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The demagogue undertakes to make either one political party or the other fatten the trusts. The fact is that sharp, shrewed, designing men of any and all parties are trust makers, trust holders and profit by trusts. Good, sound, wholesome laws will annihilate trusts. The building of cotton bagging factories in the South will also do much towards the reduction of cotton bagging prices.—Rural and Workman, Arkansas.

The tropical fruit men have combined, and consumers will be unable to get a single banana or a plantain save through the courtesy of the trust, which was organized in New Orleans. A few days ago a circular was sent to all the fruit men in this country, calling them to a secret conference in New Orleans. It was signed by six of the largest fruit houses in that city. There a trust was formed representing a combined capital of $19,000,000. It will purchase the entire offerings of tropical steamers. Six million dollars have been advanced by London capitalists to build railroads in Honduras and elsewhere, so as to concentrate the fruit market at certain selected shipping points.

Concerning the Sugar Trust the committee said:

"It is obvious that in effect this combination representing as it does 85 per cent. of the sugar-refineries capacity of the Atlantic coast and all the sugar refineries in the State, can greatly affect and for a time at least control at once the price of the raw material and of the refined product, and this without regard to the interest of the consumer."

It is now notorious that the Sugar Trust has absolutely controlled the price of sugar in this country for almost a year, and has so raised the price that it yields an enormous profit in excess of the profit obtained by the refineries before the Trust was formed.

"We are opposed to any such spirit and management of any corporation or enterprise as tends to oppress the people and rob them of their just profits. We are not enemies to capital but we oppose the tyranny of monopolies." Such are a portion of the "Declaration of Purposes," or a plank from the platform of the Grange that has stood these many years. In accordance with this declaration and in the light that Grange discussions and education have brought to them organized farmers and unalterable opposed to the latest form of monoply, the "trusts," that are grasping all the the products of farm, factory and mine, and literally robbing producers and consumers in city and in country in all parts of our land. Already the agitation of the Grange, and through it the enlightenment of the people upon the subject, is having the desired effect, as noted in the various bills introduced in both branches of Congress to prevent further growth and extortion from these all absorbing monopolies.

All over the American continent today capital is united to grasp unreasonable profits from both producer and consumer, so as by means of corporations, guilds and trusts to render honest labor unable to sustain the workman and his family; where individuality and personality ceases and in its place is put a corporation which a Canadian described as a thing without a body to be kicked, or soul to be damned, where the worship of gold is the religion, and its acquisition the only precept. So widespread has this avaricious desire become that all sense of right and wrong has been banished from the control of those modern combinations where the managers piously supposed that all personal obligations cease, and the ideal, imaginary corporation, without any existence save a few sheets of foolscap, can be made the scapegoat to carry the sins of its creators. Where combinations have been got up under a charter from Government, their rights are defined, and when these rights have been superseded the Government can annul the charter and correct the abuse, but in the latter plan, in the formation of what are called trusts and guilds, monopolies combine and monopolize monopolies in such a way and to such an extent of boldness and fraud as the most uncharitable critic on base and avaricious human nature had never dreamed of, and for which no written law was framed or penalty affixed. It is a new agent of the god of the nineteenth century, avarice, when a person cash is taken as his public worth.

The Grange Bulletin, of Toronto, Canada, speaking of "trusts," says: As some of the villainy and oppression wielded by these despotic machines, and the grinding power they can use to gain their ends, we shall give a short outline of their composition and how they operate.* * * Monopolies, bad as they are, have not the essence of pure tyranny in any degree to compare with its outcome, the trust or guild. A certain individual or company of manufacturers monopolize the business in its own locality, summons a meeting of all the other manufacturers of that class in a Province, State or collection of States, to meet for organization; each gives a verified inventory of his business, and the cash value of his buildings, assets and working material, and not only that, but gives a transfer deed of his whole stock in trade to the managing board of the newly-formed trust as a guarantee of membership and obligation to obey the regulations of these parchment tyrants who sign their names, affix their seals and confiscate their property, in order that they may be enabled to close the market of the country to every one but this monster, that has been created to cheat both producer and consumer alike, for the single purpose of getting money by force because such a thing is worse than highway robbery, since the highwayman will not rob the day laborer or mechanic, but seizes the Government mail bag or the reins of the millionaire's horse, but this invention of iniquity gets its claws in the poor widow's purse, regardless of the cold and hunger of the orphans. It matters not whether the raw material has been produced at a loss or not, the iron grasp will have its pound of flesh, whether the victim be in opulence or misery.

You have heard it said that we should fight the devil with fire, that is, the corporation monopolv devil, either by going on his own territory and taking the tongs and poker from him, as the farmers of Ontario did with the salt ring, or by uniting manhood and numbers at the ballot box and shutting the doors of the House of Commons against the parties to, the aiders and abettors of these unholy combinations. Farmers, mechanics and honest toilers of America! will you sit dreaming while the rings of the wealth which you and your childaen have sweated to fill the tills of these monopolists are now used to crush you out of existence? Every week brings news of some new trust being solemnly pledged to highhanded infamy and close combination while the farmers through some unaccountable fatality remain scattered, as if they, of all the people of Canada, did not need to unite. We are proud to be able to give credit to the farmers of the United States for their energy and manliness in defense of the laboring classes, as we find that farmers are organizing in a right lively manner from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to our national boundary, that new Granges are coming rapidly into existence, dormant ones are getting revived and their agricultural papers brim full and flowing over with patriotism and a national sentiment that will wither the life out of oppression and moneyed monopoly, and guarantee freedom and fair play to all.

David Overmyer, hitherto a republican, but now democratic candidate for Congress in this district, challenges any high or so-called protective tariff republican, to a joint debate. Judge Peffer does not specifically accept the challenge, but offers to discuss the question, one, two, or three evenings with any one opposed to his views of the tariff. It might be a good idea to have this joint discussion. It might bring out some hidden truths. The question as before the American people to-day is entirely artificial, and misleading. Moreover, the position assumed by the republican party is entirely different from the time honored principles persistently announced in its platforms for the past thirty years of its existence. Nor is the democracy any more consistent. Mr. Overmyer does not declare for the old democratic theory of free trade, but plants himself on the ground more early occupied by the republican party. The tariff question is one that is not easily comprehended by the common mind except in a general way. In practical adjustment, by legislation the effect is distorted and twisted until black may readily be made to appear white by an astute stump orator, or editorial writer. The question is one that has been forced into this canvass for want of something else that can be made to appeal to passions of the people. Ordinarily it is one the least calculated to arouse enthusiasm, and it can never be made to do this when not entangled with other issues and made to do special partisan service.

For example there is no question but what American industries should be encouraged, not to be made monopolies, but to best serve the public good. This protection they should have, and no more. Free wool may benefit manufacturers, the entire people, the farmer as well the consumer of woolen goods, if it brings in a quality that we do not raise and that is needed to mix with such grades as we do raise. And so on indefinitely. Scarcely any one favors absolute free trade. Conditions control everything and it is the conditions that the politicians keep in the dark.

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The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

EUROPE and America are now connected by nine cables. There are thus 113,000 miles of cable employed.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN, of Maine, has purchased an overcoat. This is a sure sign of an early and hard winter.

PATTI has not yet found a purchaser for her castle in Wales. It is cheaper for a man to build a castle in Spain.

LOUISE MICHEL, the Parisian anarchist, is laid up from overwork. With Boulanger absent Paris has a breathing time.

A RECENT paper by a noted French writer places the number of lives already lost through the Panama canal at forty thousand.

SCOTTISH pipers are coming into demand in this country through the efforts of some noted Americans who have introduced them from abroad.

ONE of the members of the incoming class at the Rensselaer Polytechnical Institute, Troy, N. Y., is Dan Rice, jr., son of the noted circus star.

FORTY-TWO acres of land near Omaha that he bought 21 years ago for $600, are about to be sold by a Westminster (Md.) clergyman for $100,000.

FIVE employes who entered into a conspiracy and robbed the New York wholesale house in which they worked have all been sentenced to Sing Sing for five years.

TWENTY-NINE million dollars worth of goods are made by the 45,000 convicts of the United States. This is estimated to be equal to the work of 35,000 free laborers.

A BOOM in poll-parrots is the latest thing in the circle of fanciers. Fabulous prices are paid in the East for birds that are accomplished, some bringing as high as two hundred dollars.

W. N. RIDDLE, John P. Beal, and M. K. McMullin, capitalists of Pittsburg, have been ordered by the court to pay back to the Pennsylvannia bank the sum of $1,000,000, which they squandered.

THOMAS CONNERY, who recently resigned his position as secretary of the American Legation in Mexico, will, it is said, soon publish a book upon Mexico which he prepared while in that country.

WALL street, the center of finance for America, was originally so called because it was laid out along the line of the palisade, or fence, erected in 1644, and strenthened in 1653 until it was the city wall.

ASTRONOMERS calculate that the new comet discovered by Professor Barnard September 2 is 190,000,000 miles from the earth and 170,000,000 miles from the sun. It will probably reach the perihelion about December 10.

PRINCE EUGENE, youngest son of the king of Sweden, is studying art in Paris. The painter Gervex is his most intimate friend. Eugene is a good deal of a democrat, and has been nicknamed the "Red Prince." It is to be hoped that this is not because he is in the habit of painting Paris red.

HONORE DE BALZAC, the greatest of French novelists, was a close student of economic problems. Fifty years ago he wrote these weighty and wise words, as true now as they were then: "Manufacturing industry depends solely on itself; competition is its life. Protect it and it goes to sleep; it dies from monopoly as well as from the tariff."

LORD WOLSELEY says that one of the bravest men he ever knew is Lieut.-Gen. Sir Gerald Graham, V. C., who was in chief command at the battle of El Teb. Graham is several inches over six feet in height and rather indolent physically. Many times Wolseley has seen him endanger his life rather than take a few extra steps in safety.

PASADENA and Los Angeles will be one city in a brief period, and form a continuous municpality from the Sierra Madre to the sea—an extent of thirty miles in length by at least six in width, with 500,000 people contained therein, and will be the capital of the richest state in the union. The claim of New York as the Empire state is already in dispute, but the dispute will soon be settled by the pre-eminence of South California.

IMITATION FLAVORS.

Wretched Substitutes Offered by Chemists for the Oils of Nature.

In the course of an elaborate article describing the manufacture of artificial flavors the *Popular Science News* gives some interesting facts showing at what a distance art follows nature in making substle compounds. "In the wonderful laboratory of the growing plant, by processes of which we know almost nothing, the atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen are made to group themselves into compounds which give to our vegetables and fruts the delicate flavors characteristic of them." It is the imitation of these compounds which the chemist essays, and the clumsiness of his work is readily apparent on comparing it with that of nature. It is true, that in the case of at least a majority of fruits, the natural flavoring can be easily extracted and readily used for all proper purposes, but the accursed greed for gain which dominates trade even in food, points out a cheaper way. The chemists' imitations, while they are less wholesome, are cheaper, and are therefore in more common use.

Some of the instances cited by this paper are rather startling. The artificial flavoring used as an imitation of the pineapple, for example, is composed of the acid of rancid butter compounded with ethyl, a constituent part of common alcohol. "The natural flavors of the peach, plumb, almond, etc., are due to nitrogenous bodies containing cyanogen, the base of the poisonous prussic acid. With the exception of the almond, these flavors are not imitated, but a substance made from coal tar, known as nitro benzole, has an intensely strong taste and odor of bitter almonds and under the name of oil of mirbane is employed to a considerable extent as a perfume and flavoring extract. It is, however, a powerful poison and should never be added to food."

Vanilline, or the vanilla flavoring, is it seems, made in large quantities from the gum of the spruce and other trees. Many other artificial substitutes of a similar kind are noticed, and it is declared that with the exception of nitro benzole they are all composed of three elements only, carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and that the wide differences in their odor and taste are due to slight variations in the proportions of these elements, and probably also to the positions in which their atoms are arranged in the molecules. For example, the only difference, chemically, between glucose and pineapple oil is that the latter contains four atoms less of oxygen. The article concludes with the sensible suggestion that artificial essences should never be used in the kitchen, where only natural fruit flavors have a legitimate place. Doubtless this reform may be carried out in domestic kichens, but it is not clear how manufacturers can be forced to adopt such a rule.

What a Fool.

Abed, the philosopher, was walking along the street. He was weary and hungry. Days had passed since he had eaten. He was so learned that the common man could not appreciate him. As he walked along the street in an American city, he thus mused unto himself: "If I had only twenty-five cents with which to applease my hunger, I should be happy." Just then he saw in front of him, on the sidewalk, a crumpled piece of green paper, gradually unfolding. He hurried forward and with a pretense of unconcern placed his foot on the paper. He stood there firmly. News-boys jostled him and policemen elbowed him as they passed along but he suffered no one to move him. Finally, when he thought no one had observed that his lingering was premeditated, he stooped, felt under his foot, took hold of a piece of paper, and, watching the passers-by, put it in his pocket. then he walked hurriedly away. He felt as though the eye of a detective was upon him. He knew that he was innocent, yet he fancied himself a criminal. If I have only found enough money to get me something to eat I shall be happy," he mused. Then he shrank close to the wall, for he felt that some one was looking at him. "I don't ask for a dinner," he mused. "All I dare hope for is enough to keep me from being wild and craving."

He stepped into a doorway and waited for the crowd to pass. People carrying many choice things to eat hurried by him. "I will go up this stairway," he said, "and see what I have found." He shrank up the steps. The philosopher who was not afraid to engage learned men in discussion was afraid of timid women who skulked along with shawls over their heads. "If I have only found enough to get me a morsel to eat," he mused, "I shall praise God, for then I shall know that the philosopher has not been neglected." He slyly opened the paper which he had found. Two dollars—two immense, monstrous American dollars! "Ah, here is a feast," he mused. "Picked up two dollars in the street! Two dollars, surely, but why could not this note have as well been twenty, yea, fifty dollars? Why should I be confined to the finding of only two dollars? Is it not as easy for some man to lose fifty dollars as two? Why should fate so discriminate against me? Here I am confined to two dollars, when I might just as well have found fifty, or one hundred, for that matter, The god of luck is against the man who needs his favor. Here I am, in need, yea, hungry, and have only found two dollars. Fate is indeed cruel. The changing of the figures on this bill would make me happy, but here I am put off with only two dollars. Well, I must put up with it."

He looked again at the paper and found that, instead of a bank note for two dollars, it was only an advertisement, issued by a shrewd merchant.

"I am completely undone," said Abed. "Why could not this have been two dollars just as well as this worthless piece of paper? I am deceived on all sides. I was hungry, and thought that the means for satisfying my hunger was within my grasp, but I have been fooled. Now I must continue my weary walk. What a fool is man!"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The newspapers tell us that the gifted woman who wrote that wonderful work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life Among the Lowly," is lying upon her bed of death. I have just reread with interest Mr. Charles O. Stickney's article relating Miss Cushing's reminiscences of Mrs. Stowe at the time she was engaged in writing her great book, which I found republished in *The Traveler* from the Detroit *Free Press.* Mr. Stickney says that Mrs. Stowe had great difficulty in finding a publisher for the story, in book form, and that it "drew little attention from the public at large" during its original publication as a serial in the *National Era*, an anti-slavery paper published at Washington.

As to the first statement I know nothing, but the second I can only regard as incorrect. I have it upon the authority of the mailing clerk of the *National Era* at the time the story was published that it ran the circulation of that journal up from a few thousands to over thirty thousand, a great circulation for that day. That seems to me to be drawing great attention from the public, instead of little.

Moreover, the story was widely advertised by the discussion it aroused in the papers throughout the country. The southern papers generally and the pro-slavery papers of the north all attacked it, accusing it of presenting false or exaggerated descriptions of slave life. Of course the anti-slavery papers defended it. Out of these attacks grew the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," afterward published. The editor of the *National Era*, Dr. Briley, I think, instructed his mailing clerk to never refuse an exchange with a southern paper. He further directed him to examine these papers from week to week and to cut therefrom and preserve all accounts and advertisements of runaway negroes, and generally everything which would go to sustain the picture presented by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This task was faithfully performed, and from the mass thus collected the material was selected from which the "key" was wrought. Among the things used, I recollect, were a large number of advertisements of runaway slaves which were embelished with a cut of a negro with a bundle slung on a stick thrown across his shoulder, while he was supposed to be endeavoring to reach a station of the "underground railway," where he would take a passage to Canada, then the slave's "happy land of Canaan."

