

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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### Prohibition National Ticket.

For President CLINTON B. FISKE, of New York.  
For Vice-President, JOHN A. BROOKS, of Mo.

The Spirit of Kansas is the oldest Prohibition party organ in the West. It is the only one that has been published continuously since the campaign of 1884, west of the Mississippi. In the coming campaign it will, as usual take an active part, and will from the first of August to the election, furnish a campaign edition for Fifteen Cents, making it the cheapest Campaign paper in the country. Give it 25,000 subscribers at 15 cents, for the campaign.

Down with Ingalls and down with Farmer Smith. Kansas can do better.

John Walruff has sold his brewery and other property at Lawrence for \$10,000. The property originally cost \$95,000.

The Rev. Thoman K. Beecher, of late a member of the Greenback party, has declared his adherence to the Prohibition party, and will work in New York for Fiske and Brooks. He is a brother of Henry Ward Beecher.

The telegraph pole to which an effigy of St. John was hung in 1884, has been made up into 1000 canes, and sold to enthusiastic third party men. A gavel made from the same, did service at the Indianapolis convention.

Rev. W. H. Boles, who refused to accept a republican nomination for Congress from southern Illinois, has announced himself for the Prohibition party. Mr. Boles organized the Farmer's Mutual Benefit association all over the southern counties of that state, and is very popular. He will take the field for Fiske and Brooks.

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar of Indiana, the eloquent woman suffragist, who is well known in Kansas, has come out in favor of the Prohibition ticket. Like Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, she has, until now, believed the Republican party would declare against saloon influence, but the Chicago convention convinced her that it will not.

We are in receipt of a letter from the International Temperance Union of Melbourne, Australia, containing an invitation to be present at the Centenary of the first Australian Colony, to commence on November 19. The Temperance Convention will form a prominent feature, and will continue one week, in which the great leaders from all parts of the world will be heard. Some idea of the magnitude of the temperance reform can be had from this movement, springing as it does from the islands of the sea, where civilization has had a foot-hold for only a century, but which in that time has brought into subjection a new continent in full harmony with the most advanced thought of the world. Persons wishing information or desiring to aid in this work, can address, Thos. Ferguson, Temperance Hall, Melbourne, Australia.

A. W. Smith is not so good a farmer as John Martin.

The Delphos Carrier, hitherto a strong republican paper, has come out in favor of national prohibition ticket.

The Kansas City boycott was over almost as soon as began. Strikes and boycotts are relics of barbarous days, and are not for this age.

Measures have been introduced into congress, looking to the suppression of trusts, syndicate and combinations calculated to make artificial prices. It comes from Sherman, which leads one to doubt its sincerity.

Griffin vouches for Harrison as an anti-saloonist, but Kansas prohibitionists who remember where Griffin began, are beginning to believe that some one should vouch for him, when his temperance plank is not so strong as saloonists themselves would readily accept.

The refusal of the committee to put an anti-saloon plank in their platform, Griffin says, was regarded as a Waterloo defeat. Is Griffin stupid enough to believe that such a namby-pamby plank as was adopted after the country was heard from, can turn defeat into victory?

The country will have more confidence in Senator Sherman's good intentions when it sees his anti-trust, anti-syndicate measures become the law of the land. We cannot forget the old political dodge of introducing such measures, just before election, with the full consent of Wall street, just for political effect. The people will look out for roorbacks for the next three months.

The Leader, the name of another paper the prohibition party is trying to establish to do the work of the demagogues of the party, has a long, loose, but urgent appeal for continuing the Rev. Richardson as chairman for another year. The article shows unmistakable evidence of ignorance of the subject it discusses. It is not improbable that old policy will be continued. After all that has been lost during three years past, the chairmanship will naturally go a begging. Those who wish well of the party, if informed, will desire a change. Really it will not matter materially who is chairman. A revolution is impending that will shake off some of the clogs in all parties.

The cry set up by a portion of the republican party in favor of Protection to American Industry is lacking in the element of sincerity, and is simply a bit of political claptrap. American industries, as well as all American interests do need protection. But the protection is needed for the great mass of the people, and not for the few trusts, capitalists and corporations that are dominating the affairs of the country. A high tariff does not afford the protection needed, nor will a low tariff produce a remedy. All these terms are really meaningless and are used by one or both parties without regard to anything but the desire to advance party interests. The men taking leading parts on this tariff question, are insincere. The relative positions of the two parties might be totally reversed without the violation of the least principle. Take the Mills bill now before congress. The house is still chipping away at it. Its democratic champions are just as ready to increase the duty on one article where it is made to appear to the party interest, as the republicans are to cut down where it may be to their interests. Both parties give willing ear to all trusts, and corporations, and to all lobby influence that can be turned to their party interest. There has never been a greater pettifoggery piece of business before Congress, than the Mills bill, and so far as can be seen, one party is just as conscienceless as the other—both are pulling the wires for political effect.

It would be a big thing for John Martin, for Smith to receive the republican nomination for governor.

It is hoped that Judge Martin will get such a vote for governor that President Cleveland will see that he, and not Glick, is the representative of Kansas Democracy.

It is said that English free traders are greatly pleased at the nomination of Cleveland. They are better pleased with that, no doubt, than with the discussion of the fishery question in Congress.

There is a little party social at the Copeland. A Mrs. Norton, a St. Louis woman, holds the grab bag, and Topeka lawyers are taking turns at the game. The bag will soon be empty, and the party will be over. So St. Louis helps to build up Topeka.

Albert Griffin issues another circular. Why this perpetually recurring infiction no one can tell. He implores temperance men to put aside passion, prejudice and party spirit. Yet he is so wrapped up in passion, prejudice and party, that he has entirely gone back upon the position as a prohibitionist that he occupied a few years ago, and has lost all semblance of himself. Poor Albert imagines he must gratefully accept the crumbs that fall from the lunch table and make himself believe he is approaching prohibition. Griffin is jealous. He wanted to be the great prohibition apostle and he failed. It is hard to get over it.

A few days ago the Emporia Republican referred to Rhode Island as having gone back to the republicans party, and noted the decline of the prohibition party. The republican carried the state in April by promising to enact a stringent prohibitory law. This promise alienated the leading republican paper, the Providence Journal, which has now come out for Cleveland and Thurman. The legislature refused to enact any temperance laws, and the prohibitionists are now indignant. Both saloonists and prohibitionists have turned against the republican party. The same influence is felt over the National nomination. The Chicago convention tried to hold both elements and will lose both.

The Prohibitionists will meet in state convention in Hutchinson next week to nominate a state ticket. Really the most important work of the convention will be the election of a central committee, and the organization of the party. Hitherto the party has been exceedingly loose in the joints. At best there was not much out of which to form a party. But looking to the future there was a large field for missionary work. The management failed to comprehend this. Chairman Richardson, especially, failed to comprehend it. This was not a personal fault. It came from his inexperience, and ignorance of politics. Its science, he does not understand. A knowledge of political growth, the development of individual thought, and its merging into organized action, was something he had not studied. He imagined a political party could be built up and organized, as he would a country church, and with this view he went enthusiastically at work. Of course it failed. Not that some progress has been made, but that the growth of the party is more the result of circumstance than otherwise. The party has not been kept in condition to profit most from these circumstances. It is not the mobilized power that it might have been. What the convention ought now to do, is to reorganize the party machinery. As to what results can then be produced will depend somewhat upon the action of the state republican convention. At all events the Prohibition party will be wise if it gets out of the old ruts, and selects a new chairman.

### The Assembly.

The electric lights are a great addition to the comfort of the people in the camp. The brethren have settled down to solid business and all the exercises were well attended yesterday.

Dennis Osborn and son, from India, are on the ground and will stay until Monday or Tuesday.

The Chautauqua is having the finest kind of weather so far. Not too warm and not too cool for comfort.

Ex-Governor Cumback is a lion on the rostrum. Not as learned or scientific as some, yet he has the solid practical sense of the sound thinkers.

There will be no tickets sold Sunday, but all purchasing tickets before Sunday will be admitted that day if they desire to attend the Sunday services.

Rev. Young has quite a class in Bible study. It seems to be an inexhaustible fountain of inspiration to the students of it and they are deeply desirous of understanding it.

Much interest centers around the Home missionary tent.

Dr. Marvin is leading his class in mental science into broad fields of mind exploration.

Everybody is urged to attend the Chautauqua circle round table at 7 o'clock this evening.

Miss Ella Dillon created quite a furore last evening in assembly circles. As an impersonator she is above the average.

Robert McIntyre, of Illinois, "the Hoosier orator," will lecture this evening Subject: "The Six Creative Days."

The camp has settled down to solid work and the amount of study in the classes constantly increases.

To obtain admission to the park Sunday it will be necessary to purchase tickets previous to 10 p. m. Saturday. No tickets will be sold on Sunday.

A letter for California was mailed at North Topeka on Tuesday and it is claimed that it was returned to the Chautauqua Publishing company yesterday, that the letter was properly stamped, but when returned had been opened.

The seven-year-old daughter of Mr. Brown, of Silver Lake, was so unfortunate as to fall and break her arm. She was walking on the railing surrounding the drive at the west side of the park, and losing her balance fell to the ground. Both bones of her left arm were broken between the elbow and wrist.

Yesterday afternoon the colored elder, Rev. Mr. Hammond, made one of the most eloquent pleas in behalf of his race that was ever heard in this city. Mr. Hammond is one of the living proofs of the power of the race to mentally expand under the influence of liberty and education.

The evening exercises consisted of a fine concert by Marshall's Military band, interspersed with some recitation by Miss Dillon of Philadelphia. Miss Dillon is a fine elocutionist and her rendering of the telephone and the old lady in the elevator was received with rapturous delight by the audience.

Aside from the band and Miss Dillon the audience was entertained by songs from Rev. Dennis Osborne and son in Hindoostanee, which were encored.

The entertainment closed with the "Hunting Chorus" rendered by the band in most excellent style. The audience which filled the pavillion tent then dispersed and the camp settled down for the night.

Those who fail to visit the park at some time during the assembly will miss a rare treat. Sunday will doubtless draw a large crowd. At 9 a. m. there will be Sabbath school; at 11 a sermon by E. W. S. Hammond, D. D., of Kentucky; 3 p. m. love feast; 7:30 praise service; at 8 o'clock a sermon by Rev. Dennis Osborn of Indiana.

Children under ten years of age are admitted free.

Secretary Rudisill has a very neat and cosy little office.

Wilder avenue has been secured by the Holton delegation.

About 150 more tents have been engaged this session than last.

from fifty to sixty passengers for the low price of ten cents.

Marshall's military band gave one of their unrivaled concerts last night, which was listened to by thousands of lovers of the finest music.

Since the grounds are now nicely lighted the light-figured gentry will not have the opportunities for plying their avocation they had last year.

The lectures Tuesday and Wednesday nights by Hon. Will Cumback of Indiana ranked among the ablest and most interesting ever delivered here.

The park is lighted with the Brush electric (arc) light, fifteen lamps having been put in. The entire cost to the syndicate, managers of the park, is \$1,100.

The managers have decided to open the park on Sunday, but no one will be admitted that day without tickets purchased during the week. No tickets sold on Sunday.

The young ladies attending the Chautauqua assembly have great times paddling about on Soldier creek.

Dennis Osborn is not an Eurasian or Indian born European, but a full blood Hindoo who traces his lineage from the original Aryan stock, that settled that country centuries ago.

The Boston syndicate now has nineteen rowboats at the park, having received six new ones last week. They are a source of much amusement to all who like boating.

Hon. H. J. Dennis, state librarian, returned yesterday from a trip to the great lakes, having been absent a week or ten days. The hot weather he found here on his arrival pretty near flooded him at the outset.

Deputy Marshal Currier yesterday brought up from Wichita a man named S. S. Fridgeon, who is charged with introducing liquor into the Osage Indian agency. Information will be filed against him to-day and it is understood that the proof is so strong against him that he will plead guilty.

A farmer living near Rock Creek station, had taken a child to raise one of his. Night before last he was arrested for beating and kicking it and abusing it in a most cruel and shocking manner, the little one (only three months old) bearing marks on its body of the prints of the heel of his boot with which he had stamped it, and running sores resulting from bruises given by this fiend in human form, whom it is reported narrowly escaped being lynched.

W. Hays, who lives about five or six miles north of the city, met with a serious accident Wednesday afternoon while working in the harvest field. The binder did not work satisfactory, and stopping the team he proceeded to adjust it. While doing so the horses moved up, starting the machinery, and the pin which controls the twine was driven through his hand. Giving an alarm the team stopped, just in time to prevent a heavy bar from striking his arm. He was held in that position for ten or fifteen minutes, while several taps and bolts were removed, before he could be released. As soon as released he fainted. He was then taken to Meriden for surgical treatment. He suffered much with pain.

E. W. Howe, editor of the Atchison Globe, writes Insurance Commissioner Wilder that he has a new book now in press entitled "A Man Story," which he thinks will be more popular than "A Moonlight Boy." He is now at work on a book of four shorter stories: "The spectre Child," "Why I am an Exile," "An Ante-Mortem Statement," and "Rich Man's Story." Mr. Howe's books have been very popular and there has probably never been a finer writer in the state of Kansas. His rapid rise in the literary world seems to be assured.

The Union Pacific railway company has commenced a suit in the federal court to enjoin the city of Kansas City Kan. from levying taxes upon certain real estates within the limits of said city. A temporary restraining order was issued, and Deputy Marshal Currier left for Kansas City last evening to serve the papers in the proper authorities.

Albert Griffin has issued another address. What would the poor, ignorant voters of this heathenish country do if they did not have some luminary like Albert to tell them how to vote. They ought to build him a monument of lead pencils and foolscap.

The judiciary committee of the house yesterday reported favorably Congressman Anderson's bill providing for the holding of a term of the United States district court at Salina.

## THE SOCIAL STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, social star,  
How I wonder why you are  
Over the vulgar world so high,  
Like a comet in the sky.

With your bella-donna'd eyes,  
Sparkling, animated lies,  
Scarce a charm but you display  
Freely in your generous way.

With your ogles and your winks,  
And the shrugs and shrinks  
Of those shoulders which at night  
Gleam like Parian marble white.

Making foolish-minded chaps  
Think you'd snap your shoulder-straps  
If you dared, and wriggle free  
Of your scanty drapery.

Twinkle, twinkle, social star,  
I have watched you from afar.  
Where the *Jeunesse dorée* sit  
Round the throne where proud you sit.

Happy if they can but be  
Subjects of your tyranny,  
Charmed by all your worn-out wiles,  
Plattitudes and senseless smiles.

And to wonder I begin  
How you take so many in,  
When you such a humbug are,  
Silly, trawdling, social star!

—Exchange.

## Ada.

BY K. K. GRANT.

The summer that I left old "Vassar" classic shades, crowned with honors and flushed with triumph, father was boarding at Mrs. Elliott's; indeed he had lived there for years, while I was pursuing my studies in the north. He was a widower of fine physique and ample fortune, with no incumbrance save me, his only child—Eunice Grey.

Mrs. Elliott's boarding house was, unlike the typical one, elegant in all its appointments, with a corps of well-trained servants, and a mistress that would have graced the home of the most fastidious connoisseur of feminine beauty and worth. We became fast friends at once—this petite brunette and myself. To her invalid child I was no less strongly attached. I wondered often why the mother was always robed in the deepest mourning. That she was a widow I knew; but that her bereavement was of no recent date I had learned by chance, from the little one who, in mentioning her father, told me quaintly she had never known him, that he had gone up to God before the fairies gave her to her mamma.

I asked my father if he could solve the vexatious mystery of those sable garments.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I believe I can. It is but the fancy of a loving woman's heart that sees in the sombre hues a reflex of the grief that knows no solace. Seven years ago her husband perished in a storm that wrecked the pleasure yacht in which they were cruising. She herself escaped death by the miraculous interposition of Providence, being caught by a passing steamer's crew, as she drifted by them clinging to a broken plank. She was carried aboard, but lost consciousness, as the rough but kindly hands drew her from her watery bed. For months she lay ill, nigh to death, her mind a blank. When at length the skill of the experts in the 'Retreat for the Insane' to which she had been conveyed effected the restoration of reason, she learned through the columns of an old Herald that she alone survived that fearful gale. A few weeks later a new-born babe lay upon her bosom. Miles from the scene of the disaster, in a strange land, little Ada was born. Mrs. Elliott does not know, as I do, that official stupidity—or carelessness—had reported her death some three days after her husband's. The occupant of the bed next hers in the Insane Pavilion having died, and the name oddly enough being the same as her own, it was immediately taken for granted that the deceased was the victim of the yacht disaster.

