

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household.

VOL. XIX

TOPEKA, KANSAS, DECEMBER 1, 1888.

NO. 32.

Perry.
The corn trade is immense. Travel on both the Union Pacific and Rock Island is very heavy.

C. A. Herring, of Clay Center, is working at his father-in-law's, Joseph Willson.

Rev. Browning, of the M. E. church south, preached the Thanksgiving sermon Thursday forenoon, at the Presbyterian church.

Rev. Ray, of Topeka, preached at the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning and evening.

We notice that the fire-men are still busy repairing damages done along the line during the late severe storm.

Perry Rebecca Degree Lodge, I. O. O. F. meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evening of each month.

Kansas has been dubbed the "Nation's sugar bowl," because of the success of her sugar works.

Mrs. Mohan, formerly of Clay Center, has been visiting with her brother, B. F. Empie. She left for Kansas city Wednesday, to join her husband who is superintending the construction of the large Perry and Keith building at that place.

The Rebecca Degree Lodge, I. O. O. F. gave an oyster supper at the residence of L. E. Merritt, in honor of the Noble Grand, Mrs. Emy J. Stark, who left us on the following morning to visit her old home, father and friends in Minnesota. It was an enjoyable affair, and many are the kind wishes and friends that Mrs. Stark has left behind.

Perry is a busy little town of about five hundred inhabitants. Surrounded as it is with as fine a country as the sun ever shown upon, why should it not steadily grow and beautify and become one of the most desirable places in the state. Who can tell what a little energy and enthusiasm properly expended may bring forth. It has been known to accomplish wonders.

Hop Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F. meets every Saturday evening at their hall over Frank Eakin's store. Officers were elected on last Saturday evening as follows: Noble Grand, R. D. Schuster; Vice Grand, H. D. Larimer; Recording Secretary, W. W. Burger; Permanent Secretary, H. W. Spangler; Treasurer, James Durbin.

There is nothing in Kansas for her people to be more proud of than her State schools. The University at Lawrence, the Agricultural College at Manhattan, and the Normal School at Emporia afford as good chances for acquiring a thorough education as you will find in the United States.

J. F. Goeffert had a very narrow escape one day last week. He was shipping a car load of hogs to Kansas City, and as the train neared Armstrong, a Rock Island train ran into the caboose and turned it up-side down, smashing it up considerably, and wrecked two empty coal cars. As Mr. Goeffert was inside the caboose at the time of the accident, our readers will readily realize that he narrowly escaped with his life. As it was, he was only pretty well shaken up.

Hon. H. W. Spangler went to Kansas City on Wednesday last, and returned on Thanksgiving just in time for turkey. He will leave for Emporia on next Wednesday to attend the Third Annual State Sanitary Convention, which is to be held under the auspices of the State Board of Health in that city Wednesday and Thursday, December 5th and 6th. Mr. Spangler is one of the Vice Presidents of this valuable organization, and we notice that he is down on the program to read a paper on the "Adulteration of Drugs, and Dangerous Proprietary Medicines." Dr. Surber is also a prominent member, and is booked to read a paper on the "Adulteration of Food and Drinks."

Married on Thanksgiving day Mr. C. A. Greaser and Miss Ida Wizer, at the residence of the bride on Taylor street.

The prisoners at the city jail were given a very fine Thanksgiving dinner, and no one in the city relished his turkey and cranberry sauce more than they did.

This morning about 9 o'clock some of the boys at the Reform School were carrying fodder from a field just west of the school, one of them started to run north on the Rock Island track. One boy named Wheeler saw him, and pulling off his shoes cried "look" and started after him. The boy ran into the woods along the creek and it was only after a long search that he was caught.

The Leavenworth Sun is blandly prophetic as follows: "Topeka and Atchison will have metropolitan policemen next year. Their officials better come down and see what style we put on. Our marshal wears the latest design of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and we have a police wagon with several oil paintings representing scriptural scenes. If they want to succeed they must put on metropolitan airs."

The county clerks of Kansas late in session in Topeka discussed the necessity of a reform in the present system of assessment and taxation. It is well known that although the law requires that all property should be assessed at its value, the law is not observed in any county. Then, too, the basis of valuation is different in every county; there is no system by which the assessors can be guided. In one county farming land is assessed at \$2 per acre, while in the adjoining counties it may be assessed at \$5 per acre. This subject was referred to a committee which recommended the following: "The board of assessors meet and agree upon a basis of valuation; they then compile these lists and agree upon the valuation and certify back to the county clerk, with a tabulated statement of the basis of valuation; this is in turn certified by the clerk to the board of assessors who go to work upon the basis fixed by the State. The principal change made leaves the matter of basis of valuation with the State instead of the county. Then we recommend that property should be assessed every year instead of once in two years."

Thanksgiving at The Reform School.

Promptly at 10:30 o'clock a. m. the bell sounded, and the tramp, tramp of the boys was heard approaching. They came in four companies, orderly and manly in bearing. Dr. and Mr. Buck were absent feasting at the blind asylum at Wyandotte. Superintendent Fagan had charge of the exercises. Rev. M. F. McClirahan preached the sermon from Psalm 136:1. Mr. S. W. Patterson assisted on the platform. Mr. W. H. Wright led the singing, assisted by Miss Mary Mitchell at the piano, and Mr. S. M. Allison with the cornet. The exercises passed off very pleasantly, and the boys were treated to a bountiful supply of good things in the vast dining room. There are now 208 boys in the school, and only one case of sickness, and that but slight. The school was never in better condition than at present.

Colorado bids fair to vie with Wyoming for the distinction of becoming a great oil State. In the valley of Arkansas, near Pueblo, a number of wells have been bored, and the yield of petroleum is estimated at a thousand barrels a day. The day is not far distant when the Rocky Mountain belt will supply the world with oil. The constant drain on the petroleum wells of Ohio and Pennsylvania cannot last many years. The prospects, however, for Wyoming and Colorado are bright indeed. The field lately discovered denote that the supply from them cannot be exhausted in a century to come. The possible oil deposits are likewise found to be greater than first supposed. The Omaha Bee, in discussing this question, says: "Nebraska and Kansas will share in the full development of the oil regions. With pipe lines to the principal cities of these two States, manufacturing enterprises will go hand in hand with their agricultural interests."

The Oskaloosa Independent thus forewarns ambitious newspaper men who might have their weather eye on the county seat:

"The field at the county seat is open, and the Independent will welcome any new comer 'with open arms to a hospitable grave.' There is room for but one paper at Oskaloosa, and as the Independent is already here it proposes to be that one. Come on, brethren."

Lecompton.

The Rev. J. H. Snyder, the new minister is growing popular. A surprise party with tangible results was given him a few days ago.

We are not yet through with the tariff discussion. Our people are for a tariff that will protect home interests.

Our farmers have been improving every fair day to clear up the corn fields.

Studies were suspended on Thanksgiving day, and the exercises in chapel were appropriate to the occasion.

The Round Table society has been re-organized, and literary and current topics are handled with grace and independence.

One of the best concerts ever given in this historic town, was that given by Mr. Manning and Mrs. Lichtenwalter last Saturday night. Mr. Manning is a very successful teacher.

The ladies served a Thanksgiving turkey at the college room at noon and at night and were well patronized.

Lecompton realized that a new courthouse and jail is greatly needed. It only asks that money for the purpose of building them is wisely and judiciously used.

Lecompton, being a university town is not particularly pained that it cannot boast of the best jig dancer in the county.

No use talking. There is money and warmth in Gold Coin stoves, Willis, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

Prof. Rankin went to Missouri last week where he buried a brother, a former Lane graduate.

Whippers of coming weddings are afloat.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Coleman celebrated their golden wedding last Friday afternoon at their residence in Kanwaka township. He was one of the very first settlers in Kansas.

Gold Coin wipes out the Arctic Circle, and brings summer warmth. Heating stoves best made, Willis, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

Maple Hill.

At 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka, the Gold Coin stove, best and cheapest for the money. We will save you gold coin or green backs if you call.

J. H. Offord, had business at the Capital City on Monday.

Old Boreas defied, Old money bags beat us. Gold Coin stove does it. Willis, 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

Mr. and Mrs. Verity and Miss Kate Stone of Maple Hill, were married at the residence of Joseph T. Hanna on November 27, in the presence of a few near relatives. Rev. Dr. Waters of the First M. E. church officiated.

There is a man at Lawrence who is troubled with insomnia, and the people are at him so that he never goes on the street in daylight.

Silver Lake.

Mrs. Tibbs, five miles north of town, is quite ill—so we are informed.

Mrs. R. C. Darnell, of North Topeka spent Sunday in Silver Lake, visiting her parents.

We understand that the citizens of Pleasant Ridge met at their church building and enjoyed a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner.

The Union Pacific excursion train for Colorado, consisting of several coaches and baggage cars well filled, passed through town "on the fly" Tuesday last. In fact such was the speed of the train, that one enthusiastic looker-on cried out, "there she comes," and another chimed in "there she goes."

About ten days ago Albert Phiffer, of Silver Lake, an employe of the Topeka Sugar works, took violently sick and was compelled to go home for treatment. A fellow named Willie Craig offered his services to convey Phiffer home, which was accepted by the latter. Phiffer now claims that Craig relieved him of \$28.30. Craig was arrested in North Topeka last Saturday and taken to Silver Lake, where he will have a preliminary examination before a justice of that town.

Col. J. R. Hollowell, of Wichita, denies that he is seeking for political preferment at the hands of President-elect Harrison, but his friends who claim to know all about it, say he would greatly like to represent one of the congressional districts to be created in Kansas under the new apportionment.

Western Foundry
—AND—
MACHINE WORKS.
R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r
Manufacturer of Steam Engines,
Mill Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys,
Gearing and Fittings, Etc.
WRITE FOR PRICES Topeka, Kans.

KAUFMAN & THOMPSON,
DEALERS IN
STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES.
418 KANSAS AVENUE,
Topeka, Kansas.

Platt's Golden Gate and Curtis Bros., Canned Fruits, and P. J. Ritter's Fine Preserves.

THE COLLEGE
—OF THE—
SISTERS OF BETHANY,
TOPEKA, KANS.

Under care of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for Girls and Young Ladies Exclusively.
Boarding and Day Pupils.
Twenty-six Officers & Teachers.

Faithful maternal oversight for all entrusted to our care.
All branches taught—Grammar and Collocate, French, German, the Classics, Instrumental and Vocal Music, Elocution, Drawing and Painting.
The music department employs ten teachers and twenty-four pianos and three organs. In the art department the studio is fully equipped with casts, models and copies.
Send for Catalogue to T. C. VAIL, Bursar, or BISHOP VAIL, President, Topeka, Kans.

While in the city drop in at
SNYDER'S GALLERY.
OPPOSITE WINDSOR HOTEL.
And compare our artistic work with the clap-trap work of cheap artists.

We are the Leaders in our profession.
Give us a call.

FINE TAILORING.

1st Class to order,	
Business Suits, \$18 to \$25	SUIT
Dress Suits, - \$25 to \$30	
Overcoats, - \$18 to \$25	
Pants, - \$23 to \$8	

Largest Line, Latest Novelties.

40 per cent below all Eastern Tailors.
530 KANSAS AVENUE
PANTS.

Overcoats.

300 Large Rocker, 75c each.	OVERCOATS.
Large cotton top mattress, \$2.50	
Bed Lounges, \$5.00	
Bed Springs, \$1.50	
Large feather pillows, \$1.50 a pr.	

Tickets given away free on a Large \$25 Upholstered Rocker.
O. K. FURNITURE STORE,
215 Kan. Ave. Topeka, Kans.

Frank Carpenter says there are no red headed girls in Japan, and no white horses.

Gen. Harrison will soon have a whole menagerie. A Texas admirer has sent him a buffalo.

The Garfield University at Wichita, is the largest building in the state, excepting the state capital.

Saturday afternoon Gen. Harrison went a-fishing. Probably he intends to do his fishing before he goes to the White House, and Mr. Cleveland can do more of his after he leaves it.

Sedgwick county won premiums on cotton, corn, millet, aprles, melons and broom corn at the Cincinnati centennial exposition. The display was regarded as one of the most attractive at the exposition.

State Treasurer Hamilton has recommended the creation of another state officer—that of a loan commissioner, who is to invest the various school funds which have nearly reached the sum of \$600,000.

It is not possible to go into a crowd without jostling some one who wants an office under the new administration soon to come in. The future would look brighter if they were all looking for a farm to improve, and had the grit to do it.

Go away from home to get the news. An exchange says a man was fined \$500 at Topeka for smoking a cigar in the opera house gallery, contrary to the rules of the house. A man ought to be fined for smoking on the public streets, the same as for committing any other nuisance, but then he isn't.

California papers say an experiment in water storage was recently made with excellent results near Los Angeles. The dry bed of wet weather stream was excavated to the depth of fifty feet, where a strong stream of water sweeping through the sand was struck. A dam 600 feet was commenced on the bed rock and built up five feet above the surface of the stream, forming a reservoir which soon filled with water, and now there is a constant flow of water over the dam.—Ex.

The Kansas commoner suggests that the word Labor be dropped from the name of our party, leaving only the word Union to design our organization. The suggestion is a good one since the term Labor has caused many to think that our party is composed only of Knights of Labor, while others have identified us with the United Labor party. The Union party will work in the interests of all the producers.—Fair Play.

Better drop the party altogether until you arrive at a better comprehension of politics, and better understand the remedies that labor needs.

Mr. Blain having declared that "mentally women are unable to hold a body of politicians, and physically they have not the voice or oratorical power of speech." Mrs. Gougar challenged him to a speaking match. She remarks, as proving public speaking agrees with women physically, that since she has been so engaged her weight has increased from one hundred to one hundred and sixty pounds; that during this campaign she had spoken every day for thirty-nine consecutive days, in the largest auditoriums packed with people, "without the slightest signs of physical failure upon my part or that of my hearers; while, if the press is to be credited, three short speeches in Indiana prostrated your manly form and paralyzed your vocal organs."

The farmer and his family are entitled to more recreation, and they should take it. Talk about the delights of farming, rural life, domestic economy, beautiful landscape, waving fields of grain, the fragrance of the new-mown hay, bloom and odor of the rose, and the lowing herds in the meadows, not leaving out the traditional milkmaid with bare arms, short skirts and the milkpail poised on her head, all of which lend a charm and fascination in their realization which I admit cannot be excelled in a pen-picture of any other calling. But a surfeit of this takes away a large per cent. of the romance.

The latest illustration of the marvelous growth and prosperity of the New South is shown in the assured success of the Augusta Industrial Exposition which opened on Thursday for a period of six weeks. This is a daring and ambitious enterprise, the project being solely confined to the busy and thriving little city—the Lowell of the South—without aid from the state or national governments. The response of exhibitors to invitations is said to have more than met all reasonable expectations, and there is the most gratifying outlook as to visitors. That a single city of the size of Augusta can successfully undertake an enterprise of this kind is indeed indicative of the new order of things in the South.

The official prohibition vote in Kansas was 6,433, a gain of nearly 2,000 in four years.

How will it do for the prohibition party of Kansas to do a little reorganizing? Or have they not yet thrown away effort enough?

It is estimated that the election cost the country \$100,000,000 owing to interruption of business. Once in six years is often enough for it.

The Farmer's Alliance has under consideration a plan for the creation of "greenback" currency for the convenience of its members to be based on the credit of the association. They hope by this method to avoid a mortgage that draws interest.

A few years ago the legislature of a western state was discussing a woman suffrage bill. One member opposed the bill and wound up his argument by saying, "I don't propose to make a man out of my wife." Another replied, "The gentleman doesn't propose to make a man out of his wife. It would be a blessing to the country if his wife could make a man out of him!" The house went wild for about ten minutes.

The result of the presidential election has been received by the friends of woman suffrage with all sorts of emotions, from the most sincere regret to the warmest delight. It must be remembered that the one and only question upon which all suffragists think alike is—woman suffrage. Speaking only for themselves personally, the editors of the *Woman's Journal* are glad that Harrison is elected, because they believe that the nation in general, and woman suffrage in particular, will be likely to fare better under a Republican than under a Democratic administration.—*Woman's Journal*.

The Forum For December.

In the Forum for December Archdeacon Farrar explains in detail Tolstoy's religious teachings, how the soldier and great novelist now finds contentment, hope, health, and blessedness, in the life of a peasant, and the toil of a shoemaker; and the archdeacon points out with many illustrations the error of making so rigid an interpretation of the letter of the teachings of Jesus. The article is the judgment by the highest Protestant ecclesiastical authority on the most remarkable religious enthusiast of the time. This number contains several articles of scientific interest, notably Dr. Austin Flint's announcement of "A Possible Revolution in Medicine," wherein he explains the probability of preventing all infectious diseases. The greatest advance perhaps that has ever been made in medicine is likely to be the result of recent investigations in bacteriology. Dr. Flint explains the results thus far reached by Pasteur and other great investigators and the methods of their work. Prof. William Crookes, President of the Chemical Society of London, summarizes the help that chemistry has given to modern civilization in practical ways, as well as in the charges it has wrought in modern thought. Mr. Park Benjamin, the mechanical expert, describes the new method of naval warfare meant to be carried into effect by the new United States torpedo cruiser "Vesuvius," now in process of construction. In spite of the doubts of the over-conservative, to whom he pays his compliments, he explains his reasons for predicting a complete revolution in naval warfare, by the possibility of throwing tons of dynamite on the deck of a hostile boat. Mr. George W. Cable in "A Simpler Southern Question," shows how the Negro problem is gradually being solved, by indicating the changes of opinion about the Negro that have already taken place. He declares that the tap-root of the whole problem in the South is the fear of Negro domination, which he pronounces absurd.

Another article on a Southern subject is Judge A. W. Tourgee's explanation why the South is, in his judgment, the richest field for fiction that English-writing novelists have found since Scott wrote; and he points out the romantic features of the lost confederacy and of the freedman's station. Prof. Thomas Davidson describes the decay of the apprentice system, and shows how the mechanical arts are becoming monopolized by foreigners, because Americans do not consider a worker at a trade a gentleman. He proposes the teaching of trades in the public schools as a means of elevating them as a medicine and dentistry and scholarship itself have been elevated within a very recent period. He concludes that no man is a gentleman who cannot earn his living by his own labor.

Mr. Edward Atkinson in an essay on "The Price of Life," sums up the conclusion he has reached in his preceding articles, showing that on the average the American people, who are the best-to-do in the world, live on about 45 cents a day. He computes the total product of our labor, and estimates the amounts that are paid as taxes, that go to repay capital, and that compensate labor. Superintendent Z. R. Brockway, of the Elmira (N. Y.) Reformatory, discusses, with an experience of thirty years in prison management, the several systems of employing criminals, and shows why none is effective or even free from positive damage, except the system of productive industry. Prof. Francis A. March, of Lafayette College, makes a plea for the scientific spelling of the English language, pointing out many amusing absurdities of the present spelling; and Mr. Julius Henri Brown presents the common sense view of marriage, as a relief to the sentimental way in which it has been viewed in nearly all modern literature, and by young lovers. The Forum is \$5 a year. We can furnish both it and the North Topeka Daily News, for the same amount.

The marriage of Mr. C. K. Holliday Jr. of this city and Miss Nettie Ruth Marshall of Louisville Kentucky, is announced for December 12. The affair will be a very elegant one, after which a wedding trip to Europe is contemplated.

The state treasurer has received a warrant from the United States treasury department for the sum of \$26,700.95, being 5 per cent of the amount received by the government from the sale of public lands in Kansas since the last settlement, which was made two or three years ago.

There are twenty-five men at work on the construction of the electric wire work for the new motors that will run on the Rapid Transit line. W. E. Campbell, the well known civil engineer, is still engaged in establishing grades and doing all engineers work necessary for the construction of the line.

The governor will probably recommend to the legislature the purchase of a full electric light plant for the capitol building, the gas bills reaching enormous proportions. Especially is this so during sessions of legislature.

The executive committee of the society of Old Settlers held a session at the office of J. S. Collins last evening and resolved to hold a reunion of the society on the evening of December 5—the thirty-fourth anniversary of the founding of Topeka.

A new musical organization has been formed in this city within the last few weeks, in the form of an orchestra, which promises fair to be one of the permanent musical features among the many in Topeka. It will be named in honor of one of the great composers and will endeavor to adhere, in acquiring its repertory, to a classical style of music. Its composition is strictly of representative young men of Topeka and organized solely for mutual improvement and pleasure. The membership is limited to twenty-five and performers on obsolete instruments are invited to correspond with Gustafson, the secretary, at Geo. W. Crane's.

Col. Burgess is talked of for Post master and Clay Bowen for the North side, that would seem something like old times.

A. J. Tullock, proprietor of the Missouri Valley Bridge and Iron works, of Leavenworth, has been awarded the contract to build the Sixth street viaduct, in Topeka. Work will be commenced at once, and twenty car loads of stone have already arrived. The work on the viaduct will be pushed as rapidly as the weather will permit until the job is completed.

Granville A. Kimball is officially announced as assistant freight agent of the Rock Island, with headquarters at Denver. T. H. McCormick, formerly of the Denver & Rio Grande, has been appointed general agent of the freight department, with headquarters at San Francisco.