The mailing clerk I refer to is still with us, a hale and hearty man, though now on the shady side of fifty. That his memery of those days is good, was shown some years ago in a remarkable way. When he used to write the wrapers of the *Era* he always put the county on. About five years ago he happened to be present when a similar work was going on in behalf of a new publication. He found that upon the naming of any of the towns to which he had formerly sent the *Era* he could call the county it was in. He was tested with hundreds of names (in the northern states, naturally), and he was successful in every instance. He said that for many years, a quarter of a century, at least, he had not had occasion to use this knowledge and did not know that his memory still retained until accident demonstrated that it did. I can but regard this as a notable feat of memory, quite as much so in its way as some of those "Marvelous Memories" told about in *Welcome's* article, reprinted in *The Traveler* of September 8th.

Mrs. Stowe's physicians hold out no hope that she will ever recover. Before this note reaches the public, her spirit may have entered upon its journey to "that bourne whence no traveler returns." May her soul rest in peace.—*Diogenes Jones.*

Getting His Money's Worth.

Mr. Shentpershent (at hotel table, a summer resort)—Mein cracious! Isaac, you little vool! Vat vor you ask for bret?

Little Isaac—I vant bret mit my meat, fadder.

Mr. Shentpershent—Shust hear dat! He vants bret ven bret sell for only fife cents a loaf, an' he gan't eat a kavater off a loaf', an' I pay fife tollars a day at dis hotel. Here, Isaac eat dis bottle off olives. Dey cost von tollar a bottle.—*Cartoon.*

She Had Made Some Impression.

Mother (writing): "Bobby, how many times did I tell you to stop that noise?" Bobby (reflectively); "Seven."—*Time.*

SAUCE FOR THE TURKEY.

Prospects of an Abundance of Cranberries from Swamps in all Parts of the Country

The cranberry crop usually precedes the fall turkey crop by about six weeks, but it is fully two weeks later than usual this year. The berries are now making their first appearance. They do not possess the bright red hue of the fully ripened fruit, but are pale in color, and scarcely up to the usual size. Instead of selling readily at $8 to $9 per barrel, therefore they are hard to dispose of at $5 per barrel, wholesale. The cranberry is an American institution, and tickled the palate of the original inhabitants. It grew wild in the swamps of New Jersey and in several localities in the West. It seemed to be convenient to the hunting ground where wild turkeys and deer were plenty, and the earliest settlers learned to relish the tart berry as a sauce. Like many other institutions the cranberry has grown up with the country and is now a flourishing industry. The first attempt to cultivate the vines was made early in the forties. It took several years to educate the public taste to appreciate tarts, but the taste once established has grown stronger ever since. The consumption of the berry has grown so that thousands of acres of cranberry bogs are now cultivated, and an enormous quantity of berries produced.

The principal sources of supply are the Cape Cod region, the southern part of New Jersey, and a portion of Wisconsin, Reports from Massachusetts state that the crop at the Cape promises to be equal to last year, but there is danger of the quantity being materially lessened by frost. There were 80,000 barrels of berries from that section last year and a frost at this time would cause great damage. Most of the cranberry growers depend on the crops to bring them in enough money to live on through the winter, and the total or partial destruction of the berries would be a serious matter for them. Reports from Wisconsin state that a crop of at least 50,000 barrels is expected. The New Jersey bogs also promise a larger yield than last year. They are noted for the "Early Black" variety and seldom get a full crop from their vines. Last year the vines were flooded by high waters and when the waters receded the intense heat of the sun scalded the vines. This year the "firebug," the "spar-worn" and several other insects are reported as causing considerable damage in several localities. The cranberry men keep up with the times and have a "combine." It is known as the American Cranberry Growers' Association. They do not aim to limit the crop or form a corner in cranberries, but have organized for mutual benefit and to learn the best methods of checking the ravages of their enemies, the worms and bugs.—*Mail and Express.*

Trouble in the Press Club.

Last night the name of G. Worthington, late of Chicago and now on the *Chronicle*, was presented for membership in the Press club, The committee reported unfavorably on Mr. Worthington's application on the ground that he had been caught taking undue advantage of his fellow-reporters in a poker game.

Mr. Worthington gasped when he heard the report, and arose to reply.

"Gentlemen," said the applicant, in tones in which surprise and indignation struggled for the mastery, "do I hear right? Is it objected to me that I held four aces and gave a *Call* reporter a king full? Permit me to explain. I was the stranger in the game and they took me in. After a long and arduous night's playing I found myself at 9 o'clock in the morning out of funds and owing money to the kitty. I skinned over the deck and found only forty cards there. I looked around and saw one player with cards up his sleeve, another with cards under his chair, another with cards under his coat collar. Then I raised a hand I had held out for just such an emergency as is customary in Chicago, and played it from the shoulder. I won $7, paid the kitty and had breakfast money left. That is all."

There being no further opposition, the gentleman was declared unanimously elected.

Not for Intrusive Eyes.

"As you can only be a sister to me," he said in broken tones, "will you let me kiss you good-night?" She shyly said she would. Then he folded her in his strong arms, and gently placing her head against his manly breast he kissed her passionately. "Mr. Sampson," she said softly, "this is all so new to me—so different from what I thought it to be, that if you will give me a little time to—to think it over I—I may——" But let us withdraw from the sacred scene.—*New York Sun.*

How Did He Know?

"Please, sir, give a few cents to a poor blind man."

"Are you entirely blind?"

"Yes, sir."

"Haven't got anything for you today."

"I suppose you think because you wear tight pants and have got your hair parted in the middle that you are somebody. You look like that man who was hung in Washington county last week, you long-legged galoot!"—*Texas Siftings.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

Big floods in Spain cause loss of life and property.

Turkey's fig crop is reported to be above the average.

A society of grammarians was formed at Rome as early as 276 B. C.

The California grape crop has been seriously injured by hot weather.

The fresh fruit crop of California this season has an estimated value of $10,000,000.

The army bill, as agreed upon by both branches of congress, calls for $3,972,000.

Roumania has a good wheat crop of 1888, and will be able to export 3,000,000 to 3,500,000 quarters.

The demand for Minneapolis flour from the United Kingdom and many Continent ports continues good.

An advance in dressed beef rates from twenty-five to thirty cents is expected from Chicago to seaboard.

Russia has a good wheat crop, but a rather deficient rye crop, but will be able to export 15,000,000 hectolitres, or 12,000,000 quarters.

England's short crop of hops in 1882 caused the price of American hops to advance to $1 a pound and over. No such shortage exists this year.

A movement to reduce the grading of No. 3 mixed oats in New York has been started on the Produce Exchange of that city, and meets with much opposition.

There are about 1,000 crates of peaches shipped from Mifflintown, Pa., daily. It is only about six years since peach culture was attempted in Juniata county.

Current estimates of the best authorities place the incoming Virginia peanut crop not above fifty per cent. of the regular yield, which is about 2,000,000 bushels.

Cattle are so cheap in Nevada that the present season will prove a very unprofitable one for stock raisers. Beef is selling at five to 5½ cents a pound, with few buyers.

The finest and most prolific crop of grapes ever grown in the Hudson River Valley is now being shipped to market. The yield will exceed that of any previous year by 9,000 tons.

A strange cattle disease, supposed to be pleuro pneumonia, or Texas fever, has made its appearance near Mystertown, Pa. The attention of the state board of agriculture has been directed to the matter.

British Columbia Indians are coming over to Washington Territory to help gather the hop crop. The advance fleet of canoes contained about 300 men, women and children. The crop is extraordinarily large.

Press dispatches from Augusta, Ga., say the crops below Augusta on the bottom lands have been greatly damaged by the overflow of the Savannah river. The cotton on the uplands has been damaged by continuous rains, causing it to sprout in the bolls.

The exports of wheat and corn, including wheat in flour, from all American ports, and Montreal, from Sept. 1 to Aug. 25, were 98,080,000 bushels wheat and 25,235,000 bushels corn, against 163,225,000 bushels wheat and 40,000,000 bushels corn same time 1886-7.

The country to the east and north of Winnipeg produces annually many tons of blueberries. This year the crop has been a large one, and consequently blueberries have been a drug on the market in New York. Prices have ruled as low as four cents per pound.

The outbreak of yellow fever in Jacksonville is attributed to the uncleanly condition of the city. The authorities were urged last winter to clean up the filth, but they refused, on the ground that by so doing they would create alarm and check the real estate boom.

The *Northwestern Miller* says that the quantity of old wheat held over this year is below last, and there is good reason to expect a much larger demand. The wheat arriving from the middle and southern belts of Minnesota and Dakota is somewhat shrunken, but the kernel is otherwise sound.

The total packing of hogs in the West the past week has been 100,000 hogs, compared with 90,000 the preceding week, and 135,000 last year. The aggregate packing since March 1 is 3,925,000 hogs, against 4,240,000 a year ago. Decrease, 315,000. The quality of hogs is generally fair for the time of year, receipts showing more or less of stock from the grass fields, which is not desirable to packers.

This is reported as the greatest watermelon year the Georgians have had in a decade. A Savannah paper reports the unmber of carloads shipped from the state at 7,055. The average number of melons per carload is 1,100, making about 7,800,000 melons already shipped The estimate for the remainder of the season is 35,060, making the total crop, beside home consumption, 7,835,000 melons, the total value of which is placed at $1,500,000.

A gigantic wheat trust, backed by unlimited millions, is being formed in the northwest, the field of its operations being Minnesota and Dakota, and only the higher grades of this cereal are taken. The plan of this combination is to purchase as near as possible all the wheat delivered for storage at any elevator on a railroad. The organization comprises some of the leading moneyed men of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Brainerd, Duluth and Fargo.

Prof. Asa Gray observed that the reason which lies at the bottom of the general belief on the continent of Europe that lightning strikes the Lombardy poplar trees in preference to others is coming to light. Green herbage and green wood—sappy wood—are excellent conductors of electricity. A tree is shattered by lightning only when the discharge reaches the naked trunk or naked branches, which are poorer conductors. An old-fashioned Lombardy poplar, by its height, by its complete covering of twigs and small branches, and their foliage, down almost to the ground, and by its sappy wood, makes a capital lightning-rod, and a cheap one. Happily no one can patent it and bring it round in a wagon and insist upon trying it. To make it surer the tree should stand in moist ground or near water, for wet ground is a good conductor and dry soil a poor one. It is recommended to plant a Lombardy poplar near the house and another close to the barn. If the ground is dry the nearer the well the better, except for the nuisance of the roots that will get into it.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Level vs. Deep Cultivation.

Soil cultivation for this season is about over. Mistakes with the crop of 1888 will have to stand. We can only remember them and resolve that we will cut them away for the crop of 1889. One thing is sure. The effects of a good or bad system of cultivation will never be more plainly visible than they now are. How did you cultivate the corn? Read the following note from a western correspondent, and tell us what you think of it:

"Last season was as dry as a mummy. This one is exactly opposite, being as juicy as a melon. Last year most of the corn when full-grown stood 4 to 5 feet high, this season 8 to 12. There has been precious little time between showers for its cultivation, and the man who used light surface-stirring implements, and slashed along at the rate of six or eight acres a day, went over his fields three or four times and kept the weeds down until the corn was large enough to smother all that came up. Now his corn-field is free from weeds, the stalks are big and rank, and bid fair to yield an immense crop. On the other hand, the man who cultivated with the deep-running, horse-killing gouges managed to get over his fields about once, and the ground is matted with crab-grass, smart-weed and other trash, while the corn seems to be somewhat affected with jaundice, or some other liver complaint."—*Rural New Yorker.*

Selecting and Preserving Seed Corn.

Prof. E. G. Morrow, of the university of Illinois, writes: "In selecting a few bushels of seed corn with special reference to improvement of the crop, as well as having seed with strong vitality, I should prefer selecting in the field before the crop is fully matured, because this will enable one to judge of the stalk as well as the ear, and of the early maturing, of both ear and stalk compared with their surroundings.

"In preserving this corn we should select the most convenient which would allow the ears to become quite thoroughly dried before severe cold weather, and then keep them dry—perfectly free from marked variations in temperature. Artificial heat in moderate degrees is helpful, but not often essential in this latitude with fairly early matured varieties.

"I do not attach importance to any one method. The old plan of 'brading up' the ears by their husks by pairs and hanging over wires, ropes or poles in a warm, dry place, is, perhaps, as effective as any. A patented cork-screw-like wire to put in each ear is excellent. Cutting off the tips of the ears, making a hole through them lengthwise, then stringing a dozen or twenty on a wire probably gives help in the thorough drying of very big ears. In all ordinary cases no trouble will come if the ears are spread thinly on the floor or in crates, if kept in a warm, dry place.

I do not think it has been proven that any degree of cold we have ever had here will perceptibly injure the corn which has been well dried before being exposed to the cold. Rapid drying in a high temperature I think objectionable."

Cutting Up the Corn.

It is gratifying to note that every year in Kansas the farmers cut up more of their corn stalks than they did the last preceding. Leaving stalks on the ground is slovenly farming, though a great many good farmers are guilty in that respect. If the number of their acres was less, they would take better care of whatthey raise. Corn leaves are first class fodder, good as timothy hay for cattle or horses, and a large quantith of them are produced on an acre of ground. In Kansas we have a great deal of wind, and as soon as the corn stalks approach maturity the leaves dry, soon become brittle, and are whipped off. If the stalks are cut up at the propper time, while the leaves are green, they can be cured well in shocks, making as good rough feed as any that is grown on the farm.

Another advantage of much importance is the gathering together of the stalks (while feeding stock) where they will be or may be, made into first-class manure. A dry cornstalk, of itself, is worthless for any purpose except to assist in temporarily stopping washes on the farm lands; but when cornstalks are cut up in good season for saving the blades, and when they are daily mixed in a small space with animal droppings, and where the rain water can fall upon it and not run off, these same stalks rot into manure of good quality, and may be put into the ground and mixed with it, doing good in every foot of soil which it touches.

Still another advantage is, that by cutting the stalks and removing them the ground is left clear for subsequent tillage.

The only benefit to be derived from leaving stalks standing on the ground in any portion of Kansas is that in some instances they serve as a sort of wind-break, thus protecting to some extent wheat that is growing between the rows. If wheat-seed is sown at the proper time in good ground which is in good condition, the growth will be heavy enough to protect itself. When wheat is sown among stalks, if they were cut down and let lie on the ground, they would do more good as protecting agents, than if left standing. —*Kansas Farmer.*

Winter Eggs and Early Broilers.

The hen is a willing but a weak creature at best, and when the cold wave dashes on to the open shed it freezes her jocund song and there is no sign of eggs in the snow-drifted nest. But in the close poultry house, with walls lined with tar paper, smelling healthful and repugnant to vermin; with a clean, dry, sandy floor, well sprinkled with lime; a bright, sunny, warm air within, lighted through plenty of glass on the south front, and where well fed with warm-baked potatoes, hot corn, warm thick mush, abundance of broken fresh bones, and supplied with water slightly warmed and thus preserved from the wasting influences of the cold, she roosts comfortably with her companion at night, or is able to enjoy a walk into the fresh, brisk air on fine days and can remain within doors in stormy times, then the grateful lays gladden the heart of the busy housewife and profit the humane and painstaking farmer.

Disease finds no place in the clean, comfortable roosting house, especially when varied food and pure water are supplied and the fowls fed with judgment to avoid excess. Again, the early layers will be brooding early, and the warm house, cleanly kept invites the motherly hen, always neat and clean herself, to take to her nest and brood sleepily but tenderly over her eggs. The young chicks, too, suffer no hardship; but if they are provided with a coop glazed in front and set facing the sun and protected at night with a mat or an old horse blanket, they will thrive in January and make valuable broilers for the farmer's table (deserving of every luxury of the kind) and for the city markets, greedy for these choice morsels, and for which 30c or 40c a pound is readily paid.

A great deal is said of incubators; but having tried them, my conclusion is that they are fit only for the professional poultrymen. The domestic, or farm flock, needs no such laborious and exasperating aid. But a brooder or small portable closet or box, heated by a tin box filled with hot water, is a great help to the early season to nurse the young chicks through their first few hours in this cold world. This brooder is a box 16 inches square—it may be larger if desired—divided into a lower and an upper apartment. The door has the upper half of glass. It is lined with half-felt or pieces of blanket or carpet, and it is covered outside with thick paper to keep in the heat. The heater, filled with hot water and wrapped in a piece of blanket, is put in the lower part; the nest made on the slatted shelf is above; the heat rises through the nest and keeps the chicks warm. The heat is regulated to 80 degrees.

As the chicks appear, or the eggs are chipped, they are taken from the nest and put into the brooder, and kept there until the whole brood are out, when they are given to the hen in the glass covered coop—at that season set in a warm, sunny place in the house. If the chicks are more than twenty-fours hours in the brooder they are supplied with food and water—some crumbs of soda biscuit, grains of oatmeal, or crushed wheat, and are taught to drink by dipping their beaks in the water, in a shallow plate. They need no teaching to eat. The use of this brooder saved more than half the chicks, for only one poor weakling was lost out of the whole number hatched by my flock of twenty Light Brahma hens, which under the management described, gave me a profit of $121.07 from January 1 to December 31.—*American Poultry Journal.*

Farm Notes.