"The northern climate was not suited to Ada's delicate constitution. For this reason Mrs. Elliott came south and opened a small select boarding-house for the maintenance of herself and little one. So popular did this become under her management that she was emboldened by the success of her humble beginning to remove to this fine dwelling. And you see what she accomplished here.

"She was my first love, Eunice. Years before I met your mother. I knew and loved Edith Lattimer; but she gave her hand and heart to my chum, George Elliott, and I went my way with sorrow for my loss, and gladness for the happiness of the two so dear to me. I would make her my wife now; but she is true to the memory of her husband, and frankly says that no one can ever be as dear to her as he. It is sad, this linking one's self with those that are gone; but it is like a woman's constancy; and I am not the man to press a suit I know is vain."

After hearing this recital I believe I loved Mrs. Elliott more than ever. I certainly felt deeper sympathy for her grief. Her devotion to her child was touching in the extreme. The little creature—a cripple from birth—seemed too fragile for this earth. Her deep blue eyes looked out wistfully at one from amidst a mass of fluffy golden curls. So patient, so loving, who could help being drawn towards her? I was with her day after day, reading some bright tale, or talking to her of the birds, the flowers and the bright blue sky; but best of all she loved to hear

of the sea where the waves, in their silvery tones, sang a requiem over the grave of the father she had never known. And she would press her lips to the miniature that hung by a golden thread from her neck, and murmur words of love to the handsome man whose image it bore. She would sit for hours by the window where we placed her and watch the shifting panorama of busy people in the streets below. And when some sprightly little elf would dance by in childish glee and would draw her mother gently to her and kiss away the tears which clouded the brightness of those dark eyes, for she knew how it grieved her that her only child should be so unlike other children. And in many a pretty, touching way, the little one would seek to show how little she recked her own sad lot. Poor child! she knew not that a child's heart is an open book to its mother. But when Ada and I were alone, she would often say:

"Oh, Eunice, why must I suffer so! It hurts so bad to cough, and yet I cannot keep it in. And when the doctor comes in the mornings and sounds my lungs, as he says, I could scream out loud; but I do not cry because mamma is always there. But it hurts so awful bad."

I could only press my lips together to keep back the tears, and presently turn the child's thoughts elsewhere.

Summer passed. Autumn in the south, you know it, fair reader, with its cool breezes fanning away the sultry breath of heated days; when birds of fashion flit back from rural scenes to brighten the dull city with the spread of their gay plumage; when men go back to the dull routine of business, revived by the rest they have taken; and dormant society wakes from its sleep.

That fall New Orleans' pulse beat with feverish activity, for it witnessed the opening of the 'World's Exposition.' And right royally the dear old city welcomed a concourse such as had never before graced her doors. A concourse drawn thither by the grand pageant in which all nationalities forgot their differences, and united in bringing their treasures to enrich the scene. Mrs. Elliott's was the vantage point towards which the affluent visitor to the southern metropolis invariably made his way. To a certain number only she gave admission. No thought of a golden harvest to be reaped could persuade her to incommode her boarders by an unseemly crowding in of other guests, so that while other houses were swarming with crowds of humanity that jostled one against the other in the small compass allotted to them as value received for the liberal stipend paid, ours was free from these discomforts. Father was engaged at the 'Exposition Building' all day and far into the night, superintending his interests there.

As winter approached, Mrs. Elliott but rarely left Ada, for she saw, what even to strangers was plain, that the little bud was passing away to bloom in the garden of Paradise. I assumed all the duties and responsibilities of the housekeeping that the mother and her child might not be parted during the last days of sad, but sweet companionship. To father I relegated the collection of bills, the payment of dues; keeping strict account of each receipt and every expenditure.

One night he returned home much earlier than was his wont. His face was ashen pale, and his lips trembled with excitement. I went with him to his room to try and persuade him to rest, but he silenced my fears of his ill health, assuring that all was well with him. And then he told me, "Eunice, child, I have seen what at first I thought the phantom of a dear old friend to-day. Twice did I see the familiar features in the surging crowd that swept by me. I followed, scarce crediting my own senses; and at length I found him—Edith's husband—my old friend, George Elliott. Eunice, how can I tell her?"

"But," said I, when the first surprise was past, "how can you explain the mystery of his reappearance? For years he was mourned as dead."

"Yes; but he too, was rescued by a good Samaritan of the deep, and believed his wife was lost, owing to the official stupidity of which I once told you. The poor woman that was hurried off to the Potter's field as soon as the breath left her body, was, months later, disinterred, and buried beneath a marble shaft in George's plot at Greenwood. My friend still wore mourning for his wife when I met him to-day."

"So, perhaps, after all some men have woman's fancies," said I.

Father kissed me tenderly—"Go prepare Edith for the meeting. George waits anxiously. I have told him of his child, he knows that her stay will not be for long." I hurried to obey my father's wishes. Something of the joy I felt at the anticipation of the glad reunion must have appeared in my face for Ada smiled sweetly as I entered. "Sister (she always called me towards the last) Sister—has—good news," said she, faintly.

"I have, darling, good, very, very good news."

"Will—you—tell—us?"

Kneeling there beside her, I stroked the little hand she laid in mine as I answered, "yes my darling, in a little while. Are you strong enough to listen to a little story first?"

"Yes—yes"—eagerly answered the child.

"Well, then, darling, many years ago, we will say seven years since, there was a lady and a gentleman sailing on one of those pretty white winged yachts that skim over the billows like a bird at sea."

"Stop! stop!" cried Edith.

I motioned her to silence, and con-

tinued; "A tiny black cloud suddenly arose in the clear blue sky, a harbinger of the swift oncoming storm; but none noticed the warning, and the precious moments passed on. A wind arose, gaining rapidly in intensity until it culminated in a furious gale. The tiny yacht danced like a leaf on the storm tossed waves. But, oh, cruel fate! The tempest felt no pity for the two hearts there. Amid the roll of thunder and the triumphal roaring of the wind, the wicked deed was done. And when next the lightning's flash lit up the scene, the waves were sighing mournfully for the little boat that had gone down, down into the grave beneath the deep blue sea."

"Stop! stop!" cried Edith. "Eunice, darling, it was a storm such as you have pictured that robbed me of my husband."

"The—papa—I—never—knew," echoed the child. "I—will—meet—him—soon,—dear—mamma,—and—tell—him—how—you—loved—him."

She paused, and her eyes fastened themselves in amazed surprise upon the door which had opened softly as she spoke. No need for me to turn, I knew; I felt who stood there. Edith alone had heard nothing. "Tell him, darling," she murmured through her tears, "that the heart I gave him years ago is now as truly his as then, and that when at length death comes, I will gladly welcome the call that summons me to you and to him."

I gasped for breath as she spoke, for a stranger had drawn near to the bedside. My father stood beside him.

"The pretty yacht went down, but husband and wife were saved!" I tried out joyously. Edith looked at me keenly. "Saved?" Both?" She echoed.

"Yes! yes!" said the child. "Oh, mamma, he is here—the father I never knew—and loved so well!" And pale and exhausted from the effort she had made, Ada lay fainting on the pillow which was scarcely whiter than her face.

Shall I ever forget Edith's eyes as they met the loving gaze of her husband she had mourned as dead? Oh the rapture of that meeting! saddened as it was by the drifting away of a little life so near, so dear to both.

We sat by that bed through the whole of that night—our Ada's last night on earth. Long past midnight she rallied from her stupor and faintly called:

"It grows—so dark—oh, mamma—is this—death?"

"My darling, my darling!" was the broken cry in response.

"Oh, wife, think how she has suffered, rejoice that all pain will soon be past."

"See, see, how bright—it grows. Listen—the sweet—music—hush! it comes nearer—oh—the—bright—pretty light. Mamma—papa—sister—the dark—is all gone now."

A faint gasp for breath, a tremor of the eyelids, and as the grey light of early morn stole in, there amidst the flowers she loved, Ada lay at rest forever.—*Yankee Blade.*

## Two Kinds of Courage.

Indifference to danger is not always the form of courage which should entitle its possessor to the highest credit. It is a negative virtue as compared with the quality which enables one to perform a dangerous duty while realizing the full measure of the peril encountered.

These two traits are best illustrated by the old story of the two soldiers whose regiment was charging up a hill in a desperate attempt to capture a battery. When half way up one of them turned to the other and said:

"Why, you are as pale as a sheet; you look like a ghost; I believe you're afraid." "Yes, I am," was the answer; "and if you were half as much afraid as I am you'd have run long ago." It is something higher than physical courage, it is a species of moral courage which recognizes the danger and yet overmasters the sense of fear. When the famous mine in front of Petersburg had been completed and the national troops drawn up ready to charge the enemy's works as soon as the mine had done its work in creating a breach the signal was given just before daylight, the fuse was lighted and the command stood waiting with intense anxiety for the explosion which was to follow. But seconds, then minutes, then tens of minutes passed and still no sound from the mine. The suspense became painful and the gloom of disappointment overspread the anxious faces of officers and men. The fuse had been spliced about midway. It was now thought that there was a defect in the splice, and that it was at this point that the fuse was hanging fire. The day was breaking, the enemy was becoming alert at sight of our unmasked columns, there was not a moment to be lost. Lieutenant Doughty and Sergeant Rees of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania infantry, now volunteered to examine the fuse. They entered the long dark alley which led to the mine, and without stopping to calculate the chances of life, calmly exposed themselves to one of the most horrid forms of death. With no excitement to lend them its intoxication, with nothing to divert their minds from the fate which seemed to await them, they followed the course of the fuse through the long subterranean passage, found the defect and made a new splice. On their return the match was again applied, and the train was now prompt to do its deadly work. These men displayed even a higher order of courage than those who afterwards charged into the breach.—*General Hancock's Porter in Century.*

## THE RICHEST AMERICAN.

A Search for Him by a Writer in an English Humorous Paper.

We had really got quite a fit of it and that must be our excuse for telling you about it, says London *Fun*. It first took us when two financial panics were on in America lately; it was then that we read so many paragraphs about the fearful losses and absolute ruin suffered by the richest man in America; and we read about these things until we had grown quite absorbed by the subject.

We felt a craving—a yearning—a gnawing—to see and touch and speak with the richest man in America; to stare at his silver statues and his carpet interwoven with threads of gold; and we took passage for New York in the Britannian.

As we landed on the quay an excited bystander took us by the button-hole and drew us feverishly aside. "See that homely-looking man way along there, 'passin' under the elevator, stranger?" he whispered hurriedly, and with ill-suppressed emotion; "well, then, you see the richest man in America, come over twelve years since from down Kansas way, whar he was raised; hadn't a nickel; struck in a notion for a corner in backed beans, and raked in \$10,000,000 in nine weeks, and eats terrapin tarts fried in humming birds' fat to every meal!"

We had found him then! Breathless with excitement we followed him along the quay and streets, observing him attentively. He had a wooden leg, and one button off the back of his coat, a large mole on the back edge of his right ear, and a gray felt hat with a green lining. He entered a dining saloon, and we eagerly took a seat opposite him; he had one wall eye and one bloodshot one, seven front teeth out, and a black and yellow necktie. Presently he engaged our attention by excitedly kicking us under the table.

"See that stout man coasting around the ice-bercket?" he asked breathlessly. "What? Well, you take it from me, that's the richest man in Amurruky, bar none. Started nine years ago as assistant odd-job hand to a tooth pick sorter down Five Points, and struck \$20,000,000,000 in seven weeks, and eats gold-dust sauce with his truffled ostrich every breakfast!"

We found him then! We burst away from the dining-saloon, and rushed after the party indicated. He had lost both ears from frost-bite, and had one shoulder four inches higher than the other, and a green cut-away coat patched with sacking. He had not gone three blocks when he turned suddenly in the utmost excitement and gripped us by the arm.

"See that fence-rail of a critter with the respirator, stannin' by the fire-alarm?" he asked. "You bet that's just the richest man in Armurruky, so he is, boss! Went down Frisco way, without a rag on his back, six years come next Independence, and banked \$30,000,000,000 in five weeks. Sleeps in a bedstead cut out of a single diamond and sends his boots to be heeled wrapped in million-dollar bills!"

We thought we couldn't follow that man; he had a hare-lip, and pants made out of old carpet; but we abandoned him, and inquired of a hotel clerk, who was the best authority in New York, on the subject of the richest man in America. The clerk told us to go to the editor of the *Spread Eagle*, in Nine Hundred and Seventy-ninth street, over the Naphtha drinking saloon.

"We hear," we said, "that you, sir, are an authority in the matter of the richest man in America?" "I'll tell you about him right away," said the editor. "I'll give you the outlines of him, and then you can buy a file of the special editions of the *Spread Eagle*, which have three columns devoted to him daily. The richest man in America, sir, is Groulter Q. Vanboom, who set out from Grub-squash City, Kan., with 5 cents sewed into the heel of his boots and coffered \$40,000,000,000 in three weeks. He was the man that graced Elisha J. Vennerhezzet over the White Daylight Cherub's Blush silver syndicate boom, down Grogg's country, California, when Elisha was prospecting way down there, and Elisha is now the richest man in America. It was he who came—the mean thing—upon Chaldea V. Bloodder about the cotton-oil scare—you've heard tell of Chaldea V. Bloodder, the richest man in America? Why, it was about that man that Silas J. Secker, the richest man in America, used to say—"

Then we left and slowly cooled down toward the richest man in America. Then we took on tracking down the tallest thing in railway swindles and the quickest-grown out-west city, and we are on the track of nine of each of them.

## Sunday Thoughts.

Craft is merely the supplement of inferior abilities.

The fundamental qualities of true friendship are constancy and fidelity. The present constitution of human nature cannot bear uninterrupted prosperity without being corrupted by it. At whatever period of life friendships are formed, as long as they continue sincere and affectionate, they form undoubtedly one of the greatest blessings we can enjoy.

The maxim that has been laid down by certain crooked politicians, to behave to a friend with the same guarded caution as we would do to an enemy, because it is possible that he may one day become such, discloses a mind that was never made for the enjoyment of friendship.—*Sunday National.*

## POINTS OF HUMOR.

"The journeyman candymaker has a pull with his boss.—*Philadelphia Call.*  
Wouldn't it be sweet revenge to lick the Sugar Trust?—*Burlington Free Press.*

A patch on a boy's trousers is something new under the sun.—*Boston Traveller.*

It is not possible to meet with a plump refusal from a slender girl.—*New Haven News.*

"I say, my friend, is that gun loaded?" "No." "Well, for heaven's sake don't point it at me."—*Puck.*

Women are contradictory creatures. When they say they will give you a piece of their mind they give you no peace.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Some men become bald quite early in life, while others die and have their wills offered for probate before their hairs fall out.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Bill Nye has refused to buy one of his own books from a book agent. Mr. Nye seems to be a gentleman of excellent literary taste.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

The funeral of a Colorado editor who charged a State official with being such a dastardly robber that he would rifle a cannon, was largely attended.—*Washington Critic.*

It is astonishing how pretty the homely girl you have never seen can look when she is softly talking nonsense to you through the telephone.—*Somerville Journal.*

When the pompous porter of the palace car appeared on the scene, the little girl exclaimed: "Oh! ma. I didn't know Mr. Pullman was a colored man!"—*Texas Siftings.*

A woman in the western part of the state is now living with husband No. 14. In this case it would be difficult to tell which is the unlucky number. Thirteen is regarded as an unlucky number, but we'd rather be 13 than 14. No. 13 is dead.—*Norristown Herald.*

Jones (who has not been asked): "Ullol another of those big crushes at Lady Gatherum's, where, I'm told, the butler is allowed to invite his own particular friends. You were there, of course?" Brown (who has): "Yes; and you weren't. I suppose the butler had to draw the line somewhere."—*London Punch.*

First Business Man (busy with a pile of letters): "Yes, I'm most dead and my correspondence not half done. I wish I could afford to adopt your plan. You dictate to that pretty girl typewriter yet, I suppose." Second B. M.: "Dictate to her yet? Not much I don't. We're married now."—*Omaha World.*

Jinks was a young man who had been married a year, and he was telling a friend how diffident he was when single. "Were you much embarrassed when you 'popped the question'?" asked his friend. "Embarrassed? Well, I should say I was. I owed \$1,500 for board and clothes and one thing or other; and didn't have a darned cent to pay it with."—*Texas Siftings.*

Wife (counting over her change after making a purchase): "I guess he's given me the wrong change." Husband (savagely): "I thought so, I thought so; that's the way my hard-earned money goes. Trust a woman to get fooled. Go back to the counter and get it made right at once." Wife returns to the counter and hands the clerk a \$2 bill. Husband: "Why, what have you been doing?" Wife: "Making the change right. He gave me \$2 too much." Husband (more savagely than ever): "Well, by jings, you are an idiot."—*Boston Courier.*

## The Oldest School in America.

The pupils of the collegiate grammar school, 248 West Seventy-fourth street, gave a final exhibition on Thursday afternoon, parents and trustees being present; the Rev. E. B. Coe, D. D., presided and made the address. Recitations, essays, calisthenic exercises, chorus and solo singing and a sword drill filled out an attractive programme. The first year of this old school's life in its new up-town home, under the control of Prof. L. C. Mygatt, the principal, has been exceedingly prosperous. Judge Henry W. Bookstaves is president of the board of trustees. The school is un-doubtedly the oldest in America. As an organization it dates back to 1683, when the Dutch West India company sent out an official who was to be schoolmaster of Manhattan island. The record of schoolers is complete from 1792 to date. During that time over 4,000 pupils have been instructed. Having outgrown its usefulness as a downtown free school the trustees last year made a bold move uptown and established a select private school. The consistory of the collegiate reformed church is the ultimate source of the authority of the board of trustees.—*New York Mail and Express.*

## A New Conundrum.

Those who have burned the midnight oil in order to arrive at some conclusion concerning the hen and a half that laid an egg and a half in a day and a half may find the following a relief. It was handed in by a *Journal* reader, who will be held responsible: "A certain family in Lincoln consists of one grandfather, two grandmothers, one father-in-law, two mothers-in-law, three mothers, two fathers, two daughters, one son, one daughter-in-law, one son-in-law, one granddaughter, and there are only six persons in the family."—*Lincoln Journal.*

## RURAL ECONOMY.

### Improve and Beautify the Farm.

Hardy Native Shrubs and Trees That Can Be Employed for Ornamenting Places—The Grass Crop, Etc.

