

TOPEKA, KANSAS.
September, 22, 1888.

S. C. Judd has finally resigned from the Chicago post-office. Judd was just as much of a civil service reformer as Cleveland.

The people in Indiana are in a fair way to be talked to death. Two thousand speeches are delivered in the state every twenty-four hours.

Senator Vest says that the Democratic party has declared "a war of extermination" against the industries sustained by the "infamous Protective system"—we think the war is over.

A Wichita paper has been sued for \$10,000 for stating that a certain lady was seen taking a man, other than her husband, riding on her milk wagon. The social condition of that city may be said to be crystallizing.

The Democratic newspapers declare, in effect, that Gov. Hill is as good as his party. This is true, but no sane person is contending this year that the Democratic party is one of the choicest products of our civilization.

The Kansas City Star warns Charley Holliday to look out for the earthquakes in Venezuela. Have no fear Mr. Star, Charley would waltz right up to the biggest earthquake, with the same assurance that he waltzed up to the Kate Baker Band, and he made a conquest too.

Kilgore, the "great objector" of the House of Representatives, has been re-nominated, but that does not keep him from objecting to the appropriation of \$100,000 for the yellow fever sufferers. Kilgore and his objections should be laid on or under the table indefinitely.

It is announced by authority that Attorney General Garland proposes to retire from public life on the 4th of March next. Meanwhile, it is well to remember, he is being retained in Cleveland's Cabinet regardless of the fact that he stands convicted of official misconduct which ought to have caused his removal long ago.

Judge Thurman explains. He says that when he spoke at Fort Huron of the negro as "a very prolific animal" he intended it as an expression of commendation. Perhaps he did, but if so it shows how low in the scale of humanity Judge Thurman places the negro race, when he, in an effort to be complimentary, calls the negro "a prolific animal."

If Henry George intends traversing New York State this year and canvassing it on this platform, "I am a free trader, I am for the election of Grover Cleveland, and I am against the election of David B. Hill," he will cost the national Democratic ticket a good many votes and save the Democratic State ticket an equal number.—[New York Sun.]

And this is just the very thing that Henry George will do. The disastrous effect of George's harangues, however, will hardly be confined to Cleveland. They will undoubtedly "cost the national Democratic ticket a good many votes," and lose the President the State and the election, but they can scarcely fail to tell injuriously against Hill also. This is going to be immense year for the Republicans.—GLOBE DEMOCRAT.

Women can not vote, but they take an interest in economic and political questions just the same. The women who have just been talking in favor of protection before a Senate committee undoubtedly represent the views of the majority of their sex throughout the country. If the franchise should be given to women the free traders would be overwhelmingly beaten in every canvass. But even as the matter stands now the free traders will be vanquished this year.—Globe-Democrat.

No better or more effective Farmers' Club was ever organized than the Grange. Other farmers' clubs are local, with no united action, no combined effort all over the country with exchange of views, and the power of organized action to carry out a given object. How to become a better and more successful farmer, how to perform all its labors in an intelligent manner, how to dispose of its products to the advantage, the laws of supply and demand, markets—in fact, to instruct the farmer and his family in all the business of the farm—are among the other good objects of better farmers to-day, better paying farms, brighter farm homes by reason of the Grange. To know how to do the work and why we do it, how crops grow, what constitutes soil, air and plants, brightens the work and adds real pleasure to the toil. Agricultural school books in use in country schools to-day, farmers' institutes and farmers coming to the front generally, and agriculture looking up, can be credited to the Grange, that "enlivens, explains and dignifies labor." Yes, the Grange is by far the best farmers' club that can be organized in any neighborhood.

Oregon, Vermont and Maine, show a 4 per cent gain as compared with 1884.

J. V. Powderly declares that no intelligent workman asks for free trade or will vote with the free trade party.

The prospect of being asked to resign his place on the tail of the ticket is not very soothing to Allen Thurman's feelings. There is some probability of it, though, on account of his feebleness, and then Gray, of Indiana, might add a little strength in his own state.

Judge Thurman like Senator Vest is called upon for an explanation. He declares that his Port Huron remark, "that the negro is a very prolific animal" was intended to be commendatory,—that the phrase was used in a "Pickwickian sense." The humor of some of the Democratic speakers is appalling.

The prospect for an early adjournment of congress is imminent, but the indications are that the present session will close without any further action on the Oklahoma bill. The friends of the bill have made a strong fight but have been beaten by the dilatory tactics of the opposition.

President Cleveland declares that the present campaign is "one of information" in which "every citizen should be regarded as a thoughtful, responsible voter;" and he has given \$10,000 to the Democratic campaign fund to prove that he believes them honest and capable.

Mr. Mills declares that banks were organized in the interest of a special class. Yes, they were, and it seems they are now getting the benefit, for the New York banks have got \$60,000,000 of public money from the present administration with no interest.

Warner Miller has been endorsed by the Labor party in New York. That makes Hill squirm and Cleveland feel sick. It has been said that Hill is strong enough to carry Cleveland down with him but we think Cleveland is foolish to exhibit so much weakness as to go down the declivity.—It may be that he has to.

Condensed News.

Sept. 22.—The President and wife have left for the Adirondacks.—St. John was paid \$50 to make a non-political speech at Elmira N. Y.—Sam Jones will conduct a revival at Nashville soon.—Near Raleigh N. C. a man was found dead, in a church. He, in company with two others had held a drunken orgy in the church presu-

mable with an idea of defiance.—Albert Neff was shot, near Wichita, by some hunters who took him for a squirrel.—Priest of Pallas Parade postponed until this evening.—L. Brown, an old resident of Godfrey Ill. was hanged out of \$2,500.—George Q. Cannon has presented the University at Lawrence with a complete set of Mormon publications.—The Mercantile agents report business fairly active.—Shot gun quarantine exists all along the Illinois Central from New Orleans to Cairo.—Horton, Kans. celebrated her second birthday with a trades parade, 12,000 people being present.—The yellow fever is extending all over the south.—Some unknown person stoned a C. & A. train near Chicago and several persons were injured by flying glass.—The total deaths at Jacksonville, 196 total number of cases 1,582.

Sept. 24.—The total amount of bonds purchased by Secretary Fairchild has been so far, over \$53,000,000.—John Sloan, while attempting to alight from an elevated railway train in Kansas City, fell under the wheels and died from the effects later in the day.—Dennis Burgin was struck by lightning and killed near Kingman, Kan.—The Etruria has broken the ocean voyage record.—J. H. Marthing, the murderer of the Kansas City architect Ramsden, is again under arrest.—Hog cholera is rampant in Ohio.—The publication of Emperor Frederick's diary stirs up the Germans and they consider it a document of national importance.—The House will consider the appropriation of \$100,000 for yellow fever sufferers.—Jay Gould is being sued by J. T. Tallant, of Garden City, Kansas, for \$50,000.—At Jacksonville, the total number of cases is 1,745 with 202 deaths.—Louisville has opened her gates to the southern refugees.—Dr. Tanner, the faster, is back from Mexico.—Pierre Lorillard has sold his racing stable.—Sullivan is worse.

A horse up in Michigan has changed hands so often that everytime a stranger comes around he opens his mouth to have his tee h examined, so that his age may be arrived at. When the pastures begin to fail, supplement with a grain ration. It should be the aim to keep up the flow of milk, regardless of every other consideration. If it will not pay to do that, it will not pay to keep the cow.