Super-phosphate is the best fertilizer to use in the fall for wheat.

Fall wheat should be going in now. Plow the ground and make it fine.

Pears do not become mellow on the trees. They should be gathered and stored in a dark place.

The weeds are ripening their seeds now. Mow them down before the seeds are perfect.

Spinach is one of the early greens. An application of very fine manure will hasten them and give a larger crop.

It is now time to be making the preprations for coupling the sheep. Only rams of the best breeds should be used. A cross-bred male can not be relied upon for producing uniform offspring.

Thought is necessary in breeding, and every improvement that a man makes in his stock is evidence of the improvement of his own mind. Breeding is an elevating and developing business. It broadens men, and it is only a broad man and a man of intellect that can keep up a herd. Try breeding improved stock as a means of keeping the boys on the farm.

The depth of drilling seed, such as wheat, can be regulated on the drill, and this should be carefully attended to in order to avoid getting the seed in too deep.

Radishes will grow during the whole of the growing season. A late crop can be put in for winter use. This vegetable can be had in abundant supply if successive crops are sown.

There is nothing more highly relished by hogs than charcoal. They will help themselves to it, and it will prevent disorders of the bowels. The best mode of giving it is when it is fresh, and if placed in the fire and heated occasionally it will be more serviceable. It corrects the acidity of the stomach, and as it is cheap, a supply should be kept constantly in each pen.

A pretty writing table is the invention of a woman furnishing artist. The top is composed of four flaps, folds into the shape of an envelope; the ink bottle is hidden away in a compartment; the writing pad has a special stand, the pen and paper cutter another. The little table is a bijou boudoir table, graceful in shape and delicate in coloring. Over the cream ground is spread a pretty painted pattern of wild roses and foliage.

The Household.

When you find a soap that is pure and suits your skin, continue to use it. Frequent changes are bad for the complexion.

Salt and water will prevent the hair from falling out, and cause new hair to grow. Do not use so strong as to leave white particles upon the hair when dry.

Very many attacks of sick headache can be prevented if those who are subject to them are careful about their diet and largely restrict the same to vegetables and fruits easy of digestion. They must forego meat, cheese, pastry, beer, wine, etc.; in fact, neither eat or drink anything which is stimulating in character and at all likely to tax the digestive organs.

Silk dresses should never be brushed with a whisk broom, but should be carefully rubbed with a velvet mitten kept for that purpose only.

If canned shrimps are used for salad they should be carefully looked over so as not to leave a bit of the shell, rinsed in cold water, and mixed with the dressing.

To restore crushed velvet, hold it over the spout of the teakettle and let it steam well, then comb up the nap.

In case of a cut, smoke the wound with burned red flannel on which has been placed a small quantity of sugar, then tie up, after sprinkling with sulphur, and it will heal immediately.

An excellent cough mixture is made of one ounce pressed mullein, half ounce hoarhound, one quart soft water; boil until this molasses; strain thin, add one pint New Orleans molasses; boil a few moments. Dose, one tablespoonful four times a day or after every coughing spell.

Keep salted provisions under brine always.

Never have a dark carpet and walls in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments open to the outer light will stand gloomy tones in decoration.

In a severe sprain of the ankle immerse the joint as soon as possible in a pail of hot water, and keep it there for fifteen or twenty minutes. After removing it keep it banaged with hot cloths wrung out of water, or rum and water.

The Potato Bug.

Winter's frost, and summer's heat'll
Sure as time each other follow,
But neither decimates the Colo-
Rado Beetle.

By malignant fate he's chosen
As a permanent abider,
Equally prolific, fried or
Frozen!

The insatiate slugs to wean,
No device of chemist there is—
London purple, fire or Paris
Green!

No device or brain, or hand, or
Any power that man can rally,
Can exterminate this sala-
Mander!

See, emerging, scores of dozens,
Impatiently from their haunts,
Sending forth their sisters, aunts
And cousins!

Every vine and leaf is slivered,
Fifty odd to each potato,
While the frenzied farmers pray to
Be delivered

From the pestilent afflictions!
And their voices through the valley
Echo with their sulphurous male-
Dictions!

Seek again your native clime,
Nauseating, sin-created,
Sticky lumps of animated
Slime!

Westward let your blighting shadow,
Your retreating substance follow,
Till you've reached the heart of Colo-
Rado!

Source of infinite confusion!
What will kill 'em so they'll stay so?
Bless the man who'll furnish a so-
Lution!

George Washington's Preacher.

A church of England parson, an ancestor of mine, lived in Virginia. This parson Moncure of Overton parish played a perfect game of whist. Once, while enjoying his rubber, a vestry deputation came to request that on Sunday he would pray for rain. "I will pray," said the good old man, "but—I lead trumps—it won't rain till the moon changes." This clergyman was George Washington's pastor in his cherry tree days.—*M. D. Conway in the Open Court.*

A Polite Truckman.

Old Mrs. Bently: "I might have been run over to-day, Josiah, if a truck driver hadn't kindly stopped to let me cross." Old Mr. Bently: "What! stopped fer ye?" Old Mrs. Bently: "Yes, an' said: 'Gwan accrost, ye ould bag o' bones!' I thought it was very polite in him." Old Mr. Bently: "Yes, he must have been very polite."—*New York Sun.*

Took Everything Along.

Detective (to servant)—Is Mr. Boodler in?

Servant—No, sah; I heard him tell de missus dat he was off fo' Canady.

Detective—Ah! Can you give me his address?

Servant—No, sir; I specs he tuk it wit him.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Took Her Place.

An old fellow in Georgia, stood leaning on the rail fence that surrounded his cabin. The expression of his face bespoke sorrowing concern. His under lip fell in a sort of hopeless way. His eyes were watery. A stranger came along, and, noticing the disconsolate appearance of the old fellow, approached him and said:

"My friend you seem to be in trouble."

"I don't know that I'm yo' frien'," the old fellow replied, "but I can tell you without any hesitation that I *am* in trouble."

"What's the matter?" the stranger asked.

"Oh, er heep is the matter."

"What's gone wrong?"

"Sal."

"Who is she?"

"My daughter."

"What is wrong with her?"

"She's married."

"Yes, but that is a result naturally to be expected."

"Yas, but I didn't expect her ter marry er blame fool."

"Has she?"

"World without eend."

"What sort of a man did she marry?"

"Er singin' school teacher."

"That is pretty bad, but is there no hope for the fellow?"

"Yas, thar's er hope—er hope that I may meet him and shoot the life outen him."

"That's rather serious, But why do you object to him?"

"'Cause he's er blame fool."

"Why do you think so?"

"'Cause he looks like it."

"But don't you think that he can make your daughter a living?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"'Cause he plays the pian'."

"Does that keep him from understanding the necessity of work?"

"No, but it keeps him frum doin' it."

"You loved your daughter, I suppose?"

"Yas, I did."

"You will never, then, get over your present trouble?"

"Never in this here world."

"Even if the fellow were to make her a living, you would still be disappointed?"

"Yas, you bet I would."

"Coming down to straight talk, you are plunged into a sea of grief."

"Yas, over head an' years."

"The future holds for you no contentment."

"None."

"You loved your daughter to such an affectionate extent that your after life is bound to be miserable."

"Yas."

"I am sorry for you," the stranger said. "As I came along I thought of making you a present of that dog you see smelling about the stump out there."

"Putty good-lookin' dog."

"First-class."

"Tree 'possums?"

"Best I ever saw at that business."

"Fight er coon?"

"Whip any coon you ever saw."

"Kill er snake?"

"None escape him."

"Catch er mole outen the ground?"

"The killing of moles is his special delight."

"Bark at er nigger?"

"Abhors the colored man."

"Track er rabbit?"

"Follow him all over the country."

"Eat much?"

"Very little."

"Shore he'll bark at er nigger?"

"I know it."

"No mistake erbout his 'possum biz-ness?"

"None whatever."

"Scratches moles right outen the ground?"

"Right out."

"Bark at niggers?"

"Barks at them."

"Good 'possum dog?"

"None better."

"Shore he barks at niggers?"

"Know it."

"Wall, stranger, jest leave him here and I'll let Sal go. Come here, wife. The Lawd has sent us suthin' to take Sal's place. Whoop! come here, old boy! Whoop! The Lawd ain't furgot His chillum yit!"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Landscape Gardener.

I was going over reminiscences today when I saw the finishing touches being put to the great marble terrace around the capitol building. This has been a somewhat costly work, possibly involving as much as $1,000,000; but it has raised the capitol ostensibly to a height commensurate with its length, whereas previously it had the proportions of a train of cars, which are all length and no height. The grounds, too, have been thrown open and decorated in a modern landscape style, chiefly by the direction of one of the oldest continuous characters in our story, Frederick Law Olmstead. In my youth this man was writing books about landscape gardening, and visiting the sea-board slave states in Texas and the back country. His collection of letters still shed a great deal of light upon souther society before the war. He succeeded Andrew Jackson Downing, who was our first landscape gardener, and it has been Mr. Olmstead's good fortune to lay out nearly every important park in the United States. Most of these parks demonstrate his good taste and boldness.—*Gath in the Enquirer.*

HINTS ON DRESSING.

Views of a Man Who Believes That "the Apparel Oft Proclaims the Man."

I heard a successful city man of business talk to his fifteen-year-old son about masculine dress one evening lately, writes the Chicago *Journal's* side-walk stroller, and there were several things said worth remembering. "I am older than you, my son," he began, "and carry in my old head a great deal of experience which I wish I could convey to yours for your own good, and what I have learned about how to dress successfully is one of them. It took me a long time to learn that it is hard for a fop to gain the respect or confidence of his fellow-men who are not fops; but I have learned it in time to save myself and lay down a few of the rules of dress for a man who would win in the world. In the first place, business men like young men who dress modestly. They don't like 'showy' youths. In the next place, the average political leader and voter has no use for the dressy citizen who ventures into politics. Very plain and simple clothes are at a great premium in politics. Silk hats, silk stockings and silk underwear have to be worn very carefully, if at all, by a political candidate. The silk hat will go through all right on one condition—provided it is never brushed at all, or, if brushed, brushed the wrong way. So important is this matter of dress and its effect on the masses that I would lay down for you a few simple rules of dress which if you follow will bear me out in the assertion that every line of life worth entering they will prove a great aid to popularity and success. First, never be without one good black suit for Sunday, weddings, receptions and funerals. This suit when no longer new can be worn for a day suit in school or business. Second always own one good, dark-blue suit for business, pleasure or general occasions not noted under the first head. It may also be worn by night, when it will look like a black business suit. This is all in the line of suits necessary for a man except a fulldress or Prince Albert for some extraordinary party, which I trust will not come very often in your case. You can in this way always look neat and never gaudy, being careful never to be guilty of owning a velvet coat, a pair of patent leather or yellow shoes, a dude cane, flashy neckties or loud jewelry. To be a man among men should be your aim and never an esthetic nondescript among the lilies.

THREE BOXES IN ONE.

Scheme for Helping Small Retailers to Make a Good Display of Cigars With Little Cost.

"That is indeed an innovation."

A reporter for the *Mail and Express* was speaking of a cigar box which differed from the ordinary box in its addition of three metal braces—two short and one long—on each side of the box.

"Yes," replied the dealer. "When a cigar store keeper buys cigars he has to exhibit the contents to invite customers. Now this is a marked improvement over the old style of package. When the box leaves the cigar manufacturer it represents a box holding one hundred cigars. When received by the retailer he has simply to break the stamp, slide the upper portions which are held by the metal braces backward, lift the cover, and he will discover that he has three boxes instead of one. The lowest box will hold fifty cigars of a medium shade, say Colorado madura, as this is the color which is in greatest demand. In the compartment next above may be placed twenty-five lighter cigars, while in the upper compartment can be displayed twenty-five darker ones. The retailer will find it necessary only to open one box to display three shades of the same cigar, or it may be three different kinds of cigars. If the retailer has only a small store, with little show-case room, he can make a better display of stock by this box than in any other way. The second compartment is displayed above and back of the first, and the third above and back of the second; being kept in place by the braces, and supported by one at the back. Thus with one box, each of five, ten and fifteen cent cigars, the retailer can display his goods to better advantage than he could formerly do with 500 or 1,000 cigars packed in the old style. The cigars can also be displayed by the open boxes in the store window; on the counter or on a shelf."

Motherly Dignity.

Ruth, a little, delicate, fair-haired girl, had been told she could go into the country with her mother next Monday. She immediately commenced to get ready. She took her immense rag doll called Victoria Marguetta, and with a piece of stick she began to play comb her hair, and in an authoritive tone she said: "Now, Victoria Marguetta, you can't go one step to the fresh air fund if you have dirt in your head, for they would send you right back, my lady; what do you think of that?" Then shaking Victoria Marguetta until her head fairly lopped, she exclaimed: "Now, of none your sniveling; 'sposen I did pull your hair a little, guess you can stan' it, when you are goin' out where eggs grow and where you can get apples what hain't got any cholera morbus in 'em—think of that, my child. Now go to sleep and let your mouth water, when you dream of egg trees and apple bushes—that's a good girl."—*Troy Times.*

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

October 6, 1888.

The unfathomable assurance of "Cal" Brice is astounding in its immensity. He talks of sweeping Ohio this fall. Yes, but it be in front of the broom.

A distinguished contemporary of the opposition says that the G. O. P. is a P.O. P (poor old party.) That may be but if it is, it is the P. O. P. of a good strong healthy boy.

Hon. Joseph E. McDonald has declined to be custodian of the JOURNAL'S 2,000 check and has followed the prestige of Mr. English and others, and returned it. The dollar a day story can find no backers, even with this large sum in sight.

If the Mills bill is not a free-trade measure, it would be well for somebody to explain why every free trader in this country and in England is pleased with it and anxious to have it adopted as a substitute for our present tariff policy.

The bulls are not only confined to the chairman of the Democratic State central committee. John Martin's remark about "any one who loans money at a higher rate of interest than six per cent, ought to be in the penitentiary"—is getting pretty well aired throughout the state.

Tammany talks of making Congressional and local nominations without regard to the action of the County Democracy. This would mean a gain of two or three Congressmen by the Republicans, and a big boom to the canvass of Harrison and Warner Miller. The coils are tightening around ahe Bourbon party in the Empire State.

"Tariff truths" is a misnomer. Albert F. Thayer of Maple Hill, Kan., is the so called farmer editor of a piece of political sophistry by that name. It is a vague, uncertain clawing after the unutterable and Albert has not made much of a success in his wild weavings. This pamphlet of sixteen pages is full of anomalies, misquotations and strictured truths. As a campaign document it is a failure, but as a work of imagination–fearfully and wonderfully made.

There is something peculiar about the draft-horse business of this country. It is about thirty five years since our people began to wake up to the fact that our horse stock might be greatly improved by the importation of the heavy draft breeds of Great Britan and France, and from that time down to the present the business of improving and breeding draft horses has not experienced a check or a reverse. No other branch of business in this country, whether pertaining to agriculture or any other industry, has been so uniformly prosperous. The importers have all made money; their customers who have bought these imported horses have almost universally made money.

Our Democratic friends have been training their voices up to concert pitch and training their vocal chords, in their denunciation of the Republican party as a free whisky and tobacco party. Let us look at the official Mills bill In section forty it says that section 3244 of the revised statutes of the United States be and is hereby repealed and that all laws amendatory thereof and all other laws imposing taxes on the manufacturers, rectifiers, distillers, and retail and wholesale dealers in either tobacco for liquors, are hereby repealed. Turning to section 3244 of the revised statute we find that is the section covering the amount of duty to be paid by the producers and manufacturers and dealers in liquors and tobaccos. How now, Mr. Overmyer? Judge Martin better get a substitute, (not in case of war) but for that whiskey bottle he waved so vigorously. Mr. Hebbard, join David, the lion hearted and at his next speech sit on the platform with him, you, a prohibition candidate.

One of the pleasant things in this world is to have true merit appreciated. Better taffy during life, than epitaphy after death. The writer has the pleasure of publicly congratulating one of his former mentors, who taught the shooting idea, upon her just deserts and also the Chicago public, upon their acquisition. It is a fitting tribute to the energy and ability of Miss Farson. We quote from a leading Chicago Daily:

The board of education has happily solved a difficulty in connection with the Brown school by the selection of Miss Elizabeth Farson a principal. There is something unique in this appointment—that a woman should be placed in charge of the largest public school in Chicago and one of the largest in the world, yet it is eminently fit that Miss Farson should receive this distinction, for it is the reward of patient merit. For many years Miss Farson served under Mr. Wood as head assistant of the Brown, and somewhat tardily her claims to promotion were recognized by her appointment as principal of the Lincoln street school.