#### Improving the Farm.

While ornamental trees and shrubs are covered with flowers and foliage is the best time to make selections for planting on the farm with a view of beautifying it. The appearance of a place can be greatly improved by planting ornamental trees and shrubs in places where they will show to the best advantage. As a rule they will present the most attractive appearance when planted in clusters or clumps. It is not necessary to obtain costly trees and shrubs of foreign origin for this purpose. They are less likely to prove hardy than those that are indigenous, and few of them are as beautiful. Almost every part of the country abounds in very beautiful small trees and large shrubs suitable for ornamenting farms. If not on the flat prairies they can be found along any of the water courses or in the newest forests. They are easily transplanted and many of them can be readily propagated by seeds or cuttings. They require no cultivation except keeping the ground free from weeds and grass; need little pruning and no protection.

The common sumach grows well on rocky hills, gravelly knolls, or any dry land, and presents a fine appearance during most of the year. The leaves are very large, and in the fall their color changes from green to yellow, brown and red. The clusters of fruit are highly ornamental, and remain on the branches till late in the winter. A fine contrast with the sumach is afforded by the elderberry bush. The stalks are smooth and very pretty, the foliage abundant and fine, the blossoms pure white and fragrant, and the berries highly ornamental and useful for many purposes. A clump of elders surrounded by sumachs presents a very prim appearance from early spring till winter. Both plants are cleanly and hardy. There are twenty-five varieties of the dogwood tree in this country, and there are few localities where three or four kinds are not found. Few of them grow more than fifteen feet high, and all of them are very ornamental. Their leaves, flowers, and fruit are all very beautiful. They appear to do best on tolerably moist and rich soil.

The hawthorn has been praised by all the English poets from Chaucer to Tennyson. It has imparted a charm to every landscape in Great Britain. It was the favorite shrub for planting to form hedges. In them it served all the purposes of beauty and utility. The English hawthorn, however, did not prove to be a serviceable hedge plant in this country. The cold winters and hot, dry summers did not agree with it. When severely pruned, as it needs to be to make a thick hedge, the trunk and branches become scorched by the sun and are liable to be killed. It has also many insect enemies in this country. We have, however, about a dozen native species of hawthorn in this country, any of which are worthy of a place on the farm. In point of beauty they have few equals among the trees and shrubs. Their wood is so firm that it is not liable to injury of any kind. These trees make very good screens, but they are deserving of attention for their beauty alone. Trees suitable for transplanting can be obtained of nurserymen on the borders of forests or can be raised from seed. The seed germinates slowly, and should be buried in bags in a cool, shady place, and allowed to remain from the fall in which it is gathered till a year from the next spring.

The red bud or Judas tree is remarkable for producing blossoms in the spring before it does leaves. It is quite common in southern Illinois, where it becomes a stately tree. As it is removed north it is dwarfed by the cold, but produces as many flowers as specimens found further south. A few specimens of the mountain ash and high-bush cranberry are worth obtaining and planting for the beauty of their fruit. The common buckeye and the horse chestnut are very desirable on account of their shape and beauty of their leaves. They can be easily raised from seed. None of the evergreens need any commendation. They are beautiful at all seasons of the year. Those of large size are expensive when obtained of nurserymen and transported long distances, but small ones can be bought at low rates and can be cultivated in rows till they are large enough to set out when they are wanted. There is little difficulty in raising the red cedar from seed, and the trees will grow among rocks and in many places where most trees fail. As ornaments to pastures they have few superiors and animals are not likely to injure them.

A few white birches present a very fine appearance. Common and honey locust and the three-horned acacia present a very fine appearance late in the season, but they are slow to put out leaves in the spring. They can all be readily raised from seed. A few clusters of lilacs and snowballs will add great beauty to a field or meadow, and they are both easily raised from layers or cuttings. To produce a large number of fine blossoms they should stand in ground that is not shaded and which is highly manured. It may be said that there is no money in any of these

things. It is certain that no manna revenue in dollars and cents can be derived from them. But they are constant sources of pleasure. They render the farm beautiful and attractive and greatly add to its value. Most persons seeking a farm to live on will pay much more for one ornamented by flowering shrubs and by fine evergreens and deciduous trees.

#### The Hay Harvest.

From present appearances the hay crop will be very large this season throughout the northwest if not in all parts of the country. There are reports that timothy and clover were killed in some places by the drought of last summer and the cold of last winter, but such complaints are not general. The season thus far, which has been unfavorable for planting and sowing, has been most favorable for growth of grass. The temperature has been cool and the soil is well supplied with moisture. Grass has made a very rapid growth during the past thirty days and clover is doing finely. As the rainfall was large during the early part of the season it seems likely that there will be favorable weather for securing the hay crop. Corn is late, and it will require cultivation at the very time when timothy and the other grasses will be in a condition to cut. There is but little hay or corn in the hands of farmers, as the crop of both was so small last season.

Last year a large amount of stock in Illinois and other western states was sold at a great sacrifice for the reason that farmers did not have sufficient hay and corn to winter all their animals. This should cause farmers to put up hay in this year of plenty to have for feed in case there is a short crop of grass next season. Hay made from wild grass of red top can be kept for several years in a well-made stack or rick built on a suitable foundation, so that it will not absorb moisture from the ground. Stacks or ricks of hay designed for keeping should be very carefully made and covered with long slough grass or rye straw after they have settled. They should be built where they are not exposed to the prevailing high winds or to fires. To guard against prairie fires several furrows should be plowed around them. Farmers who have sufficient barn room will find no difficulty in keeping timothy and clover hay for more than one year.

Mowing-machines, horse-rakes and other haying utensils should be put in order before the time for using them arrives. If extra pieces are needed they should be ordered at once. Repairs made by local mechanics can not be attended to with too great promptness, as there will be a press of work in all the shops as soon as haying commences. A farmer's time is very valuable during hay harvest, and he cannot afford to wait to have tools repaired. Every farmer should have at least one good hand-scythe. It should be used for cutting grass near fences, among trees and stones, and in places where it has fallen down. Most of the injuries to mowing-machines come from using them in places where they should never be operated. They were not designed to cut grass that grows close to fences, trees, and rocks, or on the banks of streams.—Chicago Times.

#### Industrial Brevities.

Burned bones are useful in the poultry-yard, but do not equal those that are procured in the ground condition. Bones from the butcher, pounded into pieces, are preferred by the hens, as they contain more or less meat.

Prof. Cook thinks a distinction should be made between the oozing secretions of bark lice and aphides and the natural secretion of plants, which now are classed under the title of honey dew. Honey made by bees feeding on this secretion is not of good quality.

To make hens lay, says an exchange, put two or more quarts of water in a kettle and one large seed pepper or two small ones, then put the kettle over the fire. When the water boils stir in coarse Indian meal until you have a thick mush. Let it cook an hour or so; feed hot. Horseradish may be chopped fine and stirred into the mush as prepared in the above directions.

Several reports of death from handling animals diseased with glanders or blackleg are reported. If the virus of these contagious diseases enters the blood through a scratch or wound, blood-poisoning, and a frightful death follow. This fact is not generally known, and it ought to be carefully borne in mind, and neighbors ignorant of the nature of these diseases cautioned.

One of the principal causes of heaves in horses is the feeding of dusty or dirty hay. Ordinary clean hay can always be fed with safety if cut up, moistened, and mixed with ground grain; but to feed the dusty or dirty sorts is very injurious. Clover, owing to its liability to crumble, often gets dirty, even after storage, and should never be fed without being previously moistened.

The Virginia tobacco exposition is to open at Richmond Oct. 3 and close Nov. 21, 1888. It will be held under the auspices of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical society. The exhibits will include arts, manufactures, and products of the soil and mine.

No Communications in regard to this exposition should be addressed to Henry C. Jones, director general, Richmond, Va.

The cheapest and best mode of keeping lice out of the poultry-house is to add a quart of kerosene oil to

each bucket of soapuds on washing days and thoroughly saturate the floor, wall, roosts, and every portion of the poultry-house, forcing the liquid into the cracks and crevices. It will kill the vermin as soon as it shall touch them, being one of the best insecticides known.

#### Hints to Housekeepers.

Salt and vinegar brighten brasses as well as any more modern and expensive polishes.

Hang a small bag of charcoal in the rain-water barrel to purify the water.

Sweet potatoes require nearly twice the time that Irish potatoes do either to bake or boil.

Rubbing a bruise in sweet oil, and then in spirits of turpentine, will usually prevent the unsightly black-and-blue spots.

A very thin coat of what is known as French picture varnish will restore chromos and oil paintings to their original brightness.

To polish nickel-plated goods after becoming black and not worn, use rouge or whiting on a rag with a little oil.

It sometimes costs less to have a badly soiled room repainted, after a moderate use of the mop and brush, than it does to have it scrubbed and scoured.

Never sun feather beds. Air them thoroughly on a windy day in a cool place. The sun draws the oil, and gives the feathers a rancid smell.

Tea or coffee stains will come out at once if they are taken immediately and held over a pail while boiling water is poured upon them.

To darken light magogany and cherry, bicarbonate of potash dissolved in water is excellent, and it gives it the appearance of age.

Oilcloths should never be washed in hot soapuds; they should first be washed clean with cold water; then rub dry with a cloth wet in milk. The same treatment applies to a stone or slate hearth.

To make silk which has been "tumbled" and wrinkled appear nearly like new, sponge it on the surface with a weak solution of gum arabic on white gloves, and iron it on the wrong side. Strong black tea, cold, is a good thing to clean black silk.

Earache in any form is said to be quickly relieved by filling the ear with chloroform vapor from an uncorked bottle, vapor only, not the liquid; ten drops upon a lump of sugar is also considered an excellent remedy for hicough and ordinary nausea.

#### Her Caprices.

I left my little Isabel,

A damsel of sixteen,

All girlish, fair, and debonaire,

Coquetish, too, I ween,

Anon a year or two swept by;

In other lands I tarried;

Then to my home once more drew nigh,

"How fares sweet Bella?" queried I,

Quoth she, "Old friend, I'm married."

Again we parted; I to rove

The maris of Europe o'er,

Pursuing trade, I grimly strayed

From Amsterdam to Dover,

Of love for Belle I knew no lack,

Was faithful to her only;

I sought her home when I came back;

I found her dressed in soubert black.

She sobbed, "I'm torn and lonely,"

A year she'll mourn, thought I;

Meanwhile on wealth I'll be intent;

I will do well and offer Belle

A fair establishment;

All luck to woman's fickleness!

For scarce a year I reckoned,

I went to her with proud success;

I found her in a ballroom dress.

Quoth she, "Old friend, my second,"

—Harry B. Smith, in Harper's Bazar.

#### She Sells Ideas to Artists.

An ingenious girl has hit upon an ingenious method of self-support. Some time ago she was bitten by the amateur photographic mania and became an adept at catching picturesque views. With one of those clever little detective cameras she amused herself whenever fancy led her about the city picking ever an old apple woman, with skirts fluttering and cape bonnet blown back by an unkindly breeze, there a ragged news-girl with a bundle of papers, or a group of babies tumbling on the grass in the park and somewhere else an Italian woman with a huge bag of stale crusts balanced on her head, full of artistic possibilities. The girl had something of an artist's temperament and though she could neither paint nor draw, she had an eye for the essential features of a picture and for what would or would not compose well. Many of her photographs were really pictures, and being caught instantaneously preserved all the spirit, action and freshness of life. An artistic friend saw them one day, and to her surprise offered to buy half a dozen of the best for suggestions for studio work. Two or three days' dwelling upon the idea thus given her bore fruit. She was in want of money and resolved to turn what had been play into work. She and her camera are out every sunny day, from 10 o'clock until 3 nowdays, and an hour in the "dark room" of an evening brings out some of the characteristic scenes of city life transferred to her negatives and ready to be transformed into cash. Her work has quite a vogue among the studios, and clever suggestions are often taken from it. She finds her best market for figure pieces. An attitude, a smile, an expression often serves as a revelation of some queer phase of humanity and supplies the missing somewhat that somebody wanted to incorporate into a picture. Sometimes an artist gives her a commission, naming the subject he is at work upon and asking her to bring in all the hints upon it that she can find.—New York Mail and Express.

#### Summer in New York.

Now look out for hot weather. Summer is subjected to much abuse, and yet hot weather has a salutary effect. If people are not prepared to die—and that is the fix a great many of them are in—thanks to summer they will be at least partially acclimated.

In New York the hot weather usually comes on very suddenly, and when it once gets under way the mercury takes enough degrees to be entitled a Scottish Rite Mason. If it were as hot in Central Africa as it is in New York on or about the Fourth of July, we would see each Hottentot grow hotter and hotter. It is not quite as hot as that yet, but nevertheless the dog day weather, which sticketh closer than a brother, is at hand.

This is the season when the editor dashes off glowing editorials, advising the horny-handed farmer to make hay while the sun shines, and then he, the editor, goes down the depths of the cellar and enjoys a cool glass of beer.

But to return to the summer heat of New York. The thermometer will brazenly maintain that the temperature is only ninety-eight degrees, when hundreds of the most reliable citizens are willing to swear that it is much warmer. It is generally supposed that heat of the same grade is identical all the world over. This is a fearful mistake. It is cooler in Texas when the thermometer indicates 120 degrees in the shade than it is in New York when it only registers eighty. If you were to saw out a chunk of Texas heat and put it in a New York refrigerator there would be no earthly need for ice in the aforesaid refrigerator.

Heat number two comes at a man sideways. The stone or brick walls of the houses have nothing to do except to absorb and retain the heat, but they do not retain much of it. They throw out a genial glow. This reflected heat cannot be stood off by wearing ice in the hat. The only way to put up with it is to go to Coney Island or the mountains.

Heat number three comes from below. Most of the cooking in New York is done under the sidewalks. This peculiar heat is mixed up with the aroma of fried oleomargarine and other vile smells. The New York pedestrian, in certain localities, has to contend with about ninety degrees of direct heat, added to about eighty degrees of reflected heat, plus 100 degrees of kitchen heat, plus several thousand objectionable smells—and yet some people wonder why there are so many sunstrokes.

Fortunately, the season of extreme heat in New York rarely extends over a couple of weeks.—Texas Siftings.

#### 'Wouldn't Take His Word For It.

Among the Yankees there is occasionally a man who seems to find it almost impossible to answer a question with a plain "yes" or "no." He has a way of his own of expressing the affirmative or negative, which he finds quite as effective as a flat "yes" or "no."

One day Ephraim Z—, a young up-country farmer, who had the peculiarity of making indirect answers, appeared before a minister to be married to Seraphina Y—, a comely and well-to-do woman, whom he had long wooed and had finally won.

The minister began the ceremony. "Do you, Ephraim, take this woman, Seraphina, to be your lawful wife?"

Ephraim grinned.

"Wall—he! he!—I guess I do," said Ephraim.

"Answer me 'yes,'" said the minister quietly.

And then he repeated:—

"Do you, Ephraim, take this woman, Seraphina, to be your lawful wife?"