State Fair Notes.

It cost J. M. Faron and Harry Harris \$12.50 each for going into the fair grounds without tickets.

Those who failed to witness the grand parade of blooded stock on the half-mile track missed the most interesting sight during the week.

Wichita county took the second premium of \$150 for the most artistic county display. It was a fine one too. J. H. Dunham, cashier of the bank of Leoti, had charge of the display.

The State Fair association elected Major William Sims president, and it was the right thing to do. With Major Sims at the head, the Kansas state fair was an immense success.

Miss Olivia Bischoff daughter of Oscar Bischoff took the first premium of \$100 for the best display of Fancy Work in the childrens Department of the Fair.

Mame Stauffer, a thirteen year old miss, takes the first premium of \$5.00 and second of \$3.00 for best bread.

Bertha White, daughter of G. W. M. White takes premium on crocheted earriage robe, and paper flowers. Certainly North Topeka may be proud of its little girls when they are so enterprising and industrious.

Seward county has a very creditable display this year and under the disadvantages the managers of the exhibit worked against succeeded admirably. One section showed the prairies as they were three years ago covered with bleaching buffalo bones, cactus, soap weed, rattlesnakes, coyotes and prairie dogs. The new section shows the products of 1888, which do Kansas credit. One of the cucumbers in the collection measures three feet nine and one-half inches in length. The peanut crop is fine, also the broom corn, castor beans, millet, corn, young trees, in fact everything that is grown, and the biggest tumble weed that ever rolled a prairie. The third premium, \$100 in cash, was awarded Seward.

About 250 boys from the State Reform school, in charge of Superintendent Buck and his assistants and headed by their excellent band of twelve pieces, came in on the Rock Island and visited the fair. This annual visit is a great treat for the boys, and they made a good showing in their neat uniforms of gray. They desire to tender a vote of thanks to the Rock Island railway, the Topeka City railway and State Fair association for the many courtesies received by these associations. The boys had a grand good time and enjoyed themselves greatly; from the Rock Island depot they went to the fair ground on the City railway, filling five cars. Their band occupied the first car and rendered some excellent music as they passed up Kansas avenue and again as they returned in the evening. They have been invited to come down to the city again Reunion week.

The Great State Reunion.

Those who fail to visit the great state reunion to be held in this city October 1 to 6 next, will miss the event of their lives. Among the many attractions they will have the opportunity of meeting, shaking hands and listening to some of the greatest men in the country.

A chance to see and mingle with the old comrades in arms—and no pleasure can be greater.

An opportunity to see the largest and prettiest city in the state—Topeka—and to visit many points of interest, which alone will repay a trip of several hundred miles.

The chance to see one of the most magnificent sham battles ever fought, in which over 1,000 infantry soldiers, several troops of cavalry, and a battery of artillery will be engaged.

You will see one of the most beautiful displays on the street, on and in the business houses and private dwellings you ever saw.

The band contest in which over fifty of the best bands in the state will participate will be a sight never to be seen again.

All the drum corps of the state will be here, and it is safe to say we will have 200 drums and fifty fifes playing "Yand kee Doodle" and other popular airs.

The street parade and review will be on a scale of magnificence never before attempted, in which at least 20,000 old soldiers will participate.

The regular duty of a soldier in camp will be shown daily by the regulars from Fort Leavenworth—rveille, breakfast, dinner call, infantry, battery and cavalry drill and dress parade.

The national commander-in-chief, Hon. Wm. Warner, of Kansas City, will be here and talk to the old boys.

The charge on, capture and blowing up of a fort, in which the infantry, cavalry batteries will take part, assisted by the remarkable Lincoln Post Flambéan club, will be a sight never to be witnessed again.

It is impossible to enumerate all you will miss if you don't come, but you won't be absent we know.

A Glass of Ginger Ale Causes the Death of Frank Stalmers.

Frank Stalmers, who resided on Washington street, south of Crosby's mill, died yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock of black vomit and spasms. There are some peculiar circumstances in connection with his death. Stalmers was down town on Thursday and purchased a glass of ginger ale at a stand on the corner of Fourth and Kansas avenue. He said that it had a peculiar taste and within a few minutes he became dizzy. He managed to find his way home and soon became violently sick, the sickness undoubtedly resulting from the stuff which he drank. Dr. Munn was called and found the man suffering terribly and was unable to relieve him. He was in great agony all day yesterday and declared time and again that he had been poisoned. Yesterday afternoon he became very violent and about 2 o'clock died. It is probable that an investigation will be made. There is no doubt that a great deal of the stuff that is sold at the stands as summer drinks is wholly unfit to drink and often poisonous.

Mrs. Williams of Dallas, Texas, who has been visiting her brother H. B. Ray of the Rock Island, left at noon today for Richland.

While General Tim McCarthy, state auditor, and his family are visiting their relatives and friends in Ohio, burglars have been going through his residence. They made a thorough search of the premises but the wily state auditor had provided against any such proceeding, and so they did not get what they were looking for.

The most potent remedies for the cure of disease have been discovered by accident. The first dose of Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria was given, as an experiment, to an old lady almost dying from the effects of Malaria, on whom Quinine acted as a poison. One dose cured her; and a single dose has cured thousands since. It is the only known Antidote for the poison of Malaria. Sold by Druggists.

The Kansas Union, Ex-prisoners of war association will meet in annual session at Topeka, Kansas, October 3, at 4 o'clock p. m., to transact such business as may properly come before the association, and to participate in the great reunion of October 1 to 6.

There will be a soldiers reunion held at Elk City, Kan., October 11, 12 and 13. A large attendance is anticipated and provided for. The usual reduced fares on all railroads.

A number of inmates of the insane asylum, were visitors at the fair.

Ex-Governor George W. Glick is in the pension office once more, having returned from a tour in the interest of democracy, reform and corresponding ideas.

The National Tribune recognizes Lincoln Post drum corps and the services rendered there in this manner: "Next after Ohio the Kansas department was one of the most strongly represented. They had a magnificent drum corps, and the cornet band of Emporia was one of the conspicuous organizations in the procession. They were accompanied by the famous Modoc glee club of Topeka. The drum corps went through an exhibition drill as they marched.

Among the exhibits at the fair was salt from the well of Judge Fitzgerald, living at St. Marys. By those who know it is said that this salt is fully up to the imported English salt.

The North Topeka gun club had their regular shoot Saturday afternoon at their grounds west of the city. The boys are becoming experts at shooting glass balls, and great interest is being manifested in the practice. North Topeka will soon have a gun club that she may be proud of.

[Visitors at the recent soldiers' reunion at Columbus report that Topeka has twice the hotel accommodations of the capital of Ohio. Superior as the hotels of this city are, they will be taxed to their full capacity at the coming soldiers' reunion.

Yesterday afternoon little Edward Cleveland Buechner, concluded he would take a drive, and untied the horses that had been left with the carriage at the gate, and getting in, took up the reins and turned the horses round and started on his trip. The young man reached for the whip but could not get it and got along without at a pretty lively rate. When the horses, which are spirited animals though gentle, found there was no power to control them, they ran furiously up and down for several blocks, but were finally stopped. Strange to say, the child was not hurt though he jumped out, some one calling him to do so. Mr. Buechner says his name is his luck, as the same child, who is not yet four years old, fell from a second story window last year and was unharmed. He is a plucky little fellow, and didn't seem at all frightened at his perilous ride.