The Baker University Index, is of the opinion that too much space in college papers is given to politics. There is more in this thought than even the writer cared to express. It would be better if the students in our colleges would indeed let politics in a party sense absolutely alone. Especially is this true of those who are in the disciplinary, or what may be termed the academic classes.

Judge Johnson, of the Supreme Court, spent Sunday at Minnapolis, with his family.

Judge J. H. Humphrey, of the board of railway commissioners, went to his home in Junction City to spend Sunday, having put in a hard week's work upon the fourth annual report of the board.

Rev. C. Holman attended the quarterly Methodist conference at Whiting on Sunday.

W. M. Hess is circulating a petition to President Harrison asking his appointment to the office of United States collector at Leavenworth. He believes that the early bird gets the worm.

William Baptist, an aged north side colored man, who settled in Kansas about fifteen years ago, died Saturday of inflammatory rheumatism, at his home on Norris street and Topeka avenue.

Superintendent Riley, of the city electric light station, has been burning crude oil in one of the engines. The new plan, which has proved a success by practical tests elsewhere, is giving satisfaction. The only thing to be determined is whether it will, under the present freight rates on oil, be no more expensive than coal. If not, it will probably supersede coal in not only the city electric plant, but in many of the larger institutions of the city.

The Abilene Gazette, the great democratic organ that was going to remove the capital has gone down under the weight of a heavy mortgage, and will probably be removed to Saffina and become a great republican daily.

Elder E. S. Pendleton has gone to Louisiana to spend a few weeks.

Twelve sacks of express mail were burned on the Santa Fe train between Atchison and Topeka last night.

"A Society for the encouragement of pedestrianism" is what the Topeka correspondent of the Kansas City Journal, calls the Topeka City Railway Co., and sights for the "slow but clean" cars of the Mulvane era with their gentlemanly and polite drivers, when school children could get books of thirty-three tickets for one dollar, whereas now no books are furnished, but children under twelve can ride for 3 cents, and still the people of Topeka, he says, with a patience that is intolerable endures it all, hoping that in future years when their grandchildren are men and women there will be some improvement.

Twelve sacks of letter and paper mail were destroyed by fire in an express car on the Santa Fe railroad, between Atchison and Topeka. The sacks were piled too close to a hot stove.

Topeka.

A QUEER CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

A Pair of Legs!

WHO WILL HELP GET THEM?

From the Olathe Star—"Billy" Boular is one of our most cheerful pupils though he is deaf and dumb and has to walk on his knees, both legs having been amputated just below the knees several years ago. He was walking or playing on the railroad track and not hearing a coming train was run over and his legs were so badly injured that they had to be taken off. This happened in Atchison, Kansas, where Billy's mother yet lives, a poor working woman, who has a hard time to get along. Billy assisted his mother by blacking boots. For three years he has been attending school here and he has won many friends by his cheerful disposition and pleasant face. He is a strong and very active boy, now 19 years old. He is not a beggar and we think, never will be as he is not "built that way" but the Star desires to do a little begging in his behalf. We are going to ask all our readers, their uncles and aunts and cousins to send us a contribution for "Billy's Christmas." We have written to a friend of his in Atchison who will undoubtedly send us in a good subscription from that city and we will keep standing in our columns the subscriptions of others who may send us something. All sums will be credited in the Star as fast as received and that will stand as a receipt for the same. Mr. M. J. Clements of Sun City, Barber Co., Kansas desires us to enter his name at the head of the list for five dollars which we cheerfully do.

Who will be the next? Send all subscriptions to S. T. Walker, Superintendent of Inst. D. & D., Olathe, Kansas.

Minor Points.

In making little girls dresses, the simplest style is the best. An overdressed child—one with many ruffles, flounces, loopings, and over-skirts—is vulgar and out of fashion. Plain straight frocks of soft wool, heightened here and there with velvet or ribbons for grand occasions, are what a refined woman will choose for her little children. These have a dainty finish of feather-stitching at neck and wrists, with feather-stitching or plain hem.

Little girls' aprons are made without sleeves, and either high or low-necked. The Mother Hubbard shapes have, for a change, the yokes pointed with a simple narrow edging to finish the neck and arm-hole. Some aprons are gathered into a belt at the waist, as when the mothers themselves were little girls, and most of them have hemmed sashes of the material, tied at the back.

A very convenient arrangement for holding up the numerous skirt-extenders, hair cushions, and complicated drapery that women are obliged to carry nowadays at their backs is a sort of amateur suspenders. Of the linen webbing, the kind fastened inside the waists of dresses, buy enough to sew two strips, three inches apart, at the back on the skirt band, cross suspender-wise, and button to the front of skirt band, about seven inches apart. There are numerous devices for holding up the skirts, but this is the simplest and most comfortable.

Some Seasonable Recipes.

PUMPKIN PIE.

Two cupsful pumpkin boiled and strained, one-half teaspoonful salt, three-quarters cupful brown sugar, one teaspoonful ginger, three teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one cupful milk, two eggs, well beaten. This amount will make two pies. Add the salt, sugar, and spices and milk to the pumpkin and mix thoroughly. Then add the eggs. Bake in a moderately hot oven about three-quarters of an hour. The pie plates should be deep, and the mixture should not stand in the crust before baking or it will be soggy. Keep the heat steady or the pies will bake in streaks. A tablespoonful of cracker crumbs may be substituted for each egg, in case eggs are not plentiful. This recipe also makes a good pudding baked in a deep dish with a few raisins added, and is to be eaten cold with cream or milk and sugar.

HOME-MADE RED PEPPER.

Dry fifty long peppers in a moderate oven, then pound them in a mortar, and rub through a fine sieve. Mix the powder with a heaping teaspoonful of salt, then put it into airtight bottles.

TO PREVENT LAMP-WICKS FROM SMOKING. Lamp-wicks should be soaked in good vinegar, and afterwards thoroughly dried; they will burn perfectly well, and will never smoke, if this process is adopted.

CREAM SALAD DRESSING.

Two eggs, three tablespoonfuls vinegar, one tablespoonful of cream, one teaspoonful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful mustard. Beat the eggs well, add the sugar, salt, and mustard, and then the vinegar and cream. Place the bowl in a basin of boiling water and stir till it thickens like cream. Cool and use. This is an excellent dressing for any remnants of cold lamb, chicken, fish, or for cabbage or potato salad, and especially good for those who object to oil in dressings.

We trust that President Harrison will prove to be a very independent statesman who will never harbor a thought of re-election.

PITH AND POINT.

The Winchester rifle is the superior court of New Mexico.—*Buffalo Express*. Maine's young boulder has evidently gone through to China.—*Boston Herald*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Still it worr es a man who calls himself a violinist to be known outside as a fiddler.—*St. Joseph Gazette*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Second Hand.

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

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

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F. E. McFARLAND.

TOPEKA.

Several hundred Kansans, took advantage of the low rates and went to Colorado, this week. Tuesday's trains on the great western lines that left Topeka, were filled. The Rock Island ran two sections, and the Santa Fe three.

Miss Nora Norris will be home tomorrow from Scranton, Pa., where she has been for three months the guest of her sister, Miss Minnie Norris.

Stewart & Son, who established the new soap factory on the north side in September, are making an amazing success of it. They will occupy the new brick block on North Kansas avenue, between the bridge and A street, being erected by Charles Finski.

On Monday as A. H. Fuller, of Grantville, was on his way to Topeka his team became frightened at a locomotive at the bridge on the line between Jefferson and Shawnee counties and ran away, throwing Mr. Fuller out and injuring his hip though not seriously. The team kept on for about a quarter of a mile when it was stopped.

The friends of L. H. Root, jr., [formerly agent of the Pacific Express company at North Topeka] will be pained to learn of the death of his three little babies of membranous croup. His wife, Helen, with the children, was visiting with her sister, Mrs. Sternberg at Lawrence, Kan. The oldest one, Bessie, died November 11, the second one died Saturday the 24th, and the baby Monday last. His wife's uncle, Samuel Reynolds, and her brother, Charles Reynolds, and brother-in-law, Mr. Sternberg, were all very kind and with other friends of the family rendered all the assistance possible. The babies were buried in the Lawrence cemetery with some of her people.

Died November 23, near Michigan, Kan., Mr. Anthony Keplinger, age 68 years, and 8 months. The deceased was a native of Ohio, lived in Indiana about twenty years, came to Osage county, Kansas, January 1, 1870, where he has made it his home until the day of his death. He leaves a widow and eight children to mourn his loss, his life was uniform and he made many friends. He was a member of the Baptist church for more than thirty years past. The funeral services were held on Sunday November 25 by his brother-in-law Rev. J. Barratt, of Topeka, text, Comfort one another with these words. There was a large concourse of people present, among those from a distance were; Rev. J. Barratt and wife, Miss Florence Barnhiser and C. F. Bridge from Topeka; and Enos Keplinger, from Great Bend, western Kansas. The choir from Quenemo rendered effective service of song for the occasion.

Save money by buying your millinery from Mrs. I. L. Barber, 824 Kansas avenue. We have made an honest honor bright cut in prices that we might sell goods, for sell the goods is the imperative order. Bring your winter suit here and have it made up stylishly for \$5.00.
MRS. I. L. BARBER & CO.
824 Kansas avenue.

Goe. H. Evans, the state house contractor, has the contract to build the viaduct over the Santa Fe tracks on Sixth street Topeka.

The funeral of Mrs. Houghton was attended on Sunday afternoon from her late residence in Seabrook. Her illness has extended over several months. She leaves a husband and four children. They have been residents of Topeka for over twenty years and much sympathy was manifested by the many neighbors and friends who were present at the funeral. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Blakesley of the Congregational church.

Cliff B. Bailey died in Christ's hospital at 11:55 o'clock Tuesday night. He was a son of Hon. A. L. Bailey, a prominent attorney of Dighton, Lane county, Kan., and had been employed as a telegraph operator in the office of the superintendent of the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska railway in Topeka. He had been in the hospital about a week and the fatal disease which carried him off so suddenly was acute Bright's disease.

Mrs. Emily E. Higgins, a widow who resides near Emporia, has commenced suit in the district court against H. D. Boogie, the projector of the land swindle known as Chicago Heights addition to Topeka. She claims that she has been swindled out of her farm, Mr. Boogie having traded her some worthless lots in his addition ten miles north of this city.

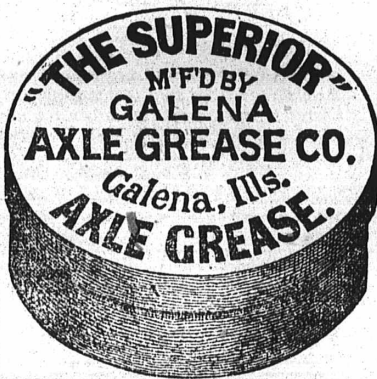
Lew Kistler and Miss Minnie Shockey were married on Tuesday afternoon, and thus disappears another landmark in the bachelor kingdom. Doc. Ryder, what will he do now?

Mr. Austin Prescott of the Kansas Preserving Works and Miss Cora Cross will be married this evening at the residence of the bride's parents on West Tenth street. A great many useful and beautiful presents have been made to the happy pair, among them a unique music box by Mr. Oneholtz, of the Preserving works, which plays only one tune, but that is "Baby mine." Mr. and Mrs. Prescott will board at Frank Ripley's on West Tenth street at present.

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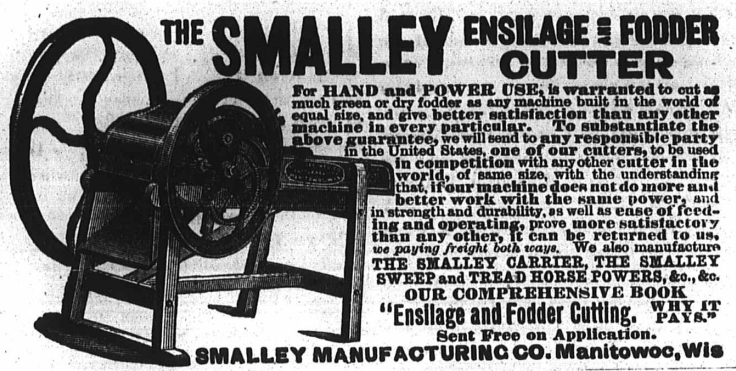
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VILLE, HORTON, TOPEKA, HEWINGTON,
WICHITA, HUTCHINSON, GARDEN CITY, DEN-
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INDIAN SUMMER.

I.
Among the quaint old traditions
And Indian legends wild,
Is one of the "Indian Summer,"
The Autumn's most beautiful child.
It tells of the summer queen calling
On Autumn to reign for a time,
While she goes to find in the Southland
A sunnier, tropical clime.

II.
Then in Autumn turn calls her daughters,
Three maidens of royal degree,
And bids each to bid for a season,
And share in her bounty so free.
It tells how the marble of beauty
On gladness September is shed,
And glowing, and gorgeous October,
Comes flaming in orange and red.

III.
The sun seems to shine with new luster,
The last bird has sung his adieu,
Earth, air, and sea are all vying
To honor the star of these two.
But when comes the sad-eyed November,
In garments of somberest gray,
She finds naught that's joyous or lovely
To brighten her sorrowful way.

IV.
The last autumn flower has vanished,
From out of the sorrowful skies;
The hills and the valleys are barren,
The sunbeams are feeble and few,
The glory and glow of the forest,
Are gone like a vanishing dream,
In place of the gold, and the scarlet,
But gray, naked branches are seen.

V.
Great tear-drops are silently falling
From out of the shivering tree-tops,
In dreariest monotonous sobs,
And sad-eyed November despairs,
More sad, and more pale, grows each day,
Yet utters no sound of repining,
But longs for the end of her stay.

VI.
Then Autumn observing the maiden
Is smitten with grief and distress,
She prays to the gods of the seasons
To aid her in making redress.
The sun heard the earnest petition—
Came forth in his glory and pride—
The clouds were all speedily bannished,
The lingering tear-drops were dried.

VII.
He went to the cave of the morning,
And brought thence a fabric so fair,
So misty, so fleecy, so flowing,
'Twas fit for a goddess to wear.
He begged for the skies heading o'er him,
A shade of their own lovely blue;
Then mellowed and mixed it with sunshine,
This artist, so matchless and true.

VIII.
Then just ere he passes the portals—
The bright glowing gates of the west,
He covers the earth with this mantle,
Then leaves it to silence and rest,
And then on the following morning,
The queen called November to see—
A draped in this exquisite garment,
Where hill-top and valley and tree.

IX.
Enraptured she gazed on the landscape,
Her spirits grew light as the air;
And now, all agree in declaring
The maiden is lovely and fair,
And thus, with the years rolling onward,
Each dreary November days
All softened with mellowest sunshine,
And clothed in heaven-wrought haze.

X.
And so it will be, aye, and forever;
While years run to ages the same,
And that's how that child of the Autumn,
The Indian summer came.

—M. E. Sanborn, in Sunshine.

The Stained Opal.

It lay on a bed of white velvet in a tiny morocco case—a strangely beautiful stone of shimmering moonlight gray, set in a dull gold ring of antique workmanship.

But instead of the sunlit gleams which are characteristic of opals there was a vivid dash of scarlet in its heart like a stain of fresh blood.

Ethel Lynn turned the case round and round in her white fingers.

"I never saw anything so beautiful!" she murmured, her golden-hazel eyes reflecting the sparkle of the jewel. "It is quite the loveliest ring I ever saw in my life! I wonder if it would fit me."

She slipped it out of the case and over her finger. As she did so a yellow slip of paper fluttered down and lay unnoticed at her feet.

"I wonder why Aunt Ellen never showed it to me," she mused, as she admired her new ornament. "And whose could it have been? Perhaps the name is inside."

She tried to draw the ring from her finger, but it refused to come. Ethel smiled.

"How easily it went on! And I suppose I shall have to use soap and water to get it off again."

But the ring resisted even the influences of soap and water. Pretty Ethel gazed at it in comic dismay.

"This is a fix!" she said, aloud.

"What my dear?" said a quiet voice from behind.

And Aunt Ellen, who had entered unobserved, came to her niece's side and gave utterance to an exclamation of horror at sight of Ellen's hand, on which shone the opal ring, dripping with soap-suds.

"Ethel! the cursed opal! How came it on your finger, child?"

"Cursed!" repeated Ethel. "This beautiful ring? Oh Aunt Ellen!"

"Yes, my dear—cursed! Take it off at once, Ethel!"

"But, auntie, it won't come off," said the girl, despairingly. "I've been trying—and even soap won't budge it a single inch."

Miss Lynn turned pale.

"Oh, Ethel, Ethel!" she groaned, "what evil genius prompted you to slip the fated thing on your finger? Did you run such a risk after reading the prophecy?"

Sleeping, she picked up the faded, time-stained slip of paper, and held it toward her with a shaking hand.

"Read it again, my dear," she said.

"Why, I never saw it before!" answered Ethel, wondering, as she unfolded the slip and read its contents aloud:

"Life for life for Morton's sin. Such shall be the doom of Lynn 'Till a maiden of the race, Pure of heart and fair of face, From the hungry, seething flood Saves the last of Delmaine's blood; Then the race of Lynn shall cease, And Zorah's soul repose in peace."

"What doggerel!" laughed Ethel. "What is it all about Aunt Ellen? Who was this Zorah? and was this her ring?"

"I never meant you to hear the story," said Miss Lynn regretfully; but since you know so much, you might as well know all.

"Zorah Delmaine was a gypsy girl—very beautiful in her wild, picturesque style. So at least thought Morton Lynn your great-great-grandfather. He paid her a great deal of attention—won her love, in fact—and might have married her eventually had not sweet Amy Leigh appeared upon the scene and ensnared him with her sea-blue eyes and yellow hair.

"The consequences were he forsook black-eyed, queenly Zorah, and married Amy in three months' time.

"Zorah Delmaine met the bridal party at the church door after the ceremony, and pronounced a curse upon the house of Lynn, to the effect that each of that name should perish by drowning—Morton first, then his descendants in their turn. She threw the opal ring given her by her false lover at the feet of the pale young bride saying:

"My heart's blood stains that stone. Take it, and with it my curse!"

The bride was carried to her home in a deathly faint; but Morton laughed at the whole affair. Nevertheless he was a little startled on picking up the ring to find that dash of scarlet in the stone. A year later he was drowned in attempting to ford the Platte River when the current ran swift. He left one son, who grew up, married and met the same fate. His son your grandfather, was swept overboard in a storm on the Pacific Ocean. Ethel, how did your father die?"

"He was drowned," answered the girl, in low, husky tones. "He fell from the bridge, and the current carried him under."

"True," said Mrs. Lynn. "You and I are the sole survivors of our race, and you are a maiden young and fair." What inference do you draw?"

"Don't ask me," said Ethel shuddering. "It is too horrible. But I do not, I will not, believe in the curse. What became of Zorah Aunt Ellen?"

"She disappeared. Hark, Ethel! What was that?"

A dull, rumbling sound shook the earth and air.

Ethel sprang to the window.

Half a mile distant the Platte River flowed darkly, sullenly, between its rocky banks. Like a wild beast, it roared and washed against the bridge until the giant structure trembled and tottered.

Ethel watched it with fascinated eyes. Suddenly there came a crash, and the central props gave way and were carried down stream by the angry current. The trestlework fell with them, and from the middle of the bridge to the great water tank on the village side the bridge was open, with only a narrow plank on either side connecting the broken fragments.

Ethel glanced up at the clock. Half-past 5 already, and the "flyer" due at the little station at 6 sharp.

She turned a horrified look upon her aunt.

"It stops for nothing," she said, in a husky voice, "and it goes like the wind. Aunt, I must give the signal; there is no one else near enough!"

"Ethel, you shall not!" grasped Miss Lynn, starting forward as her niece caught up a shawl and flew toward the door. "Remember the curse of Lynn! Ethel! Ethel!"

But Ethel was already on the railroad track hurrying toward the river and gave no heed to her aunt's voice of distress.

Onward she flew with breathless haste, unheeding the sharp stones which cut and bruised her feet at every step, paused not until she reached the bridge, and the great brown water tank loomed up before her.

Clinging dizzily to the iron railing she felt her way across the narrow plank, not daring to glance down at the whirling flood beneath, lest she should lose her balance and fall.

As she reached the other side, faint and giddy, the whistle of the in-coming train broke upon the roar of the angry river.

With the sound new life entered Ethel's veins. Snatching the scarlet shawl from her head, she ran along the bridge, waving it frantically, as the fast express swept round the curve.

She saw her signal was observed. The speed of the train was slackened, and with a sound as of roaring waters in her ears she fell senseless across the track.

"And to think," said pretty Mrs. Darce, some months later, "that you should prove to be the last of Delmaine's blood, Royce dear; and in saving you that awful day I lifted the curse from Lynn. How little I knew I should meet my fate in one of the passengers on that train I signalled! Wasn't it strange?"

"Very strange," assented Royce Darce, regarding his beautiful wife quizzically. "When I picked you up as you lay in a dead faint across the ties, I knew I had met my fate. But Ethel darling I have no faith in the curse of Lynn." It is moonshine, my dear. It is not in the power of any mortal to pronounce a curse. God only can do that, and his mercy is infinite. Banish the thought, my little wife."

Ethel's fair face grew thoughtful.