Ephraim scratched his ear and answered:—

"Wal, I don't say I won't, parson."

"That will not do," said the minister firmly. "Answer me categorically."

"What!" exclaimed Ephraim, indignantly. "He won't take my word for it, eh?"

Here the young woman began to cry, and Ephraim was finally induced to say "Yes" in answer to the question. Some of his friends think it was the only time he had ever said it right out.—Youth's Companion.

#### New Use for the Rabbit.

Judging by the later uses that surgery is finding for the rabbit, depriving it of its parts to supply the place of diseased tissues in human beings, Australia might soon begin to reckon up her rabbit population under the head of "medical supplies." Defective eyes and aching nerves have recently been patched with rabbit's healthy tissues very much in the way the "hall mark" of approved genuine metal is sometimes cut out of trifling pieces of old plate and silverware. The point is made for the rabbit that it is a vegetable feeder, and therefore its tissues are less subject to cause inflammation and blood poisoning when transplanted to the human system.—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### A Dead-Sure Pointer.

"Johnny," said the school teacher, "in the sentence 'They held a convention' parse the word 'convention.'"

"Is it a political convention, please, ma'am?" "I don't know; that hasn't anything to do with it." "It would help me out considerably if I knew it was a political convention." "In what way?" "Because then I could sort of take it for granted that it was in the nominative case."—Merchant Traveler.

#### FACT AND FANGY.

The business card of an Illinois man reads "Justice of the Peace. War claims a specialty."

The average Mexican laborer supports his family on ten cents per diem, invested in corn and beans.

It is said there is a single county in Iowa that raises more wheat each year than all the New England States.

After bearing the name of John Coward forty-eight years a Pennsylvania man has asked to have it changed.

Bellite is the new explosive invented by Lamm, of Stockholm, which is destined to knock dynamite and melinite out entirely.

Out of 900 boiler explosions in the New England States all but thirteen were traced directly back to the engineer's carelessness.

It took over two columns of fine print in a Boston paper to describe the general ugliness of a camel, and his habit of biting was left out at that.

A Georgia woman claims to have been married for forty years without once asking her husband for money. She is a widow now and open to offers.

Connecticut claims a parrot sixty years old, but as the average age of Poll is only thirty years it is evident that some one has started a campaign lie.

Passenger elevators have killed off thirty-eight people in the United States since January 1, and are averaging four victims per week right along.

It is a general desire of the veterans of Pennsylvania to erect on Gettysburg field one big State monument instead of many regimental memorials.

Mrs. Hattie Marshall, of Jacksonville, Fla., opened a swelling on her nose with an ordinary brass pin. Blood poisoning set in and her death followed.

The June winds not only bloweth where they listeth, but when a pinz hat is carried away it goeth where it pleaseth and its owner sweareth all he caneth.

A New Orleans man found a valuable satchel, and upon taking it to the owner, who had advertised the loss, was made happy with a brand new \$100 bill.

Edison has a thought which never came to him until he was the father of a baby. It is an electrical apparatus for turning a youngster's howl into a low, sweet chant of praise.

Mr. Gladstone has been compelled to fore close a mortgage on a piece of land on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, and the hack drivers are writing for him to come over.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has called for Europe His first errand will be to represent the University of Pennsylvania at the centennial of Bolonia, whose rectors make up a dynasty of 700 years.

Mrs. Sarah Rothschild, of Chicago, celebrated her hundredth birthday anniversary the other day. She is a native of Hesse-Darmstadt, and remembers when Napoleon's soldiers marched by her home on their return from Moscow.

The bushel measures used in England 200 years ago weighed eighteen pounds of themselves, and anyone who walked across the floor while wheat was being weighed was liable to imprisonment.

Down at Anderson, S. C., they have two boss curiosities—a gourd that holds 13½ gallons and a grass that exudes a gum which will hold any furred or feathered thing that tries to get over it.

Chris Ahrens, a German farmer who died near Clinton, Iowa, was the largest man in the county. The coats he wore measured seventy inches around the chest and eighty inches around the waist.

A Kentucky woman has patented a quilt-holder for chow chews, and women and girls will no longer be obliged to stick their quilts on door-casings and window-shutters when their jaws demand rest.

A rattlesnake, two feet long, was wandering about the main street of Chester, Conn., the other day when a policeman clubbed him to death. It stopped the woman from going barefoot to the town pump.

Seven Texas hotels have been destroyed by fire inside of six months, and a total of thirty lives have been lost thereby. Few would have escaped alive, anyhow, and perhaps a sudden death is better.

A number of society girls in Mobile recently organized themselves into a minstrel troupe, blacked their faces, donned the professional wig and gave a performance for the benefit of a charitable society.

Passengers forgot more than 10,000 different articles in the cars of a New York elevated road last year. They included gold watches, umbrellas, underwear, etc., and were sold at auction last Thursday.

"There isn't a dealer live man in this country than John L. Sullivan," says a Boston sporting editor. "He has fallen from the champion slugger to the champion bumper and brute, and has not one true friend left."

The will of a French advocate contains the following bequest: "I give 100,000 francs to the local madhouse. I got this money out of those who passed their lives in litigation; I bequeathing it for the use of lunatics, I only make restitution."

It is told of Gov. Rusk, of Wisconsin, that when he was a member of Congress he was challenged to mortal combat by a hot-headed Southern member, and that having the choice of weapons he named sausage machines. The duel was never fought.

A museum fakir in a Western town recently announced that he would exhibit an educated man, born and bred in Chicago, who could nevertheless speak only broken English. When the people went in to see the curiosity they found that he was a stammerer.

Donald G. Mitchell, the author, has a habit of jutting down valuable thoughts as they occur to him, but it is said that often, when he has been unable, after a few minutes' search through his note books, to find the particular thought he wants, he angrily casts the books into the fire.

Not 100 miles from Boston lives an energetic farmer and milk peddler. The day before Fast day he was married. Fast day morning he carried his bride to the railroad station on his milk wagon, and bade her an affectionate adieu as she started on her three-weeks' wedding journey—alone.

# TOPEKA, KANSAS.

July 14, 1888.

Kansas has better men for the United States Senate than J. J. Ingalls.

Our debauched American politics is responsible for trusts, syndicates and monopolies.

Gen. Harrison never said that one dollar a day is enough for a working man. Harrison is not a very great man, neither is he a fool.

What is the price of a bumble bee. Ten thousand dollars worth have been ordered from Australia, to work in the red clover fields.

Hugh Harrison, of Minnesota has given another \$10,000 to aid the prohibition party. Two years ago he was a strong republican.

Mrs. Cleveland has sat down on the bustle. It will not go out of date however. Her husband will make a big one before November.

There is as much to insure success in saving as in earning. Prohibition where it becomes universal will prove to be one of the greatest of economic measures.

Abilene has not yet recovered from its Capital removal effort, and so the Fourth of July did not stop there this year. That scheme was not a "well directed effort."

After giving farmers time to secure their wheat, more rains follow all over the state. At this rate the immensity of the corn, and other crops can only be imagined.

A street urchin called the Martin ratification, on Saturday night, a mousetrap meeting. That boy went a fishing on Sunday, and will no doubt come to some bad end.

An essay read at an editorial convention, said that too many journalists lacked in sticking qualities. We know of a mother of a pretty girl who calls a certain young editor a "real sticking plaster."

Judge Martin is really a good man. It was a very soft answer he gave the Leavenworth whiskey men, when he turned away their wrath by saying he was an anti-prohibitionist, and would favor resubmission when elected.

If J. B. Johnson should by chance, become a candidate for governor, there are strong things in pickle that will be brought out. Topeka cannot ask for two candidates on the state ticket, and John McDonald ought by no means to be left off.

Trusts, combinations and syndicates, and all such aids to monopolies are to this country just what aristocratic rights and privileges are to the old world governments. They afford another means to beat the devil around the bush.

Dakota has asked Congress for authority to select the 90,000 acres of land for the agricultural college to which that institution will be entitled when it becomes a state. It wants to secure the land before it is all taken up, even if it is not admitted for ten years.

If there should be a change in the political administration this year, we would be told that no safe business could be done until it is known policy is to be pursued. Speculators play upon these doubts at the expense of the people. We ought to have a presidential election, but once in eight years, and no one should hold the office but one term. That might help it some. But so long as men are corrupt the sharps will find some means to beat the people out of their rightful earnings.

If the republicans should now nominate an anti-prohibitionist for governor, there would be no choice, but to vote for him or the third party candidate. Judge Martin declared that he is not a prohibitionist, and that if elected he would favor resubmission. It all sounds very strange, and no temperance man should vote for him. It was a cowardly and an un-Martin thing for him to make so base a bid for whiskey support. He had no chance of an election, but he was offered a grand opportunity to help redeem his party and then thrust it from him.

It is said that Judge Martin made a grand good speech at the Leavenworth Convention. If so, he spoilt it all by declaring against prohibition and promising to favor resubmission if he is elected. It was of course a bid for a low vote. His speech Saturday night was much better. But when a man of Judge Martin's standing, lowers himself to humor a lot of drunken hoodlums, he does much to forfeit that very confidence that he seems to pride himself in possessing among the better people of the state. Judge Martin is not big enough to serve two masters.

## Decay of the Third Party.

There is every reason to believe that the third or Prohibition party has passed its zenith and is now on the wane. It has made steady and though not large, yet surprising gains every year since its organization until the last year. The indications now are that it is losing ground rapidly. The state election in Rhode Island shows a loss of more than 50 per cent in its voting strength. In the recent election in Oregon it polled considerable less than one-half as many votes as it mustered two years ago, and this in spite of the fact that St. John himself stumped the state for its ticket. In Iowa, New Jersey and other states, where it once had a promising existence, it is virtually dead. Even in Kansas, its birth place, a recent effort to revive its drooping energies through the medium of a new state organ has failed miserably, the newspaper dying for lack of sustenance after a few weeks of puny existence.—Emporia Republican.

The Emporia Republican is not inclined to be fair, and allows its prejudices to get away with its judgment. In this way it is liable to do its party no little injury. It will be found poor policy to belittle the prohibition or third party as they term it. In view of the fact that there are seven parties in the field, it must be noticed that the third party is pretty well up. With the democratic party at the front the prohibition party is but one step lower than the republican.

Our Emporia neighbor is particularly unfortunate in its allusion to Rhode Island.

The republicans did carry that state in April, and followed it by such treachery when the legislature met it is certain to be lost in November. By pledges and promises, it induced the prohibitionists to vote their ticket. It was solemnly promised to enact a stringent liquor law, and then contemptuously failed to do it. As a result, many prohibition republicans are leaving their party, and the effect is felt in many other states.

The prohibition party is not on the decline in Kansas, but is gathering strength daily. It has not been well managed in the past, and something will depend upon what is done by the two conventions yet to come off. If the republican party does nothing more than endorse the national platform, and if the prohibition party is put into live and practical hands it will be found that the third party is not dying. The failure of their newspaper organ signifies nothing. It was a part of other failures under the present management.

There will be no trouble about a third party paper. There will be life enough in that direction.

## A Queer Republican.

A republican sheet of this city that is booming J. B. Johnson for Governor, Gov. Osborne for the state senate and T. M. James for the house gets off the following:

"PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREAM."

Here are a few of the leaders of the Republican party who are endeavoring to convince the laboring men of free America that it is for their interest to be protectionists and vote the Republican ticket:

First and foremost comes Harrison, a man who has ever favored the unrestricted immigration of Chinese cheap labor and who has placed himself on record as in favor of the rifle rule to suppress the right of American workmen to strike.

Ye who "barn your bread by the sweat of your brow" are asked to vote for Morton, a millionaire note-shaver of New York, and a "king bee" among the monopolists of America.

B. F. Jones, the American iron king who locked out his employees a short time since, is the chairman of the Republican national committee, and has lungs of iron in shouting protection for the American workingman. His men are still locked out.

Carnegie, another prominent Republican leader, enters the combination with Jones and also locks out his American workmen while shouting himself hoarse for their protection.

Jacob W. Reed, editor of the New York Tribune, the biggest toad in the protection puddle, employs cheap "scab" labor in his printing office.

John C. New, editor of the Indianapolis Journal and Harrison's lieutenant in the coming campaign, while a firm and uncompromising advocate of protection has been and is a rabid enemy to the organized labor of the country and employs "scabs" exclusively in the production of his paper.

There are hundreds of just such men whom the laboring men of the country have "got on their list," but to bring the matter home, right here to Topeka, it is only necessary to mention the case of the Commonwealth and its cheeky, blatant advocacy of protection, at the same time employing "scab" printers.

Workingmen of Kansas, these are a few of the philanthropists who have charge of the "protection" forge and are so solicitous every four years for the welfare of the dear workingman, and during the rest of the time voice Vanderbilt's sentiments of "the public be damned!" If "by their acts ye shall judge them" you should let them and their theories alone.

Let former failures but urge to greater effort to make success certain.

The Kansas Democrat says, very truthfully no doubt that the Democratic party is to be the future champion of the anti-prohibition idea, and that the Republican party will go down trying to hold the saloon vote. The Democrat recognizes the coming issue, but it does not seem to recognize the party disintegration that must come before the real issue is made up. It does not seem to realize the vast number of real prohibitionists there are in that party who will leave it whenever the republican party goes down and new lines are formed. It will then be the Prohibition party against the democratic party, probably, but that party, horn of its best men, its noblest part replaced by the baser part of the republican party. Both of these parties seem to be doing their best this year to hasten this state of things. Even Judge Martin cannot accept a nomination at the hands of the best men of his party without offending every temperance democrat, and forcing some into the prohibition party.

Over sixty years ago Nathaniel S. Berry organized the first temperance society in New Hampshire. Afterwards he was twice the Free Soil candidate for governor. Twenty years later in 1862 he was republican governor of the state. Now, at the age of ninety-two he is an active worker, we may say a leader of the Prohibition party, and supports Fisk for president as he supported Birney in 1840. There is a grandeur in such a life as his—three-fourths of a century in the work of moral reform, always at the front. Twenty-six years ago we remember meeting him the last time on the streets of Concord. He was then an old man, but tall and straight. It was just before the battle of Antietam, and great depression existed in the public mind, but he was as confident of success then, as he is now of the success of prohibition. May he live to round out the century.

At the late republican convention some of the door-keepers made a big thing selling ticket coupons to brokers and liquor dealers. So it is charged by some of the non political papers. It will be remembered that our Kansas delegates boasted that by the aid of Kansas officials, they were nearly all smuggled in.

With our present rapid means of transportation, our most northern cities are supplied with early vegetable, fruits, etc., as soon as they appear in the most southern markets.

An attempt to capture the labor vote in the interest of a notorious anti-labor, and aristocratic class of politicians is one of the inconsistencies of the campaign now opening.

The Wyandotte county democrats may as well understand at once, that they must accept prohibition, and Judge Martin will keep his good name only by refusing to kneel before them.

The Republican party is the great temperance party of the future, and the sooner this fact is recognized and acquiesced in by all temperance people the better for the cause.—Emporia Republican.

Then the republican party ought to be ashamed of itself for being far behind the liquor dealers' association in declaring for temperance. Dear Sir, this is no time for milk-sop.

If our forefathers had been a little more active, the Fourth of July would have come in May, and that would have been a cooler proceeding.

It was very much of a fool speech that Judge Martin made in accepting the nomination for governor. It should have died a-bornin'.

A million temperance votes in this country are to-day askew what is meant by "wise and well directed efforts."

There is good fishing and better luck in the Prohibition Brooks, than in any political stream that has yet been discovered.

The successful farmer cares for the lilies, and allows nothing to be wasted.

Careless farmers will soon begin to realize that weedy seed is a bad investment.

Don't save all the unpleasant jobs for your boy and expect him to "stick to the farm."

Give what you have. To someone it may be better than you dare think.—LONGFELLOW.

Hard work and keeping at it insures success on the farm, as it does in all life's duties.

Praise the town you live in. Don't talk of its faults, but go to work to remedy them.

Be sure that your mowers and harvesters are in perfect order before attempting to use them.

The ballot in the hand of a christian citizen is his prayer: "Lord, teach us how to pray!"

Secretary Mohler of the state board of agriculture, yesterday addressed the following to secretaries of county and district fair associations in Kansas:

GENTLEMEN: The National Grange and National Farmers' congress meet in Topeka November 14 next, and this board is especially desirous to have the best possible display of farm and horticultural products of our state on exhibition in the agricultural rooms of this board at that time, and to assist in this matter the citizens of Topeka have very generously contributed a special fund of \$200 (special class), to be paid in premiums as set forth in the list given below, at the state fair in Topeka, commencing September 17. At the close of the fair all entries in this class are to be donated to the state board of agriculture and be on exhibition in the agricultural rooms at the meeting aforesaid. After which the choicest will remain permanently on exhibition here, duly accredited to the counties contributing them.