A Bicycle Race as was a Race Sure Enough.

After the running race at the fair grounds Saturday night there was a bicycle race for a \$1,000 purse for the world's championship, between Harry Stone, of Leavenworth, and J. S. Simpson, of Topeka. The latter won this race easily. Time 2:23 1/4. This beats the best time on record, which was made in London last year by an American. Time 2:29 1/2. Mr. Simpson was receiving many congratulatory telegrams from all over the country last night. This is an event that will startle the wheelmen of America and the continent. There was a large amount of money changed hands on the race. But few were present, as the matter was strictly private.

The October number of Lippincott's Magazine is a special E. P. Roe number, half of which is taken up with articles in one way or another commemorative of the dead novelist. First comes a summer idyl entitled "Queen of Spades," which shows that thorough knowledge of the best features of our country life, that have marked all similar works by E. P. Roe. But his best apotheosis is his autobiography entitled "A Native Author called Roe." The title is from one of Matthew Arnold's essays in which the critic glances thus slightly at the novelist. Roe's paper is dignified, modest, and extremely interesting. Well may William S. Walsh, in "Some Words about E. P. Roe," say that no one can lay the autobiographer down "without increased respect and admiration. It is manly and frank, and thoroughly sincere. John Habberton starts a new serial. Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher," which shows that the humor evidenced in "Helen's Babies" has not been exhausted. Judge Tourgee's series of short series of "short stories," is continued. "Brown Bread and Baked Beans, a Good-Humored Study of Boston, is an excellent bit of descriptive and humorous writing. The answers to the One Hundred Questions are continued, and the departments all keep up their interest.

It costs nothing to be gentle with the cows, and it pays a big interest. The cultivation of the habit of gentleness when among the cows, is big money in the pocket of the owner. If we will stop to think we shall wonder when we consider the rough way in which heifers are often handled that there are no more kicking cows than there are.

Sheep Notes.

Look through the sheep pens at the fair and if you have never kept sheep see what you really think of the business as you gaze on the splendid animals on exhibition. It often helps us to get a new view of a subject to see it illustrated.

If next winter you will feed your sheep roots or ensilage, or even oil meal occasionally, you will not have as many sick sheep next spring as you usually have. It is feeding during the long winter months on dry feed that plays the mischief with the sheep. Sheep increase so rapidly and mature at such an early age and their flesh is so wholesome for food that every farm should have its flock. If mutton were substituted in a large measure for pork as food by farmers, their families would be healthier, and they would enjoy the satisfaction of an occasional change of food, which alone would pay the farmer.

We know of no advice to give an inquirer as to the proper treatment of dogs that kill his sheep, but to say that he should prevent them from doing it. A word to the wise is sufficient. Neighbors ought not to complain if their dogs go into a neighbor's field for mutton, and do not come home again. We like a good dog, but dogs ought not to be expected to feast on mutton whenever they choose.

The parasite which is found in the liver of a sheep, a writer says, and which causes biliary derangement, yellowness of eyes, and the appearance of jaundice is encouraged by feeding the sheep in swampy land. To get rid of them give a dram of turpentine in linsed oil every morning an hour before feeding for two or three weeks. Remove the sheep from the present pasture to a dry field and give only water from a well to drink.

An Iowa correspondent asks us which breed of sheep is best for that State, and how many can be kept in the flock. In reply we would say that any of the breeds will do. We could not answer any more definitely without knowing all the circumstances. The sheep of either breed can be kept in as large a flock as any breeder in Iowa would want. Even the mutton breed have been kept in flocks that numbered a thousand. However, we should not care to have a flock of mutton sheep larger than two or three hundred at most. The Merinos can be kept more safely in larger flocks than the mutton breeds.

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The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

CUSTOM-HOUSE officials should be wary of the opium habit.

BOULANGER has the same effect on a French mob that a red rag has on a bull.

CANADA is quietly but persistently fishing for an invitation to come over here and be annexed.

Now, there's Tupper—78 years of age and still sound and hearty. Who says that chestnuts are unhealthy.

MRS. ALICE J. SHAW, the whistler, is coming back from Europe. No, nothing can be done to prevent her.

THE Paris police have discovered an anarchist plot. It is quite certain that John Bonfield is out in Colorado!

MARY ANDERSON's brother Joseph is to marry Lawrence Barrett's daughter Gertrude. As to Mary herself—well, she is wedded to the stage at present, but she has got her fine blue eyes on an English lord all the same.

THE London newspapers are rather flippant in their comments on President Cleveland's Canadian retaliation message. They shouldn't be. It is only a question of disposition whether the United States will pick her up.

It is again rumored that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Secretary Endicott's daughter are to be married. As the rumor has been revived in London it is probably intended to check the warlike feeling that prevails in the cabinet just now.

A PLUCKY little miss named Florence Morse aged 12, has succeeded in safely making the perilous ascent of Mont Blanc. This is supposed to be the highest point ever reached by a female since Mother Hubbard swept the cobwebs out of the sky. The sex is climbing.

TWO YOUNG ladies of St. Paul horse-whipped a lawyer of that city because he made some disparaging remarks about them. The disparaging remarks which will be made about them now will not be confined to the lawyer nor to St. Paul. The use of a horse-whip doesn't set a young lady right before the world.

COUNT ANDRASSY is dying of disease of the kidneys. He was in his day one of the greatest of European diplomats and would have been the equal of Bismarck had he had a master like William L. Androssy's brain and Androssy's pluck have saved the Austrian empire from disintegration more than once.

ON being asked if it was true that Queen Victoria intended to confer a degree of knighthood upon him, Mr. W. C. Van Horne, a formerly popular western railroad man, now vice president and manager of the Canadian Pacific, replied: "Oh, the devil! It's all silly rot. It's nonsense to talk about knighting an American citizen." Certainly it is, and Van Horne is too proud an American citizen to stoop to the acceptance of a foreign title even if it should be offered him.

THE *Journal of United Labor* says: "The order of Knights of Labor is extending into all countries of the earth. There is already one flourishing district assembly at work in England, and the general executive board recently granted a charter for another district assembly in the same country. Inquiries are being made from Ireland, Scotland, Wales—from all the chief centers. France, Germany and Belgium already have local assemblies, while Australia, South America and New Zealand are among the probabilities during the present summer season."

PROF. GROSSMAN of the Massachusetts Experiment station sums up some pig feeding experiments as follows: "First, a gradual periodical change from a rich nitrogenous diet to that of a wider ratio between the digestible nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous food constituents of the feed is recommendable in the interests of good economy. Second, the feeding effect of one and the same diet changes with the advancing growth of the animal on trial. Third, the power of assimilating food and of converting it into live weight decreases with the progress of age. Fourth, it is not good economy to raise pigs for the meat market to an exceptionally high weight. To go beyond from 175 to 180 pounds is only advisable when exceptionally high market prices for dressed pork can be secured."

HIS FATE FORETOLD.

The Death of a Missouri Man Plainly Foreshadowed in a Vision.

A number of citizens of Ozark were discussing the mad-dog sensation that still prevails in Lincoln township, Christian county, says a letter to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, that J. J. Brown, an old and well-known attorney of southwest Missouri, told the following remarkable story of a case of hydrophobia that came under his personal observation many years ago.

