' remarked this blind man, 'it is very consoling to know that there is so much benevolence in this great city. I long to get back to my corner on Broadway to hear the familiar voices that greeted me so often. Thank God, there is one I am not likely to hear ever again. That is the cruel Italian of the Charity Organization Society who has so often hissed into the ears of the blind his vile imprecations.'

"The last of the blind who succumbed to his trials was poor Tom Donohue, the newsman. He was one of the most active members of the Adult Blind Aid Association, of which there were some years ago about one hundred. He knew more about the condition and character of the blind people of this city than any other, and their almoners have frequently called upon him for information that charity societies could not or would not furnish. His dread of becoming dependent was ever uppermost in his thoughts, and it was only a few months ago he asked me to get him a young girl from some of the institutions to look after his little boy. He deplored the fact that there was no place but the almshouse for blind invalids, and wondered why it was that people afflicted with every other infirmity were cared for. 'Perhaps,' he said' 'it is because we are no good and can do no harm.'"

"And it is true that there is no place of refuge for the blind?"

"Twenty years ago the press asked the question, and the Rev. Eastburn Benjamin, an Episcopal clergyman, took the matter in hand and rented a small three-story dwelling on Seventh avenue. After a year's trial the 'Home' was moved to No. 219 West Fourteenth street, which was duly incorporated under the laws of the State, in which all the destitute and deserving blind of New York and its vicinity were included, irrespective of color, creed or nationality. From that small beginning has grown the substantial and well-equipped Home at One Hundred and Fourth street and Tenth avenue, which is supported by contributions and is a model institution.

"The New York Institution for the Blind, at Ninth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, was founded by Dr. John S. Ross and incorporated in 1831. The property was given to him by James Bowman, with the understanding that after ten years it could be purchased for $10,000. It is now a boarding-school for the juvenile blind.

"In this city of a million and a half inhabitants, there are something over five hundred blind persons, who must perforce live by charity. Should they not be permitted to come out on the streets and receive the alms of the benevolent persons who pass them, and enjoy the warmth of the sunshine if not the light? If so, then may the Legislature blot out the cruel and uncivilized enactments that now disgrace our Penal laws, when it is known how brutally they have been enforced by the Pharisees that framed them."—*New York World.*

The Coming Emperor.

As a difference of a small fraction of as inch in the length of Cleopatra's nose would have changed the whole course of history, so the momentous question of peace or war in Europe seems to turn just now on the nature of a small sore in Fredrick III.'s throat. Should the new Emperor's life and reign be prolonged, the prospects of peace abroad and reforms at home would be greatly enhanced, but for this the outlook is not favorable. Even the limited public business the royal invalid has been allowed to transact has proved too exhausting, and late dispatches indicate his removal to Potsdam for absolute rest, and a preliminary decree has already been issued authorizing the Crown Prince to act as Emperor pro tem. for certain specified purposes. There seems to be but one interpretation of this, and that is the virtual abdication of the pacific father in favor of the warlike son. How far-reaching the consequences may be a subject for conjecture. The hostility of the Crown Prince toward France is undisguised, and his ambition for military fame and conquest as a second Frederick the Great is well known. For a time at least he will be restrained, if not absolutely controlled and guided in his foreign policy by the Imperial Chancellor, but what will happen when he has replaced the aged Bismarck and Moltke by younger and more fiery counsellors after his own heart? No military genius thirsting for glory ever had a more powerful armament at his disposal, nor is it probable that, with the chafing French on the one side and the aggressive Russians on the other, he will long lack a pretext for using it, if such be his purpose.—*Cincinnati Times.*

How to Darn.

Comparatively few of the girls of today known how to darn stockings, and yet there is no part of a woman's work more important. In putting on the foundation of a darn, a double thread should be used for woolen and a single thread for cotton hose. It is important to draw the threads evenly, and care must be taken that from whatever side the stitches begin they reach exactly opposite, and are set at equal distances apart. The worn edges around the hole to be darned should not be trimmed. The finer the stocking, the finer should be the darning material and the smaller the needle.—*Philadelphia Times.*

HERE AND THERE.

Whistler, the artist, is very ill in London.

Mary Anderson is called a perfect example of Greek beauty.

Mrs. Florence Lohannes died at New York the other day aged 102.

The crown Prince of Germany hates everything English, not excepting his mother.

A Paris paper speaks of "Mr. Powderhorn, President of the American Knights of Labor.

It is said that Edmund Clarence Stedman regrets having published his diamond wedding.

Charley Shmett, a Mansfield, Mass., toddler aged 3, has started out to rival Josef Hoffman as a musical prodigy.

Mrs. Campbell Praed says that her play of Ariadne is bringing her more money than she knows what to do with.

Col. Ingersoll's daughters say their father is boy enough for one home and that they, therefore, need no brothers.

Ex-Attorney-General Brewster's estate of $100,000 will be held in trust for his son, until the latter reaches the age of 30.

The fastest typesetter in California is said to be a young woman who is employed in a newspaper office at Santa Barbara.

Granny Rose, colored, died at Columbia, S. C., at the ripe age of 131. She had cut a new set of teeth shortly before her death.

Speaker Carlisle paid $18,000 for the Swedish minister's house in Washington, not $42,000 as some correspondents have averred.

Cleopatra, according to a French physician, died not from the bite of an asp, but from suffocation by gas—asp-hyxiated, as it were.

We have breweries, wineries and creameries, and why can't we have stoveries, painteries, oysteries and lots of other good things as well?