"Yet how well it all fits in," she said, reflectively. "The opal ring was gone from my finger when I came back to consciousness, and no trace of it has been found. It must have dropped into the river. Then Aunt Ellen marrying that dear old Maj. Carrington, your best friend, and my marriage with you, brought the fulfillment of the prophecy. For the race of Lynn has virtually ceased, or is at least merged in that of Carrington and Darce."

"More coincidence, Ethel."

"Well," said his wife, with the very prettiest pout in the world, "if it was only a coincidence, you provoking old skeptic, you must admit it was a very singular one."—Philadelphia Saturday Night.

TEN CENTS A NIGHT.

Interesting Plan on Which a Cheap Lodging House is Run.

"Now, I will show you the dime museum," said the proprietor of the cheap lodging house, facetiously, as he led the way to a room at the very top of the house. Its ceiling sloped to within a few feet of the floor. There were one single and four double beds in it, and on the former an old man was sitting reading. "Sometimes, when there's a rush, we put them in three in a bed," said the proprietor. "You can't expect much for ten cents, you know. Some of 'em call it the lunatic asylum. I'll tell you why when we go down stairs." There were no sheets on the ten-cent beds, and the air in the room had apparently remained untried as long as had the quilts and blankets. The reporter was quite willing to go down stairs.

"You noticed that old gentleman sitting on the bed, didn't you?" asked the proprietor. "He makes up the beds for me and gets a single bed for doing it. His name's Huzzins, and he's a lunatic; that's why we call it a lunatic asylum. He thinks the room is full of witches, and every night he gets up and shoots 'em out of the room. He shakes his bed up first to get 'em out of that, and then waves his pillow at 'em to drive 'em out of the window."

"Doesn't this tend to disturb the other lodgers?" the visitor asked.

"Well, you see, they're used to it," said the proprietor, "though I guess it does rather rattle a transient when the ole man gets on the warpath."

"Then there's another old fellow named Philip. He sells cough drops all day, that are warranted to cure coughs, colds or bronchitis. What with standing out in the rain and not having a change of clothes, he's got so bad a cough himself that he can't talk above a whisper. I asked him why he didn't take some of his cough drops, but he only winked and said hot tea was good enough for him. He had a new pair of shoes stolen one night through oversleeping and not getting awake to claim 'em, and since then he's invented a scheme worth money to know. Just before he gets into bed each night he puts two legs of the bed-sled into the shoes, and if anybody moves 'em they've got to lift the bed and wake 'em while they're doing it."

"Then there's another chap that mends clocks. He goes around from door to door asking people if they haven't got any clocks they want mended. He charges 25 cents for fixing 'em, but he tells me he doesn't know any more about fixing a clock than I do, and all he wants is to keep 'em going till he gets out of the house. There's another fellow comes here who goes from store to store collecting waste paper and wrappings. He makes about 30 cents a day. Another boarder gathers in gum shoes and sells 'em for 3¢ a pound.

"Then there's another regular boarder who makes a living by begging for clothes. His lay is to say that he's just out of the hospital that he's too weak to work yet, and wants some old clothes for his wife and children. He's a fair-spoken fellow, and women give him old clothes and bonnets for his wife. He sells them at a \$1 a hand stores and makes about a \$1 a day. The four of 'em, being regular boarders, are allowed to cook their breakfast on my stove. They club together and get two rye loaves one day; old for half price, that's 5 cents; 5 cents' worth of coffee and a half-pound of sugar is 9 cents, and a fitch of bacon is 6; that makes 20 cents altogether. They put a little flour in the grease from the fitch and make a gravy. So the four of 'em breakfast for 5 cents apiece."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Put It in Writing.

Verbal contracts occasion more trouble, dispute and litigation than any other business transactions. The wise merchant taught by experience will endeavor to have a writing executed by the party to be charged, in every case of importance arising in his business. This is especially necessary of guaranties. A man enters your office whom you know to be perfectly responsible. He tells you to sell Brown a thousand dollars worth of goods. Brown is all right, he will answer for that, etc.—Make him sign a memorandum.

A customer gives you a large order for future and instalment deliveries.—Make him sign it in writing.

You engage a salesman for a year, or for a month, or for a trial trip. Have it all put down in writing and signed.

You save taking your chances before a jury, who nine times out of ten proves uncertain and too sympathetic with that party whom they consider is the "under dog."

It is only a little trouble at the time, but it usually saves a heap of trouble in the future.—Trade Mark Record.

EATING FROM NECESSITY.

Uninviting Rounds of Life of the Ordinary Man of Business.

How many of us really and truly sit down at the table, and, as we should, enjoy our eating? asks a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Eat to enjoy life. We have no doubt but that the following narrative will be recognized as that of a personal experience by many: Arise in the morning early or late, as the case may be, under protest—a sufficient testimony that balmy sleep, his sweet restorer, has failed to make proper connections, so to speak; move about, strange to say, stretchy, ached, even tired yet, eyes hard to get open properly, maybe fall over a chair or two, or stoop over to get some article of apparel and be compelled to make an effort. In fact he must go through a bracing-up process. After performing his morning toilet he has limbered up some, got his eyes open and floundered down to the breakfast table. Looked at the watch and mentally concluded or realized that he must be at business right off. Braces up again and mechanically, may be vigorously, proceeds to ingest what he can; matter of necessity, never hungry for breakfast, you know.

Rush out of house for street cars, stand up maybe all the way down town. If he is fortunate enough to get a seat he experiences a sort of relief, and recognizes that he is still tired. Get to work dull and listless. Necessities of excitement of work for five hours or so occupies his attention. Whistle blows, bell rings, clock strikes or friends come in. Dinner is sought; feels somewhat empty, hardly hungry; eats a fair meal, and feels full; empty feeling gone. A desire to rest is experienced—even sleep. Braces up and again gets to work for five hours or more; has to struggle for awhile; eyes are very heavy; sense of discomfort about stomach. Finally time to stop work comes; closes up active effort, but mind and attention still lingers. He starts home with heavy legs and feet; headache; maybe somewhat dizzy. No seat on cars this way either; recognizes that he is very tired.

Gets home, crawls up the front steps and exclaims: "Supper ready!" "Yes, come right along." He sits down, has no appetite, but eats again, "from necessity." Not much; easily satisfied. Feels sort of weak about his stomach, as well as otherwise. Putters around in or out of the house for awhile, or reads the paper; feels a little better; seeks, maybe, entertainment, the excitement of which fixes his attention from self. At last he seeks repose exhausted, and may be sleeps heavy, or not at all. The next morn and day bring the same experience, and so on day after day.

Eternal effort; eternal desire for rest; eternal lack of enjoyment of life; eternal eating from necessity. Can we wonder that this man eats from necessity? Yet this is an American of his own making. He is a robber of nature and has failed to put in practice the full meaning of the Divine commandment: "Thou shalt not kill."

He Was Taken.

"I am not a drunkard!" he exclaimed, as he was being registered at the police station the other evening.

"But you are drunk," replied the sergeant.

"Well, I've been drinking to drown remorse."

"Got a murder on your conscience?"

"Worse'n that. I got down on a saw-mill man up north and I drove a log full of spikes. When it was run up to be sawed one of the saws burst and my brother, who was foreman—"

"Good Scotts! but that's dramatic!"

"Yes, the saw burst, and my brother, who was foreman—"

"Was killed?"

"No. He suspected me, and he came over to the house and thumped me to death."

"But where does the remorse come in?"

"Why, I had a pistol in the house and never thought of it. I could have killed him as well as not, and that's why I suffer—and why I weep—and why I remorse. Take me to the cooler—take me to a cool cooler."—Detroit Free Press.

Behind the Mask.

Behind the mask—the smiling face
Is often full of woe,
And sorrow treads a restless pace
Where wealth and beauty go.

Behind the mask—who knows the care
That grim and silent rests,
And all the burdens each may bear
Within their secret breast?

Behind the mask—who knows the tears
That from the heart arise,
And in the weary flight of years
How many pass with sighs?

Behind the mask—who knows the strain
That each life may endure,
And all the grief and countless pain
That wealth can never cure!

Behind the mask—we never know
How many troubles hide,
And with the world and fashion's show
Some specter walks beside.

They Downed Him.

"Gentlemen," said the president at the banquet of the Patriotic Order of Sons of America, "there is a spy in our midst." "Point him out!" shouted the brethren of the order in chorus. "It is a mince pie," said the president calmly. And they destroyed him.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A DOG-FACED GIRL.

Her Expression, Gait and Speech Have Canine Peculiarities.

In a lonely cabin on the banks of Otselic creek, in the town of Willett, Cortland County, writes a Middletown, N. Y., correspondent of the New York Sun, may be found a remarkable freak of nature, known through the country round about as the "dog-faced girl."

Here mother and daughter, named respectively Orilly and Sarah Walls, live alone, and in poverty, gaining a precarious support by picking berries and gathering roots and herbs, and from gifts at the hands of the numerous visitors, whom curiosity brings to their hut.

The peculiarity of the dog-faced girl's features lies in the chin, mouth and nose, which protrude from the head and neck to an excessive and unnatural degree, and in a shape strikingly like a dog's snout or muzzle. Otherwise she is well formed and fully developed for a girl of fifteen years, and is notably robust and active. But she is weak-minded, and the wonderful thing about her imbecility is its canine characteristics in voice and movement.

Up to about ten years old the girl presisted in running about on all fours, and in this posture she could outrun any child of her age. Her vocal utterances, also, were marvelously like the barking or howling of a dog. As she approached the period of womanhood she learned to walk erect, and her voice lost something of its canine tones, but her features and utterances are still so unmistakably dog-like as to attract marked attention and wonder.

She has a constant stream of visitors, including physicians and scientists as well as ordinary curiosity mongers, and these are told truthfully that her father, who died shortly after her birth, who was in no way malformed or peculiar. Her mother is good-looking in feature and figure, and ordinarily intelligent. None of the dog-faced girl's visitors has as yet suggested any plausible theory of the freak which gave her to the world.

Some New Health Movements.

Dyspeptics, on rising in the morning, do well to indulge in a few free gymnastics of the movement cure species, before putting on the outer clothes that interfere with free movements. It is curious how closely some of these exercises come to some of the active labor employments which are cure for many ills. Follow the movements of the reaper, first with one arm and then the other, as though swinging a scythe inclining the body inwards from either hip as the corresponding arm makes its splendid swing. This is fine exercise, as it changes the position of certain dorsal and abdominal muscles. To imitate with clenched fists the movements of the wood sawyer, or to swing the arms in a half circle upward, while the arms are held close to the body as possible, are both splendid breathing exercises. The Queen of Sweden takes the "housemaid cure" for her ailments, but either man or woman in their own apartments may go through the motion of the laundress at her wash-tub, always with the clenched fist that accents the motion of the arms and hands at the wash-board, to great advantage. All of these movement exercises are good when the chilliness of autumn days finds people with languid circulation, and it is scarcely necessary to repeat the suggestion that wise people get awake slowly. There are uses for others than children in the half-sleepy stretching and gradual stirring to your toilet, as the circulation is not too suddenly called upon for activity upon sluggish conditions that sleep has brought.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Problem of a Flying Machine.

We must admit that a bird is an incomparable model of a flying machine. No machine that we may hope to devise, for the same weight of machine, fuel, and directing brain is half so effective. And yet, this machine, thus perfected through infinite ages by a ruthless process of natural selection, reaches its limit of weight at about fifty pounds! I said, "weight of a machine, fuel, and directing brain." Here is another prodigious advantage of the natural over the artificial machine. The flying animal is its own engineer. The flying machine must carry its engineer. The directing engineer in the former (the brain) is perhaps an ounce, in the latter it is 150 pounds. The limit of the flying animal is 50 pounds. The smallest possible weight of a flying machine, with its necessary fuel and engineer, even without freight or passengers, could not be less than 300 or 400 pounds. Now, to complete the argument, put these three indisputable facts together: 1. There is a low limit of weight, certainly not much beyond 50 pounds, beyond which it is impossible for an animal to fly. Nature has reached this limit, and with her utmost effort has failed to pass it. 2. The animal machine is far more effective than any we may hope to make; therefore the limit of the weight of a successful flying machine cannot be more than fifty pounds. 3. The weight of any machine constructed for flying, including fuel and engineer, cannot be less than three or four hundred pounds. Is it not demonstrated that a true flying machine, self-raising, self-sustaining, self-propelling, is physically impossible?—Prof. Le Conte in Popular Science Monthly.

HOW INDIANS FIGHT.

An Army Officer Tells the Peculiarities of the Various Tribes.

"I have had many years' experience as a purchaser of saddle-horses," remarked a major of cavalry, on his way to Chicago, to a St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* reporter in the corridor of the Southern Hotel this morning, "having been a member of horse boards for at least thirty years, and having bought thousands of cavalry horses for the United States service. I therefore feel that I know whereof I speak when I say that the supply of good saddle-horses in the country is smaller than it has been at any time since the war. I do not mean that there are fewer thoroughbreds, for there are probably more, but horses suitable for other purposes than racing and park use are becoming rarer every day, and although the price paid by the government is higher than it has been for the last twenty years, it is very difficult to secure proper remounts for the cavalry, while ten, or even five, years ago at least three times as many horses were able to pass muster as the advertisements called for.

"I have served on the plains nearly continuously for more than thirty years," continued the speaker, "and am tolerably familiar with all the features of cavalry life. A cavalryman always has a frontier station and only sees civilized during his brief leaves. Civilians do not realize the hardships and exposures to which a cavalryman is subjected. He has seasons of idleness, but also long periods of great exertion, and as a proof of the effect of his life it can be safely stated that scarcely one man out of ten reaches the age of forty-five without being seriously broken down. Indian campaigns are the cause of this. I have fought and chased Indians from the British line to the Rio Grande, and know what campaigning means. The Indians always got a tremendous start of the cavalry, and seldom are overtaken. The army has been blamed for its ill-success, but when the circumstances are understood it is wonderful that so much has been accomplished. The Indians never attempt to commit outrages in the vicinity of an army post, and news seldom used to arrive until twenty-four hours or more had elapsed, and the Indians had a long start. Nearly always they were provided with remounts, the loose horses being driven before the band, and when an animal shows signs of fatigue another was remounted and the fight continued on a fresh animal. Horses are also stolen wherever met with, and the consequence is that the trooper, who is confined to the use of a single animal, has a poor chance of overtaking the Indians. As a general thing they can fight or escape as they please, and never do the former except when in overwhelming numbers. The fatigues of one of these fruitless marches, generally made on short rations to secure celerity of movement by avoiding carrying baggage, can well be imagined, and the condition of man and beast after a two-months' campaign is wretched in the extreme.

"Nowadays the active Indian campaigning is confined to Arizona, but when I was a young man the Northern Sioux, Northern Cheyennes, Piegans, and Blackfeet in the North; the Southern Sioux and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes on the central plains, and the Arkansas, kept us busy all the time. Of all these Indians the Kiowas were the best drilled, it being hard to distinguish them from the dragoons at a distance of two or three miles. The Comanches never deserved their great reputation, as they were poor fighters, doing well against the Mexicans, but never standing against United States troops. The Cheyennes were noted far and wide as the most determined and fierce fighters, but their energies were more constantly directed against their hereditary enemies, the Utes, than against the whites. The Sioux were the largest and most powerful tribe, and gave us more trouble than any others. They were in their way as well drilled as the Kiowas, I myself having seen a single chief direct the movements of a thousand warriors, scattered over an extent of country five miles in diameter, simply by flashing a little mirror held in his hand. The Blackfeet, being foot Indians, were more easily reached, and after one or two seasons never gave any more trouble, although last winter they threatened an outbreak. The Crow and Pawnee being hated by all other tribes, were our allies, and made our best trailers. The Utes were less daring than the plains Indians, from their situation in the mountains were enabled to ambush the troops very easily, and many lives have been lost in this way. Fighting withal was rather a run than a combat, and the troops had for many years little chance against them on account of their great celerity of movement. It was not until the winter of 1876, when General Nelson A. Miles began his series of winter campaigns, that the plains Indians were thoroughly subdued. That officer followed their trail in the coldest weather, drove them from their winter camps, and, although unable to overtake them, kept them constantly on the move. The Indians, sensitive to cold, and ill provided with clothing, died like sheep of hardship and exposure, and one by one the bands, fairly tired out, came in, surrendered, and were disbanded and put on reservations. The winter campaign more than any one else broke the power of the plains tribes, but at terrible expense to the troops, who were exposed to the fury of the Western storms in the coldest months

in the year. The youngsters in the army regret the disappearance of the Indians, but we old fellows, who know what a winter march is, are most thankful that they are over, probably forever."

Powerful Wet Soda Engines.

At the Baldwin locomotive works there are in course of construction four locomotives which are designed to run by soda, which takes the place of fire under the boiler. Soda has much the same power as coal, says the Philadelphia *Record*, without any of the offensive gases which that fuel emits. The engines are now nearly finished, and are to be shipped within two weeks to Minneapolis, Minn., and are to be run on the streets of that city, where steam engines are forbidden. The engine has much the same appearance as a passenger car. It is about sixteen feet long, entirely boxed in, with no visible smokestack or pipes, as there is no exhaust or refuse. The boiler is of copper, eighty-four and one-half inches in diameter and fifteen feet long, having tubes running through it as in steam boilers. Inside the boiler will be placed five tons of soda which, upon being damped by a jet of steam, produces an intense heat. When the soda is thoroughly saturated, which will occur in about six hours, the action ceases and then it is necessary to restore it to its original state by forcing through the boiler a stream of superheated steam from a stationary boiler, which drives the moisture entirely from the soda, when it is again ready for use. The exhaust steam from the cylinders is used to saturate the soda, and by this means all refuse is used. These engines are the first of their kind that have been built in this country, and are being constructed under the supervision of George Kuehler, a German engineer. The engines will have the same power as those of the New York elevated roads. Soda engines are used in Berlin and other European cities very successfully, and they also traverse the St. Gotthard tunnel, under the Alps, where the steam engines cannot be used, because the length of the tunnel renders it impossible to devise a system of ventilation which will carry off the foul gases generated by a locomotive. So overpowering would these gases become that suffocation would ensue.

A Love-Lorn Chilean Maiden.

The civilized woman, when she wants to be wooed, attempts to make herself attractive as possible. So does the Chilean woman; but she has a different idea of what is attractiveness. One evening, after all the fishing canoes came in, I saw a young squaw robed from head to foot in a deep-red blanket, sitting stolidly on the end of a great spruce log a few rods away from the cannery and at a short distance from where the fishing canoes were moored, and where the fires of the Chilean fishermen had been lighted. When, out of curiosity at her singular costume and position, I approached her, I found that she had blackened her face until it was blacker than that of the ordinary negro minstrel. There was not a trace of her native duskiness, but the artificial black shown as if it were composed and put on from an article of good French blacking. In addition to that a long silver pin was stuck in her under lip and extended out from the chin a couple of inches, while a heavy silver ring hung from her nostrils, and a host of massive silver bracelets adorned her wrists. She was simply a belle of the woods and of Chilean Inlet, endeavoring to make known to the young bucks around her that she was in the matrimonial market, according to the native costume here. After sitting for an hour or more and not attracting any more attention than that prompted by my own curiosity she left her twilight wooing place, shook out the folds of her blanket, and walked with an air of indifference to an old tent on the beach, which appeared to be her habitation, and disappeared.—*New York Times*.

A Collection of Pens.

A man in Denver, Col., named Lyon, got an idea some years ago that it would be a fine thing to collect all the odd-shaped pens he could find, so he started in and to-day he has a lot comprising over seven hundred different varieties. About twelve different metals are represented in the collection. Then there are a number of wooden pens and a lot of odd quills. The collection embraces specimens from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and other European countries, besides America and Canada. There are pens pointed fine enough to make lines of microscopic delicacy, and others intended for men who use the first personal pronoun a great deal in their correspondence. Some are in shape like shovels, others resemble a section of stovetop, and others are delicate and diminutive.

Why They Quarantined.

It is rumored here that a certain town in Alabama, in which the merchants were very much behind with their collections as well as payments, quarantined itself against the world in order to shut out collectors. In this way they got time to make collections themselves, and when a sufficient amount was collected to meet their own liabilities they raised the quarantine and allowed Mr. "Grip-Sack" to come and get his share of the spoils.—*Marianna (Fla.) Alliance*.

AN ESTIMATE OF MEN.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Tells How They Are Regarded by Women.

More or less selfish in his friendship for the fairer sex, man has a smaller amount of envy and malice to encounter and overcome in his overtures toward his own sex, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

A woman instinctively looks upon another woman as a possible rival. A woman who has not loved finds pleasure, if not satisfaction, in the adulation of the world at large, and it is her nature to expect and demand it, and she resents even the suggestion of interference in her domain.

A man seldom cares for this sort of thing. He prefers the individual devotion of several feminine hearts, and regards to man, however popular, as his rival who does not molest him in his *affaires d'amour*.

When the average woman loves, however, all is changed. Absorbed in passion, she ceases to desire miscellaneous admiration, and lives only for the one.

When the average man loves, nothing is changed. He simply adds one more pleasure and interest to his life.

It is the exceptionally noble man, stirred by an exceptionally strong passion, who throws his past behind him like a worn-out garment, dedicates his future to the woman of his choice. Men are by nature no more vicious than women, but they are much vainer, and require more constant stimulants to their self-love.