In counties in which fairs are held previous to the time of the state fair, choice selections from exhibits on hand then should be made and sent directly to this board and at the expense of the board. These will be placed on exhibition at the state fair in competition with all other products in the same class and the premiums duly paid over to the parties entitled to them. Counties in which fairs are held after the time of the state fair should, in like manner, make selections of products and send directly to this board. These will be placed on exhibition at the agricultural rooms at the time of the meeting referred to, but of course cannot compete for premiums.

If, however, in such counties some live, energetic parties wish to compete for premiums in this class at the state fair, they can so by gathering up specimens and sending them to us. We will be glad to place them on exhibition.

The relation of county and district fair associations to this board is such that we trust all secretaries and other officials of these societies will take pride in making this display on this rare occasion the best ever witnessed in the state of Kansas.

Scarcely in the next quarter of a century will Kansas have another equal opportunity to show to representative men and women from every state in the Union the wealth of her agricultural resources.

M. MOHLER,  
Secretary Kansas State Board of Agriculture.

## County Commissioners.

The bids of E. P. Lane for building over Soldier creek in Menoken township, for \$1,833, and on the Furbeck road for \$433, were accepted.

Further consideration of bids on the Hoagland bridge, Lynn creek and Central avenue bridge were postponed to Saturday July 14.

J. Lee Knight and J. D. Knox were appointed treasury examiners for the third quarter of 1888.

The county surveyor was directed to prepare plans and estimates for a bridge over Walnut creek, in Silver Lake township.

James W. Sheldon was appointed bridge commissioner to superintend the construction of the stone arch bridge over Blacksmith creek.

Thomas Buckman was appointed to the same office for the bridge on Furbeck road, and J. M. Hollinshead for the bridge over Soldier creek, in Menoken township.

There being some question concerning the duty of the board of county commissioners in reference to road construction under the law of 1887, the matter was referred to the county attorney for his opinion as to the construction of the law.

The bond of A. C. Hale, commissioner of the poor, was approved.

The petition of the Garfield Park and Northern Heights Street Railroad company for right of way over certain bridges and highways was granted, provided said railroad be built within two years from July 10, 1888.

The report of the county auditor on certain claims was approved, and the county clerk was directed to draw warrants on the treasurer for the same.

Samuel Hawkins, confined in jail for nonpayment of fine was released on the recommendation of the county attorney.

William S. Hibbard, H. H. Bulkeley and P. J. Spring were appointed road viewers on the Burlingame road petition of A. G. Woodcock and others.

## If You Want to Know.

Why you continue to suffer from various "ills that flesh is heir to," why your complaints remain obstinate in spite of efforts to cure by home doctors and patent medicines, you should consult a specialist in chronic diseases. Dr. Foote, 120 Lexington Ave., New York, has made a special study of them for thirty years, and he may be able to give you some points worth knowing. It will only cost you paper and postage to state your case and get the opinion of a physician of large experience. Dr. Foote is the author of "Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense," of which the Rev. A. H. Bryant has written: "I am positively charmed with it. I have not met before with such a useful and valuable book as this of yours."

By subscribing for the Kansas City Weekly Journal, you will receive the cream of miscellany and the most enjoyable paper in the West, for one dollar per year. Apply to your Postmaster, or write the Journal Co., Kansas City, Mo.

The PANSY for July is as fresh and entertaining as ever. It is a most excellent magazine for young folks from eight to fourteen. Especially suitable for Sunday reading, \$1 a year. The publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston will send a specimen on receipt of 5 cents in stamps.

A number of our merchants are agitating the question of a grand trades display during the state fair. We should have it by all means.

The Rock Island will run their passenger trains on the western division to Goodland, the county seat of Sherman county, on and after July 15.

## PITH AND POINT.

The Winchester rifle is the superior court of New Mexico.—Buffalo Express.

Maine's young boodler has evidently gone through to China.—Boston Herald.

The butcher is hard up indeed when he can't raise a steak.—Merchant Traveler.

Politicians and oysters are getting themselves into a stew.—Brooklyn Gazette.

What is an infant? Something that makes a pocket of its mouth.—Troy Times.

You shall know the returned Bostonian by the Browning on his cheek.—Boston Herald.

It would seem natural for a carpenter to walk with a lumbering gait.—Merchant Traveler.

It would seem as if our boiler inspector had not been sufficiently blown up.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It really looks as if that pennant had ordered its baggage checked through to Detroit.—Detroit Tribune.

Still it worries a man who calls himself a fiddler to be known outside as a fiddler.—St. Joseph Gazette.

The man who runs a faro bank never finds any difficulty in associating with his betters.—Merchant Traveler.

Even a doctor who speaks only one language may yet understand a great many tongues.—Popular Science.

Men may declaim against corsets, but it's a brave man who would take his wife to a party without one.—Puck.

Wanted: A fool who will go through the Niagara whirlpool and not live to tell the tale.—Louisville Commercial.

"A woman sometimes can keep her temper when she is moving. A man isn't expected to.—Somerville Journal.

A cow-path is not as bright as the moon or stars, but it is a "milky way" just the same.—Charlestown Enterprise.

Cleopatra dissolved pearls in liquid and Boston does the same with her base-ball nine.—Springfield Republican.

A poet dolefully exclaims: "Ah! Where are the girls of long ago?" He will find them in the ballet.—Troy Times.

There are some banks that people are always "hooking" from. The fishing banks, for instance.—Boston Commercial.

The memory of a look from a woman is often enough of a magnet to draw a man across a continent.—Milwaukee Journal.

The girl who is afraid of lightning is pretty likely to make a thunderbolt when a storm comes up.—Merchant Traveler.

The policeman who never arrests anybody but little boys might be called a variety of collarer infantum.—Washington Critic.

When a young man deceives his best girl and she finds it out, it usually leads up to a serious cry-sis.—Charlestown Enterprise.

To keep a woman out of silks, the easiest way is to keep her in silks. Only a slight difference, between U and I.—Boston Transcript.

The great secret yet to be revealed is how to suspend the law of gravitation when the aeronaut falls out of his balloon.—Detroit Tribune.

Just look at that trade dollar! It has lipped round remarking, "In God we trust," and its faith is rewarded by redemption.—San Francisco Alta.

Chicago bands do not play "The Bonnie Blue Flag" any more. They know it will wave over Detroit ball ground next year.—Detroit Free Press.

If the base-ball interests of this country want to make the sport truly democratic, they will bore more holes in the high fences.—Baltimore American.

The tax rate of Manchester-by-the-Sea is only \$4.40 per 1,000 this year. Now is the time to get up excursions for Boston's tax-dodgers.—Boston Globe.

People are apt to feel proud of all the good traits their children show, and wonder where in the blazes they got all their bad ones.—Somerville Journal.

If it is fully proven that it was Bacon, and not Shakespeare, Chicago will paint another streak around the dome of her literary culture.—Baltimore American.

This passion for new hats is a dangerous one, even for millionaires. It has gradually led many a good citizen into bating on elections.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Second Hand.

"I see, Jack, that Bill Grover isn't living with his wife now, and has only been married two days. Wonder what's up?"

"Well, you see Bill married a second hand woman, and he wanted second hand furniture to match, and she wanted new furniture, and that's the cause of separation.—Kentucky State Journal.

### The Democratic Nominee for Governor.

Hon. John Martin, of Topeka, has been nominated by the Democratic party for the office of Governor, upon a law-enforcement platform. The Democratic party thus redeems itself, and will hereafter favor the rigid enforcement of all laws upon the statute book. As an earnest of their good faith in the matter they have nominated a man who, as district judge, was the first law officer of the state to insist upon straight words on the part of witnesses. He stopped the "sea foam," and "St. John tea" business. "Look here, my friend," said Judge Martin to a witness whom the county attorney had spent several valuable hours in trying to make tell the truth, and who finally had been ordered from the witness stand as a hopeless case, "look here, my friend, keep the stand a moment. Now, sir, you know what is commonly called beer when you drink it?" "Yes, sir." "And you know what is commonly called whisky, when you drink that?" "Yes, sir." "Then, sir, I want you to tell me what it was you drank at the time and place named, and I want a straight answer, and if you don't give it, I'll send you to jail until you do!" thundered Judge Martin. "Now, sir, what was it you drank?" "It was beer, yer honor." From that day there was no more "sea foam" testimony in the courts of Kansas, and prohibition prohibited.

Hon. John Martin is a clean, self-respecting gentleman, every way qualified and worthy to fill the office of Governor of Kansas. \* \* \* \* \*

A large delegation went to Leavenworth to assist in the nomination of John Martin, of Topeka—one of the best prohibitionists in Kansas—for governor, by the state democratic convention.—Argentine Advocate.

In common with the editor of the Advocate, we have had great admiration for Judge Martin. He is, we believe, a thorough temperance man. Some of his acts, and some of his sayings, while Judge of our district court have furnished the best of evidence of the good effects of prohibition.

The reports given of his speech in accepting the nomination for governor, shocked his prohibition admirers. They hoped they were distorted, or that the whole speech would rob it of its ugliness.

The Topeka Democrat of Monday evening comes to our aid, and, as it states, gives the speech as delivered, because it has been so often given in distorted form. It is fair to presume that it was revised by Judge Martin, and stands precisely as he would have it, and we quote here the two paragraphs on the subject, entire. Judge Martin says:

"I have always been, and am now opposed to the theory of constitutional prohibition, and in order that there may be no further doubt, or pretense of doubt, on this subject, I state further that every word that I have ever uttered and every line that I have ever written upon the subject has been in opposition to the theory; and in the event of my election, should the question properly and fairly come before the legislature for consideration, I shall use my personal and official influence in a legitimate and proper manner to obtain a re-submission of the amendment to the people.

I would do this for the reasons that I believe in the right of the people to pass upon all questions of great public interest whenever demanded in good faith by any considerable body of reputable citizens, and because the matter ought to be definitely and permanently settled to the satisfaction of all good citizens."

There can be no mistaking this language. We believe it to be unworthy of the reputation of Judge Martin among temperance men. How can he longer be called, in any sense, a prohibitionist.

This address was made to a convention, a respectable minority of which was strongly, bitterly opposed to him. Some of the members had reviled and cursed him. They were open advocates of whisky selling and drinking, and they regarded him as one who had been their personal enemy, because of his honest and rigid enforcement of a law he believed to be a wrong theory.

□The whole Glick faction of the party opposed him. He, naturally, perhaps, desired to conciliate them. The attempt was that of a demagogue. Believing this faction of the party to be somewhat dull, it looks as if he undertook to draw a very fine line between prohibition theoretically and practically. Theoretically he opposed constitutional prohibition, and he affirms that all he has said or done has been against this theory. He does not say he is opposed to prohibi-

tion in practice. He is not opposed to it even in theory, except constitutionally. He would probably favor it in the way of local option, or restriction by general law. In this practical sense we believe Judge Martin really to be a prohibitionist.

In his acceptance he aimed, by a fine legal distinction, to conciliate the whisky men of his party, and trusting to his well-known practical ideas in favor of prohibition, he hoped to satisfy his prohibition party friends as well as his prohibition friends in other parties.

It was a great mistake. He had won a great moral victory in securing the nomination. He should have refused to lower the standard. The question of re-submission had been discussed. Noble speeches had been made by Judge Emery and others of his party against it. The question was in shape to be considered forever settled. There was no occasion for him to refer to it. His friends had made it unnecessary. And yet he actually went out of his way to promise his efforts to secure a re-submission of the question. Unlike one German anti-prohibition delegate, he didn't seem to know when that faction of the party was irretrievably beaten.

Judge Martin has personally lost far more than he has gained. But more than this; he has lost the opportunity he had to lift up his party in this reformed, progressive state. Throwing all party sentiment aside it is the regret of his warmest friends, that he did not stand firmly by what they believe to be his real conviction, and not attempt to hold the baser element of his party by a bit of legal acumen and rhetorical technicality.

It is said with pain, but Judge Martin's pedestal is lowered.

The News is the only independent journal in Topeka. Others might follow its example with mental and moral profit.

It will be nip and tuck with the democratic and republican parties this year. It is expected the latter will be nipped again and finally tucked away.

The mugwumps say there is not enough of civil service left for them to stand upon, but they will stick to tariff reform and go for the democratic ticket.

The Chicago Tribune says that Ben. Harrison, was a partner of Steve Elkins in the obnoxious cattle syndicate. It would seem that the Tribune is not trying very much to bull the republican market.

John E. Rastall, of the Argentine Advocate, says there are fifteen saloons in Argentine, and thirty in Armourdale, and it is time the state took cognizance of the fact. We would now like to hear from attorney general Bradford.

We have received a copy of the Wichita Leader, a Prohibition paper, hereafter, to be published in Topeka for a time. It is new and in its callow age, and unwise enough to urge the keeping of Chairman Richardson in place still another year. It seems he now gets a salary, which he certainly cannot earn. The Leader shows, unmistakably, that it is new in prohibition work, and is run on the expensive plan, that will soon break it, or that will squeeze its supporters fearfully.

It is such a rare thing for a man of "spotless integrity" to be put up for office, that when it is once done, a special point is made of the fact as if it were something very creditable. It ought to be settled in all parties once and forever, that no man not of "spotless integrity," can possibly be nominated. A mere nomination ought to be of itself, the best kind of a certificate of character. If we could break away from irritating party lines, we might come nearer this ideal condition, and the pool of politics would be robbed of some of its dirt.

From the Centropolis, Kansas City Mo., December 1st, 1887.

There is nothing so valuable as health, but we do not realize this until we are deprived of it. How many of our readers awake in the morning with dull pains in the back and head, and find it a hard task to perform daily duties? These are symptoms of Malaria, and we know from personal trial they may be completely eradicated by Shalleberger's Antidote for Malaria. It is a simple and effected remedy, and we advise our readers to try it.

There are but few farmers in town nowadays as they are all busy threshing their wheat and harvesting the oat crop. Those who were in town yesterday said the rain did no damage to oats or wheat which are yielding better than they expected and the corn is showing up in a way to make their mouths water. Next week will be a busy one for the merchants. Their rural constituency will come in with plenty of boodle.

Lizzie Joy wants a divorce from Anthony Joy because there could be no joy in the union.

The Emperor of China is thirteen years old. The king of Spain is two years old.

Democratic newspapers are becoming about as plenty in Kansas as jack rabbits, which are rapidly disappearing.

The working men of Indiana are organizing to oppose the election of Harrison and Morton.

The next governor of Kansas will be saved much trouble in locating county seats, and the border wars are nearly over.

There is another corner on coffee, and Master Workman Powderly advises laboring men to unite and abstain from its use.

The Liberal Republican has suspended. The liberal republicans have never succeeded since the day of Horace Greely in 1872.

We know something personally of St. Louis editors, and we say that the late specimen we have had from that city, is not up to the average.

Another freight war among the Eastern trunk lines is in progress. Live-stock, dressed meat, and grain freights have been cut right and left.

Democrat's may reasonably prefer to have the republicans nominate Smith for governor, and their next choice would probably be Johnson.

The editor of the Chicago Breeder's Gazette accuses the Kansas Farmer of eating the best beef steak, and expresses its own preference for choicest cuts.

All of Judge Martin's promises have not yet won over the Leavenworth Standard to his support. It is still in the dumps and will not be comforted.

Farmer Smith is doing more work in his political field than in his corn field. It is hoped he will get nubbins, where he cultivates most, and long ears where he works less.

Due allowance must always be made when the party papers deal out taffy to party friends and aspiring candidates, and usually the thicker the taffy the greater the allowance.

The talk about the republican managers abandoning New York to the democrats in all flapdoodle.—Commonwealth.

Oh! no. The flapdoodle will not come in until November.

The Manhattan Nationalist, a staunch republican paper, prints an excellent cut of Judge Martin and says: "We regard him as the ablest and best man in the democratic party in this state." This all can endorse.

There is the next thing to mutiny in both the political parties of this state. There is open mutiny against the democratic ticket, and one or two republican papers have already hoisted the prohibition national ticket.

Kansas is not talking of ten and twelve bushels of wheat to the acre this year. It is twenty-five to forty. As to corn it is five and six feet high, and whether it shall be seventy-five or a hundred bushels we will speak later.

The Capital, in behalf of the good name of Topeka, would have it that this city is the Mecca of all criminals; that is to say to this city they fly as soon as they have committed a crime. The Capital does not highly compliment its own city.

When you feel inspired to write poetry, it is a good thing to tie up the head in a cloth, well soaked in arnica, take three big blue pills, shut yourself for six hours in a dark room, and the inspiration will pass off, you will be happier and so will the world.