There have been three failures of coal dealers within a week, but it should be explained that they came about by the parties building marble palaces.

The house at Charlestown, Mass., where Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, was born, has been marked with a memorial marble tablet.

Over $20,000,000 worth of diamonds were mined in South Africa last year, and this will supply three or four more advance agents for the fall and winter season.

The working brewery men of Chicago make no bones about acknowledging that they are Anarchists from top to toe. It seems to be something that goes with beer.

A whole week has gone by without an Ohio county treasurer defaulting, but there are suspicions against two or three, and next week may make up for the deficiency.

The increase in peanut consumption last year was over 6,000,000 bushels, and it is not believed that Billy Kersands and Sol. Smith Russell created all the difference.

A Russian subject who is suspected of ever thinking that any particular law is not wise and just can be punished as severely as an American who attempts a robbery.

It is said that no girl ever yet refused an offer of marriage without being sorry for it, while, on the contrary, the fellow has probably thanked his stars that she said no.

What is meant by an inch of rain-fall is that 14,500,000 gallons of water have fallen upon a square mile of ground and started the pig-weeds and Canada thistles into new growth.

Pennsylvania has a law prohibiting the sale of oleomargarine in that State, and that's the reason the East and the West ship in about 100 tons per day, all of which finds a ready sale.

The straw having been removed from the floors of the street cars, stockholders in the respective lines can now be looking for dividends. Each car ought to average a bushel of nickels.

Alfonso XIII., the infant King of Spain, is now 21 months old. He is described as a large child and is apparently healthy, but his face is that of an old man. Until he is seven he will be left entirely in the hands of women, but from the time he reaches that age until he is 16 he will have a tutor and masters. At 16 he will be presented to the Cortes, and the Regent will place the rins of government in his hands.

There are some wonderful mountains in the vicinity of Ajmera, India. A traveler describes them thus: "All of these mountains seem to be metamorphic, of marble and quartz and fissured sandstone. Often the crests of the hills were great ledges of quartz, which gleamed in the hot sun and looked as if they were masses of ice. The road was ballasted with this stone, and the plains were covered with it in broken bits, which glistened and sparkled like a thousand acres of diamonds. I do not exaggerate when I say that at one time, for a good many miles, the eye was pained by the sparkling of these quartz or miraculous stone. We entered these mountains and found a most wonderful formation. As far as my glass would enable me to see the hills, rising several hundred feet, were a mass of granite, here broken, piled up, and there in huge natural masses, and all water-worn as if a mighty torrent had tumbled over them for countless millions of years.

The other day Tony Kearn, who works on Mr. Griffin's farm near Scranton, was driving the cattle to water and while passing through a piece of woods his attention was attracted by the bellowing of one of the cows. Tony espied a dark object up a tree ready to spring upon a calf. The man clenched tight a large club he carried and meeting the wild animal half way he dealt it a furious blow on the head. This only angered the brute, and with a fierce bound it leaped upon Tony and bore him to the ground. The man made a desperate effort to throw the animal off. The brute had scratched his face badly and tore his clothing into shreds. With superhuman power Tony threw the beast off, and, springing to his feet, again he seized his club. Once more the animal made for him, and a well-aimed blow from the Dutchman sent him to the ground apparently lifeless. Tony hurried to the house, procured a gun and shot the animal dead. Almost breathless with excitement he ran to the house with the astonishing intelligence that he had shot a fox in a tree. Farmer Griffin concluded the man was wrong as to the kind of animal killed, and going out to the spot found it to be a wildcat weighing about fifty pounds.

GEORGIA HONEY BEES.

Yielding a Barrelful a Day Each and Making Their Owners Rich.

After dinner at Mr. Mitchell's we were sitting on his front piazza, smoking, and I discovered some bees going in and out of a knot in one of the large oak trees in front of his dwelling. This tree is known to be over a hundred years old, I learned that several years ago a swarm of bees assembled in that tree as their new home, and they have worked and lived there over since. After they had been there for three years the colony became very large and strong, and no attempt had ever been made to rob them of their honey. At last Mr. Mitchell came to the conclusion that the tree must be full of honey from seeing large numbers of flies and bees around the root of the tree; so he set to work to devise some means to get the honey without cutting the tree down. After applying all the tests known to bee men, he satisfied himself that the tree was fnll, and then decided to tap it like a fellow is tapped for dropsy. So he got him a faucet and an augur and borred a hole in the tree near the root and then screwed in the faucet and to his surprise and great delight a solid stream of pure and elegant honey clear as crystal gushed forth, and the supply seemed inexhaustible. It continued to pour out until he had filled six barrels; and he has drawn each year since that time from three to four barrels of pure strained honey from that old oak tree and up to this there seems to be no signs of a failure of the supply, as the bees are still a very strong and healthy colony.

The same year that Mr. Mitchell tapped the old oak tree there was a new thick growth sprung up all around the old oak tree of an unusual appearance, having a smooth bark and thick, waxy leaves. One day he pulled off one of the leaves and put it in his mouth and found it to be sweet, and upon examining the place from which he had plucked the leaf he discovered that the plant was bleeding or emitting from the wound a clear, thick-looking juice, which, upon tasting and examination, proved to be honev. He then commenced to nurse the new volunteer growth with the tenderest care and attention, looking after them daily; and as the summer advanced the plants continued to grow, and in the fall he selected and transplanted 300 of them in very rich soil, thirty feet apart, and they grew very rapidilv making a beautiful display with their straight, smooth trunks and thick and glossy wax-like leaves. And the grove was seen and admired by all for miles and miles around. Mr. Mitchell's idea was that as large money was made from the sugar maple, by boiling the juice, he ought to make more from a tree that would run pure honey, and he was right. When the trees were four years old in the fall of the year they were large enough to insert faucets. So he had three hundred faucets made to order and screwed them into the young trees, and the following spring the result was remarkable. Each tree yielded an average of ten gallons of the richest golden honey: the following year each tree yielded an average of twenty gallons, and now the average is about a barrel to each tree during the year, and the grove continues to grow and flourish and shows no signs of failing to supply a bountifnl yield in the years to come. The quaity of the honey is so fine and the flavor is so delicate that it always commands the highest prices, and the demand is greater than the supply.