A woman commits a folly for love of her tempter. A man commits it because it flatters his vanity to be tempted, while he despises the temptress.

A man's business training teaches him to be cautious in his intercourse with the world, yet he is rarely suspicious by nature. A woman, on the contrary, seems to be born with suspicion in her heart.

I have seen a big, brawny fellow, who had done a battle in the world's great marts all his life as ingenious and sweet-natured toward his kind as a child, and I have seen his dainty wife, who has been carefully reared in the shelter of a pure home, regarding every sister-woman and brother-man with suspicion, and demanding credentials of respectability before admitting them to her favor.

Men are delightfully frank and cordial with one another.

There is nothing which causes a lone woman, who is compelled to take a long journey unattended, regret her sex so much as the enviable freedom from formality among her male traveling companions. Yet a woman who undertook to treat her sisters with the same off-hand good nature would be directly frozen to death.

Everywhere men seem to be on better terms with one another than we are. You have only to glance into the respective ladies' and gentlemen's parlors at hotels to see this. The men greet each other cordially, cluster together and converse for hours, and evidently enjoy themselves.

The ladies dissolve into cliques, and their association is restricted and marked by reserve, formality and constraint. A woman endures the society of another woman only as a means of killing time until she can be in the society of a man.

There is such a fascination about the masculine sex, that a woman will sacrifice the companionship of her most cherished lady friend to share the society of a man to whom she is utterly indifferent in her heart. Indeed, she may consider him a terrible bore, but the fact that he is a man renders him more interesting than her most brilliant friend.

A man, on the contrary, prefers the society of his own sex, unless the lady in question possesses some especial charm for him, or he fancies he sees in her a possible conquest.

A man will lie to protect another far sooner than a woman will. Not that he loves his fellow-man more, perhaps, but dreads a lie less, may be.

Some one has said that there is an innate nobility in man which causes him to love virtue in women. I believe this is true. Every human being, man or woman, in his inmost soul, loves truth and purity.

Man illustrates his great love for virtue in the same spontaneous way that a natural woman illustrates her inborn love for an infant. She never sees it without wanting to take it!

There is far more pleasure in conversing with a man than with a woman. He is more liberal in his ideas, more generous in his appreciation, less liable to criticize unkindly. But you must not tell him so, even by act, else he will spoil all the pleasure you have derived from his companionship. If you do not tell him so, you pique his vanity into certain destruction of the friendship.

Man is as dangerous as he is agreeable.

A man will keep a woman's secret if he believes he alone shares it, unless his vanity alone tempts him to boast of his conquests, which it too frequently does. Yet he is more charitable toward her than the average woman is, and he ought to be, since he is the cause of all her sorrow.

Men relate their adventures and follies to one another, while women conceal them. Yet men seldom reveal their inmost hearts, or speak of their most sacred feelings among men—indeed, there seems to be a sort of shame-faced reticence with them to confess they have any sacred feelings. There is nothing a woman feels greater pride in confessing to a friend than

her love for her husband. If she is fascinated with another man, she will do all in her power to hide the secret from the world. Many a man, on the other hand, will hide his love for his wife as if he were ashamed of it, and even invent tales of adventure to convince his friends that he is a modern Don Juan.

The world will not materially improve until men regard this matter in a different light, and realize that the immorality of a father reflects as much disgrace upon a family as the immorality of a mother.

The love and respect of a true man is all that makes the pain-filled life of a woman worth living. Wealth may give her garlands of beauty, pleasure may lead her into paths of delight, the world may admire her, and fame may crown her with glory, but unless she has the anchor of a strong manly heart that beats for her alone, the tempestuous voyage of life is not worth taking, so far as happiness is concerned.

The sacrifice of self for the good of others and the consciousness of duty well performed can only sweeten the bitter cup of life to any woman who has missed its best joy—a man's honest love.

Shakespeare's Birthplace.

Our insensibility to it in the fact alleged is nationally so discreditable that we are reluctant to urge another sin of omission upon the repentance of our readers. But it is perhaps a lighter one, and without seeming too reproachful we may quote the letter of a friend who writes to the study from Stratford-on-Avon. "I have been visiting the Shakespeare memorial here," he writes, "and noticing with delight the admirable beginning made of a complete Shakespearean library, as well as portrait and picture gallery. The memorial, with its fine theatre and beautiful gardens, only last week completed and opened to the public, is really a noble enterprise, and one from which our countrymen are sure to reap constant advantage. When I tell you that notwithstanding all the interest shown in Stratford by Americans, and the appeal made by Minister Phelps in his speech in the Lyceum theatre in London to American Shakespearean authors and publishers for American editions and American Shakespearians, there actually is shown in the library only three or four short shelves filled with some four or five of the recent complete editions—the Rolfe, Hudson, etc.—with almost nothing in the way of separate plays, studies, notices of plays, programmes, etc., etc., you will, I am sure agree with me in feeling that we in America owe a big debt to Stratford in this respect, which we are altogether too indifferent about, especially in view of the bitter facts (to our friends here) that in New York alone there are fourteen copies of the First Folio and not one in Stratford.

"Now pardon me if in the mingled emotions of American pride and mortification at this state of things I write to you, on the spur of the moment, and ask if there is not some quick, easy and practical way of setting the ball rolling in the way of getting up a complete collection of American Shakespeareana as a gift from Americans to the Stratford Memorial. It would be a much more significant or valuable gift than even fountains and statues, for this will, or ought ultimately to become the center for the study of Shakespeare, and the library is the true fountain for lovers of Shakespeare to furnish here."—*W. D. Howells in Harpers*.

Boy Life on the Prairie.

Some days were always spent in stacking the oats in the barn-yard, where the straw could be banked up for winter use, and these were the pleasantest of all the harvest days, for it was near the house where the girls could come out and chat occasionally and show their pretty calico gowns. The kitchen was so handy that we could smell the dough-nuts frying, and hear the plates being laid for dinner. Attracted by the swarms of crickets and grasshoppers falling out of the grain, the chickens and turkeys came crowing noisily about the stack, singing joyously in their harsh, strange fashion, as if giving thanks for their unexpected feast.

Neighbors passing by on their way to town stopped to "gas" in the western fashion.

"Say! Adams!"

"Hello!"

"Y'r stack's tarrin' over."

"Oh, get out."

"You bet it is. You'll slide off in another minute. Say!"

"Say it y'rself; y've got y'r mouth open."

"Go'n' to have a shindig t' wind up on?"

"Mebbe."

"Wall don't leave me out, 'r I'll bust y'r biler. Who's go'n' to play f'r y'?" Dave McTurg?"

"Um-hm!"

"That's bully! When y' go'n' to thrash?"

"O' in a week 'r two."

"Wan' to change works, of course?"

"You bet! When you goin' to start in?"

"Monday. Come over."

"I'll be there—t' breakfast."

"Yaas! You're likely to. If y' do, I'll—"

"Say, drive on there. Howdy s'pose Adams is goin' t' build a ten foot bulge with you a clockin' away like an ol' guinny-hen. Git.—*Hamlin Garland, in American Magazine*.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Mr. Heller, of Lincoln, Neb., is digging a 1,200-foot well.

A nottle thread sixty miles long only weighed 2½ pounds.

One of the leading Anarchists in St. Louis is named Griefgrabber.

Nearly 20,000 men have been naturalized in New York city this year.

A Rochester paper speaks of a tramp looking as seedy as a watermelon.

A German officer cannot marry an American woman without Bismarck's consent.

An old bachelor says that he rather likes a comical baby, but he objects when it becomes a screaming farce.

Under the law no political parade can be held in Philadelphia during the week preceding an election.

The ranches and large farms of southern California are slowly but steadily being cut up into small farms.

Upward of 1,000 children are reported to have died from measles in Santiago, Chili, in less than two months.

More than 800 old coins and medals have been stolen from the French museum at Carthage, North Africa.

The total decrease in the public debt of the United States since the opening of the current year is \$28,294,620.

A total of 5,790 miles of new road has been added to the railroad system of the United States this year thus far.

The corn crop is so poor in Langdon, N. H., and vicinity that farmers are already buying grain to feed their cattle.

A Vermont citizen who started out to purchase a wedding suit got drunk instead, and on returning home committed suicide.

A South Windham, Me., man attributes the cure of a cancer on his nose to the application of the plant known as "wood sorrel."

The oldest and largest tree in the world is a chestnut near the foot of Mt. Etna. The circumference of the main trunk is 212 feet.

A waterfall has been discovered in the Rifle Creek, Colorado, which is said to exceed Niagara in beauty, though not equal to it in volume.

The advance in the price of wheat will enable the growers in Minnesota and Dakota to realize from \$8,000,000 to \$15,000,000 more than last year.

An eastern sportsman lost his gun in an odd manner. A wounded bird, in falling, struck the weapon as the owner was taking aim and knocked it into the water.

Employees of the Central railroad at Macon, Ga., are a good deal disturbed over the ghost of an immense Newfoundland dog that roams around in the rear of the Union depot.

A letter was mailed at Pittsburg recently addressed to "The Secretary of the Knave Department," and the intelligent clerk sent it to the warden of the state penitentiary.

In central Dakota sections the wheat is well marketed. The threshing was done under the most favorable conditions of weather, placing the crop early in shape to sell.

The name of the White House is derived from the fact of the Virginia free-stone, of which it is built, being painted white to conceal the discoloration caused by smoke and weather.

It is estimated that crows have cost the farmers of Maine \$100,000 the past year. The next legislature will be asked to give a bounty of ten cents a head for the destruction of these sable favorites.

A sparrow with white wings leads a flock of 100 of the brown species at Rondout, N. Y. It is treated with great deference by its companions, who follow all its movements at a respectful distance.

It has been found that a goose can stand the weather until the thermometer goes to 64 degrees below zero. Then her feathers won't save her. Wild ducks can go 12 degrees lower and come out on top.

The Alaska salmon pack is now all in. The Alaska Commercial company alone caught 1,200,000 salmon, most of them in Karluk river, which is only 2½ miles long. The quality of the fish is fine.

An ingenious farmer of Shiloh, Ga., has resorted to the use of half-inch pine boards as a substitute for bagging. A bale of cotton in the novel covering reached Columbus, Ga., and attracted much attention.

Four thousand boxes of California raisins sent this fall to London brought better prices than the famous layers from Malaga, and orders have come to California from Amsterdam, Vienna and Australia.

The American trade with Cuba is an important and a growing one. Out of a total of seventy-five vessels arriving at Havana last month, thirty-seven of them were American. British vessels numbered only five.

The Nawab of Rampur recently paid Sergt.-Maj. Freyer, a surgeon in the British army, the princely fee of \$50,000 for having brought him safely through a three months' illness from malignant rheumatic fever.

A California widow had plans made for a \$50,000 monument for her late departed, but when the lawyers got through fighting over the estate the widow was doing housework at \$2 a week for the man who designed the monument.

Amos Marsh, a colored man of Orange, N. J., drew \$15,000 in a lottery, and his first step was to abandon his old wife and give a white woman \$3,000 to marry him. He said it was no use to have money unless he could get into society.

In France, refuse pulp from many beet factories is simply thrown into large pits dug in the ground. After a few days a considerable portion of the water has risen to the surface, whence it may be skimmed and used to irrigate the land.

It is estimated that one-fifth of the people of Maryland are interested directly or indirectly in the canned goods business. There are 488 canning houses, employing 25,000 hands, who receive over \$10,500,000 in wages. One thousand five hundred men additional are engaged as canmakers.

It is estimated that the area of un reclaimed swamp and marsh land in the United States that can be drained and brought under cultivation is equal to that of all the cultivated lands, or nearly 800,000,000 acres. Much of this land could be reclaimed without great difficulty or expense, and would make farmland of great value.

Paper discontinued when time paid for has expired, therefore no claims for unpaid subscription are ever presented.

Job Printing of all kinds done in the most artistic manner, and at lowest prices.

In Reno county they are boring for borax.

It is well enough to open up Oklahoma, but we are not willing to admit that Kansas needs it.

We are glad to feel that local poets have gone to keep company with the democratic party.

Cincinnati used to be called Porkopolis, but Wichita will be content to be known as Hogtown.

The best air line to Oklahoma would be a balloon ship. Don't infer that there is any gas in this suggestion.

Gen. Harrison will use all his power to advance the industrial interests of the south. He will be president of the whole country.

The third party prohibition vote, this year was considerably less than two years ago when it seems to have reached high water mark.

The Wichita Mirror advises the establishment of hog ranches is some of the recent addition to the city, but Newton objects to having nuisances under her nose.

We advise all democrats to be patient for four years. This will give them at least so many years of rest, and then we may repeat the advice.

It is pleasant to realize that base ball will hibernate for six months, while the office seekers come in on the home run, or get knocked out altogether.

Southwestern Kansas are not in favor of Oklahoma free trade, and want to be protected against competition that would follow its opening.

We decidedly object to Kansas City sending her roughs into Kansas to fight, and her bad liquor for Kansas people to drink.

Indiana democratic members of the Grand army have met in state convention and resolved to withdraw from the order. A new non-partisan order will be instituted.

The Abilene daily gazette attributes its failure to jealousy of democratic leaders. It failed because there was no field for it, and because it never had economical management. They attempted too much.

The Massachusetts Plowman says that few states have so complete agricultural reports as Kansas and adds that "the report is a compendium of the resources and development of a state that has long lived under a prophecy almost amounting to a promise, that it is soon to become the first state in the union in wealth and importance."

Because the North Topeka Courier died a lingering death, and because its successor, the Sunflower, followed its steps into the grave, a Kansas City paper refers to North Topeka as a newspaper graveyard. The Courier was an untimely, illegitimate thing from the start. No newspaper man ever expected it to live. It existed for a time by dead-beating its way. No newspaper experience and no editorial ability was ever at the back of it. It was a newspaper abortion. The Sunflower was an attempt to galvanize life into the corpse. The North Topeka daily News is prospering, with no graveyard in sight.

The Municipal Debt.

A great waste of words has been indulged in lately, in speaking of the debt of Kansas—municipal and private. The private debt has been falsely represented at many times its actual amount, and the municipal debt, while it may appear large, is by no means of such size as to lead one to think of it as bankrupt.

There are but \$815,000 of state bonds unpaid, and of this amount only \$256,000 is held by parties outside, the remainder being held by the state itself, invested for the benefit of itself in the school or sinking funds. The remainder of the municipal debt of the State amounted, on the first of July, 1888, to \$31,107,646.90, and there was in the sinking fund to be applied toward the various forms of this indebtedness, \$373,712.03. This total debt is made up of county bonds, city warrants, school district bonds and school district orders.

A fair analysis of the municipal debt will quiet any alarmed mind. In examining the situation regard should be had, first, for the years that Kansas has been building, and then to the extent of her domain over which this debt is spread. On this a prudent man going into business, with part of his capital invested in plant or buildings, and improve-

ents, slowly, out of the annual tax paid by the owners of property; or earnest bank on the future, and issue its promises to pay. The older States have all gone through this experience of issuing bonds, and this method is now so generally adopted that it has become a policy. The great state of New York started to build the Erie canal on credit, and at one time it was freely alleged that the promoters of that great improvement had bankrupted the State. Later years have shown the wisdom of Clinton and his fellows, and that State has reaped many thousand fold returns for her trust in the future. Pennsylvania daily sees the prophecy of Cameron fulfilled, which he uttered when he advocated the building of that great artery of trade, the Pennsylvania railroad. The people of these older States raise their hands in alarm, however, if a new State, like Kansas, Nebraska, or Colorado, follows their example, and immediately predicts dire disaster.

Kansas is a new State, admitted into the Union, January, 1861, with her population less than 115,000, and not one city of 5,000 people, and her immigrants and inhabitants poor in purse. To succeed, necessarily, she was compelled to pledge the credit of her commonwealth, and issue her bonds and notes. Building a city or town on raw prairie soil required faith, and energy to make that faith a realization. There are few towns in any of the States east of the Alleghenies, having a population of 5,000 less than fifty years old. In Kansas there are twenty cities with over 5,000 population, less than thirty years of age, and many have not yet lived a decade; a few are not five years old.

In such a condition no good business man will question the justice of the policy of issuing bonds to make improvements to make her people comfortable. Railroads, bridges, schools, and public buildings must be provided; and must be built rapidly; the people need them and want them at once.—KANSAS FINANCIER.

Electric News.

Three men at Prescott, Arizona have been indicted for perjury in connection with land office transactions.

A duel was fought in Central Park, New York, Sunday night, but there are no particulars.

J. P. Lavender, a well-to-do farmer of Shamock, Mo., hanged himself in his own barn. He had a horror of dying of consumption.

In accordance with his custom Secretary Whitney presented each of the 400 employes of the navy department, with a large turkey for the Thanksgiving dinner.

By the explosion of a gasoline stove reservoir in Pound & Bennett's confectionery establishment, at Chillicothe, Mo., the building and stock was damaged to the amount of \$1,100.

"Dock" Haggerty was unloading glycerine at Pleasantville, Vanago county, Pa. He had 1040 pounds of it in a wagon. It exploded by some means and Haggerty was literally annihilated.

The first yard of cotton cloth manufactured in the state of Iowa was made at Des Moines Monday, at which time occurred the formal opening of the Des Moines cotton factory, a new industry in the state.

The boss ale and porter brewers of New York and New Jersey have decided to look out all their union men and employ non-union men. This is because of the continued boycott on Stevens brewery in New York.

Nine wagon-loads of Oklahoma boomers passed through Denton, Texas, en route for the promised land. They are well stocked with provisions and camping outfit, and intend to remain on the borders until the country is thrown open to settlement.

James Jamieson of Fort Wayne, Ind., while eating supper at a boarding house, choked on a piece of meat, which lodged in his throat, and efforts of himself and friends could not dislodge it. He died before a physician could reach him. He was fifty years of age and unmarried.

The German government has rejected France's proposals to join the Blockade of east Africa on the condition that slave dhows and dealers under the French flag seized by other powers be handed over to France for punishment. The Emin Bey relief committee has passed a resolution severing all connection between the committee and the East African company.

Sam Small, the Georgia evangelist, has put his foot in it. In his address at Chickering hall, New York, on "The Quaker and the Dead of Prohibition," he announced his grief over the refusal of prohibitionists to compromise with the old parties. He said if they would join hands with other parties they could get temperance legislation. This stirred up several prohibitionists and they roundly berated the Georgian.

When it is considered appropriate to shoot the hat, it soon becomes the proper thing to clute the coat as it arrives before your door.—Toronto Grip.

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A SON'S SACRIFICE.

Serves Three Years in the Penitentiary to Save His Guilty Mother.

A Boston dispatch says: Three years in state prison is what a son took to shield his guilty mother. Now she is dead and he seeks release.

On Thanksgiving day, 1883, John F. Toomey died very mysteriously in a house on Tucker's wharf, in Salem, where lived the mother of Jack Curtin. There was an autopsy, and Toomey was found to have died from a singular fracture of the skull, apparently a blow from an extraordinary weapon. The physicians could not account for its radiating appearance until the family kettle was found. Then the fracture was explained to the satisfaction. The police took up the case, and suspicion fastened upon Curtin, who had fled the state to avoid arrest. He was followed to Gloversville, N. Y., where he was captured after a hard chase. He asserted his innocence to the last, and declared that he had never committed the crime. He refused, however, to say who did, and went to prison. His mother was completely broken down, and died apparently from grief, a year and four months after Jack's imprisonment.

Now the prisoner by his attorney asks for a conditional pardon on the ground that he never committed the deed. The petition recites that he was not in the room at the time Toomey was killed. It is declared that John F. Toomey came to the house and entering the bedroom of Jack Curtin's sister grossly assaulted her. Mrs. Curtin, the mother, bade him begone. Then Toomey attempted a second assault and Mrs. Curtin, enraged, seized a polishing-iron and struck Toomey the blow that caused his death. The son told his mother he would leave the state to draw suspicion upon himself, and did so. He declares his ability to prove his statements amply to the satisfaction of the governor and council, and application will be made for a writ of habeas corpus to bring Curtin before them. He has been an excellent prisoner during the three years and three months of his incarceration.

The evidence at Curtin's trial, though conflicting, was generally direct, and one—Casey—swore positively of seeing Curtin strike Toomey with the kettle. The medical experts present at the autopsy testified that Toomey died from a stellated fracture of the skull, which could hardly be produced by any other weapon but the kettle. An effort was made to prove an alibi.

The mother of Curtin, before the murder a woman of strong characteristics, was completely changed after the crime. She wasted to a shadow of her former self, but it was believed that it was because "Jack," her favorite son, was convicted. Every week, as long as she had strength, she dragged herself up to the state prison to see her boy. She died finally of exhaustion.

His Sweetheart Saved His Life.

One of the best-known men in Nashville owes his life and success to his sweetheart. He was born and reared on one of the British Isles, the son of a prosperous banker. When nearly 21 he had a serious difficulty with his father and was bidden never to darken the doors of his ancestral home. It was late at night when he left the house and wandered along the moor which bordered the family domain. He was prostrated with grief and remorse and determined to take his life. He sat down and took his pistol out. As he reflected, he took a photograph of his sweetheart from an inner pocket of his coat and scanned the well-known features with eyes dimmed with tears. Thinking upon her, hope returned, and he determined to live for her sake. If not for his own. He hastily shoved the weapon into his pocket and started for the railway station. He came to America and drifted to Nashville. He prospered in business and is now a highly-respected citizen.