Missouri is having a genuine revival of Grange interest. The State Master, State Secretary and several Lecturers are hard at work. They are having the literature prepared by the Lecturer of the National Grange inserted in many of their local papers, and thus the Grange is kept before the people.

The best argument we have heard in favor of Farmer Smith for republican candidate for governor, is found in the fact that he comes from McPherson, where it is so rural that a mink that has a permanent residence under one of the banks there, came out and caught a chicken on the street one day last week.

The reports in the two evening papers last night, concerning the Moore-Morton case, were in most cases exactly the opposite. For example, one says Mrs. Morton blames Moore and thinks he only wanted to get her money. The other represents her as taking all the blame. One makes her reception of Mrs. Caswell as affecting and fearful; the other as being cool and distant. No matter so that it tickles the public taste.

"We reaffirm our unswerving devotion . . . to the supreme and sovereign right of every lawful citizen, rich or poor, native or foreign born, white or black, to cast one free ballot in public elections, and to have that ballot duly counted."—Republican Platform.

But women are not considered lawful citizens, and the poor, the foreign, and the black are above, the most cultured of her sex. The moral grandeur of politics is very startling.

Henry W. Moore, managing editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and Mrs. J. W. Norton, wife of the manager of the Grand Opera house at St. Louis, who eloped from St. Louis on Friday afternoon, were arrested in this city yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock at the Copeland Hotel. The arrest was made by Marshal Carter and Deputy Marshal Gardiner in response to a telegram received about noon from Chief of Police Huber of St. Louis directing the arrest of the parties on the charge of grand larceny. After some telegraphing between the officials here and the St. Louis officials it was learned that Moore and Mrs. Norton had registered at the Copeland as "W. H. Mason and wife, Philadelphia." When the officer went to the hotel he at once proceeded to room 41, occupied by Moore alias Mason, where he found the runaway couple. Without questioning them as to their identity, Officer Gardiner read them the warrant charging them with grand larceny and then placed them under arrest. Mrs. Norton at once broke into tears and though caressed by Moore she continued to sob and shriek. Moore seemed very much irritated but had nothing to say. They were informed that if they desired to do so, and it was agreeable to the proprietor of the hotel, they might remain in their room at the hotel under the surveillance of an officer instead of being taken to jail. Mr. Moore was very much gratified at this kindly offer. Officer Nichols was at once placed on duty and kept strict watch of the couple from the time of the arrest until to-day noon when officers arrived from St. Louis.

Gov. Martin has issued a proclamation organizing the county of Greeley. This completes the organization of all the counties of Kansas, making a total of 106. During the past three years and a half Governor Martin has organized twenty-three counties, having an aggregate area of 18,633 square miles—a territory larger, by over 600 miles, than that included within the boundaries of the three states of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. The laws of Kansas require that a county, before it is organized, must have a population exceeding 2,500, and property assessed at not less than \$150,000, exclusive of railroad property. Tribune is named as the county seat. This is the end of a long struggle between Horace and Tribune for the county seat. For a long time the odds were against Tribune, but the turn of luck came Saturday when an injunction restraining the governor from organizing the county was dissolved.

Squire Evans one of the directors of the North Topeka, Silver Lake & Rossville Rapid Transit railroad says that the Silver Lake bonds will probably yet be secured as the people of that township are largely friends of the road, realizing that it will be of the greatest benefit in the world to them and that the road will be more carefully built if the company is given the bonds. "The Menoken folks too," said the squire, "are in favor of the road; they want to see it pushed through and if given another opportunity to vote we believe they will grant us aid. They will be given a chance to vote at the same time that Silver Lake votes on the proposition to extend the time allowed in which to complete the roadway to Silver Lake." Colonel Hooker, brother of "Fighting Joe" Hooker, from California, was driven along the road a short time ago and was greatly pleased giving it, as his opinion that the N. T. S. L. & R. will be the most lucrative of Topeka's suburban lines. Said Colonel Hooker: "The road all along reminds me of Sacramento Valley road; it goes through just such a country and has just such a favorable and easy grade. There is little expense in running it and we have no better suburban road in California. It was largely the means of building up the valley through which it runs. The colored saw no reason why the North Topeka road shouldn't do as well.

A business meeting will be held Thursday evening, at the North Congregational church. All are requested to be present.

Harrison as a railroad attorney identified with Elkins in Wall street schemes and Montana cattle troubles, was the ideal candidate who seemed to warm the cookeys of Mr. Depew's heart. He could promise the support of the New York Central to a candidate he introduced, but he would not guarantee that it would be bestowed upon any Republican less closely identified with the dark side of Wall and with dubious financial schemes. Harrison's financial entanglements with the unspeakable Elkins only served to recommend him to the affections of Mr. Depew. Harrison's association with Kerens and other members of the Star-Rout and land-grab syndicate of the Southwestern Democratic states and territories endeared him instantly to the volatile president of the New York Central. Mr. Depew did not care to know, that Harrison is unpopular at home and disliked abroad; \* \* \*

that Harrison because he voted fourteen times against the restriction of chinese immigration; opposed in his own state because he is cold and distant in his manners and identified with every public act adopted that could wound the sensibilities of voters not numbered among his own particular clique of the Republican party; having a strong support among politicians, but little among the rank and file of the party.—CHICAGO TRIBUNE

The balloon ascension yesterday afternoon proved a failure. Every effort was made to make the balloon ascend, but the ascension power of the gas was not strong enough. Those who have charge of the matter regret that the affair has resulted in this way, but say that it can not be helped. They spent \$150 in trying the failure is due altogether to the quality of the gas. No further attempt will be made to send up the balloon.

### BETHANY COLLEGE.

The special pride of Topeka is Bethany college. The increasing prosperity of this institution year after year has been a matter of congratulation with every resident of the capital city.

Tuesday the annual meeting was held by the trustees of this institution. The report was submitted by the treasurer, which showed that the college was in a highly prosperous condition, the cost of the valuable improvements made to the institution during the past year being defrayed out of the net profits of the college for the period.

For the present year, the trustees have mapped out further substantial improvements, among which is an extension to the college four stories in height, to furnish toilet, wash rooms, etc., for each floor of the institution; also an elevator, the need of which is daily growing more apparent.

Congratulate the trustees on the highly prosperous condition of this institution which is said to be the largest college for young ladies under the auspices of the Episcopal church in the United States.

### Board of Trade.

At the meeting of the Board of trade last night, the committee to whom was referred a resolution in regard to the mayor's removal of city engineer Neelly, made two reports. The majority report was signed by Samuel Dolman and M. White, and while approving the mayor's desire to investigate dishonesty and incompetency, believe it unwise for the board to pass judgment on the merits of the case pending investigation.

The minority report signed by J. Q. A. Peyton was a very wordy affair, declaring that the first ward unites in support of the council in sustaining engineer Neelly, and declaring that the north side urgently needs the service of a competent city engineer.

The majority report which was certainly the more rational, was unceremoniously sat down upon, and the minority report was adopted.

Councilmen Urmay and Gunn of the first ward were requested to bring the sewerage question and the resolution here before published, to the attention of the council. Another meeting will be held Friday night.

Rol Nichols, R. B. McMaster, J. W. Dolman, Willis Norton, J. W. McNeary and Oscar Bisehoff accompanied the Cascade excursion to Colorado yesterday. The excursion is under the auspices of the Santa Fe road, the road being interested in Cascade. About sixteen newspaper men and other distinguished citizens of this part of the state were on the train.

When the balloon was first disconnected from the gas main and towed into the midst of the crowd yesterday afternoon, a team of horses attached to a transfer wagon in which several passengers were seated, took fright, and in whirling about to run away overturned the rig. The driver held on to them pluckily and prevented their dashing through the crowd and causing a stampede. The occupants of the wagon crawled out little if any the worse for their shaking up.

The Union Pacific is now hauling an average of twelve coaches on their west bound trains, and it is hard to find a vacant seat even with all that number.

After the Assembly then Pinafore once again. All comforts of life may be found on the assembly grounds. It is like a great overgrown home circle.

The state house was open to visitors Sunday and many persons attended to examine the ornithological collection. Nothing was allowed to be vendid in the corridors.

Mr. Dond, the Rock Island employee, who fell from a scaffold and was seriously injured, is getting along as nicely as could be expected.

The Silver Lake Republican club will hold a monster ratification meeting on Saturday evening next. County Attorney Charles Curtis, Joseph Eisinger and R. B. Welch will be the speakers.

People around Topeka are getting Morton and Norton badly mixed up and some are puzzled to know whether it is Harrison and Norton, or Moore and Morton.

It is a mooted question which should have the right of the way on the avenue a political club or the Salvation army.

Extremes sometimes meet. Eager ears can hear anything.

A good garden is a paying investment.

Agriculture makes the true riches of a nation.

The question is not how large a farm do you own, but how good a one it is.

Those who did their plowing and fertilizing last Fall find the advantage now.

Think how much you are dependent upon your horse and farm animals now and use them well.

Sow fodder corn and other fodder crops in order to have the cutting of these come on in succession.

Nasturtiums furnish a luxuriant show of color, and their seeds are valuable in pickling.

Use liquid manure only for plants that are in actual growth or in bloom.

### PROHIBITIONISTS.

The Union Pacific, "The Overland Route."

We sell round trip tickets from points in Kansas to McPherson, Kansas, at rate of one and one-third fare to parties attending the Kansas state prohibition convention, to be held at Hutchinson, Kansas, July 18. Tickets will be sold July 17 and 18, limited to return until July 21.

## The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

The late Col. King-Harman owned an estate of 44,000 acres in Ireland.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is now in San Francisco making preparations for his voyage to the South Seas.

A HOUSE is being prepared at Marion, Mass., for Mrs. Cleveland. The song of Marion's men is blither than ever.

ONCE again comes the news that Henry M. Stanley has been wounded. This is an improvement on the last disaster which overtook him and caused his death.

OWING to dissensions caused by Major Popoff's affairs the Bulgarian Cabinet has resigned. Popoff seems to be about the most effective explosive in Central Europe.

W. G. GRACE, the great English cricketer, is forty years of age, but is still unexcelled as a batter. The year of Grace 1888, in fact, bids fair to give him his best record.

It is reported on good authority that Amelie Rives actually refused \$25,000 in cash a few weeks ago for a novel. Her action in this matter was, at all events, the most novel thing recently recorded in literary circles.

MARK TWAIN is an enthusiast regarding baseball, and attends all the games played at Hartford. He is studying that department of American humor which deals with umpires, but finds that it offers but little inspiration.

THERE are about thirty grand dukes in Russia, all of them being near relatives of the Czar. Each receives from the state an annual pension amounting to \$80,000, and the majority of them have large private fortunes besides.

In the graduating class of the college at Hillsdale, Mich., this year, two members of the same family are rivals for class honors. One is C. H. Jackson, fifty-three years of age, and the other is his son, aged twenty-two. So strange a rivalry is unprecedented in educational history.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND called on Attorney-General Garland a few days ago and told him to leave Washington and take a long rest. Mr. Garland is thoroughly run down, and is at present totally unfit for work. He will soon go to Hominy Hill, Ark., for quiet and recuperation.

PROF. RUDOLPH VIRCHOW, upon whom Emperor Frederick recently conferred the Order of the Red Eagle, is the possessor of eleven decorations, including the Iron Cross and two memorial crosses of the war of 1870-71. His learned colleague, Prof. Theodor Mommsen, wears seven decorations, among them the Order of the Crown.

THE Rev. Dr. W. F. Nichols, who has just been elected Assistant Episcopal Bishop of Ohio, has been for a short time rector of St. James's Church, Philadelphia. Dr. Nichols is not yet forty years of age. From 1877 to 1887 he was rector of Christ Church, Hartford, Conn. He is one of the most promising of the young men of the Episcopal clergy. Handsome, eloquent, cultured and energetic, he will make a strong impression in Ohio.

LITTLE Marshall P. Wilder was recently dining in London with an English Duke who is interested to a mild degree in American politics. "Are you a Republican or Democrat?" asked the Englishman of Wilder. "I'm neither," answered the little fellow solemnly. "I'm a mugwump." "A mugwump!" exclaimed the Duke. "What's that?" "Why, I go through life making faces at everybody," explained Wilder. But the Englishman did not see the point.

THE duties of a society woman in Washington are not light. In fact, the government ought to furnish a private secretary to every woman who tries to pay her social obligations at the capital. Says the wife of Justice Miller: "The science and practice of social bookkeeping have been reduced to a nicety. The first thing is to enter the names of all ladies calling and leaving their cards, their addresses when given, the day they called, the day they receive and something about them when they are strangers to you. This is the foundation of your scheme. Then you follow it up by crediting your return visit and making any notes respecting the parties to guide your future action."

## GOT 'EM AGAIN.

Two Brooklynites Go Fishing and Encounter the Sea Serpent.

It is M. A. Russell, of 138 Bridge street, Brooklyn, who has seen him this time, says the New York Herald. Mr. Russell is sometimes a tailor and and at others a voracious and enthusiastic amateur fisherman. It was in his last-named capacity that he encountered the sea serpent.

Listen to his tale as he told it to a Herald reporter yesterday, with an artless, truthful James expression in his disingenuous face.

"Early last Sunday morning I started out from Gravesend bay in a hired fishing-yacht. There were three of us—a friend of mine, Joseph Smithson, and the man in charge of the boat, John Weaver. No; we didn't carry much bait—not the kind you mean. Only a dozen bottles of lager.

"We sailed down off Long Beach and fished there for a couple of hours without much luck. Then we up anchor and bore away for a point off Jones' beach, where we anchored and found plenty of fish. By noon we had caught a pretty good mess, and so we stopped for lunch.

"I was sitting amidships opening some beer, Smithson was forward unwrapping the sandwiches, and Weaver was loling back in the stern smoking. The sea was very calm and there was no wind.

"All at once Smithson gave a kind of yell, jumped up and pointed at something on our port bow. I rose to my feet and saw what I had never seen before and hope never to meet again.

"About one hundred yards away was a gigantic snake moving rapidly through the water in the direction of Fire Island. It was, as far as I could judge, about thirty yards in length, including the head, which projected about six feet out of the water.

"It had a clearly defined serpentine motion, and left an eddying wake behind it like that of a swiftly going steam launch. The body, from what we could see of it, was a dark glistening brown on the upper parts, and when it curved itself high we could see that its belly was of a light ash gray. Its head was exactly like that of an enormous snake, except that just where the neck began it had what looked like a mass of coarse, greenish colored hair. Its eyes were bright and dark colored.

"When it plunged its head under, which it did every few seconds, we thought we saw something like the film which goes over the eye of a bird cover the pupil of the sea serpent. Just behind the mouth there were perpendicular red stripes, like gills. We saw the gills dilate and contract every now and then. It blew a kind of foam out of its nostrils with a deep roaring noise.

"We watched it for fully a couple of minutes, when it suddenly sank out of sight, and we did not see it again.

"The eddies which it made in passing us rocked our little craft. The sight of the serpent spoiled our fishing, and we hoisted sail and got home as quickly as we could. The shock made us feel queer. I haven't been myself since."

Mr. Smithson, who resides at 612 Atlantic street, though inclined to be reticent, corroborated the story told by his friend and fellow-fisherman, Mr. Russell.

## American and English Engines.

The key to the evolution of American railway is contempt for authority displayed by our engineers and the untrammelled way in which they invented and applied whatever they thought would answer the best purpose, regardless of precedent. When we began to build our railways, in 1831, we followed English patterns for a short time. Our engineers soon saw that unless vital changes were made our money would not hold out, and our railway system would be very short. Necessity truly became the mother of invention.

The first and most far-reaching invention was that of the swiveling truck, which, placed under the front end of an engine, enables it to run around curves of almost any radius. This enables us to build much less expensive lines than those of England, for we could now curve around and avoid hills and other obstacles at will.

The next improvement was the invention of the equalizing beams and levers, by which the weight of the engine is always borne by three out of four or more driving wheels. They act like a three-legged stool, which can always be set level on an irregular spot. The original imported English locomotives could not be kept on rails of rough tracks. The same experience obtained in Canada when the Grand Trunk railway was opened, in 1854-55. The locomotives of English pattern constantly ran off the track; those of American pattern hardly ever did so. Finally, all their locomotives were changed by having swivelled trucks put under their forward ends, and no more trouble occurred. The equalizing levers were first used by Rogers in 1844.

These two improvements, which are absolutely essential to the success of railways in new countries and have been adopted in Canada, Australia, Mexico and South America, to the exclusion of English patterns, are also of great value on the smoothest and best tracks. The flexibility of the American machine increases its adhesion and enables it to draw greater loads than its English rival. The same flexi-

bility equalizes its pressure on the track, prevents shocks and blows, and enables it to keep out of the hospital, and run more miles in a year than an English locomotive.—Scribner's Magazine.