If some of those enterprising artesian well men who are always prospecting and boring holes in our country for oil could succeed in sinking a well from which a solid stream of old mellow peach brandy would flow continuously, then, indeed, old Spalding County would be a new Mecca, and pilgrimages would be made from all over this broad country to the land which flows with "peach and honey."

But be that as it may, the uncertainty of the fruit crop, the corn crop, the wheat crop, nor the uncertainty of the price of cotton, has any terrors for Mr. Mitchell, for so long as these golden streams of sweetness continue to flow from these natural fountains, his prosperity is assured.—*Grffin (Ga.) News.*

Cuba and Jamaica.

Nothing could be more desolate than the easiest end of Cuba--rugged mountains, bear rocks, and utter solitude When Columbus first saw the island it could not have been more as nature made and left it, at the east end, than it is to-day. And this "east end," as far as its ruggedness and barrenness go, extends half way down the island nearly. We in the North are apt to think of Cuba as a vast garden spot, covered with cane fields and green tobacco. But this is a mistaken notion. The cultivated land is a surprisingly small proportion of the surface, and every year it grows smaller, if anything can "grow" smaller. The same cyclone that has hit all the other West India islands has not passed Cuba. Away back in 1800 there were more than 2,000 coffee plantations in Cuba; now there are—quien sabe?—probably less than 200, and the others have gone to seed.

But the aspect of Jamaica is different. Seen from the sea the entire island seems to be under cultivation. It has, indeed, many high mountains, but the mountain land is some of the best on the island producing coffee that is second to none in quality or price. Away up almost to the mountain tops are cultivated fields. Down by the shore are some of the largest cocoanut groves I have ever seen, numbering their trees by thousands, with vessels moored along side waiting to carry away the ripened nuts. And bananas? Bananas growing everywhere, wherever a shoot can be sent out! The houses to be seen are generally large and low, as open as possible to let in the breeze. Cane fields? Few and therein lies the secret of Jamaica keeping herself afloat while all the neighboring islands are struggling with bankruptcy. Instead of waiting in vain for sugar to pay again, as they are doing, the Jamaica planters plowed up their cane fields and went to raising bananas and cocoanuts, and now derive the greater part of their incomes from these articles of ready and profitable sale. So a Jamaica gentleman and fruit-grower on the steamer told me, and certainly this first look on the island seems to confirm his statement, for there are bananas and cocoanuts growing everywhere.—*Havana Letter.*

A Vast Catastrophe.

Chinese newspapers and private letters from Peking brings details of the overflow of the Yellow river in September of last year. This event was dismissed with the notice of a few lines by most American newspapers, so little do we know of the real condition of our brothers on the other side of the globe. Yet no catastrophe so vast has occurred in the world during this century. As it is liable to recur at future times, a brief description of its cause and its effects may be of interest:

The Hoang-Ho, or Yellow river, drains the great basin of North China, as the Mississippi does the central states of the Union. It bears a singular likeness to our great river in several particulars, chief of which is the crookedness of its course, its sudden huge serpentine bends.

It drains like the Mississippi, hill ranges of great fertility, carrying their rich alluvial soil to the delta at its mouth. This rich silt, or mud, as in the case of the Mississippi, chokes up its mouth, until the river is forced to ooze its way through innumerable bayous to the sea.

In both rivers the spring rains and melting of the snow on the mountains near its source produce sudden devastating floods. The water disregards its crooked channel, and rushes straight across plantations, villages and cities.

The Chinese, like the people along the Mississippi, have found it necessary to build ramparts of either side of the murderous river to protect them from its fury; but the Chinese began this work nearly three thousand years ago. As the increasing deposit of silt near its mouths closes them, the water is forced back into its bed, and rises higher than the surrounding country each year, necessitating higher levees.

Ten times since B. C. 1200 the vast flood has broken through these barriers and found a new way for itself to the sea. In 1852 an outbreak occurred, and the mighty flood went back to the channel through which it flowed when our Savior was on earth. Each outburst is necessarily accompanied by large loss of life and destruction of property.

On the 27th of last September a crevasse broke the dyke, and a body of water five hundred miles long, seventy foot deep and a mile wide burst upon the plain. This plain—a territory of ten thousand square miles, occupied by over three thousand villages—was submerged. The destruction of human life is estimated at five millions. None of the water has yet reached the sea; it forms a vast lake of death where last year was a fertile, populous plain.

The Chinese government has given nearly three millions of dollars, besides the annual revenue from a great province, to rebuild the dykes, and a population equal to that of our middle states is swarming now like ants about the banks of the huge current, trying to put a curb upon it, knowing that it is a curb which, at some future time, it will surely break through again.—*Exchange.*

Valuable Points by a Plumber.