Unfortunately the romance ends here. For years he had no communication with his family, and the letters he wrote his sweetheart miscarried, for shortly after he left her family moved to a distant town. He returned home a few years ago and sought out his early love. She was married, and three children played about her knees. He has consoled himself with a fair American, and considers himself one of the happiest of men. But he has never ceased to thank his stars for the girl who once saved his life; that her influence did prevent him from suicide he frankly stated to one who is familiar with his life.—Nashville American.

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Take Care of the Hair.

No careful observer fails to notice as he looks over assemblies of men past thirty years of age, that a very large proportion is bald, or in a stage of partial baldness, which indicates the speedy loss of the hirsute appendage. The percentage of baldness has been put at thirty per cent., and by some observers as high even as forty per cent. From careful observations in churches, theatres, lecture-rooms, and political assemblies, we are satisfied that these estimates are too high, and that twenty-four per cent is a more exact estimate.

This exhibit is alarming, as it indicates that the time is near when we shall be a nation of bald heads, and that alopecia as a disease will afflict the youth in our schools, as through heredity physical deformities and illnesses are multiplied and extended to an enormous extent.

What is the cause of this early loss of hair? It is not due to the hats or caps we wear, not to living in hot rooms; it is not due to the forms of foods we consume, but, in our view, it is largely due to modern methods of treatment of the hair and scalp. The erroneous view prevails that the skin which holds the hair follicles and the delicate secretory organs of the scalp must be kept as "clean, so to speak, as the face or hands; consequently young men patronize barbers or hairdressers, and once or twice a week they have what is called a "shampoo" operation performed; and this consists in a thorough scouring of the hair and scalp with dilute ammonia water and soap, so that a heavy "lather" is produced, and the glandular secretions, which are the natural protection of the hair, and promotive of its growth, are saponified and removed. No act could be more directly destructive of a healthy growth of hair than this, and no one is more common.

The practice of frequently washing the head in warm or cold water, at home, with or without the adjuncts of soap, alcohol, ammonia, or perfume, is deleterious and promotive of early loss of the hair. Men in active indoor business—clerks, bankers, shopkeepers in cities—are continually washing the head. Many do this night and morning, under the false notion that it is necessary to cleanliness, and promotive of a vigorous growth of hair, and when alarmed at its rapid disappearance in early life they are at a loss to understand the reason. The secretion of wax in the ear passages is nature's method of protecting the delicate machinery upon which hearing depends. It closes the organ to the entrance of insects and dust; and fortunately the secretion is to a considerable extent, placed beyond easy interference, and thus the sense of hearing is protected from injurious "wash-outs."

The waxy secretion which is poured out from the glandular organs which are found in connection with the follicles of the hair is nature's product and is designed to preserve and protect the wonderful and beautiful head-covering. If we persist in removing it altogether we must march with the bald-pates before the frosts of age come along to change its color. Women do not shampoo or wash the hair as often as the other sex, and consequently they are in a large degree exempt from baldness in middle life. It is true, however, that many women in cities make frequent visits to the hairdressers, and subject their tresses to the "scouring" process. If this becomes common, it will not be long before baldness will overtake the young mothers as well as the fathers, and the time will be hastened when children even will have no hair to destroy with ammonia or other caustic cosmetics.

The advice we have to offer to young men and maidens is, let your hair alone; keep at a safe distance from hair dressing rooms and drug-shops, where are sold oils, alkaline substances, alcoholic mixtures, etc., for use upon the hair. They are all pernicious, and will do you harm. The head and hair may be washed occasionally with soft, tepid water, without soap of any kind. As a rule, the only appliances needed in the care of the hair are good combs and brushes; and they should not be used harshly, so as to wound the scalp. Avoid all "electric" and wire-made brushes. No electricity can be stored in a hair-brush; if it could be, it is not needed. The hair is a beautiful gift of nature, and it must not be destroyed.—Popular Science News.

A Mean Wife.

"John," she said, through the key-holes of the front door: "is that you?" "Yesh, m' dear," replied John.

"Well, 'truly rural' is the counter-sign to-night."

"Tooly looral."

So John slept in a hotel that night.—Puck

"All Things in Order."

"Life," said Mr. Beecher on one occasion, "a sparing of great events and great occasions and opportunities; it is the little things that make up the sum total."

So it is in house-keeping. The business of conducting a household with comfort and success depends upon a vast number of "little things." Let these little things be in order, and there will be far less of the friction, fault-finding and complaining that banish happiness quite as completely as some great sorrow.

To begin with. Let no housewife tolerate dull knives. Who has not seen the head of a household struggle and fret and perspire over the carving of a joint, not because the meat was abnormally tough, but because the knife was too dull? Let us take a lesson from our butchers. No vendor of roasts and joints would dream of conducting his business without having his hatchets, saws and knives thoroughly overhauled, and their edges renewed at regular intervals. The housekeeper sees the tradesman run his steel between bones, separating joints, removing rinds, reducing steaks to their proper proportions, and then wonders why the meat that seemed so tender at the stall appears so tough upon the table. It is so simply because the butcher takes care that his knives are sharp, and yours madam, have never had their edges renewed, perhaps, since the day you bought them.

Why is the coffee so muddy? Have you examined the sieve in the coffee-pot? Is it not the cook's "business." She does the work; it is your part to provide her with the proper implements. Why does the toast taste of fish? Have you made sure that there is a broiler distinctly kept for the fish, and a toaster provided for the toast? Do the glasses on your table show the signs of grease and sport the lint of rough towelling? Have you made sure that the kitchen is supplied with towelling to be used for glass and silver and nothing else? If the cat has stolen the cream, and the mice have appropriated your cheese, have you examined the latch on the closet door? If the flies have rendered your food unfit to use, and a leg on of ants have chosen your larler as a parade ground, have you provided yourself with wire screens, nettings, and those luxuries ants most love, but which destroy them most certainly?

Be sure that each department of household labor is well supplied with ways and means. If you want your linen fresh and sweet, procure the best quality of soap and see that there is an airy place to dry it in. Use no chemical compounds for bleaching, etc., but see that nature's agents, sun and air, have a fair chance at them. Let each vegetable have its own utensil, and cook no onions in the pot that must afterwards furnish forth sweet peas or potatoes. Let your baking tins shine and the bread pans be sacred to bread alone. Have a spice box with the labels upon each division, and permit no social intercourse between allspice and nutmegs. Be sure that your brushes are clean and new enough to retain a firm hold upon each particular hair.

In short, attend to the little things. What servant can collect dust in a dust-pan whose edges has a series of uneven and unequal curves? A scrubbing brush so worn as to have no tufts of hair within an inch of its edges should be relieved from further service. A broom with its straw bent and worn down till it is little more than a harsh stub may do for a sidewalk, but has no business with a carpet. It is said that a good workman never quarrels with his tools. Precisely because he takes the best of care to have them in order. Housewives, if you want your work well done, see that you provide the proper implements. Select them with care, and be sure of their efficiency. What could the genius of Raphael or Michael Angelo have achieved with a ragged paint brush or a blunt chisel?—Examiner.

A Pointer for the Parson.

An amusing typographical blunder was perpetrated in Carson, Nev., recently. Rev. Van Dewater sent to the Tribune his theme for the following Sunday's discourse, "Receipt for the Cure of Hoodlumism." This appeared in print as "Receipt for the cure of pneumatism," and it had the effect of crowding the church with people, many of whom had not attended divine worship for a quarter of a century, and a considerable number of whom were stiffened more or less with rheumatism.—Omaha Ben.

Judge Lacombe says he has no jurisdiction over Ives. Nobod. else seems to have. Ives beautifully illustrates the fact that this is a free country.—New York Tribune.

The supreme court of Illinois appears to be waiting for bouquets and cold quail.—Chicago Daily Enquirer.



Great Reduction Sale OF MILLINERY

AT MRS. I. L. BARBERS,

824 Kans. Ave, North Topeka,

Commencing Monday, Nov. 19, in our Trimmed Hat Department, you will find the following Special Bargains, namely:

75 TRIMMED HATS AT 75 CENTS, REDUCED FROM \$1.50.
75 TRIMMED HATS AT 1.25, REDUCED FROM \$2.00.
75 TRIMMED HATS AT \$1.75 REDUCED FROM \$2.50

And a full line at Corresponding Prices.

Grand Bargains in Our Untrimmed Hat Department Where we are showing a large line of Hats from 25cts. upward.

Ladies, now is your chance to buy Goods cheap, not Cheap goods, but Goods cheap. Come, Come, Come and see what we have. A perfect feast of BARGAINS is what we have for you.

Ribbons and Fancy Trimmings of all sorts, without exception the best value yet in all the fancy and dress trimming shades.

IN OUR DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT

WE ARE MAKING VERY PRETTY WORSTED DRESSES FROM \$4.00 UP. ELEGANT TAILOR MADE SUITS FOR \$5.00. WORK AND FIT GUARANTEED. ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN DRAPINGS AND FANCY TRIMMINGS.

824 KANSAS AVENUE, MRS. I. L. BARBER & CO., NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS

FOR RENT:—Store room, well located in one of the most prosperous villages on the Rock Island railway, between Topeka and St. Joseph. For further information address,

W. E. RIPPETOR,
Holt, Kansas.

Do you know what a Kodak is? The new state house has already cost a half dozen lives.

If you have coal to buy, get it now before it gets higher.

The success of the WEEKLY NEWS is phenomenal. Everybody wants it.

Why don't the so-called Capital-Commonwealth drop the heavy end of its name? This world is too busy to use it all. With the NEWS it is simply the Capital, and so it shall be.

The old settlers will hold their thirty-fourth anniversary exercises at the parlors of the Copeland in Topeka on the evening of the December 5. All persons who lived in Kansas in 1857 are eligible to membership in the society.

Walter Mitchell, the little boy who was run over by a street car about two weeks ago, yesterday brought suit in the district court against the Topeka City railway company for \$10,000 damages. He claims that the accident was due to the negligence of an employe of the company.

The members of the Christian church, through their pastor, on Monday, subscribed in pennies and dimes, five dollars in behalf of the young people of the Orphans' home. The interest being shown in the orphans this winter is unusually large and the board of managers are rejoiced over the success of their efforts in aid of the little folks. The last child admitted to the home, an infant but a few months old, is dangerously ill and is not expected to recover.

The publication in the newspapers of differences between church officers and pastors, where there can be no charges made, and where the affair is strictly a private or personal matter, is to be not only regretted but condemned. The papers that do it ought to be boycotted. If a pastor wishes to resign, and does resign the fact may be stated. If church officers desire to make a change it does not justify a reporter in exaggerating the affair, and making it appear that either the pastor or the people has been afforded a subject for a sensation. The papers print too much of such matter.

How's This
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Desert Lands.

George L. McDonough, traveling agent of the Santa Fe, has returned from a trip to New Mexico, where he had occasion to inspect the irrigation work now in progress on the Maxwell land grant. About ten miles of ditches were completed some time ago and the land lying under them tested, the result being an unquestionable success. Forty miles additional of ditch being constructed, large stone reservoirs built, and by December 1 it is expected that fifty miles in all will be available. This will bring an immense area of land under cultivation and ranches are now being sold with perpetual water rights to a great many new settlers. McDonough says he saw as fine fruit, which had been grown along the line of these ditches as ever came from the Pacific coast.

In fact it is well known that wherever the so-called desert land can be brought under water it is the most prolific in the world. There is nothing to equal it in the best valleys of the east, which being subject to an abundant rainfall were cultivated by the Indians long before the white man set foot upon the shores of America, while these so-called "desert lands" have lain idle for centuries, being useless to the aborigines, as they have been heretofore to the settler.

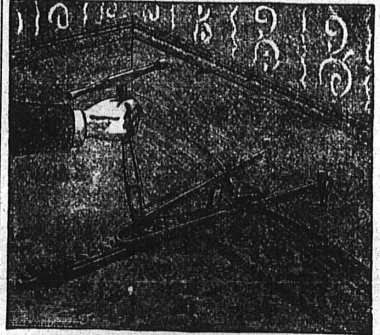
The deposits of pre-Adamite rivers have enriched the soil and the dust of ages has settled upon it until it surpasses in richness the land in the famous delta of the Nile. No sooner is it moistened by the water from the ditches than it is ready to give life to whatever is planted on it, whether it be grass or vegetables, grain or young trees. A downeast farmer would be astounded at the crops raised in this soil. The most magnificent products to be found in the great west are readily obtained, the most bountiful harvest await the lucky tiller of lands which have never been called upon to replenish the earth since Adam was turned from the gates of the Garden of Eden.

So remarkable have been the results obtained that one earnest and enthusiastic writer seriously advocates the theory that the Garden of Eden was really located down in New Mexico instead of in the valley of the Euphrates. It is very certain that there is a great deal of circumstantial evidence in favor of his theory.

The success of any single big ditch that has been constructed in the region in question is strong argument in favor of the proposed national system of reservoirs for which the preliminary examination is now being made by competent government engineers, and it is not impossible that when the mountain gulches and deep valleys are dammed up and the water now wasted by floods and freshets is available for distribution, the whole of this wonderful region may be reclaimed. Nor is it visionary to suppose that the day may come, when the worn out lands of the eastern and middle states fail longer to furnish the food supply demanded, in which case the food producing center of the world will be found away down in New Mexico and Arizona, where all has been desolation and death for so long.

Remember that we do as fine commercial printing as can be had in Topeka. Everything new and first class. Send your job printing to the News.

KEYSTONE CARPET STRETCHER



BEST ON EARTH!
The Most Perfect, Complete and Durable Stretcher Made.
FURNISHED with draw heads, which drive into the floor at the base board, and a clamp by which a firm hold is taken on the carpet without the least danger of tearing or marring. It is stretched to the desired place by using a lever and the handle of a complete hammer, sufficient for board and into the corner.
Manufactured of malleable and wrought iron, making a tool that will last a life time.
Each Stretcher is packed in a neat wooden box, with directions for using. Sample sent on receipt of \$1.00. Special prices to dealers on application.

Pickett & Rogers, Warren, Pa.

ESTABLISHED 1842

J. I. CASE

Threshing Machine

PORTABLE AND STATIONARY HORSE TRACTION ENGINES, SEPARATORS, RACINE WIS. COMPANY, HORSE POWERS, TREAD POWERS AND SAWMILL MACHINERY.

OVERSEERS WANTED Everywhere to employ a reliable person in your country to look up advertisements and show cards of Electric Goods. Advertisements to be taken up everywhere on train routes and terminals, in conspicuous places, in town and country in all parts of the United States. Steady employment; wages \$2.50 per day; expenses advanced; no salary required. For local work we will make an offer for all or part of the time. Enclose a plainly self-addressed STAMPED envelope for reply, and write to E. C. EMERY & CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO. NO ATTENTION PAID TO POSTAL CARDS.

Western Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS.

R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r

Manufacturer of Steam Engines, Mill Machinery, Shafts, Pulleys, Gears and Fittings, Etc.

WRITE FOR PRICES Topeka, Kans.

Go to Citizen's Coal Company, J. V. McNeely, 519 E. 4th street. For the best quality of coal At the cheapest prices.

THE COLLEGE OF THE SISTERS OF BETHANY, TOPEKA, KANS.

Under care of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for Girls and Young Ladies Exclusively.

Boarding and Day Pupils.

Twenty-six Officers & Teachers.

Faithful maternal oversight for all entrusted to our care.
All branches taught—Grammar and Collegiate, French, German, the Classics, Instrumental and Vocal Music, Elocution, Drawing and Cutting. The music department employs ten teachers and twenty-four pianos and three organs. In the art department the studio is fully equipped with casts, models and copies.
Send for Catalogue to T. C. VAIL, Bursar, or BISHOP VAIL, President, Topeka, Kans.

CITY MEAT MARKET,

Established 1871.
ED. BUCHNER, Prop.
Carries on a Strictly First Class Business with all its different branches.

Buys all his Stock alive, and has it butchered in his own slaughter house.

810 Kan Ave Telephone 87 North Topeka, Kan.

TO ADVERTISE and meet with success, a value of newspapers, and a correctly displayed advertisement. To secure such information JUDICIOUSLY CONSULT LORD AND THOMAS NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

TOPEKA Steam Dental Establishment. No. 708 N. Avenue.

The largest, the best equipped and cheapest Dental Establishment in the West.

Fine set of teeth on Rubber plate - \$8.00
" " both upper and lower, only 15.00

Teeth Extracted without pain. All work warranted.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT. RICHARD H. BAKER, Manufacturing Optician

HAS never been connected in any way with the jewelry trade in Topeka. He makes a specialty of the Optical business and carries a complete line of optical goods.

Examination of Eyes for Glasses Free. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Special attention given to repairing.

RICHARD H. BAKER, 829 KANSAS AVENUE, TOPEKA.

FLORENCE LADIES' WAIST.

Hand Finished

CORD FASTENERS in place of Buttons. An embodiment of Hygienic principles in a Ladies' Waist.

COMFORT. Edge of Movement and Graceful Form. Price by mail, \$1.00

WEEDSPORT SKIRT & DRESS CO. WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.
Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them unopened for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

A WALKING-STICK, the crutch handle of which is an ear-trumpet, is the latest convenience for deaf men.

WHEN Lord Sackville takes his seat in the House of Lords, look out for views on American subjects emphatic, if not enlightened.

SUPERSTITION is made to pay by a New York jeweler, who advertises amber necklaces which will prevent croup in children.

THE cost of running the city of New York for 1889 is estimated at \$37,027,394.20, which is about \$24,000 less than was the estimate for this year.

FITCHER the Providence (R. I.) absconder, is now in the medical ward of St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, Montreal. He was made to break stones. It is believed that he is a lunatic.

THE examination of the city's accounts, growing out of the defalcation of Treasurer Axworthy of Cleveland, O., is said to have disclosed a deficit of nearly \$17,000 in the accounts of S. T. Everett the former treasurer, between 1880 and 1883.

BEGINNING at Boylston street and ending at the Old South there are seven clocks within range of the traveler's eye, and at certain points five of these can be seen at once. Thus ever does Fortune shower her gifts where they are least needed.

SAM JONES, the evangelist, has started out on his winter route. He seems to be getting denominational in his arguments, for he said the other day at Durham, N. C., "Adam was a Methodist. How do I know it? Because the old rascal fell from grace."

MME. LE RAY contemplates another voyage of exploration. This intrepid French woman, who has traveled all over Asia Minor, is about to start for Teheran, from whence she intends making excursions into the least accessible portions of the Persian dominions.

It is stated that a sub-committee of the Parnell commission will visit this country, hold sessions in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Denver, and will subpoena witnesses from all parts of the country, who will be examined as to their utterances as published in various papers.

THE Chinese exclusion bill is causing much suffering to Chinese who are detained in Canada, on their way back to the United States. The Chinese in many instances are penniless, but the Canadian authorities insist on the collection of a tax of \$50 a head for all who remain on British soil.

PROBABLY a smaller proportion of this campaign has been conducted in advertising type than any for thirty years. The political papers are learning as a contemporary phrases it, that "it is really doubtful if an editorial makes any more impression in long primer than it does in brevier."

THE man who makes up jokes on Americans for the French papers has prepared for Gallic consumption the story that a prominent New Yorker coming from one of the French plays said, "Well, I've listened to both of Coquelin's monologues, but I can't tell whether he is for Cleveland or Harrison."

THE Standard Oil company is not going to build a pipe line from its wells around Bakon, in Russia, to the Black Sea, as reported. The Russian government owns the railroad that carries the oil, and proposes to continue to carry. The Standard Oil company is a big monopoly, but the Russian government is a bigger.

FRENCH public men are going in for athletic development. M. Berthelot, ex-minister, has accepted the presidency of the National League of Physical Education, which comprises in its membership many representatives of politics, arms and science, with a sprinkling of distinguished gymnasts to leaven the lump, Le Boxe will be given due prominence.

THE cosmopolitan character of the population of Paris is manifested in the record of one day's registration of foreigners. On that occasion 2,149 foreigners registered, among them being 458 Belgians, 423 Germans, 330 Italians, 314 Swiss, 113 English, 88 Russians, 73 Austrians, 39 Dutch, 29 Americans, 27 Spaniards, 13 Roumanians, 12 Turks and 11 Danes.

THE FRENCH HEADSMAN.

An interesting chat with the King of the Guillotine.

Few people have ever seen the public executioner of France, and it is no easy matter to find him, for the police refuse to give his address, and his name is carefully omitted from the directory. The dreaded "Monsieur de Paris," as he is called by the lower classes, is, however, M. Deibler, and he rents a flat on the second floor at No. 3 Rue Vieq d' Azir, a squalid little street, half an hour's walk away from the Roquette Prison. This man, who conducts the ceremonies in which the guillotine plays the most prominent part, is a very quiet person, of retiring disposition, who dreads notoriety and avoids contact with his neighbors as much as possible. There is nothing in the headsman's appearance nor in his home to denote his ghastly office.