## SAFEGUARDS AGAINST POISON.

"Don't's" That Will Prevent Many Serious Accidents in the Administration of Medicines.

In his recent address before the graduating class of the National College of Pharmacy Dr. E. M. Schaeffer gave the following advice about the use of medicines:

Medicines, like guns, are very good when they go off at the right time and hit the proper mark, but very bad when they are misdirected.

The danger apt to arise from edged tools in the hands of children is proverbial, but if a child is seen playing with a razor to snatch the instrument from its hands is the natural impulse of whoever sees it with the dangerous plaything.

So let me, in imitation of Mr. Punch's lecture "to those contemplating matrimony," give you a few domestic "Don't's" that may be of effect to prevent harm some day.

Don't get up in the night and take yourself or give another a dose of medicine with out first turning up the light to see the bottle or powder plainly.

Don't pour out the contents of a bottle of medicine and refill with another fluid without at once erasing the old label and writing the new one.

Don't give a new medicine without first smelling and tasting. A good plan is for the attendant to take a full dose before giving a very young child a dose of a new medicine (i. e., the first out of a bottle of a new prescription or an old one renewed). A mistake which would only make an adult sick might prove fatal to an infant.

Don't repeat a dose oftener than written directions indicate, and, if verbal, write them down for reference.

Don't mind a little delay in order to consult the druggist or doctor if the slightest uncertainty exists as to the dose or mode of administration. Every doctor and druggist can relate amusing instances within his personal experience of mistakes about taking medicines—often harmless, but too frequently serious in their consequences.

A safe rule, which I have long practiced, is to read the label every time you take a dose of medicine or give one to any one else, even if you have just set the bottle down. This may seem a trivial and even a childish precaution, but a habit of this kind once formed is an absolute protection against danger. There are persons now living who would give worlds if they had always acted on this rule, but not doing it, there came one little moment, and it was forever too late.

The sportsman who cultivates from the start the habit of never pointing a gun toward himself or any one else he does not desire to shoot, even if he has just discharged the piece or has sounded it with a ramrod and known it to be unloaded, is a safe man to go hunting with. All others are apt to prove like the Pickwickian who let off his gun in such a manner that the entire charge passed over the small boy's head in the exact spot where the tall gamekeeper's brains would have been had that functionary occupied that position he was in but a moment before!

In like manner a few simple precautions such as have been referred to would, if acted upon, greatly diminish if not entirely do away with the so-called "accidents" caused by mistakes in the use of drugs. Doctors and druggists being human, are of course fallible, and may make mistakes themselves, but all the mistakes of all the doctors and druggists in the country in a period of ten years combined would not do the damage, I believe, that is caused by the domestic mistakes of a single month.—Chicago Times.

## A Noted Newspaper Confidence Man.

Ross Raymond, the noted newspaper confidence man, who was released from Sing Sing about a month ago, is now at large. An officer was waiting to take him to New Jersey for answer to an old offense, but the case was compromised and Raymond regained his freedom. One of the prison officials received a letter from him a few days ago, saying he was about to sail for Europe. Raymond is the author of several books, but his talents were misdirected, and he lived the most of his time by his wits. On several occasions Raymond impersonated distinguished personages. All Paris was stirred by an episode in which he figured as the avant couriers of the Khedive of Egypt several years ago. He ordered a magnificent suit of rooms at a famous hotel and had a grand dinner provided. On the strength of this pretensions Raymond is alleged to have obtained large sums of money, valuable jewelry, etc., and got away before his trick was discovered. Raymond also had a remarkable career in India, and Americans whom he met in Europe, and who were led to believe that he was a son of the late Henry J. Raymond, founder of the New York Times, have had cause to remember him. His career in New Orleans was brief but eventful.

A false chord of music is a discord. A false cord of wood is about seven-eighths.—Danville Breeze.

We are glad that there is one living woman who writes books who is really good looking. Wilmington (N. C.) Star.

## SHE MISUNDERSTOOD.

And Was Indignant Because He Was an Engraver.

An engineer in this city who has his workshop at the top of a very high building advertised for an assistant a few days ago. He had some answers by mail and one of them was written in a pretty feminine hand and signed with a still prettier name. In every case he replied, saying that a personal interview would be most satisfactory; that was impossible, the applicant had better forward some samples of work, testimonials, etc.

Yesterday the engraver was hard at work when he heard the elevator bump at the top of the shaft, and a moment later there came a knock at the door. The engraver looked up and saw through the glass window of the door a lady.

"That's the fair engraver," said he to himself as he stepped to the door and gallantly ushered the lady in.

She was of a pleasant countenance and was dressed stylishly, and the bewitching spring bonnet she wore dazzled the engraver's eyes. A small boy accompanied her.

"A very discreet young person evidently," inwardly remarked the engraver as his eyes fell on the boy.

"Will you take a seat, ma'am?" said he, aloud, wiping the zinc shavings off the cleanest chair in the shop.

The lady took the seat offered to her and remarked that it was very warm. Then she glanced at the big camera which hung like an infernal machine across the room and said: "I thought I would bring Teddy with me this afternoon—it's such a fine day!"

"Oh, that's quite right," interrupted the engraver, warmly. "I appreciate your feelings!"

The young lady looked a little surprised, but continued, quietly: "I don't care so much about myself, but mamma wants Teddy taken."

It was now the engraver's turn to be puzzled, but for fear of making a blunder, he said nothing, and the young lady went on: "Are you very busy to-day?"

"Not too busy to talk business with you," replied the engraver. "Have you had any experience in this business?"

"She reddened slightly as she said: 'I have been taken twice before, and they tell me I make a beautiful picture.'"

"That's just what I want," enthusiastically rejoined the engraver. "Give me first-class work and I'll pay for it."

"What are your terms, sir?" "If you can do the work, \$30 a week and more than that, said the engraver."

"Oh, that's too high!" exclaimed the lady. "Why that's awful! I only paid \$3 a dozen where I had the last taken!"

"What do you mean by \$3 a dozen?" asked the engraver, pushing back his hair and pinching himself to see if he, was awake.

"What I mean sir," replied the lady sternly, "is that I don't propose to pay any photographer \$30 for taking my picture; no, nor Teddy's, neither!"

"I'm not a photographer."

"What are you then?"

It took that engraver a journey down in the elevator and more homely words than he has used for years to persuade the fair guardian of Teddy that he didn't mean to insult her, and that she had mistaken his sign, "Photo Engraving," in the doorway of the building, for the shingle of a photographer.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## Fifteen Mile Guns.

Some important experiments have been made at the Shoeburyness school of gunnery in high-angle firing. A London correspondent writes: Probably no step of recent years is likely to lead to greater results, for if the experiment should be repeated with the same success, it is undeniable that war ships will have to be as fully protected on their decks as they now are on the broadsides. The experiments were made with the 9-inch or 23-centimeter gun used as a howitzer. An elevation of 37 degrees was given and battering charges were used with Palliser shells. Out of four shots three fell within a space of 500 feet by 80 feet, representing the deck of a first-class iron clad, and the range attained was 12 miles! Now, if it be really possible, three times out of four, or for that matter once out of four times, to throw a 9-inch shell upon the deck of a ship in midchannel between Dover and Calais, another proof will have been given that in the tedious duel between gun and armor the gun has much the best of it. What is very important, too, is that the heavy charges and the high angle did not strain either gun or carriage in the least, and one of the officers present has said that he believed the gun would stand 45 degrees of elevation without injury, while with 42 degrees a range of 15 miles would be secured. Now, at 15 miles, a ship is "hull down," so it comes to this, that we can throw a 9-inch shell onto the deck of a ship before we can see it! Surely this is the most marvelous thing yet attempted in gunnery, which of later years has been so fruitful in surprises.—Army and Navy Register.

## Fashions in Hosiery.

A fashion journal says that stockings ornamented with twisted serpents will be worn with low shoes this summer. As socks are not mentioned the opposite sex will probably wear their snakes in the usual and time-honored fashion.—Nashville American.

## HERE AND THERE.

George Gould shaves himself. New York is lionizing Mr. Oliphant. John Bright's health is on the mend. Lady Dudley sleeps in black silk sheets. Mrs. J. H. Riddle, the novelist, is a native of Ireland.

Cardinal Gibbons resembles Henry Clay in appearance.

The income of Oxford University for 1887 was \$326,000.

Fingerless kid gloves are the latest whim in feminine society.

The British Order of Odd Fellows shows a membership of 63,000.

Gen. Sheridan fought seventy-five battles and was never defeated.

A deep sea eel of twenty pounds is exhibited in a New York market.

Shoe soles of wire net, outlasting leather, are a new idea in Germany.

The Queen of Denmark is very deaf, but passionately fond of music.

Porto Rico pineapples, nine pounds each, are \$1 apiece in Eastern markets.

Grave & Gay have made a failure in the retail grocery business in Chicago.

There are said to be several churches in Illinois without a single male member.

A Florida railroad prospectus has rediscovered Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth.

This year is the bi-centenary of Alexander Pope's birth. He was born on May 22, 1688.

A bust of the late Matthew Arnold is to be placed in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

The official report on Russia for 1885 shows that the population of the empire is 109,000,000.

It is estimated that the girl who dances eighteen waltzes travels about fourteen miles.

Gen. Lew. Wallace took his mother as the model for the noble mother of the hero of "Ben Hur."

Miss Bertha Von Hillern is at her studio, at Fisher's Hill, Va., where she will remain all summer.

Philadelphia will have twenty-seven theaters when the two now in process of erection are completed.

Epes Sargent wrote the song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," but Henry Russell composed the music.

Gen. Lew. Wallace is an expert angler and took part in the recent fly-casting tournament of the fishermen of Indiana.

Robert Browning won't write for magazines. A Boston periodical offered him \$1,000 for a short poem, but he declined.

Lewis G. Clark, the "George Harris" of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is to be on exhibition at a Minneapolis museum.

Dr. John Hall, of New York, has been appointed a member of the Board of Visitors to the Annapolis Naval Academy.

The price of diamonds has fallen. It was over 22 shillings per carat in October, 1887, and it is now less than 18 shillings.

Messrs. Munhall and Towner, after a month's work in St. Paul, Minn., saw 2,000 persons publicly confess conversion.

Laurence Oliphant has published a new book dealing with "scientific religion." It is pronounced very daring and original.

Louis Huller has bought \$5,000,000 acres of Mexican land on which he proposes to settle German families fresh from Europe.

Society papers are coming to use the terms woman and women in lieu of lady and ladies—a improvement all the way round.

Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, is the author of a biography of Emerson, which is soon to appear in the "Great Writers Series."

Miss Julia Bryant, a daughter of William Cullen Bryant, who has been living in Paris since the death of her father, has returned to New York.

A monster frog swallowed a chicken at Cooness, Ga., the other day, and seemed to be relishing the bite immensely when the owner killed him.

Ruskin dislikes foreign translators and not long ago wrote a letter telling a man who asked permission to translate his works to let them alone.

The smallest baby in Chicago was born a few days ago to Mrs. Danske, the wife of a teamster. The diminutive infant weighs sixteen ounces.

Miss Leoline Daniel, of Athens, La., while preparing for her wedding, became suddenly ill, and died about the hour she was to have been married.

Russell Sage is the Director of three banks, and it is very strange that he ever misses a meeting. For each meeting that he attends he receives \$10.

Heroic treatment saved the Emperor of Brazil from death. Oxygen gas and hypodermic injections of caffeine were used to preserve the patient from syncope.

The other day a steamer made fast to a dock at Duluth, adjusted six receiving spouts, took on 23,000 bushels of wheat, and was off with her load in forty-nine minutes.

Baby, two years old, has heard pearl spoken of as "mother-of-pearl." One day she ran in with a piece in her hand, crying: "Here's the mamma! Where's the baby?"

A queer flower, which grows in Yucatan, is the manito (little hand) of the guarmoo. It is in the exact shape of the human hand, with fingers, thumb, nails and knuckles all complete.

The Chicago Times says that his sweet heart's skull serves as a paper weight for a doctor in that city. It was her dying request that he (then a student) be given the skull as a remembrance of her.

Dr. Theodore Gay, who attended ex-Vice President Wheeler during his last illness, has presented a bill for about \$14,800. Mr. Wheeler's executor has refused to pay the bill and the matter will go to the courts.

A son of Browning is said to have replied some time ago to a New York artist, who asked him if he understood his father's poetry, "Some of it," and related that his father observed, after reading a passage in one of his poems, referred to him for explanation: "That passage certainly did have a meaning some years ago when I wrote it, but I have really forgotten now what it was."

### SHE SIGHS FOR A SAILOR LOVER

Thirty Years Ago She Said Good-By, but She Waits Nightly for Him Yet.

Shortly after 6 o'clock last evening, says the Manchester (N. H.) Union, a woman took up her position near the southeast corner of the passenger station. She was not far from 50 years of age. Her form was bent, her hair was silvered with years of anxiety, and her face was wrinkled and careworn. Her round gray eyes were deep set, and seemed weary from constant watching. The woman's complexion must have been of the fairest blonde type years ago, as it was still white and well preserved, considering her years. She was clad in a dress of dingy dark brown material. Closely wrapped about her shoulders was a rusty plaid shawl, and upon her head rested a hat of faded black material, of a style, or rather lack of style, unknown to the women of the present day. In her clasped hand she grasped a well-worn leather traveling bag. The sun was almost an hour from setting when she took up her position. It had long since given place to twilight when she ceased her weary vigil and sadly turned away.

And not last night alone was the woman at her post. She has been there night after night, not for weeks and months only, but for long weary years. The frost and blizzards of winter have given place to the sunshine and showers of spring, and the seed time has been succeeded by the harvest many times since she first took up her station in almost the self-same spot that she did last night. Babies have been born, passed through their infancy, enjoyed the sports and pastimes of childhood, grown through youth to maturity, married and seen children of their own come to gladden the homes which they have made, since this woman first began her weary vigil.

Nearly thirty years ago this woman, then young and fair, was courted and admired by many. But upon one she fixed her affections, and to him through all the years that have since intervened she has remained as constant as the needle to the polar star. Her lover followed the sea as a means of livelihood, and one day he left her and went away on a voyage. Before he left they had pledged their faith, and when he returned from his perilous journey in the glad springtime, when the buds blossomed and the birds carolled, and all nature seemed to rejoice, he was to lead her to the altar. But when the spring came her sailor lover did not return, and no message came to explain his absence. Whether disaster or death prevented, or whether he proved false and perfidious is not known, but he never came back. The grief and disappointment caused the woman a long sickness, and when her bodily ills were healed her mind, alas, was diseased. She became possessed with the hallucination that her lover was coming back, and as soon as she was able she went to the railway station to greet him home, and almost every day since, winter and summer, spring and autumn, in fair weather and foul, she has been there on the same errand. She is very retiring in her disposition, and seldom ever frequents the waiting rooms or mingles with the crowd upon the platform, but just outside the station she takes up a position where she can see the trains as they draw in, and there she waits and waits in vain. Eagerly she scans the face of each stranger who passes her way, but when anyone addresses her, which is seldom, she stares at them vacantly and makes no reply. When the last train has come and gone for the night and the employes about the station are extinguishing the lights she generally walks wearily away, only to return and resume her vigil on the succeeding day. Since she began waiting the population of Manchester has doubled and trebled, a score of trains now come where three or four came formerly, the oil lamps have given place to gas, and gas in turn to electricity, a generation has been born and grown to manhood and womanhood. But seemingly taking no note of the passage of time, the poor creature daily seeks the railway station, and probably will continue to do so until disease and death shall release her from her self-imposed task.

### Hugging the Stove.

It was one of those "cold spells" which have visited us frequently this summer, and they two had met, quite in a premeditated way, on the avenue. "What are you going to do this evening?" she asked, turning the batteries of two beautiful eyes upon him. "Oh, I suppose I'll stay at home and hug the stove," he answered gloomingly. "Come up to our house," she said sweetly in a suggestive voice. And the beating of their own hearts was all the sound they heard.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### In an Editorial Sense.