"In 1858 I lived in Fulton county, Arkansas, then a young man of 20 years. The country at that time was sparsely settled, and hydrophobia was a thing seldom heard of in that region. One of our highest neighbors was Jacob Oxford, constable of the township, a young and healthy man about 28 years old. He lived but a mile from my mother's, and our families were very intimate. My mother was a woman who had a good practical knowledge of the simple treatment of diseases and took the place of the professional physician in ministering to the sick of the neighborhood in those early times. In this capacity she always visited Oxford's family when any of the household was sick. In the month of April, 1858, Jacob Oxford dreamed that a small, spotted dog, apparently lost, came to his house late in the evening. The dog seemed tired and distressed. Oxford fed the dog and allowed it to remain at his house till morning. Next morning he fed the dog again, and he seemed well and contented and friendly he concluded to keep the animal. In order to strengthen the dog's attachment for his new master Oxford began to play with the animal. The dog received these friendly attentions for a time with apparent delight, and then bit Oxford on the finger and immediately left the house and was never heard of again. Oxford then dreamed that he took hydrophobia and died.

"Oxford told his dream to his wife next morning and seemed much troubled about it. Several of Oxford's neighbors, including myself and mother, heard the dream in a few days and it became the common talk of the community. Oxford was so much impressed by the dream that he told it to everyone he saw and seemed deeply troubled about the matter. He was in good health at the time, but would brood over the dream and regard it as a warning.

In about ten days after Oxford had this dream a small spotted dog, an exact copy of the animal seen in the nightly vision, did come to his house late in the evening. Oxford recognized the dog as the very animal he had seen in his dream. His wife knew the dog at once as the same one her husband had described the morning after the dream. The size of the animal, its peculiar marks, tired, homeless appearance, hunger, readiness to remain after being fed, as well as the hour of evening, all corresponded exactly with the details of Oxford's dream, and the man seemed at once paralyzed at what he regarded as unmistakable fore-shadowing of his doom. So completely did the prophetic character of the dream fascinate the mind of Oxford that he would not allow the dog to be driven away, but regarded the animal with a kind of superstitious reverence.

"The dog was well-fed at night and appeared to have no inclination of leaving Oxford's. The next morning the dog was fed and Oxford began to fondle the animal, just as he had done in the dream. After seeming to enjoy the caresses of his new master for awhile the dog suddenly and without any provocation whatever bit Oxford on the fore-finger, inflicting only a slight flesh wound. As the dream had fore-shown, as soon as the dog bit Oxford it left the place and was never heard of again. Oxford made diligent inquiry for the dog in the direction it went away, describing the peculiar marks of the animal minutely, but no further trace of the mysterious visitor could ever be discovered, though the event was the prevailing topic of conversation through the country for several weeks.

"Oxford told his wife as soon as the dog bit him that he would die of hydrophobia. He said his dream had been literally fulfilled so far and that the hand of Providence must be guiding the whole affair. He told everybody that he was approaching a terrible death, but prayed earnestly that he might do no violence to his family or friends when the fatal malady should develop. He was very religious and seemed reconciled to what he regarded as his doom, only dreading the violence that might result from his expected madness. Oxford continued to perform his official duties till some time in August, showing no signs of illness except that settled melancholy anticipation of hydrophobia that had possessed him since his dream.

"One day in August, about four months after his singular experience with the dog, Oxford had been out in the township serving some papers pertaining to his office, and came home at night complaining of a pain in the finger that had been bitten. He said that the pain was very severe, and that the dreaded malady so long expected had undoubtedly begun to develop itself. His wife and friends persuade the unhappy man that his fears were without foundation, and the pain in his finger only the result of imagination, but Oxford would not be comforted in this way, and prayed constantly that he might be spared only the worst horrors of hydrophobia. He was willing to die if he might only retain his reason

to the last and do no violence to his family or friends.

"In about five days from the time he felt the pain in his finger Oxford began to show unmistakable signs of madness. My mother waited on the man through his entire confinement and witnessed every symptom of the mysterious malady as it developed. Several days before his death Oxford began to have those violent spasms that all medical authorities say are characteristic of hydrophobia. He did not, however, excepting in his paroxysms, lose his reason and never attempted to do violence to anyone. On about the tenth day after feeling the pain in the finger the man died."

WONDERFUL OPERATION.

Removal of a Twelve-Inch Snake from a Sick man's Stomach.

Prince Edward Island papers publish particulars of a wonderful surgical operation, recently performed by Dr. McVale. The patient, a young man, was suddenly seized some time ago with severe pains in his stomach, in the form of a creeping sensation. Alternating with the pains there were violent convulsions. The doctor at first did not understand it, but after a careful consideration of the symptoms he said: "There is a living animal in that man's stomach, and I will take it out." Accordingly he proceeded to operate.

He had diagnosed the animal to be located in the right extremity of the stomach. An incision was made across the epigastrium. The stomach being contracted was overlapped by the liver. Accordingly the latter first presented itself. Anticipating trouble in securing the animal the operator designed to provide for free manipulation. The liver was drawn up and carefully stitched to the under surface of the abdominal wall. Then the stomach was drawn up and the edge of the incision was neatly stitched to the under surface of the abdominal wall.

After a few days, to allow the stomach to form a connection in its new locality, he opened the organ. Then a most remarkable sight was presented. A snake fully twelve inches long lay coiled up in the suspected locality. Having observed light through the stomach wall it was ready for action. As soon as the opening of the stomach was made it sprang at the hand of the operator. Missing its aim it changed its tactics. An attempt was made to escape by dashing through the pyloric orifice, but in this it failed, for the gallant operator seized it by the tail and drew it back. Having eluded the grip of the forceps, an attempt was made to escape into the esophagus. Its passage there was not interrupted. Finally it merged through the mouth and the patient was thus relieved of his torment. The young man remained weak for a long time, but finally he completely recovered.

The Newsboys of Mexico.

Our contemporaries are making many suggestions as to the material of which the clothes of the newsboys should be made. Some think leather suits would be advisable in view of the short time the striped suits presented by the city government lasted, while others urge tin as the material. The discussion enables newspaper men to air their wit, but it really seems unnecessary. The city government presented a given number of newsboys with uniforms with the understanding that the boys would replace them at their own expense when worn out. These suits have long since served their time, and been discarded, and not a single one has been replaced by its owner. Unless the city government intends to clothe outright the urchins who sell papers in the streets our contemporaries are wasting their time in discussing the kind of material that should be used for their uniforms, for there is no legal way of compelling the boys to buy the clothes that may be designated as proper for them by the authorities. To deprive a boy of the right to earn an honest living because he cannot or will not dress in a prescribed manner is not practicable in a free country.—*Two Republics, City of Mexico.*

The Queen of Scarecrows.

A lady living near Norwich, Conn., has made a scarecrow that is the envy of the whole country. In figure the scarecrow resembles a petite young lady with a slim waist and a certain air of supple coyness, which the summer breeze intensifies when it rustles up from the meadow now and then, and sets the garden girl's sailor suit flutter. Only a fashion artist would be able to fitly describe her garb. She has a basque, a skirt, and an overskirt, as all young ladies do, all of navy blue, and the overskirt daintily looped; the skirt is modestly lifted an inch, permitting the eye to catch a glimpse of a white underskirt. A ruffled fichu above the shapely bodice, a snowy white collar, a bright ribbon about the neck and a broad-brimmed straw hat completes the breeziest and most bewitching costume in Norwich. Of course the rain would spoil such a masterpiece, so its owner takes it in every rainy day and puts it in a corner of the parlor. Every strange young man has tried to flirt with the scarecrow while riding past the field, but the scarecrow has as yet given no word of encouragement.