It is about time now for Gould, Brice, Huntington and Havemeyer and the rest of their big fellow monopolists to clip in with another big jack pot for the Democratic National committee. The Democratic party never, since the defeat of the southern end at Appomattox needed aid in any sort, so bad as at the psesent writing.

Professor Blackie, in a lecture on the "Philosophy of Education," says the usual idea of education implies that children are empty and want filling, but they are no more empty than the seed that is put into the ground. Education does not consist in giving people knowledge, but in drawing out the full and complete man. Patrons, let us not fail to "advance the cause of Education among ourselves and for our chieldren, by all just means within our power."

"The number of steers that will go from the ranges of the Southwest to the Eastern markets this fall will be quite small as compared with 1886-7. A perceptible increase in value for the steer product even will be sufficient to draw off but a few head. It is known to those observant of the situation here that there are very few steers left an our ranges which are adapted to profitable handling on the Eastern markets.

Speaking of the farmer, Charles Dickins said, "The part * * which pays best for cultivation is the small estate within the ring fence of his skull Let him begin with the cultivation of his brains." There are more ways than one in which the farmer, who is to old for school can do this and one of these is in the exercise of the observing habit. No one is better situated for such culture and familarity with the "visible forms" of nature than the practical farmer.

Prof. F. W. Taussig, of Harvard, explains in the October Forum, writing from an economic and not a partisan point or view, "How the Tariff Affects Wages;" and he shows that while a tariff may increase wages in a few special industries, its tendency is always to lower them. He finds an explanation of the diffierence between wages in different countries in the difference between the efficiency of the wage-earners. The bearing of protective duties on industrial development is discussed in a scientific spirit, and several contentions of each party to the present tariff controversy are sharply criticised.

Sept. 29.—Victor Sebree who shot editor Garza in Rio Grande City has been bound over.——Severe prairie fires are destroying the crops near James town, Dak.,——Eastern capitalists are erecting a large cooper shop at Hutchinson, Kan., to have a capacity of 3000 barrels per day.——Fully one half of the wheat produced in Kansas this year has been resown.——Two lives were lost in the burning of Wilkins' furniture factory at Chicago, and property destroyed to the amount of $120,000.——The worst is over at Jacksonville and the fever is on the decline. Total cases to date 2,453; total deaths 242.——Alan Whiteacre, the assistant bookkeeer of the Hutchinson National Bank has been arrested for the embezzlement of $2,200.——Russell Sage has bought the St. Louis Arkansas and Texas railroad.——Trouble in the Chickasaw nation over the election of Govenor. Two men claim the honor.——Freezing weather is reported in Wisconsin and Michigan.——Hutchinson cleared $675 000 on his wheat corner.——John L Sullivan is out of danger.——Great destitution is reported among the Indians of the Manitoba region.——An imitation of Tascott has been arrested in Denver.——The new aqueduct tunnel at Washington, D. C. in process of construction has been found faulty and full of fraud.——A new fast mail train between Chicago and New York, the trip to occupy twenty seven hours.

Oct. 2.—The youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, Princess Maud is to marry the czarovitch of Russia.——The murderer of his wife Wesley Williams, was hung at Marlin, Tex.——Pitcher, the fugitive bank teller of Providence R. I. was convicted in Canada.——Gold has been discovered in Wisconsin.——The reign of yellow fever in the south is nearing its end.——Hugh Cameron, of Lawrence, a life long Democrat has came out for Harrison and Morton.——Emperor Joseph had a narrow escape from death while inspecting target practice, near Vienna——Blaine addressed 100,000 people at New York.——An insane passenger, on the Kansas and Texas rail road attempted suicide near Parsons, Kansas.——Snow in New York.——It is rumored that Chicago wheat has touched $2.00.——A total of $21,000 is offered for Tascott.——The estimated reduction of the public debt since Sept. 1, is $14,500,000.——Another mysterous murder of a woman in White Chapel, London.——The total New York subscription for the yellow fever sufferers amounts to $56,422——Germany's wheat crop is a failure.

Log Cabin Success.

What ails the young men?

Robert Garrett's father left him a fortune of twenty millions. He was from childhood reared in luxury: he received a splendid education with an especial training into a thorough knowledge of railroad management and was expected to succeed his father as a railroad king

Within three years after the responsibilities which his father's death threw upon him were assumed, he is reported a broken down man, with mind and health permanently shattered.

George Law is another young man left with millions of money, who is reported among the "wrecks." His father, bred a stone mason, was of gigantic size and strength, with commensurate brain power, so he became a great contractor, then a railroad king and left half a dozen millions for his son to dissipate. The young man is a success as a dissipator.

The founders of both of these great estates were born in the most humble walks of life, grew strong, mentally and physically, by simple living and honest labor and developed into financial giants. Their sons were reared in the lap of luxury and developed into intellectual pigmies.

The great men of our country have not, as a rule, come from the elegant mansions of the cities, but from the Log Cabins of the rural districts. Simple ways of living, freedom from dissipation and enervating pleasures, simple remedies for disease, effective and which leave no poison in the system, develop brawny, brainy men, who compel the world to recognize their strength and power.

The wholesome, old-fashioned Log Cabin remedies are the safest and surest for family use. Our grandmothers knew how to prepare the teas and syrups of roots, herbs and balsams which drive disease out of the system by natural methods and leave no after ill effects. The most potent of these old time remedies were, after long and searching investigation, secured by H. H. Warner of safe cure fame, and are now put out for the "healing of the nations" in the Warner's Log Cabin remedies.

Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin sarsaprilla and with pure blood giving health, strength, mental and bodily vigor, you may hope to cope successfully with the most gigantic financial problems of the age, without wrecking health and manhood.

The Congressional District which C. R. Breckinridge, of Arkansas, represents, went in favor of the Republicans in the recent State election; Mr. Mills' district in Texas is turning against him, and Speaker Carlisle is trembling lest his old foe Thoebe should run against him in 1888. Along their entire line the free traders are either wavering or in full retreat.

The item going the rounds of the state press to the effect that 4,000 new cars are being manufactured in the Santa Fe shops in this city, is not correct. There are practically no new cars being manufactured in the shops here, the force of 2,000 men employed being engaged almost exclusively upon repair work. The Santa Fe road contracted for 4,000 new cars last spring, to be manufactured at St. Charles, Mo. and Indianapolis, Ind., and they have nearly all been delivered. The increased traffic and the opening of new lines and branches has necessitated this addition to the rolling stock of the Santa Fe. The work in the local shops has increased in proportion.

The October WIDE AWAKE opens with a delightful story of some original "Shut-ins" by all invalids everywhere. Another sunny page is Kate Gannett Well's readable article about the Massachusetts society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. "A Dogocracy" by Miss Risley Stewart describes the strange canine communities of Constantinople, we commend this amusing article to all who doubt the existence of intellect animals. "Puck and Puppypulp," by George Parsons Lathrop, is a dog story too, a droll one, showing a funny side of a dog's character. This number publishes a remarkably fine historical paper, with some twenty illustrations; it is from the pen of Amanda Harris, entitled "Daniel Webster in his New Hampshire Home." It deals with the home life and the heart-traits of the great American statesman, and tells the small home-y things about him that one young folks would like to know. Very little has taken from published sources, but nearly all from aged friends and neighbors. Edward Everett Hale concludes his interesting "Boston Common" articles. Ancient and modern Japanese, "House-Keeper's Table," this number gives the Prospectus for 1889—announcing a serial by Trowbridge, "The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane," and another by Margaret Sidney. WIDE AWAKE is $2.40 a year. A great deal for a little money. D. Lothrop Company, Boston. Send five cents for a specimen.

RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 20th, 1888.

Dr. SHALLENBERGER,

Rochester, Pa. Dear Sir:—I wish to say a word in behalf of your wonderful Chill and Fever Pills. Some months ago a friend, who knew that my wife had been afflicted for months, sent me a package of your pills. I gave them to her and they cured her at once. A neighbor, Mr. Petry, had suffered with chills for more than a year, and had taken Quinine until his hearing was greatly injured. Seeing the cure wrought in my wife's case, he procured a bottle of pills and was speedily restored to perfect health. I feel that this is due to you.

Very truly, Rev. J. D. DAVIS.

THE GRAND STAND AT THE STATE FAIR GROUNDS.

Totally Destroyed by Fire--Carelessness in the Handling of a Gasoline Stove the Cause of the Fire--A Loss of Almost $6,000 and Probably no Insurance.

A few minutes before 6 o'clock last Friday evening the grand stand at the fair grounds caught fire and in less than an hour the great structure had been burned to the ground.

While the state fair was in progress the stalls under the grand stand were occupied by lunch counters, lemonade stands, etc., and a number of these stalls remained occupied, the occupants intending to resume business on Monday. The last stall in the west end is one of those. The woman who has charge was preparing to do some cooking and began pouring gasoline into the reservoir while the stove was burning. In an instant the flames burst out, enveloping everything which surrounded the stove. The woman was badly burned about the head and her screams soon brought a number of persons to the fire. As there have been no rains for some time the lumber was exceedingly dey. There was a strong breeze blowing and the flames swept like a prairie fire. There was no heavy lumber in the structure and constructed in the way that it was, it was licked up just like a pile of shavings.

The fire department was telephoned for, and as the chemical engine at the central station is now being repaired it was necessary to get out the north side engine; this made a run of nearly three miles, and of course by the time it arrived at the fair grounds the fire had made such headway that nothing could be done.

The loss is a serious one. The grand stand was built one year ago by the State Fair Association at a cost of about $5,000. It was 600 feet long, and had a seating capacity of 20,000, being the largest grand stand in the state. It was insured for $2,000 with Frank S. Thomas in the Oakland Home of California and the German Insurance company—$1,000 in each company. The judges' stand was also burned, but was uninsured. It is very questionable whether the insurance companies are liable, as there was no provision in the policy for loss by gasoline explosion.

Secretary Moon of the State Fair association would not permit the use of gasoline stoves about the grand stand while it was under his supervision, but he claims the grounds had been turned over to the G. A. R. reunion people.

It is not only a serious loss to the State Fair association, but it is very unfortunate for the reunion. A sham battle and drill is to be given on Friday, but without the grand stand it will be rather inconvenient to the thousands who intend to witness it. The reunion managers had sold privileges for nearly all the stalls under the grand stand and had taken in several hundred dollars, which they will probably be obliged to forfeit. Their treasury is very low and they need the money badly.

The October Forum contains a review of Tolstoi's remarkable career and writings with especial reference to his religious opinions and teachings, by Archdeacon Farrar. He writes with profound respect for Tolstoi's unselfish life, but concludes that his is not the proper interpretation of Christ'S teaching. The essay contains a sketch of Tolstoi's life, a description of his present mode of living, and a review of his great novels. Another essay on a literary subject in this number is the British critic, Edmund Gosse's answer to the question, "Has America Produced a Poet?" With words of praise for Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, and Poe (especially the last two) are severe criticism of Lanier and other American writers and a general review of our poetic literature. Edward Atkinson continues his series of eassys on our Industrial Condition and Wages and Labor Problems with a comprehensive view of "The Progress of the Nation" since the civil war. He shows how the standard of comfort has been raised, and how the per capita consumption of food has increased and the progress that has been made by useful inventions. The self-binder alone saved us enough money to enable us to resume specie payments. Incidentally Mr. Atkinson touches the subject of the tariff. But Prof. F. W. Taussig, of Harvard, explains specifically what effect protective duties have on wages, concluding that the general effect is to lessen them. The difference between the wages paid in different countries he accounts for by the difference between the productiveness of the wage earners. Another industrial article is a statement by Mr. Adelbert Hamilton of "The Great Railway Debt" in the United States, which is larger than our national debt ever was; and he points out the dangers that come of it. Two political articles are on "Race Antagonism in the South," by Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, who maintains that the Negro can never rise above his present position, because he is irreconcilably different from the other races of mankind; and "Why the Chinese must be Excluded," by Mr. W. B. Farwell, of San Francisco, who reviews the effect of Mongolian immigration for the last forty years. Other articles in this number are the concluding essay on "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" by the Rev. A. S Isaacs, who touches the subject of religious instruction from an Hebraic point-of-view; "The Border-Land of Morals," by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol; and "The Dread of Death," by Junius Henri Browne who shows that dying is generally painless.—The Forum Publishing Co., 253 Fifth Ave., N. Y. $5 a year.)

General McCook's line of March from Fort Leavenworth to Topeka was over the line of the old "Santa Fe trail." Thirty-five years ago, when the general was a beardless lieutenant, only one year out of West Point, he passed over this trail in quest of Indians. What memories must have stirred the old soldier's breast, as scenes along the route that he had viewed thirty-five years ago met his gaze.

The Flag Presentation.

An enormous throng packed Union Pacific park Monday night the occasion being the presentation of a silk flag to Blue post G. A. R., by the ladies of North Topeka. Marshall's band was present, also the Modoc club. The audience was composed of a good representation of the visiting soldiery and veterans, and while the seating capacity of the beautiful little park would have been severely taxed had it been filled with benches, the throng seemed to take the jam good naturedly and listened attentively to the entire programme.

Previous to the opening General McDowell McCook held a short levee in the stand, shaking hands with veterans who were present. Marshall's band opened the exercises. The Modoc club rendered a selection entitled "Hurrah for the G. A. R." The applause that followed was a signal for more, and the club and band sang and played "Jolly Soldiers," which was more enthusiastically received than the first. General H. A. Pierce made the speech presenting the handsome silk flag to Blue post No. 250 of North Topeka. His eloquent remarks were eagerly listened to. He spoke of the memories that would be recalled by every patriot at the very sight of the grand old flag, and particularly would this occasion bring to the minds of the old veterans present the days of '61 when they left for the war with bright colors made by loving hands, and brought them home tattered and torn but honored still. The general's speech was loudly applauded by the appreciative audience, and when quiet was again restored Captain J. R. McNary, past commander of Blue post, was introduced, and in a brief speech responded and accepted the token of love and loyalty, and concluded by introducing General McCook of Fort Leavenworth, who he said was a member of a family of soldiers, all of whom had become well known for their valor and bravery.

The general said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I suppose you know these Grand Army men; if not, you will probably get acquainted with them this week. They are the hardest men to get away from you ever knew. No excuse would suffice for me, but I must come over here to-night. I knew I would get an hour's advertising on our march up Kansas avenue, but this is more than I bargained for. If I had been good to myself I would be at camp and in my bed asleep. But I want to take advantage of this occasion to express not only my gratitude, but that of my men for the grand reception tendered us by the people of Topeka.

The honor paid myself and my soldiers as we passed up Kansas avenue was the highest tribute that could be paid by any one, and was thoroughly appreciated by the soldiers. The sight of those hundreds of little children fully compensated for the dust we had eaten on our march from Ft. Leavenworth. One of the officers asked me where all these children came from. I couldn't answer, but I predict that Topeka will be a city of 150,000 inside of five years. Not only has our march been pleasant, but our reception exceedingly so, and I trust that the city of Topeka may never have reason to regret our coming."

The blood is the regulator. Regulate the Regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. It cures all impurities. It is the largest bottle in the market—120 doses for $1. Your druggist sells it. Buy it for your family's benefit as well as your own

If freight rates were what they used to be, the Union Pacific road would make enough money this year to wipe out its obligation with the government and give the stockholders a nice dividend besides. At no time since it was built has that line been doing such a large traffic business as now. The bulk of freight handled during August was greater than for any previous month in the history of the road, and up to date September eclipses August. Just now the company is pushed strenously to keep supplied the demand for cars, and only by the best luck imaginable is it possiblo for the general superintendent to fill orders promptly. The Kansas Pacific division alone is asking for 500 a day more than it ordinarily uses; the Wyoming division calls for an equally large number of extras, and the demands on the Nebraska division are fully as large as both the others. "I don't know what we will do in one month from now, when shipments are in full blast," said an official yesterday, "because the bulk of stuff already in sight is simply enormous. Grain is just beginning to move—the range cattle shipments are commencing in good shape, the coal traffic is greater than ever before, and altogether it keeps us hustling. The company has about 14,000 broad gauge freight cars, including every kind, and it ought to have at least 20,000. While the bulk of traffic handled is much larger than formerly, and is steadily increasing, rates have been reduced, by state boards, and association wars, so much, that the earnings are not in proportion.

Senator Plumb will remain in the state until after the Columbus meeting, October 13, at least and, while here will make several speeches under the appointments of the central committee. At the meeting referred to he, George T. Anthony, Eugene Ware and S. S. Kirkpatrick will be among the speakers.

LOG CABINS were strongholds of love, contentment, health and happiness. Coon skins were nailed to the door and they were the happy homes of strong, healthy, noble men and women. The simple but effective remedies which carried them to green old age are now reproduced in Warner's "Tippecanoe," and Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and other Log Cabin Remedies.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

October 6, 1888.