Stranger (to bartender): "I think we had better take a drink." Bartender (cordially): "All right, old man, mine's whisky. What's yours?" Stranger (with dignity): "Excuse me, my friend; but I am Editor Stygges, of the Schacknaek Vindicator, and when I say 'we had better take a drink' I speak from the editorial sense of the pronoun, and not that of a boon companion. Give me some whisky, please." Bartender (much abashed): "Yes, sir; 10-cent goods, of course?"—*Yid-Bits.*

### One Way of Reforming a Tippler.

If you have in your family that common nuisance, a reprobate of either sex in whom no ability is apparent save one—ability to drink a prohibition township dry in a week; in whom the appetite for drink is omnipresent and unappeasable; in whom respect and consideration for others are drowned by whisky, beer, or any other of the fiendish rivers which sweep immortal souls to perdition; if you have such an undesirable appendage to your household, I have a word of good cheer for you, says the Topical talker in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. For years and years a respectable family in this city were terrified and subjected to all sorts of annoyances and mortifications by the drunken habits of one of its members. This individual was a parent, a man, who was old enough to command respect if he had ever been found sober. His children tried all sorts of plans to reform him. His written pledges to be temperate would make a thick volume, and if the recording angel isn't tired of marking crosses against the inebriate father's name for breaches of verbal promises it is because angels never get weary.

But a happy thought struck one of the children a year or so ago. The old man had been born in Ireland and some of his family still resided there. The children held a council and resolved to send the old man back to his native heath. They raised enough money to send him home, and very easily persuaded him to go on board the steamer. They gave him no money, but saw to it that his way was paid right through.

They didn't buy him a return ticket. His relations in Ireland are the poorest of the poor, and they couldn't send him back. So the family over here is happily released permanently from the shadow of a drunkard's disgrace.

A small sum is sent for the aged sinner's support to his relatives in Ireland. But the amount is limited to his absolute needs—and there is no danger of his ever coming back.

### Why the Engagement was Broken.

"I say, old fellow," said Blakely, meeting his friend Harry D. on the street, "I saw you and Edith pass each other yesterday without a sign of recognition. I thought you were engaged?"

"I thought so, too," said Harry with a deep sigh; "but that's off."

"How's that?"

"Well, it's all owing to these infernal fashions some of the women wear now—hat, coat, vest, collar and shirt front, for all the world like those worn by the male sex. They'll make a raid on our pantaloons next."

"I don't quite understand—explain."

"Well, you see; I quietly entered Bob Greenbag's law office about dusk, one evening last week, and saw Bob sitting behind a desk with his back towards me. I stealthily approached, gave him a vigorous and familiar slap on the shoulder, and cried: 'I have come for you, old man! You must go with me down to Hatchley's. Lot's of gay girls will be there—that pretty little blonde you were mashed on in the ballet at the Blank Theatre—and I'm going for the plump variety singer—the one I had out to lunch the other night, when we all got a little uproarious, you know. Come, what d'ye say? Is it a go?' and I tilted his hat down over his eyes, and that settled it."

"How settled it? Did Bob give you away to his cousin Edith?"

"Naw. It wasn't Bob at all. It was the charming Edith herself, dressed in a tailor-made masculine suit; and the Arctic look without a word, told me that my matrimonial hopes in that quarter were everlastingly blasted. Well, so long.—*Drake's Magazine.*

### English to be the World's Language.

A universal language must be a growth. Some national language must expand until it covers the whole world. Of late years the English language alone has been much spoken of as likely to grow so great. Hardly any philosophic linguist attempts to forecast the future without some discussion of the destiny of English; and De Candolle calculates that within 100 years English will be spoken by 860,000,000 of men, German by 124,000,000 and French by 96,000,000. At present the population either speaking the English language or under the domination of English-speaking peoples numbers more than 318,290,000 or one-fourth of the population of the globe.

English-speaking races occupy one-fourth of the dry land on the earth and own nearly two-thirds of the tonnage of the ships. They live in all regions; they handle all articles of trade; they preach to all nations; they command one-half of the world's gold and silver, and distribute more than two-thirds of the Bibles and Testaments. More than one-half of the letters mailed and carried by the postal service of the world are written, mailed and read by the English-speaking populations. The expectation that English will come into universal use is not based upon anything in the nature of the language, but rather on the character and the circumstances of the people.

The English people have been the great colonizers of modern times. They have taken possession of America, of Australia, of South Africa, the regions which are to be the seats of new empires, and they control and assimilate the populations which flow in to them and which grow up on them.

—*The Forum.*

### "WORKING LIKE A DOG."

An Exemplification of the Saying in a Broom Factory at Baltimore.

Down on Liberty street is a broom factory, says the Baltimore News. From the first floor, where they store and ship the strawware, up four flights of narrow stairs to the garret, the atmosphere is redolent of dried hay. The tip-top story of all is where they make the brooms. The straw is sorted, tied into wisps, combined into bundles, attached to a sticking-lathe, by an apparatus like a broom in a sewer, and there you have a broom in the rough. It is still full of straw, seed and must be cleansed. That is where the dogs come in. First there is a small drum about two feet long and a foot in diameter, fitted lengthwise with eight rows of blunt teeth a couple of inches long. This is connected by a belt to a large wooden wheel perhaps six feet in diameter and two feet in thickness, which revolves upon a horizontal axis. The inner surface of the wheel is fitted with cleats at intervals of six inches or so, and the sides of the wheel are inclosed by bars close enough together to keep the dogs from falling out. Into this, when any brooms are to be cleaned, the Rover and Nellie are hustled. They stand at the bottom of the wheel, of course, with their noses pointing in the same direction, the wheel is started by the workmen in charge, and away go the two dogs. "Get up, Rover!" "Go along, Nellie!" and they gallop up the inside of that wheel as though they were after a big fat dinner. Away goes the wheel and the belt and the drum, a broom is laid across the drum, the steel teeth comb out the straw seed in two seconds; another broom goes on, and so on until the pile of new brooms is exhausted. "Whoa, there!" and the brutes slow down carefully, being carried half-way around backward before the apparatus comes to a standstill. Then the dogs lean through the bars, scamper around the lot, lick everybody's hands in great glee, and are called away to their kennels in the corner. Nellie is a stout Newfoundland and Rover a black hound. They were trained in a short time, without a bit of trouble, it is said, and they seem to like their work about as well as professional pedestrians do theirs. It would be a neat problem to calculate how many miles Rover and Nellie travel in six days.

### "The Kid Wot Smokes."

In Jersey City there lives an infant of 2 years and 6 months who probably exceeds any boy of his age in the use of tobacco. His name is Frank Murphy, and his parents live at 164 Montgomery street.

A News reporter called to see the babe yesterday.

Frank was visiting his friends in the Adams express stables across the way when the reporter called, but shortly afterward put in an appearance, and vigorously demanded a "moke." After some demurring the youngster was accommodated with a cigarette, which he puffed away at with the greatest gravity imaginable. Frank sat in a small rocker, holding the cigarette alternately between the first and second fingers of each of his chubby little hands, and seemed to enjoy his smoke like an old man of 70.

Frank does not confine himself to cigarettes, but perfers a pipe or a cigar. He has been known to reduce four or five cigars to ashes in one day, and then demand a pipe.

Frank's parents have tried to break him of the habit, but without avail. When he was but six months old his grandfather while holding the baby in his lap would playfully place the pipe between his lips, and Frank thus became so addicted to the weed that it is a necessity to him, and any attempt to deprive him of tobacco would almost throw him into a fit.

A short time ago Frank strayed from home. An officer found the toddler and took him to the Gregory street stationhouse. After Frank had been there a few minutes the sergeant behind the desk lighted a cigar. Frank ran to him, and more by actions than words demanded that "moke."

As the News reporter was leaving the house he met Frank on the sidewalk surrounded by a crowd of boys who were admiring "de kid wot smokes."—*New York News.*

### Needs an Uncle.

The financial difficulties at the port are becoming daily more pressing and exigent. The exchequer has never been so completely drained of cash as it is now. And here is the most striking proof of the fact. Every year a caravan of pilgrims leaves Constantinople for Mecca on a certain date, and until this present month it has never failed to start punctually. This year, however not only did it set off on the prescribed day, but it was not until four days had passed, and the delay was being talked of openly as a public scandal, that the caravan moved away. It is an open secret that the reason they could not start was because the grand vizier could not anyhow scrape together the amount annually provided by the sultan to defray the expenses of the poor Mussulman who go with the caravan to Mecca. The sum needed was a few hundred pounds, but to such a pass have financial matters come that it was only by virtually pawning some valuable portable property belonging to the sultan that the required sum was raised.—*London Figaro.*

### A Prompt Customer.

"I owe you thirty-five cents for a magazine I got the other day," said a man, addressing the proprietor of a Chicago book store. "Here's your money, sir."

"You don't owe me anything," the proprietor replied.

"Yes, I got a magazine on credit here the other day."

"No, you didn't."

"Go on, I understand you."

"I don't understand him," said a bystander. "What does he mean?"

"It is a pretty sharp trick that is sometimes worked in this town. Some time ago a man came in and told me that he owed me twenty-five cents for some newspapers. I did not remember him, but thinking that he might have gotten the papers from one of my clerks, I took the money. Several days afterward he came in, placed a quarter on the show-case, and saying 'more papers,' walked out. This time I did not think anything of it. Two or three days later he came in, and said:

"'Good morning.'"

"'Good morning,' I replied.

"'Beautiful weather for the time of year.'"

"'Yes, very.'"

"'I got a paper-covered novel here the other day. Twenty cents, I believe. Sometimes I forget to put money in my pocket, but I never forget that I want to read. We had quite a lively time on the board of trade this morning. Well, good morning.'"

He dropped in once or twice more, and I found him to be quite a talker. One day he came in, and after looking over an illustrated history of the Holy Land, asked the price. 'Twelve dollars,' I replied. 'Would you mind sending it out on Michigan avenue?'

"'What is your name, please?'"

"'W. J. I thought you knew. Been a customer here for quite a while. J. W. McFoy, No. 35—'. By the way, I am going out now and can take it along. Be in pretty soon; and he marched off with the history. He had been such a good customer—had been so prompt in paying his little debts that I thought he was all right, but I have never seen him since. I learned that he beat a number of other book-sellers. That fellow who came in just now has heard of the trick. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I do not want his custom.'"

—*Arkansas Traveler.*

### Making Old Maids.

There are thousands and thousands of families in Boston whose eyes were once blinded to the beauties of a rigid etiquette, and who knew no better than to bring their daughters up as they themselves were brought, forgetting that in a city there were more restrictions necessary than in a little country town or village, where everybody knows everybody else and the black sheep are marked as such. Suddenly there is a revolution. Mamma reads the newspapers and magazines and discovers that she has been all wrong in allowing her guileless little Millicent to drive with young men and to go with them to the theater whenever she was invited. She becomes "loily regular, splendidly null," like Tennyson's Maud. The luckless swains learn with disgust that hereafter Millicent can't go to the theater without a chaperone, which means, of course, an additional ticket for mamma, and that driving is out of the question, unless, again, mamma go, too. We all know that three is a tight fit, for any buggy, and so there is an end to the drives. Evening calls become awkward and embarrassing, for though Millicent sits in her corner of the sofa looking just as lovely and bewitching as of yore, there near by is mamma in her chair, knitting away for dear life, and yet with keen eyes ever watchful and ears open to every whisper of admiration and sentiment, which naturally sounds silly and weak to any one but Millicent herself.

"Dear Mamma," says that damsel, plaintively, "he'll never propose. How can he? You don't give him a chance." And ten to one, Millicent is an old maid; though, if these new-fangled notions about chaperonage hadn't come in to interfere, she might have been married two or three times over.—*Boston Herald.*

### Dice Throwing in Church.

A curious custom was recently observed in the parish church of St. Ives, Hunts. Dr. Robert Wilde, who died in August, 1678, bequeathed £50, the yearly interest of which was to be expended in the purchase of six Bibles not exceeding the price of 7s6d each, which should be "cast for by dice" on the communion table every year by six boys and six girls of the town. A piece of ground was bought with the £50, and is now known as "Bible Orchard." The legacy also provided for the payment of 10s yearly to the vicar for preaching a sermon on the occasion "commending the excellency, the perfection and the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures." This singular custom has been regularly observed in the church since the death of the testator; but, representations having been made to the bishop of the diocese, the practice of throwing the dice on the communion table was discontinued some years ago, and the raffling now takes place on a table erected at the chancel steps. The highest throw this year (three times, with three dice) was thirty-seven, by a little girl. The vicar (Rev. E. Tottenham) preached a sermon from the words, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures."

### CURRENT EVENTS.

Leprosy is said to be spreading at an alarming rate in Russia.

More than 1,000,000 men are employed by the various railway lines of the United States. The official report on Russia for 1885 shows that the population of the empire is 109,000,000.

The Rocky Mountain grasshopper is appearing in great numbers in some Michigan counties.

There is a clump of thirty orange trees near Lakeland, Fla., that annually yields over 100,000 oranges.

The Mormon church has purchased 400,000 acres of land in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, for colonization purposes.

Queen Victoria has sent to the Glasgow exhibition two table napkins manufactured from yarn spun by her majesty.

California has concluded to try nickels and pennies. Ten cents for a glass of ginger all leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

There were 720 deaths in New York city last week, of which 70 were caused by pneumonia, 169 by scarlet fever and 226 by measles.

Corn has advanced sixteen cents per bushel in Austria-Hungary, by reason of the operation of some speculators who have cornered the supply.

Black tongue is raging among horses on the western edge of Ohio, and the people are greatly excited, as it is a disease that will attack both man and beast.

P. T. Barnum, the showman, announces his intention to present a 200,000-dollar building to the Fairfield Historical and Scientific Societies of Bridgeport, Ct.

Credulous Western people who bought from agents packages of tea, so called, found too late that the contents were "tea leaves which had been used before."

Amalie Rives, the novelist, sent her signature to fourteen different editors on a wagon that all could read it. The nearest that any one made it out was "American Rivers."

The famous Texas cattle trail to Colorado and the Northwest will soon be wholly wiped out, and the land will be thrown open to settlement. The railroads have made it useless.

Since the first of January twenty-one persons have been killed and 139 injured by reckless driving of vehicles in the streets of New York. Most of the offenders escaped without punishment.

It is said that enough salt underlies the city of Ithaca, N. Y., to supply the world for a century, and that a syndicate has been formed to build the largest salt works in the State of New York.

Northern Minnesota is suffering from a great flood. Towns have been inundated and great damage already inflicted. Indians and old settlers say the flood has never been equaled.

The official figures of the Kentucky tobacco crop for 1887 shows a decrease over the crop of 1886 of 138,590,786 pounds, or nearly 20,000,000 pounds more decrease than the entire crop of 1887.

The surplus in the United States Treasury is about \$90,000,000, as against \$110,000,000 May 1. This is the lowest it has reached in three months. During May about \$12,000,000 was expended for pensions.

Prof. C. V. Riley, United States entomologist, says a brood of seventeen-year locusts is due for this year, and may be looked for in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and in Lancaster county, Pa.

The English farmers have turned against the sparrows as a pest to agriculture, and are offering rewards for their destruction. It is asserted that these vicious birds cause a loss to agricultural England of \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 per year.

The lower classes of the Italian people continue to emigrate in enormous numbers, and the government is much alarmed. The number leaving Genoa last year was 101,200, as against 52,852 the previous year. Most of them go to South America.

The authorities at Long Island, N. Y., are determined to debate the tramp nuisance. They have purchased a number of chains equipped with shackles and 40 pound iron balls. All tramps are to wear them while working on the public streets.

At Canastota, N. Y., farmers are complaining bitterly about the ravages of the apple-tree worm. Never before have they built the nests as thickly and increased as fast as they have this year. In the vicinity of Hoboken some orchards are nearly white with nests.

Prime's crop reports state that wheat is being harvested in southwestern portion of Texas. It is well matured, of healthy color, and yields twenty bushels to the acre, which is fair average. Wheat in northern portion of State does not show up as well. California is being benefited by good wheat weather.

Over two-thirds of the omnibus horses of Paris are gray. They are drawn from all the horse-breeding districts of France, and this is a correct index of the color of draft horses of France. The remarkable record of nine years average service of the 12,800 horses on the stone pavements of Paris is a wonderful record of durability.

Action of Western roads in applying differential basis on shipments of live stock over entire systems, using the 34-foot cars as standard, and which has caused drop of about fifteen per cent. in live stock rates from Omaha and Council Bluffs to Chicago, has, it now appears, also caused reduction in dressed beef rates from same points.

Considerable attention is now being paid by the agricultural department of the Russian Government to the improvement of the farm live stock kept in various parts of that vast empire. Quite recently a number of Clydesdale stallions, Shorthorn and Swiss cattle and Yorkshire pigs have been purchased and imported from Great Britain.

Secretary J. S. Woodward of the New York State Agricultural Society has gone to England to be absent two months. The object of his trip is mainly business. Mr. Woodward has for years been very successful in growing early lambs for the New York and other Eastern markets. He expects in England to make some purchases of Shropshire sheep that will aid in improving the mutton qualities of his lambs.

