

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 uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

MR. BRIGHT believes in phrenology.

ROLL-CALL at Ann Arbor shows 1,805 students.

SIR DONALD SMITH of Montreal has a piano worth \$27,000.

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW carries a life insurance of \$500,000.

The young Duchess of Braganza is at present a popular idol of Portugal.

QUEEN KAPIOLANI rolls a cigarette with the skill of a Spanish senorita.

The age of one woman is supposed to be known. Anna Dickinson is 46.

KARAGEORGIVITCH, pretender to the Servian throne, has come into a fortune.

GEN. LEW WALLACE is accredited with having received \$60,000 in royalties from his "Bon Hur."

The present Earl of Granville's father was famous for having lost \$115,000 at whist at a single sitting.

HERR HERTENSTEIN, the late president of the Swiss confederation, died from the effects of ill treatment of a corn.

SENATOR MANDERSON is actively interested in raising funds for the statue of Sheridan to be erected by the Army of the Cumberland.

PRESIDENT CARNOT, of France, received upwards of a thousand Christmas presents from his admiring fellow-citizens of the republic.

The Duchess of Marlborough declares that the newspaper reports about the differences between herself and her husband are cruel and infamous.

MME. LAVROFFSKY, a Russian champion at chess, has moved herself into not only celebrity, but affluence, it is stated, by her proficiency at the game.

MISS LOUISE DREXEL, of Philadelphia, who married Mr. E. D. Morell, January 17, enjoys the income of a fortune of more than \$4,000,000 left her by her father.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, is laid up with a lameness caused by water on the knee. The trouble was brought about by over-exertion in playing tennis last summer.

MR. GLADSTONE is said to know Homer by heart in the original Greek, and is able to recite straight off any page of the "Iliad" or "Odyssey" of which the first line is read to him.

DAVID JENNINGS of Lyons, N. Y., spent twenty-one years of labor and \$30,000 in seeking after "perpetual motion," only to find, what all others before him have found, that he had a perfect balance and nothing more.

The Duke of Sutherland, it is rumored, will shortly be married to his traveling companion, Mrs. Blair. The ceremony will be performed quietly, and the new duchess is not likely to receive any countenance from the duke's relatives or from English society.

The arrival of the Russian Grand Duke Alexander at Agra has attracted much attention in England. This is the first time that any high Russian dignitary has openly visited India, and there is much curiosity to note the attitude of the native princes towards him.

VERESTCHAGIN, the Russian painter is giving "Talks on War" at the American Art Gallery in New York. He is sensible. If our American warriors were to hire a hall in which to give their talks on war, instead of contributing them to the magazines, they would give more general satisfaction.

A **CONTAGIOUS** form of sore throat has broken out among the Mexican children of Bernalillo county, New Mexico, and it is said that two hundred deaths have occurred in the past few weeks. In some villages it rages to an alarming extent. Only a few deaths have occurred in American families.

SAYS the New York Commercial Advertiser: "The greatest national debt among the nations of the globe is borne by France. It is about \$6,250,000,000. Russia comes next with \$3,600,000,000; then England with \$3,560,000,000; Austro-Hungary with \$2,485,000,000; Italy with \$2,225,000,000; Spain with \$1,207,500,000; and Prussia with \$1,000,000,000."

LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION.

The First Sketch Read Before the Cabinet.