"If you want a point or two about cleaning waste-pipes without sending for a plumber," said a retired member of the fraternity to a reporter who was complaining of the trials of house-ownership, "just listen to me."

"If I were still in the business I would not give away what I am going to tell you now, but as I'm out of it I do not see why I may not help a a friend.

"One of the most frequent and trying annoyances," he continued, as he flashed his $600 diamond ring at the reporter, "is the obstruction to the free, quick outlet of the waste water of the washbasin, the bath-tub, and kitchen sink. This is caused by a gradual accumulation of small bits of refuse material, papers, rags, meat, bone, or grease, which check and finally entirely stop the outflow of the waste, and then the plumber is called to remove the stoppage with his force-pump. Sometimes this is accomplished, but often the pipe has to be cnt, and there is great inconvenience and expense.

"Just before retiring at night pour into the clogged pipe enough liquid soda lye to fill the "trap," as it is called—or the bent part of the pipe just below the outlet. Be sure no water runs into it until the next morning. During the night the lye will convert all the offal into soft soap, and the current of water in the morning will wash it away and leave the pipe as clean as new. See? This is practical chemistry, yet few chemists would ever think of it."—*New York Telegram.*

A MARINE MONSTER.

Robertson's Second Venture Not a Raft, but a Solid Timber Ship Six Hundred Feet Long.

Well up to the head of that narrow strip of water (a prolongation of the Bay of Fundy) which with a few miles' extention across the isthmus of Chignecto would totally separate the province of Nova Scotia from the mainland of Canada, says St. John (N. B.) letter to *The New York Herald*, half a hundred sturdy axemen and ship-carpenters have been working for months on the construction of as remarkable a craft as ever ploughed the Atlantic ocean.

And barring the intervention of the strong arm of the law or the fury of the elements, this mammoth mass of lumber if the predictions of the builder are to be believed, will accomplish the voyage that the Joggins raft failed to make, and by midsummer will be safely moored in the harbor of New York.

"There are barrels of money in it," said Mr. Hugh R. Robertson, the designer of the great raft, to *The Herald's* correspondent on his return to St. John last fall, after the disastrous collapse of his venture.

Mr. Robertson is a great talker. He is a great worker as well. The day after the above observation was made he proceeded to the Joggins shore, called for another supply of piling, prepared the plans for his new structure, and then sent to New York for Mr. Leary, his financial backer. Mr. Leary came down, met Mr. Robertson viewed the prospect o're, approved of his plans tore a few leaves out of his cheek-book and gave orders to go ahead under full steam."

That was last fall.

To-day the "timber ship" is more than half built, and your correspondent has Mr. Robertson's word for it that she will launch early in June. When completed her dimensions will be: Total length over all, 600 feet; width, 54 feet; depth, 38 feet. She will be constructed of about 25,000 spruce trees and pieces of piling, the sticks averaging 38 feet in length, running up in size from a diameter of six inches at the small end. The ship has no hold but her hull is a solid mass from keel to deck, rounding up fore and aft, as the boss carpenter says "in regular shipshape."

The vessel will carry six masts, each built twelve feet into the hull and fitted with spring stays and shrouds. She will be square-rigged, with fore and aft trying sails, and will be fitted with windlass anchors, and full steering gear. The foremast head and mizzenmast head will be fitted with the crew's nests, each supplied with a powerful self-feeding lamp, capable of burning for thirty days, so that in the event of the craft being temporarily abandoned at sea she will give timely warning by night to all approaching vessels. She will carry a crew of twenty men, for whose accommodation a large house is to be erected on the deck.

To quote the builder's own words;

"The ship will be a perfectly seaworthy structure."

It is intended to employ a powerful steamer to tow the craft to New York, with possibly a smaller steamer as tender, and Mr. Robertson is confident that the voyage can be accomplished in much shorter time than if his logs were arranged in the form of a raft.

Hominy and Shrimps for Breakfast.

If there is one thing that can compensate the average Charlestonian for being robbed of his morning nap by the insatiable and conscienceless raw shrimp fiend it is when he is startled from his slumbers that at any rate he will have a breakfast of hominy and shrimps, and that even Vanderbilt and his $10,000 cook are in that one particular poorer than any man in Charleston. For neither Mr. Vanderbilt nor his $10,000 artist can get up a shrimp breakfast ("as she is cooked" in Charleston) at the frozen North. It is admitted that there are no shrimps, in America at least, that can compare with the Charleston shrimp in delicacy of flavor or in tenderness of flesh. There are pawns and shrimps elsewhere perhaps, but the little Charleston shrimp is as far ahead of them as Hiperion to a Satyr, and one of his principle peculiarities is the fact that he will not submit to be carried away from home. He generally puts in an appearance about this time of the year and he stays with us all the summer. He never consents to be sent away from home.—*Charleston (S. C.) News.*

A Squirrel Hangs Itself.

A fox squirrel took a very novel and unusual method of shuffling off the mortal coil at Jacksonville, Fla., recently. He had evidently become tired of life, and had tied around his neck a stout piece of twine, to the other end of which a piece of coal was stoutly fastened. The squirrel then climbed a telegraph pole, and, getting the piece of coal on one side of a telegraph wire, threw itself over on the other. When discovered the animal was dead.

On the Train.

First Young Lady (who has just boarded the train)—Where are you going, Mary?

Second Ditto—Why, in here, to be sure; don't you see there's lots of empty seats?

"Why, what a ninny you are. Come, let's go in this other car. Don't you see it is chock full, and it will be so nice to make a couple of gentlemen give up their seats."—*Boston Transcript.*

Where Columbus Landed.