Negro Gentlemen.

In Livingston's travels he is continually referring to the dusky females of Africa as ladies, but it is very seldom that explorers have occasion to apply the word gentleman to the men they meet. Among the great tribes north of Victoria Nyanza, however are a few chiefs to whom Mr. Samuel Baker, Emin Pasha, Stanley and a few other white men think the word fitly applies. Baker said for instance, that Katagrua, was the only gentleman he met at the big King Kabrega's court, and Emin Pasha is equally complimentary. He says that while he was in the society of Katagrua that chief never once ask his guest for a present, and he received very politely and with every appearance of pleasure the few insignificant presents the white man was able to give him.

Before Emin Pasha met this gentlemanly person he visited Chief Anfini, with whom he became quite friendly and whom he describes as "the only negro gentleman" he had met in four years' wanderings in Africa. Anfini is one of the chiefs under King Kabrega and he rules a district of Uzoro. Dr. Emin describes this remarkable person as a portly well dressed man of middle age, who is possessed of inborn tact, never asks for presents and is not inquisitive about the private affairs of his guests. Since the Arabs began trading in this country Anfini has been able to procure many articles of European manufacture.

Dr. Emin says that Anfini is the only negro prince he has met to whom clothing and whatever other civilized appliances have found their way to his country have become indispensable. He dresses in english flannels and is scrupulously clean. He is the only native in the central regions of the dark continent who habitually uses plates and metal spoons at his meals. When Dr. Emin was his guest, bananas and other food were passed around in Chinese dishes. His people never presume to appear in public in a nude condition, but all are decently rapped in skins and bark clothing.

Both Stanley and Emin Pasha spoke highly of the personal qualities of King Mtesa's katikoro or prime minister. Dr. Emin says he "must be placed among the few negro gentlemen of my acquaintance." It was this man who had raised himself from the lowest rank to the highest place in Uganda next to the king, who asked Stanley if he could give him some quick poison with which he might make war with himself in case he should ever lose the favor of the king and his life should in consequence be in peril.

The Preacher and the Press.

The Nation's Capital has a young preacher who is trying to bloom out as the most sensational pulpit orator in this part of the country. He bears the peculiar name of Ed. Hes Swam, and is at present in charge of one of the Baptist churches. He gave notice a few weeks ago that he would commence a series of Sunday evening sermons on Washington's wickedness. His opening shots were scattering, as if he wanted to be certain that his new style of preaching would take with the press and people. In a general sort of way he told his hearers in effect that the Capital City was worse than ancient Babylon, and promised details later. Only one paper here noticed his sermon. The parson is young and has a judicious appearance. A few days after his first effort he was around on *News-paper Row* leaving his card, and incidentally trying to discover if any of the outside papers had referred to his first sermon. Indeed, he said that he had been told that one of the London papers had an account of his first sermon. He was told that no London publisher had become crazy enough to order by telegraph a Washington sermon. The last effort of Rev. Ed. Hes Swam was aimed directly at editors, correspondents and reporters. He pictured them as a horrible class of citizens and said that the reporters would gladly lie for their editors and that they got their orders from their superiors. The Post has taken hold of this clerical stripling, yearning for notoriety, and has published one of his letters making a request that a reporter be sent with out fail to write up his sermon. Such a man as this can't last long as a preacher.—*New York Graphic.*

Diversions of Great Men.

Small happenings attract great men. The most commonplace street incident will serve to whet their curiosity. If a car horse falls on Market and Chestnut street, bankers, merchants and professional men will drop all sorts of business and wait to see the animal regain his footing and the car jog on. If a danger sign is placed on the sidewalk in front of a building and a tackle arranged at one of the windows a crowd will form immediately, and there will be more men of prominence than street urchins in it. A quiet observer said yesterday: "I have seen such men as Director Stokley and Austin Corbin, president of the Reading road, watching fixedly the simple card manipulations of a fakir who was trying to attract possible purchasers of 'something new in tooth powder, only 5 cents a box,' and on another occasion I saw Senator Quay and Mr. Kemble, the Tracton's president, gazing at a lineman climbing a telegraph pole, when, as a matter of uncontrovertible fact, there wasn't the slightest thing about the man on the pole to make even a countryman lift his eyes."—*Philadelphia Press.*

MINOR MENTION.

A Nebraska man named Mickelwait, who is traveling to Washington, weighs 40 pounds, and has to be carried in the baggage car, being unable to enter a passenger car. He is in robust health, but is fasting to reduce his health.

A new kind of strike occurred in a female seminary at Nashville, Tenn., the other day, where a class of young ladies indignantly struck against instruction from a text-book on history which recited the old story of Jefferson Davis' capture in female attire.

The Mexicans are hard at work on the banks of the Rio Grande opposite El Paso Tex., building wing dams and willow mattresses to prevent their territory from being washed away by the turbulent river. They have lost much in past years in this manner.

A California paper says that a party who ascended Mount Lassen recently became electrified, the hair of their heads standing straight out and sparks of electricity flying from the ends of their noses and fingers. The phenomenon was occasioned by an electrical storm.

A brilliant idea struck John Bauer, a Nebraska man, recently. Wishing to clean out a powder keg he put a little powder in it and then applied a lighted match. He was picked up several rods from the explosion, and is now in bed wondering what became of the keg.

While Kate Wilson, aged fourteen, and her brother Robert, four years her junior, were playing on a dock at Jersey City, Wednesday, the boy fell overboard. His sister, who can not swim, screamed for assistance and jumped after him. When he rose to the surface she seized him and kept him above water until fishermen rescued both.

A tin mine near Durango, in Mexico, is to be opened by a Pittsburg company, who have a capital of \$1,000,000. An expert who has assayed the ore says that it will yield from 25 to 35 per cent of tin, which is said to be the largest percentage of any tin ore in the world. A number of factories will be started soon to manufacture the tin.

A crowd of over a thousand people gathered in New York recently to watch an escaped parrot, which had flown through an open window and alighted on a wire. They continued to demonstrate how slight a cause will bring a multitude together until someone put a pole out of a window, attracted the bird and quickly drew him in.

Kansas is anxious to annex the strip of land called "No Man's Land," adjoining the State. Not, the newspapers say, "for boom purposes," but for protection. Every thief and murderer who commits a crime in western and southern Kansas makes a break for No Man's Land, where he is as safe as the manslayer of old in the city of refuge.

The King of the Belgians hates tobacco, never wears gloves, and goes bareheaded as much as possible. He is fond of bathing, but does not swim. Geography and language are his favorite studies, and he has traveled in almost every Asiatic country. He is a handsome man, slightly built, but muscular, with blue eyes and a big brown beard touched with gray.

Mr. Christopher Chancellor, who lives in the Spoon River brack, Louisiana, was digging a stock well a few days ago, and when eighteen feet below the surface he found 123 rattle-snakes. They were heavy as stone and the largest one measured eight feet in length and twenty-eight and one-half inches in circumference, and had forty-three rattles on it.

The will of John Robinson, the veteran showman, was probated in Cincinnati Tuesday. He bequeathed property valued at \$1,000,000. To two grandchildren, sons of his daughter Kate and Robert Slickney, the famous bareback rider, is left \$15,000 each in trust. The rest of the estate goes in equal shares to the testator's three sons—Gilbert, Charles and John.