Milk is another thing that cannot be fed too much to poultry. It contains all the elements that go to make eggs, and poultry fed on it are sure to be healthy and productive.

It is a most remarkable thing that General Harrison should have been making speeches for three months without having "laid himself open" once to his watchful opponents. No other public speaker in the country has ever equaled that record.

The rainfall throughout New England during the past week has been in excess of the average, and the effect has been very unfavorable for all crops, according to the report of the New England Meteorological Society in connection with the United States Signal Service.

MR. CURTIS remarked in Harper's Weekly that the President's contribution of $10,000 to the Democratic campaign fund "is to be regretted." We have no doubt that Mr. Cleveland does regret it by this time, and would be glad to have his money back, in view of the daily increasing signs that he is going to be defeated.

I authorize the enrollment of my name on the list of voters supporting Cleveland and Thurman who intend to vote against David B. Hill.

Name.....

Address.....

When signed return to Walter S. Logan, Chairman, 45 Pine street, New York.

That's the way Cleveland is supporting Hill in New York, and if inside of two days Hill don,t get out a retaliatory message to knife Cleveland, then Hill is not as cute a man as we think.

If there is any one thing in this world which the average Texan would go out of his way to kick and kill and destroy it is a protective tariff.

This declaration, which has recently been made in the Senate by Richard Coke, shows that Senator Vest is not going to carry off the prize for supremacy in political idiocy without a struggle. It would be perfectly safe, however, to still offer three to one on Vest against the field.

The great freshet in South Carolina and Georgia has sadly damaged the cotton and corn crops. The cotton balls are dropping from the stalks and the corn has become soaked and sour. The planters along the Savannah, Congaree, Wattree and other rivers lose heavily. In some instances the entire crop is sacrificed. The water has overflowed the rich lands below Augusta on both sides of the Savannah River to an unprecedented depth, and destroyed all cotton and unharvested corn. It is estimated reliably, that the loss will be as high as fifty per cent.

Mr. W. B. Farwell, of San Francisco, in the Forum for October, explains why, from the welcome that was at first extended to the Chinese in California, forty years ago, the popular feeling has become an intense prejudice. Their labor creates, in its economic effects, a system very like slavery. whereby the rich become richer, and the poor poorer, and no room is left in industrial life for a strong and independent working class. This economic effect of Chinese labor, together with the degrading method of life of the Mongolians, their non-assimilation with our population, and their adherence to idolatry, make their exclusion a necessity. But, in spite of the law, they continue to come.

Edward Atkinson has an essay in the October Forum on "The Progress of the Nation," wherein he takes a more comprehensive view of our material advancement and the forces that have helped it than in any of his previous writings. All over the world labor is productive in proportion as labores are well-fed; and he shows how enormously the per capita consumption of food has increased since 1870. In a review of the forces that have thus helped us foward so rapidly, he places the general preservation of the quality of our money (the quanity, he holds, will always take care of itself if the quality be seen to), and the progress of invention. Among the most helpful inventions of the time is the self-binder, which saves us enough to enable us to resume specie payments.

The city marshal has prepared his report for September. The existence of the state fair caused a large increase in the number of cases, one hundred and seventy-one being the number for September. Of these thirty-seven were drunks, five for non-payment of poll tax, twenty-five for vagrancy, ten for gambling, thirty-eight charged with disturbing the peace, three for carrying concealed weapons, two charged with keeping vicious dogs, one for hitching horses to a tree, and the balance for an almost endless variety of offenses.

Warm Water For Stock.

Mr. Newton Smith in Farm and home, gives his experience with warm water as follows:

"My production of milk had shrunk forty to fifty quarts per day, but the flow returned to its usual amount when the cows were given warm water and ensilage. The milk was of as good quality as before, containing an equal quantity of cream. I milked about sixty-two cows, getting 650 quarts daily. The product ran as low as 560 quarts at one time, but has come back since drinking water was warmed to between fifty and seventy degrees. The expense of warming water for the whole herd is only sixteen cents a day, which includes warming the hog feed. We use a second-hand boiler and burn coke. The stock drink so quickly that most of the chores can now be done between 7 a. m. and 4 p. m., so that in this light it is desirable.

Fall Seeding.

The time for fall seeding has come and next season's crop depends greatly upon the thoroughness with which the work is done. The soil should be carefully prepared. All standing weeds should be mown and burned, the plow and harrow used thoroughly until a smooth mellow seed bed is obtained and a plentiful supply of manure provided. All homemade manure available should be used first and this supplemented, if necessary, by the use of commercial fertilizers.

In the selection of seed, the best, cleanest and heaviest should be chosen and a plentiful amount used. If the seeding is liberal it will be better fitted to produce a good crop, after enduring the frosts and cold of winter. The fall seeding is an important part of the farmer's work and as such should be thoroughly done.

In choosing what kind of grass seed to sow regard should be had to the nature of the soil and to the time of the various grasses; it is good practic to sow clover and orchard grass togather as they mature about the same time of year which is much earlier than the ripening of timothy and red top; the latter is well suited to low lands, the former to lighter soils.

Now that the corn crop has practically reached maturity there is left but one opportunity for experimenting with silos. Those farmers who are fortunate enough to have a second crop of clover are in possession of the very best mediums for testing the practicability of the silo. To attempt to make hay of clover at this time usually results in failure, for the short days and damp ground makes it impossible to secure a fragrant, palatable article. There is no necessity for running clover through a feed cutter, but it can be drawn direct from the mower and put into the silo. Any farmer can find room for a silo some where about his buildings if he is only bent on having one, for any bin larger than eight feet square, boarded tight, will do for testing the capabilities of silos and ensilage. A clover crop thrown into this and well tramped down around the edges and corners and covered with a little hay or straw will next winter afford succulent feed for cattle which will be highly appreciated. The second crop of clover usually brings little of value into the barn for feeding purposes, and it is time we knew better how to secure from it that which we are told it contains.

WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies,—old fashioned, simple compounds used in the days of our hardy fore fathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a "Sarsaprilla," "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic" "Extract," for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh and "Liver Pills. They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them

Ensilage Encyclopedia Free.

There is now in press a very valuable little work, of the above title, being an epitome of the best thoughts on the silo and ensilage. Every farmer should have a copy and can have it free of charge by simply writing to the S. Freeman & Sons Mfg. Co., Racine Wis., the manufacturers of the Freeman Feed Cutter.

The Kansas weather service furnishes the following for September, 1888, at Topeka: Mean temperature, 61.3, highest temperature, 92,8, on 8th; lowest temperature, 32.6, on 28th; total rain fall, 0.57 of an inch. There were eighteen clear days ten fair days and two cloudy days.

Dr. Burgen and wife have issued handsome invitations in silver letters to their silver wedding on the evening of October 18. They were printed at the News office where they all go when they want fine work. New lot of late style letters and ornaments received this week.

The receipts of the Knights of Pythias base ball game for the yellow fever sufferers played at the fair grounds on Saturday were nearly $300. The game was a very amusing one and was won by the Damons, with the following score: Damons, 17; Pythias, 9.

The Court House.

Messrs. George Ropes and J. C. Holland members of the committee appointed by the board of county commissioners to inspect the court house and report as to the repairs necessary and the probable cost of the same, report:

"We find a portion of the southerly wall in a very bad, if not positively dangerous condition. As a permanent repair we would recommend taking down the entire wall over the archway, substituting an iron column and iron girder for the arch, and rebuilding the arch with brick.

"As a temporary repair, which would serve as long as the building will probably stand, we recommend taking down the shattered and broken wall and replacing the same with a wooden construction, thus relieving the piers against which the arch abuts, and which appear to be giving way by reason of the dead weight of the broken wall, and the floors and roof thrusting upon them. The cost of the permanent repairs would be about $400; of the temporary, about $250."

The commissioners awarded the contract for making the permanent repairs to M. Heery for $340. Work will be commenced at once.

The county commissioners refused to grant an order appointing road commissioners to take charge of and conduct the improvement of the Lawrence state road, on the grounds that there is not sufficient funds on hand to pay the county current expenses and to make such improvement, and that the commissioners are advised by the county attorney that the law of 1887, providing for the improvement of county roads, is probably unconstitutional.

Education is what we need in the present emergency. The pubilc school system is good, and is isdispensable for the children. We are all agreed on that point, but the education of the masses, the farmers, grown-up men and women, is what the country needs just now, and there is no question but that the Grange is the proper school house, and the newspapers the best school books. Reading, however, is not all. Thought, action and discussion are the deveoping agences. We are taught in the Scriptures to watch as well as pray; to keep our lamps trimmed and burning with plenty of oil in the vessels. Farmers fail to carry out the whole of these injunctions. They go to the plowhandles with prayers and leave the politicians, speculators and monopolists to do the watching. In our party conventions, where the first mischief is generally done, the politicians take the lead and are able to carry their points because they are educated, disciplined in thought, understand human nature, and know how to overcome the farmer's weak points. and impose upon his confiding nature. Speculators are able to manipulate conventions and Legislatures through dishonest politicians. Farmers go plodding along with their every-day work, throughtless of the schemes and plots of the avaricious speculators. who doctor the laws and the markets to gain advantage and reap the profits of the farmer's hard earnings. The lawyer is able to take the lead, because of his superior education and tactics. The lawyer's education is not finished in the school room, as is the ordinary farmer's boys. He goes through a regular training in a debating society, accustoming himself to public speaking by debating questions, and so it is in an ordinary convention, the public speakers take the lead. They are generally reading men, and keep posted on public measures, disciplined in mind and thought, and are able to act promptly.

North Topeka never was so brightly decked, never looked so patriotic, as when the warriors of Lincoln post greeted the troops from Leavenworth at Garfield park and escorted them through the city to the fair grounds. The merchants and skop keepers on north Kansas avenue excelled themselves in brightening their store fronts with the red, white and blue. Flags and bunting were everywhere, in every style of arrangement. The effect was inspiring and the spirit of patriotism was contagious; everybody had it. The dealers in flags and bunting say they never sold so much of these decorative emblems on any Fourth of July or Decoration day. The people of the First ward did their part handsomely in making the city breathe a warm welcome to the veterans of Kansas.

The prohibitionists have put a full county ticket in the field.

At the meeting of the Ministerial union it was decided that the union shall, cooperate with the St. Cecelia quartette in a grand praise service at the Grand opera house on next Sunday evening for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers

The prohibitionists of this county met at the rink on Saturday afternoon in mass convention and nominated the following county ticket: For judge of the district court, Thomas Archer; probate judge, J. L. Elldridge; clerk of the district court, W. J. Johnson; county attorney. J. W. Stewart, superintendent of public instruction, T. B. Carter; state senator, John G. Otis; representatives—Forty sixth district, G. W. M. White; Forty-seventh district, Rev. A. C. Sloan; Forty-eighth district, S. H. Moore, of Auburn-county commissioner, A. H. Weatherbee.

W. A. Neiswanger, chief clerk in the office of the state board of agriculture, has returned from a three weeks' absence in Osborne City. He went there for the purpose of getting married, and the very day before that happy event transpired he was taken sick with typho-malarial fever. which was fallowed by daily chills. He brought Mrs. Neiswanger back with him, however, and is now in a fair way to speedy recovery.

J. C. Hebbard, the third party candidate for congress from the Fourth district, met witn an extremely uncomfortable accident on Saturday evening. He had been attending a political meeting at Washburn college, and started to walk to his home on Central avenue, North Topeka. While cutting across the fields, west of the fair grounds, he fell into a ravine, it being very dark, and on attempting to get up, discovered that he was unable to walk. Being in great pain he lay down on the ground, as he he says, not knowing that he would ever see a human face again, and much disturbed in mind as the extent of his injuries. After lying there for some time he smelt smoke, and discovered that a tramp was camping near by in the bushes. Mr. Hebbard made a great effort and crawled toward the fire, finally calling out for help and bringing the man to his aid. The tramp did what he could to make Mr. Hebbard comfortable and figally got up courage to risk arrest by calling the patrol wogon. He went off on his errand of mercy, but it was not until 2 o'clock Sunday morning, the fire reduced to embers and Mr. Hibbard reduced to despair, that relief from that quarter came. The unfortunate candidate for congress was placed as gently as possible in the patrol wagon and taken at once to Dr. Ryder's residence on North Quincy street. The doctor instructed the driver to take Mr. Hebbard to his own home on Central avenue and followed thither as soon as he could dress. A careful examination of Mr. Hebbard's injuries revealed no broken bones, though his thigh and hip seem to be very badly bruised and he will be confined to his bed for several weeks. He was in great pain yesterday but expressed relief at being "out of the brush."

Thirty years ago the most sanguine founder of Topeka did not dream of Topeka of to-day. The people who have lived here all these years do not realize the present, magnificent and substantial growth of the city. Late in the year 1886 and early in 1887 the activity was confined mostly to buying and selling real estate. In the latter part of 1887 and in 1888 the attention of very many has been given to building. So much so that it is frequently and truly remarked that there was never before in the history of the city so many buildings in course of construction at one time nor of as great value.

Rev. C. A. Swensson made two rousing speeches yesterday in Bonnaville and Roxbury. The speech in Bonnaville was in the Swedish language and did an immense amount of good. The meeting in Roxbury was the largest political demonstration ever held in the town. The republicans are coming to the front in good shape all along the line, there being large audiences at all meetings and great enthusiasm manifested.—McPherson Republican.

The Santa Fe conductors, running on the Leavenworth branch, have been removed.

General Solicitor Peck left for Chicago on business connected with the company, and not to make political speeches, as has been reported.

Regulate the Regulator, by the use of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. 120 doses $1.

Will Danvers is equal to the hungry man from Harlem, who ate his coat and then his hat, a poodle dog and Thomas cat etc.,

The union labor party of the county have nominated democrats for three or four positions.

Complaint is made of a 200 hog-power nuisance, at the foot of Monroe street on the north side. A man may not keep one pig in the city but he may keep 200.

Charles Curtis and J. B. Johnson addressed a political meeting at Wyandotte Saturday evening. A large number of enthusiastic citizens were present. A similar meeting held at Armourdale was addr ssed by Senator Blue and Judge Usher.

L. L. Stanley, who is a freshman at the State university, spent Sunday with his parents in North Topeka.

Atchison claims a population of 24,000.

The creamery at Russell is almost completed.

Newton is investing in two large school buildings.

Anthony is just now enjoying a veritable boom.

One Attic man shipped twelve carloads of melons.

Lyons has been made a city of the second class.

At Sterling the brine is ninety-eight per cent. pure salt.

Emporia will can 200,000 cans of tomatoes this year.

Arkansas City exhibits sugar cane sixteen feet high.

A $28,000 hall will be built by the K. of P., at Salina.

The third salt company has been charted at Sterling.

The sorghum works at Conway Springs employ sixty men.

Topeka is thinking of putting up a new high school building.

Leavenworth's new union depot was opened for use last week.

Forty teams are used in hauling cane to the Topeka sugar mill.

The McPherson college began its first term about two weeks ago.

Coldwater has made a substantial growth during the summer.

One man in Doniphan has raised 500,000 pounds of grapes this year.

The State Normal School opened up last week with 500 students.

Kansas apples are said to be much better this year than usual.

"Nasal Voices, Catarrh and false Teeth."

A prominent English woman says the American women all have high, shrill, nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans don't like the constant twitting they get about this nasal twang, and yet it is a fact caused by our dry stimulating atmosphere, and the universal presence of catarrhal difficulties.

But why should so many of our women have false teeth?

That is more of a poser to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory. of deranged stomach action caused by imprudence in eating and by want o regular exercise.

Both conditions are unatural.

Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail and end in cough and consumption, which are promoted by mal-nutrition induced by deranged stomach action. The condition is a modern one, one unknown to our ancestors who prevented the catarrh, cold, cough and consumption by abundant and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy and Log Cabin sarsaparilla, two old fashioned standard remedies handed down from our ancestors, and now exclusively put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world-famed makers of Warner's safe cure. These two remedies plentifully used as the fall and winter seasons advance, together with an occasional use of Warner's Log Cabin rose cream, to strengthen and protect the nasal membranes, give a positive assurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadful and if neglected, inevitable consequences, pneumonia, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Comrade Eli Fisher, of Salem, Henry Co. Iowa, served four years in the late war and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors. He had frequent hemorrhages. After using Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy, he says, under date of Jan. 19th, 1888: "I do not bleed at the lungs any more, my cough does not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells." Warner's Log Cabin rose cream cured his wife of catarrh and she is "sound and well".

Of course we do not like to have our women called nose talkers and false teeth owners, but these conditions can be readily overcome in the manner indicated.

Corn Crop the Largest Ever Raised.