The subject of the landing of Columbus is one that has remained beclouded in the historico-oratorical mistiness with which writers upon the subject have surrounded it; but it now appears that modern research has taken hold of it, and that the exact spot at which Columbus and his crew landed from his wretched caravels can finally be pointed out with a gratifying degree of historic certainty.

Govenor Blake, of Newfoundland, recently gave a lecture before the Athenæum of St. John's upon the subject of the landing of Columbus, to which he had given a great deal of attention while govenor of the Bahamas, from which section he was transferred to Newfoundland.

His excellency made several voyages with this object in view, and, with the diary of Columbus in his hand, sailed, over his course, noting what he noted, and comparing his description with the lakes and woods and beautiful capes and everlasting vendure of these islands.

Columbus, according to the results of Governor Blake's investigations, started for the unknown new world in three vessels—the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina—three crazy caravels, only one of which had a deck. His crew consisted of 120 men, nearly all of whom had been forced into the enterprise and hated it, and were ever ready to mutiny.

The difficulty of determining the exact location has arisen, to a large extent, from the fact that the Lucayans, the aboriginal inhabitants of these islands, were carried off by the Spaniards to work the gold mines of Hispanola, and through cruelty and hard toil, all perished miserably.

For a hundred years afterward the islands were left uninhabited, so that no vestige of a tradition remained to guide to the spot on which Columbus landed. The islands have been variously identified by writers who have never visited the spot or made a personal examination of them. His excellency has gone carefully over the whole of these islands and compared their appearance with the account of Columbus, so that his conclusions carry with them great weight, He was led by an irresistible weight of the evidence thus accumulated to the conclusion that the island upon which he landed was Watling's island.

He showed by a process of exhaustion, comparing each island in turn with his discription, that Watling's island alone coresponded with the account contained in his diary, and that the correspondence, in its case, was perfect, while all the others entirely failed to present any features to warrant identification. Watling's island is thirteen miles long, about eight miles wide one-third of its area being occupied by a lake or lagoon of blackish water; it is very fertile and beautiful; it is almost entirely surrounded by a coral reef, except at Graham's harbor, formed by a great sweep of the reef, and about seven miles long and four miles wide, with a narrow entrance and promontory close by.

Every one of these features is mentioned in Columbus' diary, so that the question may be regarded as settled, for there is no escaping from his excellency's conclusion. As the centenary of Columbus discovery is to be observed in 1892 and it is said Spain will invite the European nations to send each a flag-ship to the spot for some celebration on a grand scale, the question in regard to the exact scene of his landing is likely to be hotly debated. Govenor Blake has now made a most important contribution to the settlement of the question.—*Boston Traveler.*

Railway Signals.

One pull of the bell chord signifies "stop."

Two pulls mean "go ahead."

Three pulls mean "back up."

One whistle signifies "down brakes."

Two whistles signifies "off brakes."

Three whistles mean "back up."

Continued whistles indicate "danger."

Short rapid whistles, "a cattle alarm."

A sweeping parting of the hands on the level with the eyes means "go ahead."

A slowly sweeping meeting of the hands over the head signifies "back slowly."

A downward motion of the hands, with extended arms signifies "stop."

A beckoning motion with one hand indicates "back."

A red flag waved up the track indicates "danger."

A red flag by the roadside means "danger ahead."

A red flag carried on a locomotive signifies "an engine following."

A red flag raised at a station means "stop."

A lantern swung at right angles across the track means "stop"

A lantern raised and lowered vetically is a signal to "start."

A lantern swung in a circle signifies "back the train."

A Wise Inspiration.

Jeweler (to young man exchanging a ring for cuff buttons): "Didn't the young lady like the ring, sir?"

Young Man (mournfully): "She didn't have a chance. It struck me that a $10 ring was too expensive for a mere sister-to-you sortof girl."—*Epoch.*

EXPLOSIVE EYE-GLASSES.

Dangers That Lurk in Articles Made of Celluloid—How That Article Is Manufactured.

"Look out!"

The reporter dodged back as if he had inadvertedly touched an electric coil.

"Great heavens, man? Do you want to burn your fingers?" continued the merchant, excitedly.

"What's the matter?"

"Matter enough those eyeglasses of yours are framed in celluloid, and if you keep twirling them around your fingers too near that gas jet you will have an explosion."

The reporter placed the dangerous contrivance astride his nose, and the merchant who is one of the largest dealers in celluloid goods in the city, continued his conversation where this incident had interrupted it.

"Most celluloid is made in France. Would you like to know how? Then listen; A roll of paper is slowly unwound, and at the same time is saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric acid and two parts of nitric acid, which falls upon the paper in a fine spray. This changes the cellulose of the paper into pyroxyline (gun cotton). The excess of the acid having been expelled by pressnre, the paper is washed with plenty of water until all traces of acid have been removed. It is then reduced to a pulp, and passes on to the bleaching trough. It is this gun-cotton which gives it its explosive nature.