Weddings on water are growing to be quite the fashion. One was lately reported from the Red River region, where the bride and groom were pushed out in a buggy into deep water, and there wedded according to the laws of Indian Territory, and now Dr. Hill and Miss Pitt, of West Point, Ga., have got themselves wedded in a yawl at sunset, "skimming over the waters of the yellow Chattahoochee."

Mr. Varner Hurt dropped in at the post-office in Cumming, Ga., the other day and bought ten cents worth of postage stamps. He told the postmaster that it was the first purchase of the sort he had ever made, and that in all his life—he is over seventy-six now—he had never written or received a letter. "He is a man of considerable property," notes the astonished reporter.

The Hon. Tom Lacy, in England, is said, in a recent parliamentary report, to be falling into decay on account chiefly of the duties imposed upon the lace by foreign countries, and the lace-makers want government aid in the way of the establishment of a school to teach the art of making the lace, with prizes and other inducements to lead young people to take up the trade.

The roaring gas well back of Canonsburg, Penn., is said to have the greatest registered pressure of any in the world. The gas looks like a solid piece of blue steel for some distance after it comes out of the pipe. Solid masonry twelve feet thick surrounds the well to hold the cap on. When in drilling the gas was struck tools and rope, weighing 5,000 pounds, were thrown out as though they were feathers.

Mrs. Susan Tope, wife of a farmer of Devonshire, England, while out driving with her husband, was struck accidentally just below the left eye with the lash of the whip and a slight wound was inflicted. Little notice was taken of it, but a few days afterward Mrs. Tope's face began to swell, and subsequently a small knot of cord was removed from the wound. Lock-jaw set in and she died in a short time.

A European keeper in a jail at Lahore, India, heard knocks at his door at a late hour at night, and thinking there were thieves about went out by a roundabout way to catch them. Seeing nothing, he returned and found a large baboon seated at his round table, warming himself by the lamp light. The animal attacked him, and a desperate encounter resulted in the death of the baboon and the dangerous wounding of the warden.

THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS.

Don't be Meddlesome or Argumentative with Other People's Affairs.

The person of even average moral sense, says a writer in Daughters of America, has a general understanding of the fact that his neighbor's house, trees and material goods are objects towards which he should show respect by the simple process of letting alone.

But in matters less material, yet more personal, there is a great lack of respect shown in our dealings with one another.

Persons would resent being called discourteous, persons who in the main are kind of heart and even generous with their money, are often sadly wanting in charitable judgment of their neighbor's opinions and a proper sense of their peculiarities.

Too commonly the fact is ignored that a man's opinions and convictions are his private personal matter, with which no one else has a right to meddle.

A man may hold with all the fervor of heart and strength of mind of which he is capable the principles of Protestantism, but that is no reason why he should assail the belief of his Catholic neighbor. Indeed, it is an excellent reason why he should not do so, but, instead, should extend the toleration supposed to be a part of his religion.

A man may believe in homophobia to the highest degree, but that belief does not entitle him to the privilege of calling his neighbor to account because he chooses to seek relief by means mercury and quinine in as heroic doses as he may fancy.

So in politics, the spending of money, in social life, in dress and education, each one should scrupulously avoid acting as censor of others who may differ from himself.

Least of all is one privileged while a guest to attack the opinion of the family whose hospitality he enjoys. When, for any reason, he cannot acquiesce in the family regulations let him depart, and not try to reform the family to his standard of propriety.

By calm personal arguments or by the force of example, one may try to convince another that his way is the better, but a true courtesy requires that he shall not unasked present his opinions where to do so would wound and not alter in the slightest degree the course of his opponent.

Nor let any one flatter himself that because a man is loud of voice and blunt of speech, ever ready with cruel judgment of others and free with advice on all matters, that he will pleasantly accept such treatment from others, for he is quite as likely to resent interference with his affairs as the man of gentler speech and greater charity.

It is so easy to form the habit of meddlesomeness, and to persuade one's self into the belief that one's mission is to be a "private investigator and public advisor," that one is apt to forget that in the regulation of one's own conduct life presents enough perplexing problems without trespassing upon the rights of others in a mistaken zeal to convert them in a better way.

In short, let no one be so intent upon the mote in the eye of his neighbor that he will forget the beam in his own.

Kalakaua and His Army.

The struggle between the people or their representatives and their king is one of the most venerable chestnuts in history. It began, we believe, with the first king, and it will only end with the last. Sometimes the king comes out on top and sometimes the people. In the struggle many ancient king went into exile or captivity, while Nebuchadnezzar, to adopt the simple but graphic style of a prize-reporter, was sent to grass. To descend to more recent days, Charles I. of England, couldn't see why one man didn't constitute a majority when that man was himself ruling by divine right, and lost his head in consequence, as did Louis XVI., who labored under a similar delusion. King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, has been repeating the ancient struggle in a mild way for several years now. The people haven't cut his head off yet, but they have cut out very many of his privileges, and recently—most unkind of all—they cut down his army. If there be anything that a king does take pride in, aside from a new brass sceptre and fresh ermine trimming around his robe of state it is his army. It is nice to feel that it is standing about in the vicinity of the palace ready to defend it when the police are off on their annual picnic. And what royal breast does not swell with pride to have his army drawn up in review when a neighboring potentate comes to visit him. Formerly Kalakaua had an army of 400 men, which was quite a respectable showing. And he rejoiced in a formidable navy of one ship which hadn't as much as that in good repair. Recently the Hawaiian people through their representatives in Legislature assembled reduced their king's army to sixty-five men and a small but exceedingly warlike brass band, and abolished the navy altogether. This is a severer blow at the king than has been dealt recently, and the other crowned heads are breathlessly waiting to see what Kalakaua is going to do about it.

Texas Siftings.

Heavenly Wonders.

The San Francisco Alta acknowledges the courtesy which permits the printing of the following extracts from a private letter from Prof. Holden to a gentleman in that city, giving many details regarding the first astronomical observations made at the observatory with the great telescope. The observatory, as has been previously published, is now in working order, and will be open to visitors every Saturday night from seven to ten o'clock.

The Lick observatory is beginning to present a very different appearance, both by night and by day, from the one it lately had during its period of construction. At night the windows which have been so long dark show the lamps of the astronomers gleaming through them. The shutters of the observing slits are open, and the various instruments are pointed through them at the sky. The actual work of observing has begun, and the purpose for which the observatory was founded—to be "useful in promoting science"—is in the way of being accomplished. Prof. Schaeberle, late of Ann Arbor, has been assigned to him, namely to fix with the very highest degree of precision possible to modern science the position of the "fundamental stars" with the Rapsold meridian circle. The time service for railway use is now conducted by Mr. Hill (late assistant of Prof. Davidson), which leaves Mr. Keeler free to make the necessary studies of the great star spectroscopy, which is one of the most important accessories of the 36-inch equatorial. Mr. Barnard is assiduously observing comets and nebulae with the fine 12-inch equatorial, and getting the photographic appliances in readiness to be used with the great telescope. He has already discovered twenty new nebulae, found in the course of his sweeps for new comets. To show you some advantages of our situation here, I may tell you that Prof. Swift, of Rochester, has a fine 16-inch equatorial by Alvin Clark, and has discovered many faint nebulae by its use.