After some difficulty the New York World Paris correspondent secured the address of M. Deibler and found that the head man was not indisposed to tell the details of his unenviable profession. He could not, however, be induced to exhibit even privately the guillotine, which he referred to as "the machine." He said:

"The machine is ready mounted for use, and I may be summoned off at any moment. I usually get twenty-four hours' notice in Paris and more than double that time for the departments, but I must hold myself constantly in readiness to start off at a moment's notice. As a rule I have to spend at La Roquette the night preceding an execution. A great deal has to be done in a very short time. Soon as the two black vans arrive—one containing the 'woods of justice' and the other destined to convey the body of the culprit to the Irvy Cemetery—I have to superintend the installation of the machine, which takes upward of an hour. The fixing of the knife and of the apparatus itself is an intricate job. There must be no hitch at the last moment. The instrument is invariably placed on five stones just outside the central door of the Roquette Prison. I accepted the post I now hold on the resignation of Mr. Heindrich, whose valet I had been for several years. Until my appointment I was a tailor by trade, and many a working-man in the Roquette quarter, where I live, has had his clothes mended by me. But, you see, I have risen in the world. From a mender of old clothes on my own hook, I have got to be a first-class cutter in the government establishment!" and M. Deibler smiled at his rather ghastly joke.

"While I am fixing the machine," continued the headsman, "the Abbe Faure arrives. The Abbe Faure enters La Roquette and gives spiritual comfort to the doomed man. After being left alone with the chaplain for a short time the culprit is handed over to my assistant, who brings him from his cell down the stone stairway which leads to the depot—the prisoner's last station on earth before reaching the machine—where he is seated on a wooden stool, and his toilet begins. This doesn't take much time, for his hair and beard were clipped on entering the prison. The man is pinioned, his shirt stripped of its collar, and he then goes forth to his death by the central door, when he is strapped to the fatal plank which, tipping over, brings his neck into the half circular portion of a ring that I secure before springing the knife. Soon as I touch a button in one of the upright posts the knife falls and the head is received in a tin vessel containing sawdust. The body is unstrapped, put into a coffin, with the culprit's feet between his legs, and the remains are then driven off to Irvy cemetery, where they are buried."

"Does life endure any time after the head is severed?"

"No, I think not," the executioner replied, reflectively. "The great loss of blood produces syncope. Besides—"

Here M. Deibler went out of the room and brought in a large black leather box, which he placed on the table. On raising the lid there appeared the bright steel knife of oblique shape which is fixed to the cross-beam of the guillotine at each execution, and which M. Deibler carefully watches over and cleans at home. He took it out of its soft red lining the other afternoon, stroked it with his hand as if to brush the dust off its highly-polished surface, and, turning it over, said:

"There; look at the back of this knife. It is heavily weighed, you see, to make it fall swiftly and with tremendous force when I touch the spring. Now, this is the reason why I think that all consciousness departs from the brain of a man after the fall of the head. At the same instant that the neck is severed by the blade, the weighty portion strikes so fearful a blow on the occiput that the cheek is often bruised from the fall of the head into the tin vessel containing the sawdust. Yet the head is only raised a few inches above the tin vessel which receives it. Such a blow is, in my opinion, sufficient to drive out any ray of memory, reflection or real sensibility that may linger, after the decapitation, in the brain of the most obdurate, bull-headed criminal."

"Are you in favor of capital punishment?"

"Such a question should not be put to me. My business is to carry out the sentence of the law, without inquiring whether the law is right or wrong. Custom has not hardened me to such an extent that I am unable to distinguish, however, between one criminal and another. I feel the re-

sponsibility of shedding the blood of a fellow-creature as acutely now as I did the first time, when the Paris journalists said I had lost my head as well as the man I executed. I feel that responsibility especially in cases with prisoners like Moreau, the herbalist of St. Denis, who protested, in quite a different manner from avowed criminals, even at the foot of the guillotine, that he died innocent.

"Nor do I wish to enter into the question of the respective merits of hanging, garroting or beheading. Whether some more scientific method of giving death will replace the guillotine I can not say. I think not. Electricity has been suggested, and poisoning by means of prussic acid. The guillotine does its work thoroughly, for when the head is once severed there is no means of sticking it on again, while recovery from poison or electricity is not impossible with the aid of the executioner, who might be induced to moderate the dose for a consideration. The guillotine permits no collusion between the administrator of the law and the friends of the guilty. As long as capital punishment shall exist in France the present method will, I think, be maintained as more sure in its effects and as offering the least objection.

"Capital punishment may be said to be virtually abolished in France at the present day. Paris alone last year tried three hundred men for murder, and convicted only five of them. The leniency shown to criminals in M. Grevy's time led to a reduction of my salary from fifteen to twelve hundred dollars. This is my entire income, for I get no fees or perquisites—yes, I am content."

Electric Light Carbons.

"Where are all the Carbons made that are burned daily in the electric lights in use throughout the United States?" asked a New York Mail and Express reporter of the president of one of the leading light companies in this country the other day. "Two-thirds of them," he replied, are manufactured in Cleveland, O. There are, according to the latest statistics, about 150 tons in daily consumption, and out of that number a shade over 100 tons are turned out in the twenty carbon furnaces in Cleveland. The capacity of an ordinary furnace is about 45,000 carbons, but some of the manufacturers are now running overtime, so great has the demand grown. Six years ago, all the carbons burned throughout the country were made in a single room in Boston, where only ten men were employed. Carbons are made chiefly from the residuum of oil after it has been refined, and the deposit usually found around the natural gas well is also coming into general use, as it does not sputter when made into carbons. The material is first ground into a powder, when a little pitch is added and the whole mixed into a stiff batter, when it is run into moulds. They are then packed into boxes and the latter placed in a furnace where they are subjected to an intense heat. Carbons are now sold at \$27 a thousand, with the prospect of an early increase in price.

Two Little Grasshoppers.

Once, at a White House public reception, when the crowd was immense, Sir Edward Thornton and Lord George Montague, the last a son of the Duke of Manchester, tried to make their way into the Blue Room along with the general crowd. The policeman on duty waved them back. "Do you know, sir," said Sir Edward, in his most important manner, "that I am Sir Edward Thornton?" "And I," said Lord George, who was a meek, inoffensive little fellow, "I am Lord George Montague." "Go 'way," responded the policeman; "don't tell me two such little grasshoppers as you are Sir Edward Thornton and Lord George Montague."

The Youngest Cat.

A small bright face, two round green eyes,
A fluffy head as soft as silk,
Two ears pricked up in soft surprise,
Two whiskered lips to drink the milk,
So sleek, so quick, so fair so fat,
There's nothing like the youngest cat.
She has no reverence for the rest:
Plays unconcerned with Sambo's tail;
Puffs gently at Lord Ernest's crest—
A feat that turns her mother pale.
He growls and bites. What of that?
She's safe up high, our youngest cat.
Then creeping round the sofa back,
She pats her mistress with her paw;
Disturbs the monarch, sleek and black,
Whose lightest moving once were law.
He wakes, he spits. She's reached the mat,
And down out-doors, the youngest cat.
She's here, she's there, she's everywhere;
No spot is sacred from the pet.
Of food she takes the lion's share;
She rushes where the saucer's set;
The mouse she claims; the beads the rat
Within his hole—the youngest cat.
She climbs the desk, she spills the ink,
Then chases swift the lagging pen.
We put her down, but, ere we think,
She's up and at the game again.
An author's words come scarcely pat
When walked o'er by the youngest cat.
A tease, a joy, a plague, a dear—
Her names are many as her tricks.
We chase her off, then call her near;
The rest look on, as cross as sticks.
No house is dull, be sure of that,
Which always holds a youngest cat.
—J. E. Panton, in Harper's Young People.

Could Make One Match.

Maj. Stofah: "Can you sell me a blue necktie to match my eyes?"
Clerk (politely): "Very sorry, sir, we are just out of blues, but I can sell you a beautiful red one to match your nose."—Washington Post.

LA DIVA'S NIECE.

Mlle. Carlina Patti Returns to New Orleans from a Visit to Her Aunt in Wales.

It is not often, in real life, that one sees a fairy tale come true; but there has recently returned to a little house on Ursulines street a little maiden who for a year and a half has been living almost over again the wonderful story of "Cinderella." Her name is Carlina Patti, and the fairy godmother who summoned her from her quiet little home to be her companion in wonderful travels, and to share the wealth and splendors of a magnificent castle, is the great singer, called Adeline Patti by some, and La Diva by others.

The rain was falling in the most persistent and dreary fashion when a Piauyn representative knocked at the door of the little house on Ursulines street. In an instant there was the patter of high-heeled shoes across the gallery and Carlina herself, with her short black hair curling around her face and a smile of welcome in her big black eyes, opened the door. She wore a delicious gown of pink flannel, a trifle open at the throat, trimmed with a quantity of soft white lace.

"I have just returned to America," she said, "and have not had time to arrange things," with a comprehensive sweep of her hand towards a couple of chairs piled high with feminine finery, dresses and cloaks, fans, slippers, boots, everything that goes to make up the toilet of a woman of fashion.

"Tell you something about my trip? Well, you know that when Mme. Patti was here a year ago she wanted to adopt me and made arrangements for me to join her when she started home from her American tour. I went to St. Louis to join her, and since then have been with her constantly on her tours to Spain and Portugal and South America, and afterwards with her at Craig-y-Nos, her castle in Wales. The castle—it is so beautiful you can hardly fancy it. Here are some pictures of it." And the little maiden brought two photographs showing the gray turreted castle, flanked by walls of mountains. In front ran a broad driveway, and at one side was an artificial heart-shaped lake with a silver thread of a river emptying into it. Another view showed broad steps leading down from the house to the park which lies in the valley of the Swansea.

"See," said Carlina, indicating the rooms, "this is the billiard-room and this is auntie's boudoir. The walls are hung with crimson tapestry and the furniture is covered with crimson velvet. On the chairs and sofas are draped the ribbons, with the names painted on them, you know, that tied the wreaths the famous people in different countries have sent here. And on the walls are the photographs and the autographs that all the crowned heads in Europe have given. Next to this is her bedroom. Here the walls are hung with pale blue tapestry and the bed is draped in blue and is of rose-wood. There are all sorts of silver and gold toilet articles, and on the desk is a wonderful paper weight, all set with diamonds and rubies and sapphires. Mme. Patti at the castle has a bowl of broth brought to her before she gets up, then she is dressed and spends the morning writing her letters on her memoirs, which she is going to publish. At noon lunch is served in the winter garden. The house is always full of guests."

And the little maiden went over to the table and brought a handful of visiting cards, whereon was written the names of many a house that flourishes in Burke's peerage, and the Almanach de Gotha.

"Is the report true La Diva is going to sell the castle?"

"Sell it? No, indeed; she is devoted to it. Why only last spring she bought all the mountains surrounding it, so no one might spoil her view."

"Will you return to your aunt?"

"I hardly know," was the reply. "Auntie wishes me to come and be her companion, but I shall not go on the stage. When I left she bade me bring only such things as I would need for a visit to New Orleans, so I only brought a few of my dresses."

The reporter fell back in a chair with a gasp. Gracious Heavens, these innumerable gowns, each one a confection from Worth or Pingat, Felix in Paris, or White or Redfern in London; these hats from Camille, this real lace and embroidered tulle, these satin slippers and boots—they were only a few of her things. By and by she brought out, half shyly, a jewel case where almost every article, diamonds sapphires, and rubies and pearls, were gifts from the famous songstress.

She took up a strand of pearls as big as peas.

"This," she said, "was the first necklace ever given my aunt and she gave it to me. And this," taking up a portrait bracelet of twisted gold, "she wore this a long time herself and gave it to me for luck. The others are lovely! Oh, of course, but they were bought. These were hers."

And little Carlina wound round and round her wrist the string of pearls that had clasped La Diva's throat when men had only begun to realize that she was the queen of song.

Carlina Patti, living here with her mother, is a daughter of the late Carlo Patti, well known as an orchestra leader. Heaven has not given her the voice with which her father's distinguished sisters are gifted, but it has given her a most generous aunt who will see that she is well educated and lacks for nothing this very charming young girl may need.—New Orleans Picayune.

HERE AND THERE.

The London Times advises all Europeans to leave Zanzibar.

The past month has been the coldest October for eleven years.

New Jersey turns out nearly 37,000,000 yards of ribbon a year.

The illness of the King of Holland is regarded as very critical.

Another bridge is to be built across the Mississippi at St. Louis.

A woman at Worcester, Mass., recently gave birth to four girl twins.

Baron Hirsch has donated \$2,500,000 for the education of Jews in Galicia.

Foreign Jewish farmers have been ordered to quit Poland within a month.

More than \$40,000,000 worth of American refined lead is exported every year.

The coal mines of Washington Territory produced \$25,000 tons of coal last year.

A mill has been built at St. Simon's Island, Ga., to cut cypress timber for furniture.

The New York grand jury urges a reduction in the number of saloons in that city.

A number of negro colonists sailed from New York last week for the west coast of Africa.

The cotton prospect in the Memphis district has been unfavorably affected by heavy rains.

An oil expert says there is more oil under the soil of California than there is in Pennsylvania.

The potato crop for this year is estimated at 216,640,000 bushels, the largest grown for several years.

The total world's production of raw silk in 1887 was 25,762,000 pounds, against 23,856,000 pounds in 1886.

A Russian Imperial decree has been published to protect Caucasian naphtha producers from foreign competition.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that coloring butter with cotton seed oil makes it oleomargarine.

The total production of steel rails throughout the world is 3,718,000 tons annually. Of these the United States produces 1,764,000, or nearly one-half.

Work will soon commence on the railroad tunnel under the St. Clair river from Port Huron to Sarnia. It will be a mile long and will cost \$2,500,000.

Mr. Vassar, one of the founders of Vassar College, and who recently died, left his property estimated at \$1,500,000 to educational and benevolent institutions.

A hired man in Missouri killed his employer for forty-seven cents in change. It is only justice to the murderer, however, to state that he expected to get fully seventy-five cents when he made his plans.

A Wisconsin Norwegian who got into a fight received thirteen knife wounds and a bullet in the shoulder, and yet he walked nine miles and worked three-quarters of a day before he even had his hurts dressed.

A Pennsylvania paper says that the women of that state are gradually returning to garters. If they also gradually return to stockings and shoes they may yet know something of the comforts of civilization.

"Sewing machines repaired," reads a sign on a house in Tennessee which is nine miles from any other cabin, and thirty-seven from the nearest machine. The owner wants things to look like business around him.

The English sparrows were driving the mocking-birds and orioles out of the south until the different localities interfered and made war on them. Not a sparrow can now be found in some of the southern cities.

A Boston real estate man wants you to save \$3,000 by buying a \$5,000 house this fall. Don't you do it. It's a mean thing to take any such advantage over a real estate dealer. He wouldn't have a dollar to his name by spring.

When you speak of a bee-line you can't mean a straight line. It has been found that a bee in flying eighty rods frequently makes twenty-one or more curves and dodges. A goose will beat a bee all hollow in straight flying.

A North Carolina justice of the peace fined a citizen \$5 for contempt of court in not bringing out a pail of water for his horse while he was traveling. A justice in that state never lays aside his powers except when asleep.

No Indian outbreaks are looked for this winter. The red man is no fool. He isn't going to sloop around the country after bald headed scalps when Uncle Sam will feed and clothe and warm him for the sake of his company.

In western New York the evaporated fruit industry is of great importance. Within a radius of 40 miles around Rochester there are more than 1,500 evaporators. During the early autumn and winter months at least 30,000 people are employed.

The scientist, Leuwenhoek, says that he had often compared the size of the thread spun by a full grown spider with a hair from his beard, and estimates that it would require more than 100 spider threads to equal the diameter of the hair. If, then, he continues, we suppose such a hair to be of a round form, it follows that 10,000 of the threads spun by the full grown spider would not be equal in substance to the size of a single hair.

As the moon revolves around the earth, it also makes just one revolution on its axis, thus keeping the same side always towards the earth. You can easily illustrate this by placing an orange in the centre of a table to represent the earth, and moving another one around the edge of the table. You will find that, if you keep the same side always opposite the central sphere, the moving one will turn once on its own axis in making the journey around the table.

A correspondent of an exchange gives an account of how a chrysalis of the monarch butterfly developed while pierced by a pin, the imago appearing in due time. He also pierced some chrysalides of the cabbage butterfly (Pieris rapae), and they also brought forth perfect insects. One of these insects, when hatched, had the pin through the thorax, as if transfixed in the perfect state. Of course, they are badly deformed; but it goes to prove that injuries may be inflicted upon the chrysalides without preventing their development.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Women in Poultry Culture.

It is a gratifying fact that the poultry industry is attracting many women to it. Our poultry associations have many lady members, and many have won prizes at our exhibitions. Woman, by her gentleness and large stock of patience, is best fitted to care for the flocks. Many a woman suffering from the ill-effect of close confinement indoors is recovering her health and cheerfulness in this interesting and pleasing occupation. The time is coming when hosts of women of America will vie with their French sisters in controlling the poultry culture of the land. Woman has asserted herself and has forced an acknowledgment of her ability. Not a profession, trade or calling exists in which women are not included. Chicago has even its women blacksmiths.

Every place is open to woman. She is embracing it, and success for her is sure; for in any business where attention to detail in small things is an imperative demand woman excels man.—*American Poultry Journal.*

Swine in the Orchard.

An old friend, a farmer, whose orchard has always been above the average in condition and production, recently told us that he thought much of his success in orcharding was due to his fattening his swine, in the fall and early winter, in his orchard. Our own experience has shown us very plainly that the close association of swine and orchard trees is mutually beneficial. If the swine are given salt and ashes regularly, and a variety of food, they will not peel the trees; and the falling fruit makes a good share of the needed variety. The early windfalls, at least, almost without exception, contain larvae, the presence of these being responsible for the falling of the fruit. The hogs eat the fruit and the larvae also, and thus prevent their entrance into the earth or lodgment elsewhere; and as a result there is not a swarm of their descendants to blight the fruit of the next year. The animals, being much under the trees to get the fruit and the shade, deposit their manure where it will do the most good. In exchange, the trees give the animals shade, when high feeding makes shade grateful and wholesome; and vegetable food, when strong feeding of dry grains makes it a necessity to the health and thrift of the animals. If it is desired to evaporate or can the best of the windfalls, the hogs may be shut out during the night and admitted after those windfalls desired have been gathered up.—*American Agriculturist.*

Hints About Horses.

It costs more to keep a poor horse than it does a good one.

Change the food for your horses often enough to make them relish it. Improper feeding is the cause of nine out of ten cases of sickness among horses.

Every time you worry your horses you shorten their lives and days of usefulness.

Sweat and dust cause the horse's shoulders to gail. So do poor, ill-fitting collars.

The temperature of water for horses is not so much of an object as the purity of it. While it is best to have the water cool, it is more important to have it free from all impurities.

Mares in foal should have exercise and moderate work, and under no circumstances should they be subjected to harsh treatment, nor should they ever be allowed to go where they would be in danger of being frightened.

The horse which can plow an acre while another horse is plowing half an acre, or that which can carry a load of passengers ten miles while another is going five, independent of all considerations of amusement, taste, or what is called fancy, is absolutely worth twice as much to the owner as the other.

Affection can not be pounded in. Kind treatment insures the affection of an animal, while rough treatment is sure to cause its hatred.

It is alike dangerous to other horses and men to spare the life of a glandered horse. Glanders is a highly contagious, incurable disease, and, as a rule, fatal in the human subject.

When horses are suffering from the bites of flies, or stings of other insects, sponge the parts that can not be protected by nets with water, in which insect powder has been mixed—a tablespoonful to two gallons of water.

Of two colts similar in disposition and sense, one may develop into a steady and valuable family horse, while the other may be vicious, treacherous and unsafe—all because of the difference in the men handling them.—*Medical Classics.*

A Death of Good Cattle.

An observing cattle buyer who has lately returned from the east remarked to us the other day that there was actually a scarcity of good cattle in the Chicago and Eastern markets.

"I was in Kansas City three days," said he, "and was at the stock yards each day, but did not see as many as a car load of good cattle, notwithstanding from 1,000 to 3,000 head of cattle were arriving each day. While in Chicago I witnessed the greatest runs of cattle that have ever gone in to market, but in the multitude of horned brutes there was scarcely one that would pass for medium."

With all of this flood of cattle it is quite remarkable to note the non-appearance of good ones—cattle that have stood up by the corn cribs, or

have had good pasture. The whole rage in the west would seem to be to get rid of cattle—to strip the ranges of them and reduce the beef stock in trade. The result of this is a wide range in prices. Good ones, what few there are of them, going at from 5½ to 6½ per pound, while the thin flabby brutes command from 2½ to 3½c.

Nothing else can explain the phenomenally wide margin between common and good cattle in market. The margin has been very great ever since the June advance, but is now greater than ever. The shrinkage in common to medium stock leaves prime cattle about on the same plane which they have all along occupied, demonstrating the truth of the claim close observers have for some time been making—that it was good cattle only whose position was practically assured. There is no apparent probability of a surplus of good cattle for some time, and, however other grades may fluctuate, these should without difficulty hold the satisfactory ground which they are gaining.—*Denver Field and Farm.*

Farm Notes.

Mutton is in greater demand than wool, yet the supply of choice mutton is always far below the demand.

It is claimed that quack grass, which is very persistent, can be eradicated by cultivating a crop of sorghum on the land.

Very cold water or slops will chill the pigs if the weather is cold, hence a kettle of boiling water poured into the slop will be of advantage.