"Most of the water having been got rid of by means of a strainer, the pulp is mixed with from 20 to 40 per cent of its weight of camphor, and the mixture thoroughly triturated under millstones. The necessary coloring, having been added in the form of powder, a second mixture and grinding follows. This pulp is spread out on thin slabs, which are squeezed in a hydraulic press until they are as dry as chips. Then they are rolled in heated rollers, and come out in elastic sheets. They are from that point worked up into every conceivable form. You can get celluloid collars, cuffs, hairpins, shirt fronts, cravats, penholders, brushes and combs, inkstands, knife handles, jewelry, and everything else almost that you can imagine. I have seen in Paris a room almost completely furnished in celluloid. The curtains, the furniture, the door knobs, and even the matting were made of this material. You may be sure no matches were ever carried there. Indeed, the room was never used. It was only a curiosity, and the man who owned it owned the factory where it was made. These rooms will never be popular. Few men, even in this rapid age, care about being blown into the kingdom come in small fragments, scorched and scattered, and that would be the fate of the man who let a lighted match fall in such a room."—*Chicago Times.*

Mr. Willis' Lesson.

"There! I guess that will do," said John as he took a shovel of ashes out of the stove. "The pan isn't empty, but it's near enough; nobody will see it. If I can get the store swept in about five minutes, I can finish that story before any ones comes." The store had been swept very much as the stove had been cleaned. The open spaces presented a very good appearance; but out-of-the-way corners and underneath boxes and barrels told a different story. However, John said it was "good enough." The story was finished and the paper hidden out of sight before the clerks arrived.

When Mr. Willis, the proprietor, came in, bade them all "good morning" glanced around the store and went into his private office. Presently he called John. "Take these letters to the office as soon as you can. They will be just in time for the nine o'clock mail. Come right back." John hurried to the office as he had been bidden, but, having deposited the letters safely, saw no reason for haste; indeed, he even indulged in a game of marbles before he returned to his work. When he entered the store again Mr. Willis made no comment on his tardiness but remarked: "Well John, I've almost learned my lesson."

John started: "What lesson, sir?"

"Why, the one you've been teaching me lately."

John was more puzzled than ever, and all day long he wondered what lesson he could teach Mr. Willis. The next morning John's work was done as speedly and no better than the day before. Mr. Willis came before the clerks and sent John on an errand. While he was gone the gentleman with a quiet smile, began to investigate the corners that John thought "nobody would see."

When he returned Mr. Willis said: "John, I told you yesterday I had almost learned my lesson; to-day I know it thoroughly. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been teaching me how well I could get along without you. I thought the stove needed cleaning and the store sweeping every morning, but they don't; so I shall not need you longer than this week."

Joor John! I wonder what kind of a lesson he will try to teach his next employer.—*Kate Calan, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Parting is such a sweet sorrow!" exclaimed the dude whose hair had a cronic aversion to separating in the middle.—*Burlington Free Press*

An Issue not an Issue.

Ex-Gov. T. A. Osborn has written a letter to the Junction City republican club, which is published as declaring for a new issue.

The only new feature set forth in the letter is the proposition to abandon the hitherto republican ground of Incidental Protection, for what is called Americanism, which we infer to mean an extreme high tariff. If this is the idea, as many have been slow to believe, it means a surrender of republican principles and is an invitation to certain and ignominious defeat. The people of this country are not in favor of extreme tariff laws. They are not for building up monopolies. But they are in favor of a liberal and popular protection to American industries.

The old whig idea of Protection that was less objectionable fifty years ago than it is to-day, has been passed upon and condemned. So far as the republican party touched upon the question, always subordinate, it was for incidental protection. It goes farther than that to-day at its peril.

We have held and we still hold that this question cannot become a national party issue. It must be settled without involving party lines. The party that attempts to make it an issue upon which to conduct a campaign, will be overwhelmed.

Even President Cleveland will be beaten upon a platform, based upon his late message, unless his opponent is placed upon a platform equally extreme. Both contingencies are not probable. With concessions on both sides, such as will be found unavoidable, there will not be enough in the tariff to make an excitable issue.

The Topeka Democrat is not a controling, indeed, it may not be a very important factor in democratic national politics, but we take it to be quite largely representative within its party. It is well known in this part of the country as opposed to free trade. So are leading democratic papers in other sections. So are leading democratic statesmen. If the president is more extreme, he will force his private sentiments against a great faction of his party.

There is more danger, especially under the leadership of Blaine, that the republican party will go to the other extreme. Being in the minority it may naturally seek a positive issue upon which to make an aggressive fight. The old war issues being worn threadbare are not available. It dare not attack the liquor question, nor the labor question, although it is probable they will all be worked for what they are worth.

Hence the American Industry question is about all there is left. On this ground we do not believe the mature judgment of the party will dare to advance much farther to the front.

The scene that has just taken place in the United States Senate, between Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Voorhees is a new proof of the fitness of all men to be reckoned as the political superiors of all women. Epithets such as "liar" and "drunkard" were freely exchanged, and the august assembly for a time was like a bear garden. If such a scene had taken place in the International Council of Women, how promptly the papers all over the country would have seized upon it and quoted it as a proof that women were not fit to vote!—Woman's Journal.

Senator Voorhees apologised to the Senate for his loss of temper during the inconsistent attack of Ingalls upon his record. But the tall sycamore was a bitter, intelligent copperhead, and for that sin he must expect to endure aionian punishment. He should learn to suffer in silence.

Our friend Hebbard has again revived his prohibition paper, and is pouring his hot shot into the Grand Old Party, an exercise in which he takes infinite delight. Meantime his partner is actively buzzing around in support of the same party.

A corner on corn has been made in Chicago, by a syndicate that controls all that is in sight. One of these days there will be a power that will crush out this kind of robbery.

The Emporia convention gave Ryan a send off that was most complimentary, nominating him by acclamation. It was just the thing to do.

It is said, that George W. Glick has arrived at an age of discretion, and will not be a candidate for the St. Louis convention.