Two nights ago Mr. Barnard was examining some of these excessively faint objects by means of the 12-inch telescope (which gives only a little more than half the light of Prof. Swift's), and in the field of view where Prof. Swift had mapped only one nebula Mr. Barnard found three, two being, of course, new. This is not only due to the observer's skill and keenness of eye, but in great measure to the purity and transparency of our atmosphere here.

The eastern astronomers have given up the observation of Olber's comet, which is now only about 7-100 as bright as last year, but Mr. Barnard has succeeded in following it up to last night, when it finally became too faint to be seen even here. These observations, which are several weeks later than those of other observatories, are of real value, as they determine a larger arc of the comet's orbit and enable its motion to be fixed with a much higher degree of accuracy. Mr. Keeler is just reducing his observations of the faint satellites of Mars, made with the large telescope during the last month. You can gain some sort of an idea of the immense advantage of the great telescope in such observations when I tell you that the brightness of the satellites as observed by him was only about one-sixth of their brightness at the time of their discovery. We can then make satisfactory observations of objects which are six times fainter than those which are six times brighter than those which Prof. Hall discovered them in 1877 with the great telescope at Washington. I am becoming familiar with the performance of the large telescope, and learning how to get the very best work from it. It needs particular conditions; but when all the conditions are favorable its performance is superb. I am, as you know, familiar with the action of large telescopes, having observed, for many years with the great refractor at Washington, but I confess I was not prepared for the truly magnificent action of this, the greatest of all telescopes, under the best conditions. I have had such views of the bright planets (Mars and Jupiter) nebulae, the milky way and some of the stars, as no other astronomer ever before had. Jupiter, especially, is wonderfully full of detail that I had not begun to see before. The discs of his moons can be readily noted in smaller telescopes; but here they are full and round, like those of planets. I am almost of the opinion that the curve of Jupiter's shadow might be seen on the surfaces, under favorable circumstances, when the satellites suffer eclipse.

There is reason to believe that the satellites of Jupiter, like our own moon, present always the same face to their planet. This can be studied here to great advantage if the discs present any of the markings which are reported by other observers. The milky way is a wonderful sight, and I have been much interested to see that there is, even with our superlative power, no final resolution of its finer parts into stars. There is always the background of unresolved nebulosity, on which hundreds and thousands of stars are studded—each a bright, sharp, separate point. The famous cluster in Hercules (where Messier declared he saw "no star") is one mass of separate individual points. The central glow of nebulosity is thoroughly separated into points. I have been especially interested in looking at objects which are

familiar to me in other telescopes, and in comparing our views with the drawings made by Lord Rosse with his giant six-foot reflector. Theoretically his telescope should show more than ours, for his collected the most light. But the definition (sharpness) of his is far behind our own, as we constantly see. For example, the ring nebula in Lyra is drawn by Lord Rosse with no central star. At Washington, one small star can be seen in the midst of the central vacuity, but here we are sure of seeing three such at least. These are interesting on account of their critical situation in the nebula, not simply as stars. The great Trifid and Omega nebulae are wonderful objects here. Not only is a vast amount of detail seen there which cannot be seen elsewhere, but the whole aspect of them is changed. Many points that are doubtful with other telescopes are perfectly simple and clear here. I have always considered that one of the great practical triumphs of this telescope would be to settle, once for all, the doubts that have arisen and that will arise elsewhere. Now, I am sure that we shall be able to do this, and in a way to end controversy.

At Seven.

I take up a little cambric dress Trimm'd with ruffles and edg'd with lace, And a dainty cap with a cobweb frill, But where is the baby face? And here is a pretty petticoat, Embroider'd flannel, scarcely worn, And a blue worsted sacque that Auntie knit, But where is my baby gone? There's a big, rough boy in corduroy pants, With blue eyes, all ready to wink, And a patch of dirt on his dimpled cheek, A study in India ink. His strong arms are around my neck, He kisses mamma with a will, And I lay down my dainty things and smile, For he is my baby still. —Marie E. Ritter.

A Great Institution in Paris.

There is not much fashion in Paris just now. The world of Paris is taking its pleasure elsewhere, but there are crowds daily at the Bon Marche, buying gloves for one franc, ninety-five centimes (thirty-nine cents), that are buttonless and very "swell," or regular Suedes in six or eight-button lengths. This, of course, is an "occasion," and an "occasion" at the Bon Marche is an event to all Paris. A short time since, this house, which is more remarkable in its internal system than in its external size and complexity, had an "occasional" exclusively for the sale of white goods and garments. The one day's sale netted eighteen hundred thousand francs and took one hundred vans eight days to deliver.

The Bon Marche feeds its own employees, 3,600 every day. The kitchens are a wonder and its staff of cooks equal to those of several hotels. The whole region is a miracle of cleanliness and order, and the most perfect system. A hundred men are employed in washing dishes, and a second staff exclusively in clearing knives. The food is of the best quality and is cooked deliciously. The pots are huge, copper cauldrons, the baking pans larger than the top of an ordinary stove. Everything shines; and the glass, silver and china would compare with any ordinary hotel. One hundred girls are lodged in the house. They each have a room to themselves, of good size and very nicely furnished. They are those who have no parents or relatives living in Paris; and Madame Bouccault took the space from her own dwelling, to provide for them, when the problem of their proper protection presented itself. Their wages, over and above their living, are obtained from a percentage on their sales; and they often save enough to provide themselves with a "dot" or marriage portion.

The system of the Bon Marche is unique and the results a marvel. By the death of the founders, the enormous business has passed into the hands of directors, chosen by the founders from old employees, who in turn choose a council, from which directors will be taken to supply the place of such directors as reach the age of fifty; at which period they retire, by the terms of the will, from active directorship, but with abundant means. In this way the interests are carried on, on precisely the old lines, of giving the best possible thing for the least possible money, and the employe a share in the rewards. —Jenny June.

Piczyunes.

When second childhood comes a man forgets he is old. The modern widow's cruise is a voyage for a husband. The man who hunts in the swamps should wear duck pants. It is good for a man to love his enemies if he can do so without injuring his friends. The man who abuses himself and liquor both is one who drinks not wisely but too often. There are any number of party platforms. All they want is to have some party adopt them. The boy who commences to steal his mother's preserves, may end by having his father's jim-jams. The saying that every dog has its day, does not discourage the dog. The average dog is satisfied with a day that belongs to any other dog. Speaking of soldiers, Walt Whitman says: "The bravest pressed to the front and fell, unnamed, unknown." Others, it seemed, not the bravest, lived to hold office and talk about themselves. —New York Picayune.

Supplying Extra Feed to Help out Short Pastures.

Prof. W. A. Henry, of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station writes: We are now entering what in my judgment, is the most critical time in the dairy season, and one that brings out, whether or not, a person is really a good dairyman, and willing to risk feed in order to get back milk and butter. During August, the first half of September, and sometimes later, feed in the pastures runs short; with this, and the scorching sun, and pestering flies, the cows have a sorry time of it, and their troubles are accurately measured in the lessened flow of milk and the decreased number of gallons of cream recorded to our credit by the cream gathered. Were the trouble to end as soon as fall rains bring back the grass to its natural greenness, and cooler days bring comfort to the cows, matters would not be at all serious, for just now butter and cheese rule in price, (though better at this time than usual for the season,) and the loss from shrinkage would not seem so very great, measured in the money returned. But the trouble is that when a herd of cows has dropped in milk yield from such causes, it is practically impossible to get it back again to the normal flow. The loss is a double one, for with the abundance of fall feed a proportionate amount of milk is not secured, and there is a heavy loss from not securing the better prices usually obtained later on.