R. G. Dunn & Co.'s weekly review says: Doubt about the corn crop has vanished. Estimates vary each way from 2,015,000,000 bushels, but it is doubtless the largest crop ever raised. The increase of more than 500,000,000 bushels on this crop far outweighs in value any loss in the yield of wheat and also any possible loss in the yield of cotton.

But the yield of oats is also the largest on record and the yield of hay and potatoes is excellent.

It is safe to say that this year's agricultural product will represent at least 100,000,000 bushels increase over last year at average prices for both.

Trade has been checked by artificial prices. A corner in wheat put the price for September to $1.25 at Chicago on Thursday, the rise being 5c for the week. Seaboard prices have some time been relatively to high for foreign markets.

The demand for cotton goods is slow and conservative. Print cloths have declined to 3.77 cents and the market is becoming more moderate daily.

Speculation in oil has checked the manufacturing demand while the supply is short.

The pressure prevents an advance in prices by producers here in pork products. Prices haqe yielded but little and packing fails much behind last year's.

Corn has fallen but 1c, notwithstanding a great yield.

At Kansas City the market for cattle is overstocked and prices are so low as to check any movement.

The boot and shoe trade is large.

The iron market is stronger at Philadelphia, but weaker at Pittsburg. Southern No. 1 is quoted at $18.10 here. No improvement appears in steel rails, of which 18,000 tons were sold, mainly by western mills, their $30 rate being relatively lower than current prices. $28 at eastern mills.

Reports from interior points are uniformly hopeful. The corn crop is about three weeks late and is delayed by stoppage of taaffic at western points. Business is reported good or improuing, though more complaint of slow collections is heard. Money is generally in ample supply but stringency increases at Cleveland end the demand is strong at St. Louis and Milwaukee. Kansas City reports loans paid with unusual regularity and money is easy.

A railroad has been chartered, running from Leavenworth to the Gulf coast.

It is claimed again that the Frisco is preparing to build west from Anthony.

Two carloads of watermelons were shipped from Geuda Springs last week

Wichita county reports much better crops than were anticipated a month ago.

Coal forty-two inches thick has been struck at Dodge City at a depth of 632 feet.

The canning factory at Garnett has ceased canning corn, and began on tomatoes.

GREAT IS TO-DAY

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Out on a world that's gone to seed!
The great tall corn is still s rong in his seed;
Plant her breast with laughter, put song in your toil,
The heart is still young in the mother-soil;
There's sunshine and bird song, and red and white clover,
And love lives yet, world under and over.

The light's white as ever, sow and believe;
Clearer dew did not glisten 'round Adam and Eve,
Never bluer heavens nor greener sod
Since the round world rolled from the hand of God;
There's a sun to go down, to come up again,
There are new moons to fill when the old moons wane.

Is wisdom dead since Plato's no more?
Who'll that babe be, in your cottage door?
While your Shakespeare, your Milton, takes his place in the tomb,
His brother is stirring in the good mother-womb;
There's glancing of dasles and running of brooks,
Ay, life enough left to write in the books.

The world's not all wisdom, nor poems nor flowers,
But each day has the same good twenty-four hours.
The same light, the same night. For your Jocobs, no tears;
They see the Rachels at the end of the years;
There's waiving of wheat, and the tall, strong corn,
And his heart-blood is water, that sitteth forlorn.

—*The Century.*

Peter Potter's Joke.

"You have made me very happy, Polly, and s'pose we set the day for Christmas."

Miss Polly Perkins looked lovingly into his eyes and answered affirmatively by leaning her head upon his shoulder.

They were sitting in the pretty parlor of a cosy cottage on the outskirts of Glenville. Their courtship had not been a long one—in fact, it had been short, earnest and decisive, and when Peter Potter parted with his betrothed that Sunday night he considered himself a very lucky man in securing such a prize as Polly Perkins, the prettiest lass in Glenville, who had eaten more philopenas and broken more chicken breastbones than any maiden for miles around.

True, she was only 20, while Peter was a bachelor away up in thirties; but he was a man of property and carried on a thriving grocery business in the village; and there were some girls in Glenville who would have felt very much "put out" if they had overheard the engagement words spoken that Sunday night.

Christmas was now only two months off and Polly at once began to prepare her wedding trousseau. She was a poor girl who made her living by working in a cotton factory, and she had no relatives in the world except an old maiden aunt with whom she lived. She was a bright girl, somewhat pert in manners, and, on occasion, she could be as tart as vinegar.

Peter Potter was a queer mental compound. He was phenomenally unstable in his views on religion and politics; so much so, in fact, that he had won the nickname of "Peter Changeabout," and no one more faithfully observed the maxim "When you're among Romans do as the Romans do" than he. In politics he was equally fickle. One year he was an ardent Democrat; the next year he was a Republican, and once he figured as a bright and shining local light in the ranks of the Independent party.

Peter Potter was a man well liked by the people of Glenville. He was not stingy. He was foremost in his works of charity, and many a poor family, to which enforced idleness or sickness had brought privation, was the recipient of substantial gifts from his store. He was always a cheerful man, and no social party in Glenville was considered complete without his presents. He was very popular with the gentler sex. Moreover, he greatly enjoyed a practial joke, even if he himself were the victim of it. In this respect he could give and take with equal satisfaction to his risibilities in either case.

Now when the news got around that he had engaged himself to Miss Polly Perking the gossips made all sorts of remarks about the matter not at all complimentary to Peter Potter.

"I'll bet a watermelon to a pumpkin seed,', said Bill Jackson, the Postmaster, "that Peter Potter won't be on hand when the time comes. Of course he now thinks he loves Miss Perkins. But he's likely to be smitten with the charms of Sallie Tweedle next week, and with those of Susie Timkins before Thanksgiving comes. Poor Polly Perkins! She's too nice a body to be trifled with and made the jest and jeer of all the girls in town."

And this was the popular view taken of the situation, and some of the gossips were not directory in saying so much to Miss Perkins. Nevertheless she had faith in her affianced, and received the tattle of the busybodies without allowing her good nature to be ruffled for a moment.

"Why," said she to a neighbor one day, "do you suppose I'm going to go crazy if he don't keep his word? Oh, no! There is just as good fish in the sea as ever were cought, you know," and then she laughed most heartily and went tripping along the roadside humming a cheery air.

Of course much of this gossip reached the ears of Peter Potter, who, however went about his business as usual and was not at all affected by the coldness which some of the marriageable girls of the sewing society manifested when he met them on the street or at church. As for the gentlemen, those fellows who had declared that his engagement to Polly was merely one of his practical jokes—he said: "Let 'em have their fun. I'll show 'em a joke yet that'll make 'em laugh on the other side of the mouth."

Well, it was now within a week of Christmas. Invitations to the wedding had been sent out with the request that the recipients be at Miss Perkin's Aunt Betsy's residence at 3 o'clock of that day to witness the ceremony.

It was a conventional gathering of village society that met there that day. Even the gossips who had been most industrious in criticising Peter Potter were there. The Rev. Philip Thompson arrived a few moments before the appointed hour—he was to be the master of ceremonies—and when the old clock struck 3 there was only one absentee. Miss Polly Perkins, prettily attired in white silk, white kids, a white tulle veil and orange blossoms, was standing by a window in close conversation with Aunt Betsy. Ten minutes passed, and then low whisperings was heard from knots of guests in the parlor.

"I told you so," said Postmaster Jackson. "Peter Potter is still entitled to the nickname of Peter Changeabout." Now I renew my bet of a watermelon io a pumpkin seed that Peter don't be here. He's most cruelly jilted Polly Perkins, you bet."

These remarks were addressed to young Lawyer Tom Kent, whose conversation with a long-haired, bushy-whiskered and heavily mustached gentleman had been interrupted by them.

"It's too bad—too bad," returned the lawyer, "but here, Mr. Jackson, let me introduce you to my friend, Max Spieller."

The bushy-whiskered man and the postmaster shook hands, and then the three entered into a whispered conversation about Peter Potter's non-appearance.

"He vas a goot faillow, um?" queried Mr. Spieller.

"Oh, yes, Peter's a good enough fellow," said Mr. Jackson, "but you see he has always been a very changeable man—shifting from one idea to another about as lively as a flea—and he has long been considered the boss practical joker of this town. I reckon that this is one of his jokes," saying which the Postmaster looked over toward the bride that was-to-have-been, and then turning to Mr. Spieller and Lawyer Kent he said, laying his hand upon Mr. Spieller's shoulder, "I pity that girl."

"He vos von practikeel shoker, um, mein-heer? Dot musht haf mait 'im a very funny faillow, um?" said the man with the bushy whiskers.

"Yes you can bet he was; and——"

At that instant the attention of the three was diverted to a group of young women who had surrounded Miss Perkins and were mingling expressions of sympathy for her with their denunciations of her delinquent betrothed. Polly's face was buried in Aunt Bety's lap, and she seemed to be weeping.

"Mishter Kent, vill you acquaintance me make mit dot meenister?" said Mr. Spieller.

"Certainly, with pleasure," said the lawyer, and the acquaintance was made.

Mr. Spieller took the Rev. Mr. Thompson's arm and led him to a corner, where the two for several minutes held a whispered conversation. Then the guests—nearly an hour had now passed—were preparing to take their leave.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Lawyer Kent, "as the friend and legal adviser of Peter Potter, permit me to request you to remain a little longer. He may have been unavoidably detained, you see."

It this moment Mr. Spieller whispered something in Lawyer Kent's ear, and the lawyer then said something in a low tone to the dominie.

"Mishter Shackson," said Mr. Speiller, addressing the Postmaster, "I vill take dot pet about dot vatermillion und dot punkin' seed."

"But you'll lose, sure, said Mr. Jackson.

"Vell, den I loose—dot's all," said Mr. Spieller, "und I pet you dot hoss I got in dot tavern staple against von tollar dot Mishter Potter vill we here—um?"

"Well, I'll go you, said the Postmaster.

"Yaw? und pefore dese vitnesses?" asked Mr. Spieller.

"Sure," answered Mr. Jackson.

There was at this moment a little flurry among the guests, during which Mr. Speiller approached Polly and said, "Miss Perkins, vill you shpeak mit me in dot hallvay von minute?"

With her handkerchief to her eyes, Polly arose and accompanied the gentleman to the hall.

"It's worked splendidly, Polly, dear," he said, "and I reckon I've taught 'em a good lesson. There, now," and he tore off his long hair and bushy whiskers and gave her a kiss that but for the noise made by the busy tongues in the parlor might have been heard there.

The next moment Miss Polly Perkins returned to the company leaning on the arm of Peter Potter, who was genteelly attired in a dress suit, and in every respect looked like a becoming and happy bridegroom. The guests were struck dumb with amazement, which was greatly hightened when when Peter placed his hand in that of Rev. Tompson and said:

"Vill you pe good enough to make von of us two—nein, nein, I means vill you make us two into von—um?"

"Well, the ceremony was soon over, and a right jolly wedding feast followed, and when the company separated the happy bridegroom said, as a parting remark to Postmaster Jackson: "Dot vos von great practikeell shoke—um? Und dont you forgot dot vatermaillon und dot tollar."—*N. Y Evening Sun*

Foolhardy Feat in a Menagerie.

An announcement made by the crier that a man named William Samuels, a local inn-keeper, and the champion boxer of Wales, would enter alone a den of lions at Messrs. Wombwell's menagerie, now at Swansea, caused considerable excitement in the town and drew a great crowd to the show. At 9 o'clock the band played "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and then Samuels, accompanied by Mr. Bostock, the manager of the show, walked up to a den containing a lion and about a dozen lionesses. A great crown at once assembled round the cage. Mr. Bostock mounted a platform and informed the public that his old friend Samuels had volunteered to perform a deed of daring such as had never been done in the menagerie since its establishment in 1805. Mr. Wiltshire had, he said, recently at Cardiff entered the cage in company with Mme. Salva, the lion tamer, and had by his action caused a great sensation in South Wales. But Samuels was going to surpass this feat, for, though urged to let Mme. Salva accompany him, he declined to enter the den at all unless allowed to do so alone. This he now was about to do. The announcement was received with great cheering, though it was evident that, on the part of many present, there was a feeling of considerable anxiety and alarm. Samuels, however, seemed to share none of these feelings of uneasiness. Attired as a prize fighter, and with blue rosette on his breast, he appeared at the entrance to the cage, and cudgel in hand boldly entered it. The lions appeared in no way to relish this intrusion, and it looked as though Samuels would have had a warmer welcome than he bargained for. Possessed apparently with nerves of steel, the man walked undaunted up to the end of the cage where the animals were huddled together awaiting only the slightest encouragement to spring on the intruder, and held his cudgel threateningly before the nose of the fiercest. Growls of rage greeted this act, but Samuels, in no way discomposed, walked among the animals and made them fly right and left before him. This he did several times, and on one occasion acted so rashly that grave fears were entertained for his safety by those in charge of the exhibition. These—who, as a precaution, were armed with red-hot-irons—were ready to act promptly, when Samuels again obtained the mastery over his savage companions, and showed his fearlessness of them by firing a loaded pistol at their faces. Then, his courage maintained to the last, he went to the gate of the den and waited in a dangerous position while Mr. Bostock presented him, amid the cheers of those present, with a unique chain composed of spade and crown, and with a certificate recording the fact that he had accomplished his purpose. Immediately afterward the band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and Samuels was borne in triumph out of the menagerie and through the streets.—*South Wales Daily News.*

Women Vote on Liquor Selling.

There is a popular notion that Arkansas is a "bowie-knife" state, a lawless and an ignorant state. I shared this before I went there. I cannot disprove the ignorance of the country districts. As I said, more money is needed to make the public school system effective. But in its general aspect the state is as orderly and moral as any. The laws against carrying concealed weapons are strict, and are enforced. It s a fairly temperate state. Under the high license and local option laws, prohibition prevails in two-thirds of the state, and the popular vote is strictly enforced. In 48 of the 75 counties no license is granted in other counties only a single town votes license, and in many of the remaining counties many towns refuse it. In five counties only is liquor perfectly free. A special law prohibits liquor selling within five miles of a college; within three miles of a church or school; a majority of the adult inhabitants can prohibit. With regard to liquor selling woman suffrage prtctically exists. The law says that on petition of a majority of the adult population in any district the county judge must refuse license. Two women, therefore, without going into politics, sign the petition and create prohibition.—*Dudley Warner in Harper's.*

Unpublished Letters.

One of the London literary papers announces that twenty-two unpublished letters by Dickens, which were recently discovered in a curiosity shop in a London suburb, are about to be published in one of the monthly magazines. Apropos, London *Truth* remarks: "It would be interesting to learn whether the professor of the letters has obtained the permission of Dickens' legal representative (Mrs. Hogarth) for their publication. It is too often forgotton that a dead man's letters belong to his executors, and somebody, who not long ago proposed to publish a number written by Dickens, principally on private affairs, was decisively stopped in that enterprise.

"THE CITY OF DESTINY."

BY WILL VISSCHER.

This is the pet name for Tacoma, Washington Territory, from which place on this excellent 4th day of September, A. D. 1888, and of the republic the 112th, I write to you.

Tacoma is indeed a city of great promise, being the Puget Sound terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad, and the head of the navigation on the grand sheet of water mentioned. The city is beautifully situated, on raising ground, at the mouth of Puyallup river, and it was laid out by a famous landscape gardener. The streets which run north and south are a succession of terraces, and those running east and west climb the hill by easy grades. All of the streets are broad, and along those parts of them which are built up the structurs are handsome, spacious and solid, and, altogether, Tacoma is an exceedingly well built city, for a place eight years old, and which has only had, in reality, four years of a lively existence. It is now growing with remarkable rapidity, and will doubtless be a place of 100,000 inhabitants in a very few years, though now its population is only 18,000.

"The Tacoma" is the name of the great hotel of the place, and it is one of the city's cheif ornaments. Please observe that I am not and have not been, and expect not to be a guest of the establishment, and in writing of it simply do so as a distant admirer. It is a huge building, with walls of pressed brick, and is of a mixture of Elizabethan and Queen Anne architecture. It stands on a great bluff overlooking the mouth of the Puyallup and the head of Commencement bay, and from its long, wide portocoes at the rear, and one of the grandest views of land and water on the continent is obtained. Puget sound, with its many wooded islands, stretches far away to the north, and to the south Mount Ranier, snow mantled eternally, looms up like a great pile of fleecy clouds. "The Tacoma" is the property of the Tacoma Land Company, and was built for the purpose of entertaining the myriad purchasers of real estate in this region, as well as the traveling public generally. It has proven a brilliant investment, as it is always filled with guests, to its utmost capacity, and has now taken the character of both a summer and winter resort, for here is the climate of "ethereal mildness," without heat in summer or cold in winter. Think of that, now, while in the east the dog-star rages in all his Sirius-ness, and think of it about January, *ante* and past, when "rude Boreas, blustering railer," is making himself so immediately forthwith.