Now is the time to get turkeys fat for the Thanksgiving sales. They may be fed plenty of corn, but should have a variety of other food as well.

Pigs will eat clover hay if it is cut up, and it is excellent for them. The best mode of feeding it is to scald it and then sprinkle with bran and corn meal.

As long as the season permits and there is land to be plowed in the spring, the plow should be kept going now, in order to save labor when the busy time comes.

The sooner the corn-fodder is put under shelter the brighter it will remain during the winter. To leave it in the fields only induces loss of quality as well as waste of material.

The large breeds of horses are not as serviceable on soft lands or for driving as a cross of such breeds on our native mares, which will produce a horse well adapted for all kinds of work.

Fine manure may be spread on the pasture now, in order to promote the growth of grass next spring. It will also serve as a protection to the roots and enable the plants to start off early.

As no two animals are alike, it is best to consult their appetites and desires. Whatever the animal prefers as food, and thrives on, it should have. Food can not be forced on an animal if it dislikes it.

Do not suppose the cow is drying off because the milk flow is lessened at this season, as the cause may be a change from green to dry food. Feed liberally and give cooked roots for a while, and she will soon come back to her usual quantity.

Another remedy for grape rot has been suggested by sprinkling the vines with a solution compound of 1 ounce of carbolic acid (crude) in twelve quarts of water. It is more expensive than the lime and copperas solutions that have been recommended.

Dry dirt is better than sand on the floor of stables, as it is an absorbent, and the finer the dirt the better. Sand, however, is more easily removed and does not cause dust. An excellent method of keeping the stalls clean is to apply a layer of dirt and then sprinkle with plaster.

The Household.

QUINCE SNOW.—Quarter five fair-looking quinces and boil them till they are tender in water, then peel them and push them through a coarse sieve. Sweeten to the taste and add the whites of three or four eggs. Then with an egg whisk beat all to a stiff froth and pile with a spoon upon a glass dish and set away in the ice-box, unless it is to be served immediately.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—It should be served as soon as it is done. Mix six tablespoonfuls of flour with one quart of milk and three well-beaten eggs, season with a little salt. Pour in a shallow pan greased with beef dripping, and bake for one hour. Cut into slices and put the pieces into the pan with the beef for fifteen minutes; serve in the dish with the beef.

CHICKEN HASH.—Mince cold roast or boiled chicken, but not very fine, and to a cupful of meat add two tablespoonfuls of good butter, half a cup of milk, enough minced onion to give a slight flavor, and salt, pepper and mace to taste. Stew it, taking care to stir it, and serve daintily with a garnish of parsley. Every particle of bone must be subtracted.

FRIED APPLES AND BACON.—Core and slice round, without paring, some tart, well-flavored apples. Cut into thin slices some middlings of excellent bacon or pork, and fry in their own fat almost to crispness. Take out the meat and keep hot while you fry the apples in the fat left in the pan; add a little sugar to taste. Drain and lay upon the slices of meat.

POTATO FRITTERS.—Boil three large potatoes and rub them through a colander, then add to them four well-beaten eggs, one teaspoon of rich cream, a little lemon juice, a little nutmeg and some salt. Beat all very light, then drop from a spoon into hot lard and fry the same as doughnuts. Serve hot.

TRICKS OF ASSAYERS.

A Chemist Relates Some Experiences in His Business.

"Pardon me, sir, we allow no one in that room but the assayers." I looked at the speaker with an expression of injured innocence, writes a correspondent of the *New York Mail and Express*. He was the member of the great firm of chemists whose certificate as to the output of a mine would be worth a fortune if favorable. "Sorry to offend you, sir," he continued, "but we assume that every man who comes here is a knave."

This aroused my curiosity, and I improved the first opportunity to ask an expert assayer to explain those misanthropic sentiments. Dr. Ledoux, a famous chemist connected with the firm mentioned above, satisfied me that they were well founded. "We can hardly trust our own senses," he said. "I have known a sample of ore to yield a heavy percentage of gold when its owner was present at the test and none at all when he was absent. How can that be? Well, in this instance I saw nothing wrong, but recently I was conducting an assay in the presence of the owner of the sample and noticed that he was chewing tobacco very vigorously and also going to the assay furnace to expectorate into the fire. Watching him narrowly I saw him spit into the crucible, and, seizing him by the throat, I forced out of his mouth the tobacco and along with it a quantity of gold dust, which he was attempting to get into the crucible—this was to make his assay run high. It would require very little gold thus added to an ounce of ore to make a difference of many hundreds of dollars per ton in the result."

"The most singular attempt at swindle which we have ever come across was in connection with 'Gabriel's Sword.' You may remember that in the month of May, 1883, the papers in Ulster and Sullivan Counties and the *New York* daily papers were widely excited over a most remarkable discovery back of Kingston, N. Y. A strange sword had fallen from the skies and had been discovered in the town of Rochester, Ulster County.

Some time in July following, a long-haired individual came into our office staggering under the weight of a box seven feet long, with a cross piece near one end about two feet in length. He asked if we would assay anything, and on being assured that we would, pulled out a screw-driver and unscrewed his box out of which he took a sword. It was a curious weapon nearly seven feet long and so heavy that I could scarcely lift the point from the ground with one hand by taking hold of the handle. It was covered with Hebrew or Phoenician characters apparently, and covered with rude figures of men and animals. This marking was only apparent where the rust with which most of the weapon was heavily corroded had been rubbed off.

"The man said that he was the discoverer of this strange sword, and was exhibiting it about the country; that some unbelievers had scoffed at his statements that it came from a spiritual world, and that he desired us to make an assay of it to prove that it was genuine. He stated further that on its appearance and ring when it was struck one would naturally take it to be steel, but that he had been in times past a blacksmith, and was familiar with metals, and that it was his opinion that it was a compound of silver and iron, and asked me whether such an alloy was not uncommon.

"I told him yes, of course, when he triumphantly added: 'Now, I want you to assay this sword and give me a certificate that it is neither iron nor steel but an alloy containing silver, and I want you to say on your certificate that such an alloy is not used in this world for such purposes and would not have the hardness, flexibility and other characteristics which this sword possesses.'"

"I was interested and amused, and agreed to make the test. The old man seemed anxious not to mutilate the weapon, and it was agreed that we should file off a portion from a place where it was particularly rusted and assay the filing. I was convinced that it was nothing but steel, and was most intensely surprised when our assayer brought up a large silver button which he had obtained from the filings.

"The old man was triumphant, but I was at once on my guard, as I scented a swindle. It was, of course, possible to coat the surface with a silver solution which would dry on and produce the result which we found, and I refused to give him a certificate without a further test. He readily acquiesced in this, and said that he had rather anticipated such a request, and proposed that he should file the end of the cross-bar, calling my attention to the fact that one end was about half an inch longer than the other, and that the cross-bar and sword were undoubtedly forged out of the same piece of metal, so that what was true of the composition of the bar was true of the sword. This I agreed to, and the end was filed off. It appeared to be simply a cube of soft iron or steel, heavily rusted on five sides, and bright and homogeneous where out by the file.

"Now," said my client, "you tell your man to put this in the crucible and I will abide by the result." In spite of the appearance of the piece of metal our assayer was instructed to take a gold chisel and cut it in two and assay the two halves separately. To our intense astonishment he brought the two portions upstairs, showing us, concealed in the middle, a

plug of silver surrounded on all sides by the steel or iron. The whole thing was at once plain! The old man or some one, in manufacturing the sword had bored a hole through one end of the crossbar and plugged it up with silver, so that it did not show. He had probably invented the meteoric story. We, of course, declined to give him a certificate of the supernatural origin of the weapon, which he had undoubtedly made himself, and he departed.

"The men we most fear are the 'new process' characters who profess to be able to find gold or tin or other metal in the most unlikely rocks by secret means of their own. They come to us for certificates and always insist on being present when their process is tried. Sometimes they will 'salt' the sample or put gold into the crucible in spite of the greatest watchfulness."

Love in Dry Goods Store.

One of the most unwelcome customers in many of the large dry goods stores is Cupid. This, however, is only true in the eyes of the employer when the little god tangles up the hearts of some of the young women employed with those of some of the young men. In all other cases Cupid is one of the most able allies the retail dry goods man has in his business. An old merchant in this particular line of trade spent some time several evenings ago explaining to a party of friends why this was so.

"One of the worst things we have to contend with in our business, as far as our unmarried male and female employers is concerned," he said, "is love. When a lady, say in the hosiery department, falls in love with a nice young man in the dress goods department, or any other department for that matter, there is trouble ahead for the employers. If the young man should happen to return the young lady's affection the trouble is doubled. How does this make any difference to us? Well, in nine cases out of ten the tender passion unites its victims for work in the same dry goods store. This is especially so in the case of the young ladies. Once they get in love with a young man at another counter their mind instead of being at their own counters, are continually at the young man's counter. The result of this is that the love-smitten maid is absent-minded and inattentive to business. I have seen many a bright young clerk who was very valuable to us become utterly worthless behind her counter simply because she got to thinking more of a good-looking young man at some other counter than she did of our business."

"It's the same way with the young men, too. When they get too far gone there is only one thing left for us to do and that is to discharge them and fill their places. I confess I always regret to take this step, and I never do it unless in self-defence. But when the trouble reaches a certain stage there is no alternative. Of course we go about it in a roundabout way, and never give the real cause for dispensing with their services. We explain that business is dull or something of the sort and never let on that the little passion they nurse so tenderly has sacrificed their positions in the store."—*New York Times.*

Harvest-Home.

Come, Roger and Nell;
Come, Stinkin and Bell;
Each lad with his lass hither come
With singing and dancing,
In pleasure advancing
To celebrate harvest-home.
'Tis Ceres bids play
And keep holiday
To celebrate harvest-home.
Our labor is o'er,
And our barns in full store
Now swell with the rich gifts of the land;
Let each man then take,
For the prong and the rake,
His can and his lass in his hand.
'Tis Ceres bids play
And keep holiday
To celebrate harvest-home.
No courtiers can be
So happy as we
In innocent pastime and mirth,
While thus we carouse
With our sweetheart or spouse,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.
'Tis Ceres bids play
And keep holiday
To celebrate harvest-home.
—*Old England song, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Editor Must Eat.

How you may get the Hazel Green (Ky.) *Herald* without money. Bring us

Twenty pounds of pork, or
Ten pounds of pork sausage; or
Two bushels of sound Irish potatoes; or
Five bushels of sound turnips; or
Ten good chickens; or
Ten pounds of good lard; or
One bushel of good onions.

Any person bringing us any of the above in the quantity named will receive the paper until January 1 1889; for half the quantity we will send it half the time.

Scientific Studies.

"What did you learn to-day, Benny," asked grandma. "Light and heat," said Benny, who isn't so much of a student as he is a great deal more of a second baseman. "Yes?" said grandma, "and did you have any experiments?" "That was it," said Benny, "it was all experiment and illustration. Old Longfellow lit onto me and warmed me all around the room just because I fired a paper wall into his ear in the history class."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

UNCLE DAN'S INVENTION.

The Man Who Built the First Cab Ever Put on a Locomotive.

"Who built the first locomotive is a subject of as much discussion as the problem of who built the first steamboat," said a New York Central engineer to a New York *Telegram* reporter.

Americans have always believed that Robert Fulton made the first practical steamboat, but the Scotch engineers declared that he stole all his ideas from a Scotch engineer.

There is a good deal of controversy about the first locomotive, but I know to a certainty who built the first cab ever put on a locomotive. This paragraph about it from the *New Haven Union* is true. It was written by a friend of mine:

"Uncle" Dan Fisher lives at Old Saybrook. When about seventeen years of age he was fireman on the "New York," Engineer Samuel Dougherty, the first locomotive ever run over the Harlem road. For five months he shoveled wood into the furnace of that locomotive, and at the end of that time he was as competent to assume charge of a locomotive as any person on the road.

At that time the *Minerva*, the fourth engine put on that road, the second and third being the *York* and *Harlem*, was purchased. It weighed about ten tons, had an 8-inch cylinder and 20-inch stroke, and four driving wheels 4½ feet in diameter.

Engineers were scarce in those days, and John Wiggam, superintendent of the road, made a diligent search for a competent man, but without avail. He was finally informed of Fireman Fisher's competency, and calling him to the office one day, informed the youth that he wished him to run the *Minerva* on its first trip. At the end of the trip, during which the superintendent acted as fireman, he announced that he was perfectly satisfied that "Uncle Dan" was capable of handling a locomotive, and for several years the youthful engineer held the throttle of the miniature locomotive—as compared with those of the present—on its daily trip.

To "Uncle Dan" is due the honor of making an improvement on the locomotives in those long past times had no cabs, it being thought that anything that could protect the engineer from the weather would also tend to obstruct the view of the track. One day during his first winter on the *Minerva*, which locomotive is still in existence, a violent hail-storm swept along the line of the road. It was impossible to maintain a watch on the track; as the huge particles of ice, driven against the faces of the engineer and fireman by the furious winds, had made several gashes and bruises; so the two men on the engine crouched behind the boiler and trusted to Providence to prevent accidents. On his return from this trip "Uncle Dan" obtained several long strips of wood, which he steamed and bowed over the narrow space occupied by him and his fireman on the engine. This frame he covered with canvas. At the front he nailed several boards, leaving a space for a large pane of glass on either side of the whistle dome. That was the first cab ever placed on a locomotive.

She Followed Suit.

Those who rode in a certain passenger car on the express train on the Consolidated road which left the Grand Central depot at 11 p. m. one night recently, saw a side of human life as it can only be seen on a railroad train. Two young couples boarded the train at the metropolis. They looked as though they had just trimmed their sails for a voyage on the matrimonial sea. The two young men looked considerably alike, and might have been two brothers, and the two ladies might have been sisters. One of the couples walked up the aisle and took a seat. They turned the back of the opposite seat over and used the seat as a foot rest. Slowly the young wife turned her little head and finally her tresses and her head were reclining restfully and contentedly on her husband's bosom.

The other young couple saw the position, and the mind recorder could see that both would like to be in a similar position. But the young man was bashful. He was very bashful, and he knew everybody in the car was looking at him. He wanted to draw his wife to his bosom. But his better half helped him out. She maneuvered, as did the other young wife, and finally got there.

The train had not started, but few seats were left in the car. An elderly lady rushed in, puffing and breathless, carrying with her three or four bags or boxes. She looked up the car and down the car, and saw no seat she considered first choice. She approached one of the loving couples and growled out, "Why didn't you bring a bed with you?" Did you charter the car?

There was an elderly gentleman sitting on a seat well forward. The elderly woman planted herself beside him. She threw her bags and bundles on the floor and squatted down on the seat. She was soon going to sleep. She nodded and started up again, and in a few minutes her head was on the bosom of the elderly gentleman. A loud laugh arose, but she didn't hear it, and the elderly gentleman allowed her to sleep on.—*New Haven News.*

Ex-Governor St. John and family left for California, where he will spend the winter. He has been invited by the prohibition committee of California to make several speeches in that state during December and January.

The Globe says there is absolutely no Kansas City beef at present in the Atchison market. It doesn't make so much difference what kind of meat they have in a town where the people pound their steak and fry it in hog's fat.

A number of hogs' stomachs have been received by the pharmacy department of the State university and the senior class has begun the study and manufacture of pepsin. There ought to be considerable demand for that product in a community where so many people eat buckwheat cakes for supper.

The public library at Emporia has received a handsome gift from Senator Plumb, in the shape of a complete edition of the Britannica Encyclopedia, beautifully bound in morocco. Plumb don't stay round Emporia very much, but the people of that place never have a chance to forget that he lives there.

It is rumored that in the near future the Union Pacific will build a line from Manhattan to this place, making the line as direct as possible in connection with this. It is also stated that the line from Colby will be extended to Denver. The Union Pacific will then have the shortest possible line from Kansas City to Denver.

Miss Mary Merrill is one of the latest additions to the legal fraternity of Wichita. She has captured Marsh Mardock at least, as the following from the Eagle indicates: "Miss M. is certainly a bright and intelligent lady whom we wouldn't want on the other side of the case on a jury trial, with an impressionable judge on the bench. We would be afraid she might use her eyes more than her tongue and submit the case without a word, and hold the jury in their seats until they had unanimously given her their verdict."

It is too bad about old John M. Palmer, of Illinois, that he should withdraw from the G. A. R. because of its partizan tendency. The trouncing Joe Fifer gave the old man is what soured him.—Capital.

The above is simply disgraceful to an ignorant writer and to the paper that published it. John M. Palmer, an early anti-slavery man, one of the earliest republicans, a valiant soldier, a pure, honest able man is morally and intellectually worth a brigade of narrow minded pignies who attack him in this manner.

J. F. Barker, assistant cashier of the bank of Argentine, was robbed of \$1,000 on a car of the Metropolitan Street Railway company, Wyandotte. Barker had been to Kansas City to transact some business at the National Bank of Kansas City. He drew from that bank \$1,000 in \$5 and \$10 bills. He then boarded a west bound Fifth street car, and immediately afterwards four well dressed young men also got on board. They jolted and crowded around Barker and alighted after riding a few blocks. Barker soon discovered that his money was missing, but the young men were out of sight.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine FOR DECEMBER.

This number closes the twenty-fourth semi-annual volume. It is filled as usual, with the most entertaining matter in prose and poetry, fiction and fact. The story "Genevieve" is constantly increasing in interest. Among the more solid articles are "Grenoble and the Journee des Tuiles," with four illustrations; "Harvard College," with fourteen illustrations, appealing to every Harvardian, whether postgraduate or under graduate; "A Dash through the Land of Cakes," by Noel Ruthene with five beautiful illustrations of Scottish scenery; "A Glimpse at Chinese Boat Life," with five illustrations. A Christmas anthem, entitled "Unto Us a child is Born," composed by Mr. C. Wenham Smith organist of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, occupies three pages, and is a brilliant piece of music. A sermon by Dr. Talmage, on the veil of Modesty," appeals strongly to American women. The different editorial departments are strong and interesting, and the number contains the same annual index, affording full proof of the value of the volume here concluded.

The reading public has reason to be disgusted with any medicine which claims to cure everything, from a corn to consumption. Shallenberger's Anodyne for Malaria is simply what its name imports. If you have Malaria in your system, a few doses will destroy it immediately. So far as now known it is the only antidote for this poison. Sold by Druggists.

Buy Gold Coin Stove at Willis's 131 Kansas avenue.

Telegraphic Briefs.

John Bright does not improve.

The cashier of the New York Daily News absconded with \$5,000.

Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles has assumed command of the division of the Pacific.

A farmer named Daley, was murdered at Baloe, county Kerry, Ireland. He has been shot four times.

Chairman Quay has called a meeting of the executive committee of the republican national committee for Wednesday, December 12.

Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, was nominated by acclamation to be his own successor from March 4. This is his third nomination.

Adam Perks, of Sardinia, O., who was flogged by masked men last Saturday night on the charge that he had been stealing coal, has become a raving maniac.

The White Caps have appeared not fifty miles from Cincinnati. Seventy-five of them started out in white sheets and punished a number of obnoxious individuals.

Secretary Fairchild is hard at work on his last annual report. The president is largely dependent upon the figures in this report in the treatment of the revenue question in his message.

Two freight trains on the Cleveland and Pittsburg road came into collision at Hammondsville, four miles from Yellow Creek, Ohio. Both engines and a number of loaded cars were demolished.

The announcement that E. W. Halford, of the Indianapolis Journal, is to be General Harrison's private secretary, creates a very favorable impression at Washington, where Mr. Halford is well known.

The Fort Wayne Jenney Electric Light company's plant was entirely destroyed by fire. Loss, \$250,000; insurance, \$150,000. Three hundred workmen were thrown out of employment.

Consul General Bassett, who represents the Haytian government at New York, has received information that a peace treaty between the Haytian government and the insurgents, is being arranged by ambassadors.

A fire broke out at Eureka Springs, Ark., in a dentist's office, and the greater part of the business portion of the city was consumed. The loss is estimated at about \$200,000. Very little insurance.

The president has given notice to those about him, that he will spend most of the next two weeks away from the White house getting up his message.

The suit of R. H. Milbank against ex-Congressman Jones of New York to recover \$5,000 said to have been paid Mr. Jones for his influence in getting a franchise through the board of aldermen was decided in favor of the defendant.

Sir Francis de Winton, in a speech at Kensington, England, said he believed that Henry M. Stanley reached Wadela last December or January, and that he was compelled to wait there longer than he expected. Sir Francis had received a letter written by Mr. Jameson in April last, stating that all was well.

George S. Knight, the actor, is very ill at his home in Orange, N. Y. He is suffering with paresis, apparently from the same cause which resulted in the death of John McCullough and Bartley Campbell, and which has prostrated Tony Hart. It is said he can not live long. Knight's real name is George Sloan.

The subscribers to the \$100,000 prize offered for a plan by which the water power of Niagara falls can be utilized, have formed a joint stock company with a capital of \$125,000 under the name of the Niagara River Improvement company of Buffalo, limited. The prize is to be given to the successful competitor in consideration of his transferring his entire interest to the company.

The Secret Service Series.

Detective Stories by Popular Authors.