No man really should call himself a dairyman, or regard himself a good feeder of dairy cows, or stock of any kind for that matter, who will not watchfully and willingly provide an abundant supply of forage for his herd when pasture is short. Soiling has long been recommended by agricultural writers, but is really not practical, in my judgment, on most farms, with the present high prices for farm help and low selling price of dairy products. On the other hand, partial soiling, especially supplying extra feed to keep up the milk flow, pays so well that no one can afford to neglect the practice.

Just now, all over the northwest, we have a grand oats crop already harvested, or being harvested; a sheaf of oats thrown before a cow, or even divided between two, at milking time, morning and evening, will be thankfully received, and pay a better dividend than if stacked, thrashed and the grain sold at usual prices. Corn is now so well along toward maturity that it can be used with excellent results. It can be fed in the barn or even in the pastures and do good service. It is an unwarranted practice to hold all the corn until it is matured and husked. An acre, or two, of corn fed to cows when pastures are short, in August and September, will pay twice as well as later on when not so much needed.

There are dairymen who succeed in their business; it will be found almost invariably that such are heavy feeders, and supply feed to their cows with a prodigality that seems to threaten bankruptcy. Experience and observation have taught them that the cow pays generously for feed and that to do her best she must not receive a check or set back from any cause. There are thousands of cows in the northwest that in the next two months will be so pinched by short pastures, that they will not recover again this season, while adjoining the pastures lie ample corn fields in many of which the corn fodder will not even be saved for winter feeding. He who has once observed the good effects of supplying extra feed to help out short pastures will never abandon the practice.

The Last Confederate.

In 1861 William Kennedy left Sumter county with Capt. King's company in the 9th Georgia Regiment of the army of Northern Virginia. He went through the war, and shortly before the surrender of Lee's army, was wounded and laid up with his wound in a farm house six miles from Richmond, and was nursed by a pretty Virginia girl. The young maiden learned to love him, and before the year 1865 ended she was his wife. They lived together happily, and while fortune did not favor them, they were contented with their lot, until last April, when Mr. Kennedy had a burning desire to return to his old home in Georgia. He had not visited it since he left as a soldier, and had not heard from there in sixteen years. His mother and father had died, and when he last heard from there his brother and sister were living.

On April 5, he placed his family, consisting of wife and ten children—nine boys and one girl—in a covered cart and headed his only steer toward Georgia. Yesterday he passed through Macon, and in a few days he will be at the home of his boyhood. The ten children are rosy-cheeked and hearty, and only one of them has been sick since leaving Virginia. At one time the old steer was sick, and it was gloomy times for the family until it perished. Now and then, when the stock of provisions ran low, Mr. Kennedy stopped and worked, picking cotton, pulling fodder or doing anything that fell in the way toward earning a little toward feeding a dozen mouths dependent on him. But in spite of his poverty and privations, Mr. Kennedy kept up his spirits and looks forward with sweet anticipation to the day he will land with his steer and family at the place he left as a young soldier twenty-seven years ago. He is probably the last of the straggling soldiers who shouldered arms when the first tocsin of the war sounded. —Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

A DESPERATE OUTLAW.

His Pursuit by a Nervy, Cool-Headed Detective.

A Canadian officer at Calgary, N. W. T., tells a New York Post correspondent this story of an adventure with a desperate whisky trader: "I have had some close calls with whisky traders in my time and still," he added, meditatively, "I never had to shoot one yet." After a moment's pause he continued: "One of the most desperate men I ever arrested for having whisky in his possession was Blank. It was in the fall of 1886. He had a four-in-hand load of whisky, gin and brandy that he was running across, and he and his partner were both riding in the wagon, Blank having no saddle-horse. This cargo was all he possessed in the world, and he knew that if he was caught he could not pay a fine of \$400, for this was his second offence, and of course his four horses, wagon and liquor would be confiscated. When I first caught sight of them they were about three miles off, and I at once rode toward them to see who they were. As soon as they saw that I was after them they whipped their horses up to a gallop, but my horse was fresh and a fast runner, and before they had gone far it was plain to see that I was gaining fast time on them. As soon as Blank saw this he stopped, cut off the leaders, and mounting one of them, galloped off; but by this time I was within half a mile of the wagon.

"When I rode up alongside I saw at a glance that it contained whisky, and also that the man who remained with it was not its owner. I dismounted and made him my prisoner, telling him to remain there with the wagon until I returned. 'Look here, stranger,' said he, 'don't follow that man he won't be taken alive. He is armed with a Winchester and a Colt's revolver, and to prove to you that he won't be taken alive, I'll tell you who it is. It's Blank.'

"That's the very man I want," said I. I jumped on my horse and put the spurs to him and rode after Blank. I caught up to him about a half a mile further on in a coulee, where he had dismounted and was trying to hide. I galloped up to him so fast, and pulled up so quiet, that, in stepping back to avoid my horse, he caught his heel on the ground and fell. Before he could regain his feet I had dismounted and covered him with my revolver. He sprang to his feet and tried to draw his revolver, at the same time holding my revolver close to his head. By this time he had his partly drawn, and, seeing this, I pressed the trigger until the hammer of my self-cocker was as far back as it could go without snapping. He told me to shoot and be cursed, and at the same time sprang forward, so that the barrel of my pistol caught him on the temple, tearing a deep gash into his scalp about six inches long. This partly stunned him, but in two or three seconds he recovered.

"His revolver was a Colt's-45 single-action, and therefore it required to be cocked before it could be fired. By this time it was drawn and he attempted to cock it. I caught hold of the hand in which he held it and turned it to one side, and at the same time told him that I would count ten, and if he did not drop his pistol when the number was counted I would blow out his brains. He called out, 'Blow away.' I counted up to nine and pressed the trigger so that the hammer rose, and on seeing this he dropped his weapon and gave himself up. I got him mounted on his horse and brought him back to the wagon. Everything was as I had left it, but the prisoner who had been there was gone, and I did not blame him for going.

"Of all the men I ever arrested this was one of the most desperate. If he had given him the least chance he would have shot me. On the other hand, had I been in the least excited I should have shot him. But I am not of an excitable nature, and besides I never want to take away that which I can never return."

"Well, yes," said I, "I think a good many men would have lost their heads under such circumstances and pulled the trigger."

"I suppose some might have done so," said Simmons, as he scratched a match out while he was talking. Then he added, thoughtfully: "What puzzled me most is that when he ran with such force against my revolver, when my finger was pressed against the trigger, it didn't go off and shoot him."

Took Advantage of His Absence. It is a fact well known in Wall street that Russell Sage is of an economical turn of mind. Although he has millions of dollars at his command, he seldom spends a dime that can by any hook or crook be saved.

As a matter of economy Mr. Sage for many years declined to replace shabby carpets, desks and other furniture in his business office. "These old things are good enough for me," he said, "and there ain't any use of getting new ones." A few days ago the famous professor of puts and calls went out of town on a business trip. His employees took advantage of his absence and had his office renovated and refurnished in handsome style. When Mr. Sage returned he was so astonished that it was several minutes before he could recover himself to say: "Well, boys this is a terrible waste of money but now the things are paid for I guess we might as well keep them." —New York Telegram.

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