Along the Puyallup for many miles above Tacoma, lies the great hop-growing region of the Pacific coast, in which the fragrant "Siwash," the only name by which the Indians are here known, are employed, at the proper season, as gatherers of the brown bloom from which John Bull, and others, squeeze their "alf-and-alf," and from which arises a great profit, as well as much yeast. All the country about here which has not been cleared is covered with mighty forests of the finest pine timber on earth. I have seen vast piles of this timber, on countless acres of land, burned to get rid of it, and it looked like a pity. Only today I saw among the timber thus being destroyed a tree four hundred feet long, without a knot or branch, being cut up and heaped for the torch, in a clearing. Such trees and thousands of others of approximate size, are being thus burned by the mile every day.

The Northern Pacific road is building in Tacoma—in fact, has nearly completed,—a structure for its own use, as offices, which is another of the striking edifices of the place. It is unique in architecture, colossal and imposing, and that, together with other very expensive work in the way of grading, is an evidence that the road takes great stock in this city and will help it to its flattering "destiny." Among the work which the road is doing is that of removing a great hill, as high and long, for instance, as five squares of Chicago, from Randolph street to Van Buren between Michigan and Wabash avenues. This is being done by hydraulics, and the dirt is going into a place where low lands along the bay are being reclaimed from the tides, for the purpose of making room for warehouses, wharves and road-beds, and which, when completed, will vastly improve, both in appearance and convenience, the water-frontage of the city.

Across the Puyallup on land, which is covered by water at high tide, a wealthy St. Paul and Tecoma company is constructing a mill for the purpose of making houses, in a "knock-down" condition, which may be taken anywhere and set up as you would a bedstead. It will also manufacture furniture and all sorts of wood-work. The mill will cover seven acres of the land which is being reclaimed from the bay and will employ five thousand workmen. Such are a very few of the many promising features of "the city of destiny."

Altogether this is a wonderful country. Its resources in iron, coal and timber; its agricultural and commercial advantages, will give work and wealth to unborn thousands.

A betting man frequently finds it a cold day when he puts his money on the old horse.—*Time.*

PHOTOGRAPHING HIS LOVE.

A Man by a New Process Shows the Heart-Throbs of His Passion.

There is a New York young woman, whose name I am too considerate to put down here, who, according to a writer in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, received the other day the most curious photograph probably that exists. The young woman, it is needless to say—being a very nice young woman indeed—has an admirer. It would not border on exaggeration to say she had lots of admirers, but the gentleman in question is one of the dozen or two appreciative friends of his sex most in favor with the fair damsel. He has been devoting himself to her for two seasons, and his charm, the young woman explains, is his unfailing originality. He never does any thing as other people do it, and lends a charm to trivial circumstances by his unique methods of dominating them.

In a recent conversation this very original young man took a brief recess from originality and told what is known as the "old, old story." "If I could believe that you really care for me," faltered the young woman, with deliberate coquetry. "I will show you how much I love you," declared the young man confidently, and would have said more, but a third party inconsiderately projected himself on the scene and spoiled his sentence. The next day this odd photograph, now in her possession, arrived, with the written inscription beneath: "This is the way my heart beats when I think of you." There is a very delicate instrument known to the medical fraternity which registers the beating of the pulse. It fastens on the wrist, falling and rising with the uneven tides of the blood, and a horse hair delicately poised on an upright wire records the rising and falling of the wire by tracing its course upon a sliding slip of glass which has been lightly smoked over a lamp.

This fine line runs along the blackened surface of the glass, and if the pulse has been even the line waves lightly up and down; but the action of the heart has been rapid and uneven if the line looks like the miniature outline of a chain of mountains. This instrument the young man had bound upon his wrist, and the slip of glass had been afterward photographed displaying a line that wandered all up and down the paper in the jaggedest and unevenest fashion. The young woman succumbed. This actual evidence of tumultuous emotions aroused by the mere thought of her was the final touch needed for conquest.

SENATOR CULLOM'S YARN.

He Tells Why One of His Friends Gave Up the Practice of Law.

Senator Cullom tells a good story—and not being given to practicing law much himself, says a Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, I suppose he can afford to do so—of a prosperous storekeeper in a small Illinois town, the name of which has escaped me, who once practiced law, but who has long since abandoned it. Being met by an old acquaintance, he was asked for all the particulars of his giving up the profession.

"Didn't it agree with your health?"

"Oh, yes," answered "Uncle Joe," as he was familiarly called by his friends.

"Didn't it pay?"

"First-rate."

"Meet with sufficient favor from the courts?"

"All I could ask."

"Then what was it compelled you to quit?"

"Well, I'll tell you—I was too honest."

A loud laugh from the bystanders aroused "Uncle Joe" into earnestness, and he repeated the strange statement, and nailed it to his shop-counter with his huge fist. But his cross-questioner went on:

"When did you find this out?"

"In my last case."

"What was that?"

"One in which I was retained to prosecute a neighbor for kilfing a dog."

"And he was acquitted? So you lost the case and gave up your profession discouraged?"

"No, he was convicted."

"Then he was guilty?"

"No he was innocent."

"But didn't the evidence prove his guilt?"

"Certainly it did."

"Then why do you say he was innocent?"

"Because I had killed the dog myself a few nights before for trenspassing on my poultry, and I came to the conclusion that any business that would aid a man to convict a neighbor of his own crimes wasn't the business for me, so I gave it up."

Freckled Beauties.

They've come from the mountains airy,
They've come from the shores of ocean.
And soon the shrewd apothecary
Will advertise his freckle lotion.
—*Boston Courier.*

A Big Field All to Himself.

"Yes, father," he said to old Mr. Hayseed, "I've graduated, and my education is complete. I s'pose I know about everything. Now I must choose a field where my abilities can be used to the best advantage. I want a large field where I will have plenty of room."

"Son," replied the old man, "there is the ten-acre cornfield, and you kin have it all to yourself."—*Harper's Bazar.*

HE DRANK HASHISH.

The Sad Results of a Drug Clerk's Terrible Blunder.

A few miles from this city lives a man who was once as fine a drug clerk as there was in the city of Boston, says the Manchester (N. H.) *Union*. His name was Randolph R. Sanford, and he is at present residing with his widowed mother. Sanford is some over forty years of age, and is a complete wreck. His hair is as white as snow, and his left side has been paralyzed from the crown of his head to his feet. While mixing chemicals at the last place in Boston where he worked, an unforseen combination ensued, and an explosion was the result. This explosion proved most disastrous to Sanford. He got the bulk of the flying liquid in his face, and his nose was fairly eaten off. He was ill for a long time, and during his sickness his whole left side was paralyzed, as stated above. Within the last three years he has partially recovered the use of his afflicted side, and in the summertime manages to get around and do a little garden work, the Sanford place being noted for the quality of the vegetables raised and the beauty of the floral plats. Sanford is a most interesting conversationalist, and is full of stories regarding the life of a drug clerk. His experience with hashish is worth reproducing. Hashish is the foundation of the same powerful extract that figures in Monte Cristo. The name by which it goes among druggists is "extractum cannabis indicæ," or extract of Indian hemp. The liquid preparation resembles ink in appearance—a dark green ink. Its fragrance is of a narcotic odor, and in taste it is slightly warm, bitterish and acid. In Hindostan, Persia, and other parts of the east, hemp has habitually been employed as an intoxicating agent. The parts used are the tops of the plant and a resinous product obtained from it. The plant is cut after flowering, and formed into bundles from two to four feet long by three inches in diameter, which are sold in the bazars by the name of gunjah. The resin obtained is formed into balls by the natives, and is smoked like tobacco, with which it is said to be frequently mixed. An infusion or decoction of the drink is sometimes used as an exhilarating drink.

"Some eight or ten years ago," says Sanford, "I was at work for a prominent druggist in Boston. For some little time I had been suffering with dyspepsia, and the ailment bothered me so that life became unbearable. I at last mixed up a decoction that gave me great relief. I was to take it before meals, and placed the bottle on a shelf behind the prescription counter among other bottles which are usually found in that place. One noon I went to take my medicine. I took down what I thought to be the right bottle, and, discarding the use of a spoon, I placed the bottle to my mouth and took a large swallow. Horrors! The taste told me that I had made a mistake! I looked at the bottle and—well, my friend, I had taken a large dose of Indian cannabis, or otherwise hashish. I knew what the results would be. I staggered back to the rear part of the store. How queer I felt. How light I was growing. Up, up, up I went, until my head bobbed against the ceiling. I was like a cork floating on disturbed water. I glided along, and could look down and see the huge bottles, each one with a hideous face laughing at me. The stools on the marble floor seemed to want to keep me company, and their click, click, on the marble floor sounded like thunder in my ears. Suddenly I was plunged into inky blackness. From the black nothingness flashed out bright balls of light. I reached the sofa and sank down upon it. My tongue seemed to swell, and I tried in vain to scream, but no sound issued. I seemed to know that there was a long, long hour before my fellow-clerk would be back from his dinner, and then he might not come into the rear room and discover my condition. The events of days and weeks came before my mind in all the details, and I saw faces—beautiful faces—angelic in their divinity, which seemed to beckon to me and then vanish with a hideous laugh. Again was I tossed to the ceiling and then thrown by some invisible force from one side of the room to another. I felt no concussion, but bounced about like a huge foot-ball. Then I fell back into dreamy contemplation and years seemed to pass by. Fantastic pictures were worked, my limbs felt weighted with lead, just the opposite to my experience of what seemed to me years ago. I heard somebody say: 'Why, Rolphie, old fellow, what's the matter? Rolphie! Rolphie!' The words reverberated like thunder. My shop-mate had returned. Again he tried to skake me to myself, and I never hated a man so cordially as I hated him at that moment. He got a doctor, and I tell you, my friend, they had no easy time to bring me to myself. Every word they uttered surged into my brain and seemed to jar me to pieces. I suffered from that experience long afterward, and it appears even at this day, when I think it over, that I have that feeling coming on, so powerful was the impression made on me at that time."

Scenes of Sensuous Beauty.

Hindoos, coolies, men, women and children—standing, walking or sitting in the sun, under the shadowing of the palms. Men squatting, with hands clasped over their black knees, steadily observe you from under their white turbans—very steadily, with a slight scowl. All these Indian faces have the same set, stern expression, the same knitting of the brows and the keen strong gaze is not altogether pleasant. It borders upon hostility; it is the look of measurement—measurement physical and moral. In the mighty swarming of India these have learned the full meaning and force of life's law as we occidentals rarely learn it. Under the dark forehead with its fixed frown the eye glitters like a serpent's.

Nearly all wear the same Indian dress, the thickly folded turban, usually white, white drawers reaching but half down the thigh, leaving the knees and the legs bare, and white jacket. A few don long blue robes and wear a colored head dress. These are babagees priests. All the men look tall; they are lithe, very slender, small-boned, but the limbs are well turned. They are grave, talk in low tones and seldom smile. Those you see with very heavy full beards are Mussulmans; they have their mosques and the cry of the muezzin sounds thrice daily over the vast cane fields. Some shave—Buddhists or followers of Hindooism—but the children of Islam never. Very comely some of the women are, in their close-clinging, soft, brief robes and tantalizing veils, a costume leaving shoulders, arms and ankles bare. The dark arm is always tapered and rounded, the silver circled ankle always elegantly knit to the light, straight foot. Many of these slim girls, whether standing or walking, or in repose, present perpetually studies of grace; their attitude when erect, always suggest lightness and suppleness, like the poise of a perfect dancer.

A coolie mother passes, carrying at her hip a pretty naked baby. It has exquisite delicacy of limb; its tiny ankles are circled by thin bright silver rings; it looks like a little bronze statuette, a statue of "Kama, the Indian Eros." The mother's arms are covered from elbow to rist with silver bracelets some flat and decorated, others coarse, round, smooth, with ends hammered into the form of viper heads. She has large flowers of gold in her ears, a small gold flower in her very delicate little nose. This nose orament does not seem absurd; on these dark skins the effect is, on the contrary, pleasing, although bizarre. All this jewelry is pure metal; it is thus the coolies carry their savings; they do not learn to trust the banks until they become rich.

There is a woman going to market, a very odd little woman; is she a Chinablanco—a coolie, or a Malay half-breed? I do not know. She represents a type I have never seen before. She wears one loose, soft, white garment, leaving arms, ankles and part of back and bosom exposed, like a low-cut, sleeveless chemise, but less long. Her whole figure is rounded, compact, admirably knit, and her walk is indescribably light, supple, graceful. But her face is queer; it is an Oriental grotesque, a Chinese dream, oblique eyes and blue-black brows and hair, very high and broad cheek bones. Singular as it is, this face has the veritable *beaute du diable*; it is very young and very fresh face, and the uncommonly long, black, silky lashes give her gaze a very pleasing, velvety expression. Still, the most remarkable peculiarity she has is her color, clear and strange, almost exactly the color of a fine ripe lemon.—*Lafcadio Hearn' in Harper's Magazine.*

The Light of Home.

When every star that gems the sky
In darkness hides its silvery ray,
And midnight shadows thickly lie,
Like sable curtains on the way,
One light remains to pierce the gloom,
One ray—it is the light of home.

That light where o'er undimmed it shines,
Unnumbered blessings sheds around;
Where fall its soft and tender lines
There truest happiness is found.
There is no light beneath the dome
So precious as the light of home.

Within its sacred circle blend
The purest virtues, true and strong;
Here friend deserves the name of friend,
And love resides, nor fears a wrong;
And when the heart meets pain and ill
That friendly beacon cheers it still.

For one afar its radiance streams
The proof of joy and hope and cheer,
And draws him with its welcome beams
To all he holds most prized and dear.
His heart is glad, his eye grows bright
As he beholds its faithful light,

And thus as we, with weary feet,
Life's dark and tangled mazes tread,
Let us take heart, for, pure and sweet,
There is a light that shines ahead,
That leads us onward, while we roam,
To find in heaven the light of home.

—*Boston Journal.*

No Further Hope.

"All is over, darling," he said, in a tone of intense pain, and, leaning his head upon his hands, he writhed in anguish. "I see nothing before me but dark despair. We must part, and forever! I've just come from your father."

"Great heavens, George!" gasped the fainting girl; "did papa withhold his consent?"

"Ah, yes; until he has looked me up in *Bradstreet's*.—*Life.*

Not to Be Disturbed.

Millionaire (entering sanctum)—Aha, old boy! how do you do to-day?

Editor (in a whisper)—S-sh! Don't speak so loud.

M.—Why not?

E.—The baseball reporter is writing his report in the next room, and he has just given me orders that he is not to be disturbed either by callers or noises.—*Boston Courier.*

KING IN THE CANNIBAL SOUDAN

A Chicago Man's Most Unique Experiences.

One night just after the big Chicago fire three young men sat down in the ruins and talked about what would probably be their fate. These three men were H. G. Prout, a Mr. Boardman, and a newspaper man. Prout was a quiet sort of a fellow, whose home was in Riverside. His occupation was that of a civil engineer. His proposition was that they should leave the city, and the country and cast their fortunes with the Khedive in Egypt. They decided to go. In the midst of their arrangements Boardman received a flattering offer to go to New York, which he accepted, and the newspaper man received one to go elsewhere, which he accepted, and the newspaper man received one to go elsewhere, which he accepted. Prout accepted his fate and started alone for a world he had never seen.

In time he reported to Gen. (Cinese) Gordon and become one of his most faithful and trusted aids. After a short service he had the tittle of governor-general of the provinces of the interior. His capital was Lado, a point 1,000 miles south of any white settlement. Here the young Chicagoan ruled and reigned in a sort of oriental magnificence—for that country—which makes his life one of romance. He had his courtiers, and couriers, who did him the homage due a potentate. Many of the manners and customs of the people of that land were retained by him. He had his troops and with them made invasions and conquests, and now and then discovered a race of beings of which history and explorations had made no mention.

In the fastnesses of one of the mountains he found a tribe of blacks who were giants in physique and more than the average of uncivilized in intellect. He gave dress parades before them and made such ostentatious display that they enlisted under his banner. He found their perception quick. They learned the evolutions of his tactics in remarkably short time, and everything he taught they grasped with eagerness, and made good soldiers. He was restless, and in consequence he pushed his invasions and came back loaded with the riches of some remote tribe. He had enough of the romantic in his makeup to adapt himself to the religious forms of the country, and his capital at times presented a strange appearance.