J. C. Hebbard, prohibition party candidate for congress, is hob-nobbing with the Hancock democratic club.

W. W. Scott of Emporia, and Alvah Sheldon of El Dorado, were elected delegates to Chicago.

The state conventions held yesterday, seem to all point to Blaine star in the east.

Father Baker was made chairman of the congressional convention at Emporia.

One New York boom at least has gone down Hill.

The Interstate Commerce commisson has fixed June 11, as the date for hearing the case of State Grange of Delaware vs. the Pennsylvania R. R, on the charges of discrimination in rates, in service, and other violations of the Interstate law.

Under the able leadership A N Brown, Master of the State Grange, substantial progress can be reported for Delaware. The State Master writes, "I have and am making official visits to every Grange in the State. Within four weeks we have added over 100 members to the Order; have organized on new Grange have increased a desire on the part of our members to co-operate in our business arrangements as well as all Grange efforts that is highly gratifying. The pioneer Grange in the State, Union, No. 1, has initiated thirty this month and reinstated a number of old members. Harmony Grange has initiated in the same time thirty-one members and reinstated several old members. These two Grange are located only three miles apart. New Castle Grange, recently organized, took in four new members at last meeting. Another Grange, 12; another, 13; another, 8; another, 6; another, 4. and almost everyone of our Subordinate Granges have been making additions. Meeting better attended, more interest manifested. The discriminations against our fruit and vegetable growers by the railroads, and other matters bearing upon our farmers, requiring legislation, have awakened our farmers to the need of organization and they recognize the Grange as filling this need more than any other farmers' organization in existence. Wide awake and intelligent farmers realize that the Grange organization is complete and thorough in every particular, its machinery in perfect operation, and so systematic are its working, and so successful in results that its methods, its purposes, its attainments appeal to their best wisdom and judgment, and so they look to the Grange and join the Grange. This is what is forwarding the work here, and I suppose it is the same in other States.

Advertising Agency of J. H. Bates.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the J. H. Bates advertising agency, of 41 Park Row, New York.

On the first of May, Mr. Bates removed his Newspaper Advertising Agency into spacious and commodious premises in the Potter building, 38 Park Row. cor. Beekman St., on which spot, in a building destroyed by fire in January 1882, and now replaced by a magnificent fire proof structure, he first engaged in business as an Advertising Agent in 1863, in partnership with Mr. S. M Pettengill, who still survives in a green old age, having retired from active business on a well-earned competency in April 1886. In April 1873 Mr. Bates retired from this partnership and established the firm of Bates and Locke, Mr. Locke being the Petroleum V. Nashby, whose death a few weeks since is freshly remembered. In May 1878, Mr. Locke retired, and since that time Mr. Bates has continued alone, buying out and merging with his own, the agency of S. M. Pettengill & Co., in April 1886. During the 25 years of these two partnership and since, says Mr. Bates in a recent circular, he has paid the newspapers of the United States and the Dominion of Canada over 15,000,000 dollars in cash for advertisements sent them, and at the end of a quarter century feels great pleasure in saying that all just claims upon him have been promptly and fully met, and that he now expends a greater amount of money in the newspapers year by year, in his constantly growing business, than has ever been done or is now doing by any Advertising Agency in the world.

C. L. Whitney, of Michigan, has been doing more lecture work for the National Grange in Kansas, under the direction of State Master Wm. Sims. Lecturer Whitney reports: "Have just returned from an eight weeks' trip through the eastern part of Kansas, where, in twelve counties, I spoke 48 times in 46 days, reorganized 8 Granges, with an aggregate membership of 143, and put 12 more Granges in the way of reorganization. The farmers there need organization, and feel that they must have the Grange, as they have confidence in it and believe it to be far better than anything else. It the farmers there could only have more Grange literature to read they would soon become strong in the Grange fraternity."

30 Miles Disappear.

Thirty miles of country is a big thing to dissappear, but this distance has been dropped out between Kansas City and Chicago. How it happened is thus figured out: The Chicago, Santa Fe & California Railway is completed between Kansas City and Chicago, and the distance between the two cities is only 458 miles measuring from the Union Depot, Kansas City, to Dearborn Station, Chicago. This is exactly thirty miles less than any of the old lines, so you have to travel thirty miles less, your freight has to be hauled thirty miles less, and practically the Santa Fe has made thirty miles disappear. A few years at this rate and Kansas will be in New England.

The Douglas county delegation is declared to be for Bradford for governor. It was instructed to vote as a unit, and the majority of the delegation was requested to select a candinate. The majority is for Bradford.

Enough endorsement has already been given Congressman Ryan to insure his re-nomination.

Col. Stanton is visiting in Colorado.

There seems to be a little boom at Chicago Heights.

C. O. Madoulet has been appointed sanitory policeman for the first ward.

Business opens up splendidly this week.

The K. of P. will run an excursion to the Soldier's home at Leavenworth on Decoration day.

The meetings at the Christian church still continue in interest with good audiences nightly. The young men are especially invited.

Mrs. G. W. Bean wife of the Peesbyterian Pastor who has been quite ill for more than a week past is now sufficiently recovered to sit up some.

The Topeka Windmill company held their regular monthly meeting last evening in the board of trade rooms. The company reports their affairs in a flourishing condition. All their force is at work and a large amount of orders wait to be filled.

The north Topeka overcoat thieves are very considerate; they kindly waited till yesterday to relieve Mr. White the music teacher in the public schools of his overcoat. It was taken while he was instructing his classes at the Grant school; we are authorized by Mr. White to say that if the thief will return the overcoat no question will be asked.