Brant Adams, by "Old Sleuth."
Bruce Anglo, by "Old Sleuth."
Van the Government Detective, by "Old Sleuth."
The Twin Detective, by K. F. Hill.
The Masked Detective, by "Old Sleuth."
Old Stonewall, by "Old Sleuth."
The Chosen Man, by "Old Sleuth."
Little Lighting, by Police Captain James.
Old Mortality, by Young Baxter.
The Post-Office Detective, by Geo. W. Goode.
The Maltese Cross, by Eugene T. Sawyer.
The Dog Detective, by Lieut. Murray.
Darke Darrell, by Frank H. Stauffer.
The Detective's Clew, by "Old Sleuth."
Tom and Jerry, by "Old Sleuth."
Any of the above books sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of 25 cents each. Mention this paper.
STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York.

A secret of success is in the careful and persistent use of private letters. Copy should always be written with one of Esterbrook's Steel Pens.

Topeka.

C. B. Hamilton, who recently returned from California, has purchased an interest in the George W. Crane publishing company, and hereafter will be an active member of the firm. Mr. Hamilton was for years at the head of the Hamilton & Woodruff printing company of this city.

They can't be beat for beauty or heat. The Gold Coin at Willis', 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

A real good big load of hay, completely blocks up the North Topeka bridge.

You can exchange your old ragged paper money for "Gold Coin" at T. W. Willis', 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

Ed Ryan, son of Congressman Ryan has returned from Oregon, where he has been employed in the United States geological survey corps.

Free exhibition of Gold Coin every Day in the Week at 131 Kansas avenue, Topeka.

The Union Pacific has ordered \$2,500,000 worth of equipment, making about \$4,000,000 that have been spent so far this year in this way.

The members of the North Congregational church who have been without a pastor for several months have issued a call to Rev. Mr. Bussler of Kinsley, a young man who delighted the congregation on his visit here a few weeks ago. The members of the church were so greatly pleased with Mr. Bussler that the proposition to call him to this church met with no opposing vote.

WANTED. Write See's Buffalo Mutual Accident and Sick Benefit Association, Buffalo, New York.

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PETERSON'S

Powderly has the Knights of Labor on the hip, and it is well that he has.

No matter what the report is it is probably a fact that Jay Gould has a grudge against the Santa Fe.

Kansas was disgraced by a brutal prize fight between Kansas City roughs, near Bonner Springs, last Sunday.

To President Cleveland: All is not lost. Your fishing tackle is left, and bait can be had without a vote of the people.

We trust that President Harrison will prove to be a very independent statesman who will never harbor a thought of re-election.

Yes, turn out every democrat in office. Every such place belongs to republicans. What is the value of paystreaks if you cannot work them?

The season has in the main up to this date been quite favorable to the live-stock interest, so that there can be no excuse for any failure to make proper preparations for the inclement weather soon to be experienced.

There is but little question as to whom the United States marshalship of the district of Kansas will go to. Col. R. L. Walker is conceded by every prominent Kansas republican to be the proper man for the position.

It is reported in army circles that General Schofield will inaugurate a change in the military posts. It is proposed to enlarge Fort Myer, on the western bank of the Potomac, opposite Washington, and to remove to it most of the troops quartered at the arsenal in South Washington.

For the next six or eight months Gen. Harrison deserves the sympathy of the entire country. The pity that might be extended to a bald-headed man in fly time, may be magnified a thousand fold in his case, until the offices are all filled.

Congressman Ryan writes that he is proud of the vote he received, and well he may be. It was really a great compliment when it is remembered that he made no canvass, and that his eloquent and popular opponent Dave Overmeyer visited every county.

In whitewashing the interior of a poultry-house, do not leave a spot even as large as the head of a pin untouched anywhere. Splash the white-wash liberally into every nook and corner, crack and crevice. If the henery has a floor of cement, stone, brick, or boards, whitewash that also.

A rumor, coming via Carthagena, and which the Venezuelan consul at Colon has reason to credit, is to the effect that a serious revolution has broken out in Venezuela. It is reported that General Crespo, supported by General Sergio Camargo, has landed in the east with an army of 5,000 men.

Some of the papers are telling us how much the next administration will owe Albert Griffin. Fiddlesticks! Griffin had no influence in the campaign, and had no more to do with Harrison's election than any other citizen. His anti-saloon movement was dead in the shell before the nominating convention.

Mr. G. Campbell, the union labor and democratic candidate for state senator in the 10th district, will contest the seat with C. H. Kimball, of Parsons, and will probably be declared elected. The vote was very close, at best a difference of half a dozen votes, but there were some irregularities about Kimball's votes.

Alabama is proving a profitable field for the Mormon missionary just now. Thirty converts in charge of a Mormon elder passed through Montgomery Monday, all coming from that neighborhood. Most of them were women, all ticketed for Utah. A carload went from North Alabama a few days ago, and a big gang went from South Alabama a week ago.

The switchmen's strike at Indianapolis did not extend to the engineers or firemen, as was vaguely anticipated. The situation remains unchanged, except that all the roads are moving trains to-day and to-night, and the blockade is nearly overcome. New men are applying for work at every office, and the superintendent's say they will have no difficulty in supplying every striker's place within the next few days.

Nebraska is the only state in the union that allows the passenger 200 pounds of baggage free, all other states only allowing 150 pounds. This is favorable to Omaha, as a traveler from the Bluffs to a Nebraska point would be charged for an excess on 150, while Omaha would have 200 pounds. Extra baggage is charged at the rate of 12 per cent. of the first-class ticket rate to the point named, per 100 pounds. Extra baggage tickets are issued at a discount of 16 per cent. of the regular baggage rates.

In Kansas I find that the cattle and men drink nothing but water.—Kansas Correspondent to Liquor Journal.

And did you ever see better cattle and better men?—New York Voice [Pro].

Or men truer to the republican party and its principles?—Inter Ocean.

Or a bigger republican majority?—Topeka Capital.

But was it not staggering though?

A fatal accident occurred on the Denver & Rio Grande at a little station named Husted, fourteen miles west of Colorado Springs, Monday morning, by which two men were killed and several injured.

Walter J. Booth, of West Grove, Pa., one of the most widely-known and popular young business men of Chester county, has disappeared, leaving behind him nearly \$14,000 in unsecured debts, and some forged notes. It is estimated that Booth's total liabilities will amount to \$28,000.

Mr. Bissell, of Buffalo, N. Y., President Cleveland's former law partner says: "The president has given no thought to his future, beyond a sense of feeling that he ought to have a rest when his term of office expires. He has given no thought to the nature of the rest, and guesses are equally wild as to whether it will be a trip to Europe or a summer in the Adirondacks."

At St. Joseph, Mo., the asylum board refused to grant a release to Dr. Richmond, who murdered Colonel John Strong, editor of the Herald, June 18, 1886, and who was adjudged insane by a jury and sent to the asylum, and afterwards escaped. Richmond is now living at Canargo, Illinois, and manufacturing a patent medicine. He does not dare to cross the state line, and was represented in St. Joseph by a lawyer.

The Grange forms a great debating society, with live subjects always up in which every farmer has a lively interest, knows something about and may take part in discussing, becoming a constant reader and thinker, and a ready debater; posted on all subjects, and quick to form an opinion on any question, and prompt to act in co-operation with his brethren and neighbors in any good cause.

Electric News.

Berry Hood of Sulphur Springs, Tex., accused of murder, cut his throat Sunday and died.

Heavy rains have reported throughout Old Mexico, causing considerable damage.

Renewed efforts were made Sunday by the authorities of St. Louis to enforce the Sunday liquor law. Numerous arrests were made.

George Gilbert and Glen Blodgett of Charles City, Ia., aged 16 and 14 respectively, fell through the ice Sunday while skating and were drowned.

It was reported on the Chicago board of trade that Jay Gould had bought the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe telegraph system for \$300,000.

The serious trouble which has been hanging over the First Baptist Church society at Huntington, Ind., has culminated in the withdrawal of a large part of the membership.

John Roche and Patrick Cavanaugh, at work on the chimney of the New Pacific mills, Lawrence, Mass., fell 120 feet with the elevator. Neither was killed, but both were seriously injured.

Thomas Tallman, cashier of the defunct Traders' bank, Chicago, was indicted by the grand jury on the charge of embezzlement, he having received deposits knowing that the bank was insolvent.

The schooner Avilon (British), St. John, N. B., bound for New York with a cargo of laths, was dragged ashore on Spectacle island during the storm Sunday. She lies easy and will probably float when the weather moderates.

An explosion of a keg of powder occurred in the store of George Farmer at Scrufftown, Pa., Saturday evening, by which Bertha, a 10-year-old daughter, was killed. Farmer was fatally injured and his wife and two of the older children slightly injured.

General Manager R. T. McDonald of the Fort Wayne Ind., Jenny Electric Light works, has returned from New York, and, in response to inquiries, stated that the works would be rebuilt provided the city would insure them adequate fire protection.

The Chinese Times states that the first railway in China was formerly opened on November 9, when Viceroy Li traveled over it some distance. Eighty-one miles have been completed, from Tientsin to Lutai and Tongshan, with five miles of sidings and branches.

Judge David Brewer of the United States circuit court and Receiver Eddy of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway arrived at Sedalia from Galveston, Tex., Sunday and left at 4 o'clock for Leavenworth. Judge Brewer denied that the object of his visit to Texas was for the purpose of adding the International & Great Northern road to the Missouri, Kansas & Texas system and placing it in the hands of Receivers Cross and Eddy.

The Historical Society.

At the meeting of the board of directors of the State Historical society on Tuesday, it appeared from the report prepared by Secretary Adams that this society has in thirteen years collected a library of over forty-eight thousand volumes of books, pamphlets and newspaper files and manuscripts, pictures and relics of history without number. It gathers up everything printed in Kansas, and a vast amount of historical and scientific matter besides. Its library has become one of reference for original facts and data upon all subjects. But its chief value to the people of Kansas is that it contains the facts in the history of the state and of every county and locality. It gathers up the local printed matter issued from every printing press in the state, including the issues of every newspaper. These are bound and arranged for convenient reference so that any citizen of the state can at any time trace the history of any locality and find a full statement of every past event. For example, the library now contains 387 volumes of the newspapers of Shawnee county, covering the period of thirty years since the Kansas Freeman was established in 1855. It has 5,772 volumes of Kansas newspaper files, including those first issued in Kansas territory, in 1854, and published through all the earliest years of the territory and state. The library is the property of the state, and the state is saving no property which will prove of so much value to the people of the future generations.

Pardons Granted.

Governor Martin granted unconditional pardons to prisoners in the state penitentiary who for good reasons have been recommended to executive clemency by the state board of pardons.

The names are as follows: Milton Lyons, Elk county, sentenced to twenty-one years on April 4, 1881, for manslaughter, for the killing of one Palmer.

James Woolner, of Leavenworth county, convicted October 8, 1886, of forgery in the third degree and sentenced to five years imprisonment.

R. J. Powell, Franklin county, convicted February 3, 1887, of forgery and sentenced to two years imprisonment.

Frank Meyer, of Montgomery county, convicted April 2, 1887, of manslaughter in the first degree, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

Richard Townsend, of Nemaha county, convicted September 13, 1881, of burglary in the second degree and grand larceny and sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

This is their thanksgiving.

The Rock Island sold over 1,800 tickets all along the line, for the Colorado excursion. A train of three sections will be run.

Rumor has it that the Salvation Army will, if they can lease a room, establish a church in North Topeka.

Immense quantities of corn are coming into town, and this is true all over the state. The effect will be to make times better.

The large amount of second class passenger traffic is a notable feature of passenger travel of late, especially on the overland roads. The family sleeping cars which have become so popular, are patronized by a great many people who a short time ago would have traveled only on Pullman cars. In addition to mattresses and blankets, the berths are now on some roads equipped with sheets and pillows, and a porter travels with every car. One western road made a special drive last week by offering to furnish each second class passenger with a capacious lunch basket.

Ev-Gov. St John has gone to California with his family and will winter there.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the Kansas state horticultural society will be held at Hutchinson, Reno county, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 4, 5 and 6, in response to an invitation from the Reno County Horticultural society.

The state board of canvassers, consisting of the governor, secretary of state, state auditor, attorney general, etc., met Monday in the secretary of state's office to canvass the vote cast at the recent general election. As a matter of fact the work had already been done and their duty consisted in going over it and comparing.

The Eskridge Star speaks this pleasantly of a well known Topekan: "Mr. John Sebastian, general passenger and ticket agent of the Rock Island, has returned from his trip to New York. Of all the ticket agents on the various roads there are none more genial and accommodating than Mr. Sebastian."

The distinguished divine and lecturer spoke in Library Hall Topeka, on Monday night on the question of Capital and Labor. The Golden Rule he said would be the key-stone of his address; the iron rule, "He who does not work neither shall he eat," the undertone. Immigration undoubtedly had cheapened labor but he doubted the propriety of excluding the frugal and industrious. Let us rigorously shut out the paupers and the criminals. He favored the lifting of labor from the mudsill; not from the top story. Skilled labor was well paid. He thought the state should have the power to protect itself against combinations of great capitalists. The whisky power he denounced as menacing the safety of the republic, and he declared that rumselling could not be legalized without sin. The lecture was an impartial, eloquent and vigorous disquisition of present phases of the labor question. There was an insistence on higher wages for laboring men; a denunciation of the grasping greed of many corporations; also of the tyranny exercised by working men over their fellows.

Topeka.

Topeka will have another lodge of Red men. The Capital is becoming a howling wilderness.

R. W. Day, of the Rock Island has gone to England to accompany his wife home. She has been visiting abroad for several months.

Topeka will strike for natural gas, a Company has been organized, that ask for a franchise to pipe the city. When they get that they expect to pump the people, while they dance.

B. M. Davies, vice president of the Bank of Topeka, received a telegram from Los Angeles, announcing the death of his sister-in-law, Mrs. J. M. Davies, in that city. No particulars were given. Her husband is absent in the east or en route to Los Angeles and has not been informed of his bereavement, although every effort is being made to notify him of the sad event. The remains will be brought to Topeka for interment.

Topeka needs a new bridge. It must be had. One proposition to vote bonds has been defeated. A new one is to be voted upon. It should be carried. Not every one's idea can be realized, and small objections should not prevent its success. A wide substantial bridge one half the length of the present structure is what is needed. A bridge with a roadway of twenty feet will do if a private corporation wishes to build one on some side street. But the city wants to have nothing to do with it. Such a bridge would be a plaything for the general public. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. A bridge can be built that will permit all the travel of the avenue. It ought to be one that will last a century and not be affected by a trotting horse. The city should build it and own it. It should be free, and if the city railway is to use it, as it now does, it should bear a portion of the expense or pay for its use, without increasing its rate of fare.

The Railway Age says: The outlook for the railways at present is very bad. Notwithstanding the existence of numerous elaborately organized associations and agreements for the maintenance of rates, rate cutting is going on from Atlantic to Pacific. Even the great eastern trunk lines can not maintain faith with each other, while the west and south the numerous competitors for the traffic of a given region are vitally injuring themselves as well as their rivals by taking business at rates which in many cases they admit are unprofitable. With few exceptions the net earnings of the roads are much smaller than in previous years and very many even of the greatest companies are drifting steadily in the direction of bankruptcy. Should that calamity occur, with its terrible injury to all other interests, it will be the result of two distinct causes—the hostile action of the public as embodied in state and national laws and the bad faith of railway officers toward each other.

No fact in rural economy has been more thoroughly demonstrated by the experience of the past than that it pays to keep good live-stock and keep it well. The very best blood is desirable and must be used in order to reach the most profitable results, but the best breeds are wonderfully improved by the big-corn-crib-and-warm-barn cross—a cross that must be constantly restored to by all who would make stock raising profitable, and in default of which the very best of breeds will rapidly deteriorate. Good blood is absolutely essential to the best results, but unless this be supplemented by care, attention, and generous feeding the results will be far from satisfactory, no matter how well bred the stock may be. And this is especially true of many of our improved breeds. They have attained their excellence by means of many generations of careful selection and generous feeding; hence we may expect that if they or their produce be subjected to neglect, put upon scanty food, and exposed to chilly rains and driving storms, they will speedily deteriorate. To retain the excellence that has been obtained in any of our improved breeds, the conditions under which this excellence has been attained must at least be approximated. Neglect, exposure, and scanty fare should find no place in the management of the farmer who would succeed with any of the improved breeds.—BREEDERS' GAZETTE.

The President's Message.

The inaugural address of the great Rock Island route, the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska railway, is to announce that on November 18, solid vestibule trains will be run between Chicago and Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo without change, making close connection at the above points with all trains for Salt Lake, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland Oregon and all points west, and at Kansas City and St. Joseph eastward for Chicago, St. Louis and all points east, north and south.

These royal trains, consisting of Pullman sleeping cars, restful reclining cars and magnificently furnished day coaches, were built expressly for this service by the Pullman company, and are without question the handsomest ever turned out by that famous establishment. The reclining chair cars spoken of are free to all holders of first class tickets, and courteous attendants will be found with every car to care for the wants of our patrons. Ask your nearest ticket agent for a ticket via "The Great Rock Island Route" or write to

JOHN SEBASTIAN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Topeka, Kansas.

FACT AND FANCY.

The Salvation army has invaded Vicksburg, Miss.

A white ox was an exhibition at Mount Vernon, O.

The pay of circus clowns ranges from \$30 to \$50 a week.

Forty-eight charcoal ovens are in operation at Decatur, Ala.

The school population of Hot Springs, Ark., is two thousand.

There are said to be thirty thousand blind people in England.

The corn crop of Mississippi is estimated at thirty million bushels.

Fig trees are bearing a second crop of fruit near Tallahassee, Fla.

The Gila and Salt rivers, in Arizona, are reported to be very full.

Dressed frogs sell at \$2.50 a dozen in the San Francisco markets.

Twenty cotton compresses will be operated in Mississippi this year.

The landlords of Birmingham, Ala., have raised rents 50 per cent.

The sum to be raised by taxes in New York city this year is \$31,503,174.

Monkeytown is the name of a new postoffice in Yazoo county, Mississippi.

A tree planted to the memory of Charles Darwin in Cambridge was recently stolen.

The October exhibition at Little Rock, Ark., will embrace exhibits from seventy-five counties.

The Indians of the first canton of the state of Jalisco must begin wearing pantaloons after Sept. 1.

A mill-owner at Ripley, Tenn., ships weekly 800,000 feet of poplar and oak lumber to northern markets.

The Salt Lake Tribune thinks ground will be broken for the railroad into Nevada within twenty days.

One of the sights at Coney Island recently was a bulldog wearing a linen collar and flashy necktie.

The melograph is an invention by which persons can improvise on a piano and have the music recorded.

There is a movement in France to declare the day of Joan of Arc's entrance into Orleans a national holiday.

It has been discovered that eight out of every ten boys in Dayton, O., carry a revolver, dirk, or slungshot.

What is the difference between a high churchman and a Baptist? The one uses candles and the other dips.

A dispute over 25 cents ended in the death of Jesus Leon at the hands of Filomen Kulis at Tucson, Nev., Sunday.

One million bushels of edible oysters, it is estimated, were caught in the waters of Long Island sound during the past year.

The water from the Daniel spring, Georgia, is said to be a natural hair dye. Bathing gray hair with it will change the color to black.

The martins at Martinsville, Va., have made systematic war upon the English sparrows, and completely driven them out of the place.

A cashier takes the bookkeeper's place at Warren, O., after serving five years in the penitentiary for stealing \$100,000 from the bank.

The less business a California town has in these times, the more it feels the want of a board of trade, says The Virginia City Enterprise.

In a Hebrew school: Teacher: "What crime did Joseph's brother commit in selling him?" All the pupils in chorus: "They sold him too cheap."

The night watchmen of the city of Queretaro, Mexico, struck for back pay last week. The strikers lost their positions, and were locked up in prison.

Reports from Lake county, California, state that the hop crop in that vicinity is greatly damaged by hop vermin, and in many cases the picking has been abandoned.

A watermelon weighing sixty-two pounds was among the crop of big melons raised on mining slickens ground on H. B. Nichol's ranch, Nevada county, California, and without irrigation.

Funeral director is the name now given to the undertaker. A call has been issued, so it is said, for the assemblage of all of those in Richmond in September to form a state association.

A church member in Oakland was rebuked for doing a real-estate transaction on Sunday. He excuses himself by saying that if land, like bread, will rise on Sunday it must have attention.

Newspapers are so fond of praising dead men that any man of prominence gets a good notice the moment he departs this life. In this way some mighty mean men may possibly get to heaven.

French toy manufacturers are complaining of the crushing rivalry of the Germans, who are charged with making false custom house entries to secure low duties, and with imitating French goods.

The amount of bacon used in the American navy foots up over one million pounds per year. How fifteen or twenty men manage to get away with so much is none of the business of foreign nations.

So much trouble is experienced by Boston business men in handling telephones and with district messengers that they are talking of going back to old and sure methods of transacting their business.

A Tennessee 5-year-old was taken by his mother to witness a hop at a hotel for the first time in his life. Noticing an elderly musician playing on a harp the youngster looked into his mother's face, saying, "Mamma, is that David?"

A little 6-year-old, doubting a statement by her uncle that the moon is made of green cheese, was advised by the divine to ascertain for herself. "How can I, grandpa?" "Get your bible and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "Begin at the beginning." The child sat down to read about the creation of the stars and the animals, and came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery: "I've found it grandpa!" "It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."