Next, Gen. Gordon sent Prout to London to buy gunboats. Having made his purchases in London he turned his face toward his native country. He reached New York, tarried there one day, and went to Fort Leavenworth, where he married a young lady whose acquaintance he had formed before he had left the United States. They went to Paris on their bridal trip. The life in Egypt had made inroads on the constitution of Prout. He placed himself under the care of a noted physician, who told him that a return to Egypt meant certain death. He resigned his position in the service of the khedive, and to day he is at the head of a big printing concern in New York city.—*Chicago Mail.*

The Old Flowers of Greece.

Looking back again two thousand years we might have seen at Laurium a certain yellow flower which must have flourished in the golden age of Greece and have faded for awhile with the greatness of her people, says the *National Review*. For when the piles of rubbish and scoriæ were removed and the fresh air and sunlight played upon the soil below, we are told that seeds long buried revive, and a little flower unknown to the botanist of this country, sprang forth, and blossoms and lives as the flower of Laurium. None who have spent happy days among the lovely mountains and valleys of Greece and who have enjoyed the hospitality of the kindly and intelligent race who inhabit them can fail to wish that even as that little flower once more

"Beneath the gentle dews of heaven
Blooms ever, day by day,"

the land which bears it may revive as it has done, and may answer to the aspiration of her own poet, who sang so sweetly of the "fair narcissus with its clustered bells," and "crocus golden-eyed," and "gray green foliage of the olive tree," which adorned her of old and adorn her still.

"O land, thus blest with praises that excel,
'Tis now thy task to prove these glories true."

In Need of Exercise.

Wife (ominously): "It must have been very late when you came in last night, John, for I didn't go to sleep until after 11 o'clock." Husband (fearlessly): "It was half-past 11, my dear." Wife: "And you kept muttering in your sleep, 'Set 'em up again,' 'set 'em up again,'" Husband: "Yes, I was playing ten-pins with Brown' I need a little exercise of that sort."—*New York Sun.*

Took Him Literally.

A gentleman was standing with his little son on the deck of a river steamer the other day watching a sailor climb the mast of a passing schooner.

"I wouldn't climb up there for a thousand dollars," he said. His little son looked thoughtful. Pretty soon he asked:

"Is there a thousand dollars up there, papa?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Eugene Field and Crowfoot Joe.

The generally accepted impression is that Eugene Field is a poet and a genius; that he had written some good poetry is a certainty, and thereby hangs a tale. In 1882 Mr. Field was in Denver working on the *Tribune*, and a number of his little spasms published in that paper had received an amount of recognition that was surprising to the author. Mr. Field was attracted one day into a saloon by the music of a band, having a newspaper man's desire for knowledge of what was going on, and as he sat at a table waiting for the music to cease, that he might make some inquiries, in strode a stalwart individual dressed in full western garb, slouch hat, pants in boots and belt containing the arsenal usually carried by these gentry. As the band stopped playing he walked up to the poet and bluntly asked him if his name was Field and if he was "the chap that writ that air story in the *Trib.*" Mr. Field answered the first query without hesitation and to the latter he replied that "he was happy to say a few of his effusions had met with public favor." "I don't know nothing 'bout your fusions," said the giant, but I do know I want some of that air po'try writ, and you are the chap what's going to do it. My name is Slippery Bill, and I jest want you to sling together some of that jingling stuff about me and the fight I had with Crowfoot Joe down to Parks' tother night."

"My dear Mr. Bill, I should like to accommodate you, but it is impossible; I don't know anything about the fight, and, moreover, I can not write poetry without some time to think over my subject; really, Mr. Bill, you must excuse me," and Field tried to make his refusal as mild as possible, for he did not at all like the gleam of the stranger's eye.

"Excuse nothing," replied Slippery Bill, "you git down to biz now purty lively, and no foolishing; thar's pen and ink and you git out your paper and begin them hen tracks," and Bill pulled a big revolver to emphasize his last words. A gleam of hope shot through poor Field, for he had no paper, and telling the would be hero of the 'pome' that fact, started for the door. But the hero was not to be baffled of his will. Drawing bead on the unwilling writer, he yelled: "Sit down there, mister, or you'll need a shutter more than a chair! Sit down; I'll git the paper," and whipping out his knife he slashed into the drum that stood on the floor near by, cutting a sheet out of the head and, putting it before Field, said: "Now you write on that." There was no escape; the author was in for it; he grabbed the pen and dashed off a few lines.

"Say, mister, jest read what you have writ so fur, to see if it jibs with my notion," said Bill, and Field rattled off some stuff about "Slippery Bill was the toughest pill that ever went in for a fight; he licked Crowfoot Joe and laid him low, down at Parks' on Tuesday night." Bill was tickled all over and told him to go on. He did go on until seven verses had been written on the drumhead. During all this time there had been a room full of spectators, none daring to say a word. Some had come into the saloon during the powwow and some had gone out, and perhaps it was by reason of the latter that a change of scene was brought about. While Bill and Field were so industriously engaged another giant of the same general appearance as Bill had come quietly in and stood listening intently, his eyes gleaming, and his hand clutching the handle of his gun. Just as the last line was written Bill turned and, with a start, noticed who stood near him. In a flash Bill was covered with the stranger's pistol and he held up his hands.

"Say, mister," said the intruder to Field, "that air is purty good reading; you bet it is, but I happen to know that it is a lie, for my name is Crowfoot Joe. It sounds purty slick though, and Bill here seems to like it, so I guess he'd better eat it; hyar, take that knife, mister, and cut that up in chunks," and as Field obeyed he ordered Bill to pick up the pieces and swallow them. Bill had no alternative, and with many a gulp and choke he put them all under his belt. When the meal was over Joe backed to the door, and before leaving said: "Say, Bill, when you git hungry, jest git another pome writ about licking me, and I'll come and feed it to you; if the sheepskin don't kill you, another pome like that will for sartin."

Another Say So Marriage.

A marriage, not only without bridesmaids, best man, orange flowers, banquet and attendants, but also without any ceremony whatever was an unusual episode in the office of the register of wills yesterday. The contracting parties were S. W. Beemer, a well-known merchant of Taylorville, and Jennie D. Thomas, a very pretty and intelligent looking maiden of 21 years, whose home is in Scranton. All questions being answered satisfactorily they were given a marriage license, and announced that they desired to avail themselves of the provision of the law of June 23, 1885, by which simply declaring their intention of becoming man and wife and signing a marriage certificate attached to the license they become in the eye of the law as legally married as though the ceremony was performed by a clergyman before a church full of people. They complied with the provisions of the law on the spot, signed the certificate and left the office man and wife.—*Wilkesbarre News-Dealer.*

LARRY JEROME'S JOKE.

One That Came Out Differently Than Was Anticipated.

A Chicago man tells the Chicago *Tribune* a good story of the late Larry Jerome. Without being a fighter himself, Larry was a great admirer of manly art, and patronized so many pugilists that he well knew and could cleverly counterfeit their ways and manners. That he loved a practical joke goes without saying. One day Jerome stood with a party of friends upon the rear car of a New York Central passenger train that was pulling out of the station at Rochester. Standing by watching the outgoing train was a big, burly fellow with the jaw of a bulldog and the biceps of a prize bull. He looked every inch the fighter.

"Do you see that big slugger," exclaimed Jerome to his friends: "he is the boss pugilist of Rochester, and I am going to have some fun with him."

And immediately Larry hailed the big man and began abusing him. He shook his fist at the astonished stranger, called him a liar, a thief, a coward, a sneak, and dared and double dared him to come on and show what he was made of. As soon as he had recovered from his amazement the ugly-looking fellow did indeed make a few steps toward his enemy, but the train was going so fast that even had he been a sprinter as well as a pugilist he could not have overtaken it.

Larry and his friends enjoyed the joke hugely. As long as they could see the discomfited pugilist stood watching the train, with his fists doubled up and lip quivering with anger. Entering the car the party proceeded to make merry over another bottle.

But suddenly consternation seized them. The discovery was made that the train had stopped, switched over to another track, and was now backing into the station. They rushed to the platform again, and beheld the boss pugilist of Rochester standing in eager expectancy. A smile played on on his lips, and his right arm was seen to be in gentle motion, as if it were being limbered up.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Jerome, with blanched face. "That man will eat me up. What shall I do?"

And as the Rochester slugger sprang for the now slowly moving train Larry fled from coach to coach till he found a brakeman who agreed to hide him in a safe place till all danger had passed. The pugilist now became a passenger, and rode some twenty miles, hunting the train from one end to the other for his victim. He found him not, and threatened to wreak his vengeance upon Jerome's companions, who remained meek and lowly, though snickering when they dared at their friend's predicament. Buffalo was well nigh reached before Larry ventured to emerge from his hiding place, and he did not then come forth till he had been assured over and over again that the man he'd been having fun with had left the train.

Vacation Victims.

Every year the vacation season claims its quota of victims. Many who have become somewhat enfeebled by long confinement and close attention to the calls of sedentary occupations rush away for a short holiday and endeavor by systematic overexertion to make up for the inactivity of the past months. Every year brings its sad warnings of this folly in a record of fatalities, while the experience of most practitioners shows yet more clearly that this overstrain is followed by prolonged illness. The circulatory and respiratory systems work hand-in-hand and rebel against any sudden disturbance of their ordinary routine. The danger is always greatest when, in the presence of any cardiac weakness, the exertion demands an arrest of respiration. In moments of intense nervous excitement the breathing is frequently unconsciously stopped, and the strain upon an enfeebled heart then becomes very severe.

The sad death of Sir John Rose appears to have resulted from this cause; he had already fired twice at a stag, and when aiming a third time suddenly expired. Emotional excitement necessarily produces palpitation, and the fixation of thorax then adds to the difficulty at the moment when the heart is at its weakest.—*London Lancet.*

A Canal Across Italy.

An Italian engineer, Signor Victor Brocca, has just completed the survey of the proposed canal across Italy, the object of which is to save the very long journey round cape Leuca. This canal would begin on the western side, near Castro, on the Tyrrhenian Sea, and reach the eastern coast of Fano, on the Adaintic. Its length would be about 180 miles, and its proposed breadth 110 yards, and its depth 40 feet. For the purposes of the canal it would be necessary to drain the two lakes Bolsena and Thrasimene. The assumed cost of this gigantic undertaking is set down at £20,000,000.—*London Times.*

Keeping It a Dark Secret.

"Clarence, dear," said the girl anxiously, "what in the world do you suppose papa wouldn't say if he knew that you drank beer? You know how very strict he is."

"But he doesn't know it, darling," responded Clarence, reassuringly; "we had a drink together to-day, and we both took whisky."—*Life.*

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

October 6, 1888.

Barn for Rent AT 1229 Central Avenue.

The state house closed every afternoon this week, in order to give every employe and official an opportunity to attend the reunion.

On Exhibition at Willis's, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka, two tons of gold coin.

Mr. R. N. Rockwell, wife and little son of Peabody, Kan, are the gusts of C. F Bridge, 1133 Van Buren street, and will remain in the city until after the reunion.

Free Exhibition of gold coin at Wills's, 131 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

The county commissioners have commenced the annual settlement with the county treasurer, and expect to complete it by the 9th inst.

Gold Coin Stoves, best in market at Willis'e, 131 Kansas Avenue, Topeka

Mercy is so good a servant that it will never allow its master to die a beggar. The virtues that lie in Warner's Log Cabin Plasters are as beneficient and lasting as the qualities of mercy. Best and cheapest poroused plaster in market.

There were 160 Reform School boys in the parade—They did some good marching.

The twenty-ninth annual session of the Grand Lodge of Kansas Independent Order of Good Templars, convened in representative hall at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Two tons of gold coin at Willis's, on Exhibition. 131 Kansas avenue Topeka.

At the hour set for the parade to start, 10 o'clock. General McCook rode through the fair ground gate, and continued his march to the avenue. Some were not ready at the hour fixed. The general and his command were, and so he quietly remarked that he proposed to move according to the instructions he had received. The rear of the procession could come along whenever they felt like it.

At Willis's 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka, two tons of gold coin are on exhibition.

The reunion is a big thing. It takes precedence over everything.

On Exhibition at Willis's 131 Kansas Avenue Topeka, two tons of gold coin.

Willis & Hixson have opened a store at 209 Kansas avenue, Topeka, where you may buy the finest grades of Teas, Coffees, Spices, Extracts, etc., at the most reasonable prices. They also have a superior quality of Baking Powder which they offer at a low figure. Give them a call.

Gold coin; Two tons on Exhibition at Willis's 131 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

Messer Butler & Vancleve have purchased the Excelsior Bakery of J. M. Wiley, and will furnish Bread, Cakes. Pies, and eveything kept in a first class Bakery. Give them a call and sample their goods. They are new candidates for patronage and hope to have a share of the North Topeka trade.

Exhibition of two tons of gold coin at Willis's, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

Michal Wick, a member of the Soldier's Home band, who came with the organization to the reunion, took sick Monday afternoon, cholera morbus. It was caused by a quanity of cider which he drank and which afterwards fermented. When it became apparent his illness was serious, he removed to the residence of J. Lee Knight 612 Topeka avenue, where every attention and care possible were given him, but his recovery was impossible. He was about 50 years of age. His remains were removed to the home for burial.

Grand Exhibition of gold coin at Willis's, 131 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

David Noel, of Valencia, one of the prominent citizens of Shawnee county, was killed Monday at Upper Sundusky, Ohio. Mr. Noel had gone to that place his former home, to attend the reunion of his old company. He was killed and horribly mutilated by the cars. He was a justice of the peace and a prominent and respected citizen of Valencia, and has considerable property near that place and was deeply interested in the Valencia Town company. He leaves a large family who have just been apprised of his death, no particulars being learned. Mrs. Noel left for the east to bury the remains of her husband.

At Willis's, 131 Kansas Avenue. Topeka, two tons of gold coin on exhibition.

Samuel Walker, of Douglas county, was a caller at the State Historical society rooms yesterday. Mr. Walker is an old pioneer and veteran free trade man. He was sheriff of Douglas county when the vote on the Lecompton constitution was taken, The Missourians registered and voted 2,800 illegal votes at the little village of Kickapoo, where there were less than a score of legal voters. The trouble which resulted, the hiding of the illegal ballots in a candle box in a wood-pile at Lecompton and the flight of General Calhoun to Platt City, Mo., are familiar to the student of Kansas history. Sheriff Walker with a posse found the ballots and the candle box. The box was sent to the Boston museum, where it was preserved as an historical relic. When the museum burned down several years later the famous candle box was among the few things saved, and it was sent to the Kansis State Historical society, where it occupied a conspicuous place among the relics and mementoes of the free state struggle. Mr. Walker did not know that the box was in the society's possession until he saw it yesterday.

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State of Kansas, County of Shawnee. } ss.
THEODORE ESKEW, Pl't'ff. vs. SARAH A. ESKEW, Def't, } In the District Court, of Shawnee county, Kansas.

Mrs. Sarah A. Eskew: You are hereby notified that you have been sued in the District Court of Shawnee county, Kansas, by Theodore Eskew, for divorce, and unless you answer on or before the eighth day of November, 1888, the petition of plaintiff will be taken as true, and said Theodore Eskew will be divorced from the bonds of matrimony with you. F. S. STUMBAUGH.
Attest: W. E. STERNE, Attorney.
Clerk District Court.

State of Kansas, County of Shawnee. } ss
Susanah Brown, Pl't'f, vs Jefferson Brown, Def't. } In the District Court of Shawnee County, Kansas.

Mr. Jefferson Brown, defendent above named, you are hereby notified that you have been sued in the District court of Shawnee County, Kansas, by Susanah Brown, your present wife, for devorce, and unless you answer on or before the 15th day of November 1888, the petition will be taken as true, and the plaintiff, Susanah Brown will be divorced from the bons of matrimony with you, and also she will be awarded the custody of your two boys, aged 7 and 5 years.
Attested F. S. STUMBAUGH,
W. E. STERNE, Clerk. Att'y fos Pl'f.

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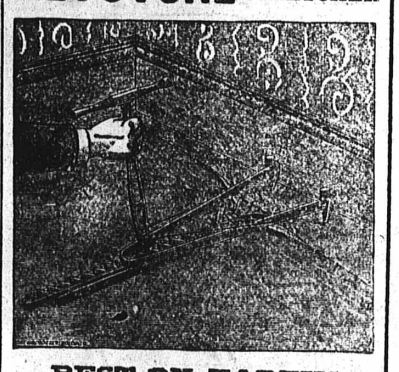

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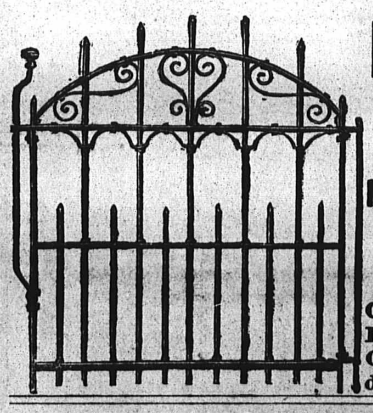

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