"All history shows that reforms in government must not be expected from those who sits serenely on the social mountain tops, enjoying the benefits of the existing order of things. Even the divine Author of our religion found His followers, not among the self-comblacent Pharisees, but among lowly-minded fishermen.

If we want to have our streets improved it is as well to make up our minds to submit the inconvenience that the work involves for a time. Asphalt pavement cannot be put down in a day. In some circumstances it takes longer for the cement to harden, for which no one may be to blame. There was just the same kicking and grumbling on the south side last year, and more than we have, on this side now. In fact the north side is showing more patience and is doing less grumbling. It may be well to bear in mind that the paving is not yet done.

The committee appointed by the council to examine the concrete foundation for the pavement on the north side, yesterday gave it careful examination and found it all right. It was very small to insinuate that the company would attempt to palm off inferior work on the first ward, just as if the north side is more gullible than other parts of the city. The Barber company simply cannot afford to do inferior work, and any attempt on the north side would be as costly to them on the one side as on the the other. We protest against this habitual confession that the north side is weak in the head.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly Sunday Magazine,

Is a valuable and interesting number of this favorite family monthley. Both solid and light reading, grave and gay prose and verse, are found in its pages, and the many beautiful illustrations add to the interest and value of the text. "Luxurious Railroading," by Arthur Vaughan Abbot, is very intertainingly written, and conveys an immense amount of information, which is enhanced by the many illnstrations accompanying it. "The Beginning of Mission Work in North Africa," tells the story of Missions in Tunis, Tripoli, Algeria and Morocco. An article on "Heidelberg," M. and Wilcox, will attract attention, for many American scholars hav been educated in this famous University in that city, and "A Pembrokeshire Parson," by George Huntington, is a most entertaining account of an eccentric clergyman of the Church of England. Two short stories are given in this number: the first, a remarkable one by Mrs. General Wallace, "The First Cinderella; a Story of the Red Pyramid," and the other, a pretty love tale, "Pussy Willow," by Millie W. Carpenter. Dr. Talmage's sermon is a striking one on "Thrist in a Cavern," and there are many other good things in verse and prose, and a fine and vigorous hymn tune on the last page by C. Wenham Smith, to the hynm "Crown Him with Many Crowns."

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, unequaled facilities.

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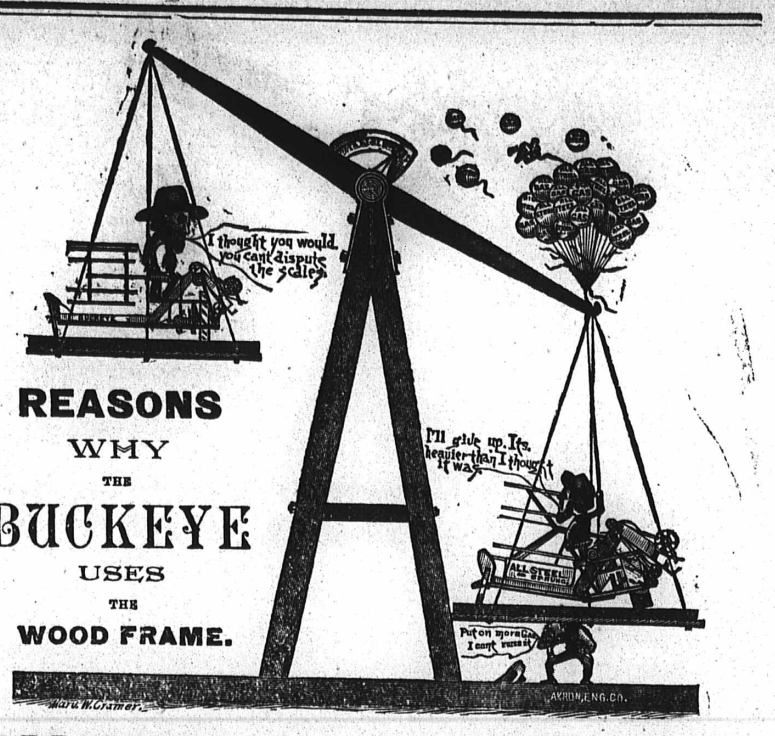
Student directly interested in the study, should make their application at once to Miss Mills, associate principal, who will be found at the above address. Call or send for circulars.

Pianos, Organs.

J. H. Lyman & Co., 805 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, are agents for the world renowned Mason & Hamlin Pianos and Organs. Sold for cash or on monthly or quarterly installments. Their pianos now, as their organsal, ways have, stand unequaled for purity of tone, perfection of action and durability.



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CATARRH Sample Treatment FREE. We send enough to convince. B. S. Lauderbach & Co., 773 Broadway st, Newark, N. J,

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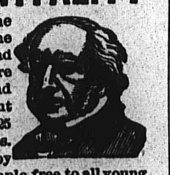

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In the District Court of Shawnee county. Kansas

ELIZABETH BOGGS, pl't'ff. against HENRY BOGGS, def't. } April term, 1888.

To Henry Boggs.

You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the clerk of the district court of Shawnee county, Kansas, the petition of the plaintiff, Elizabeth Boggs, praying for a divorce and disolution of the bonds of marriage heretofore, and now existing between yourself and the said plaintiff, and unless you appear thereto and defend on or before, the 4th day of June 1888 a default will be entered against you, and a decree rendered thereon.

ELIZABETH BOGGS. Plaintiff

By COLLIER & SALYER, her attorneys.

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