Further conference was had on organizing negro regiments, but Lincoln decided that the moment had not yet arrived when this policy could be safely entered upon. Writes Chase: "The impression left upon my mind by the whole discussion was that, while the president thought that the organization, equipment and arming of negroes like other soldiers would be productive of more evil than good, he was not unwilling that commanders should, at their discretion arm, for purely defensive purposes, slaves coming within their lines." But on the kindred policy of emancipation the president had reached a decision which appears to have been in advance of the views of his entire cabinet. Probably greatly to their surprise, he read to them the following draft of a proclamation warning the rebels of the pains and penalties of the confiscation act, and while renewing his tender of compensation to loyal states which would adopt gradual abolition, adding a summary military order, as commander in chief, declaring free the slaves of all the states which might be in rebellion on January 1, 1863. The text of this first draft of the emancipation proclamation is here printed for the first time: "In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of congress entitled 'An act to suppress insurrection and to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes,' approved July 17, 1862, and which act and the joint resolution explanatory thereof are herewith published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating in, aiding, countenancing or abetting the existing rebellion, or any rebellion against the Government of the United States, and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, on pain of forfeiture and seizures, as within and by said sixth section provided. And I hereby make known that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure for tendering pecuniary aid to the free choice or rejection of any and all states, which may then be recognizing and practically sustaining the authority of the United States, and which may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, gradual abolition of slavery within such state or states; that the object is to practically restore, thenceforward to be maintained, the constitutional relation between the general Government and each and all the states wherein that relation is now suspended or disturbed; and that for this object the war, as it has been, will be prosecuted. And as a fit and necessary military measure for effecting this object, I, as Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, do order and declare that on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state or states wherein the constitutional authority of the United States shall not then be practically recognized, submitted to and maintained, shall then, thenceforward and forever be free." Of the cabinet proceedings which followed the reading of this momentous document we have unfortunately only very brief memoranda. Every member of the council was, we may infer, bewildered by the magnitude and boldness of the proposal. The sudden consideration of this critical question reveals to us with vividness the difference in mental reach, readiness and decision between the president and his constitutional advisers. Only two of the number gave the measure this unreserved concurrence, even after discussion. It is strange that one of these was the cautious attorney general, the representative of the conservative faction of the slave-holding state of Missouri, and that the member who opposed the measure as a whole and proposed to achieve the result indirectly through the scattered and divided action of local commanders in military departments was the anti-slavery secretary of the treasury, Mr. Chase, representing perhaps more nearly than any other the abolition faction of the free state of Ohio. All were astonished, except the two to whom it had been mentioned a week before. None of the others had even considered such a step. But from the mind and will of President Lincoln the determination and announcement of his cabinet came almost as complete in form and certain in intention on that memorable Tuesday of July as when, two months later, it was given to the public, or as officially proclaimed on the succeeding New Year's day, an irrevocable executive act.—Century.

ALL-AROUND TRAINING.

The Dependence of Intellect and Character on Physical Health.
We are beginning to find out, through the teachings of science, how dependent are both intellect and character upon physical health. Educators are ceasing to expect good results from stimulating the young mind at the expense of the body. The feeble frame and the pallid cheek are no longer supposed to be favorable to fine mental acquisitions, or to moral and religious development. Yet we still have much to learn in this matter. Day by day we are proving how dependent we are upon sound health and vigor, not only for our happiness, but for our usefulness in the world. But the necessary care, training and self-discipline to obtain this boon are very far from occupying the high place in our thoughts and hearts which they deserve. To disobey the laws of our physical nature is too often condoned when it should be severely censured, simply because men do not appreciate how largely it enters into and influences for evil both the mental powers and moral character. So with the intellect; its efficiency extends far beyond what we call the mind itself. It enlightens mankind as to the best ways of living; it teaches him how to take care of that body which must be kept healthy, and that character which must be kept pure. It would, indeed, be better if in all educational systems this enlargement of the province of the mind were more fully provided for. It may be that our present curriculum pays too exclusive attention to mental discipline and too little to the results to be attained. It is good to have a tool well made, finely tempered and sharpened to keenness; but it is also good to see that that tool is used skillfully and applied to its legitimate purposes. The well-trained mind is exercising a powerful influence upon all character and conduct. It is ever searching out what should be done and why it should be done. It is opening up the laws which underlie human society and happiness, and claiming obedience to those laws. It is constantly guiding emotions and feelings into right channels, so that instead of being wasted in mere ebullition they may conduce to the real good of society. It is also frequently discovering new aims and better methods. A recent writer well says: "The man who recognizes new duties above those he has been taught to observe—who sees beyond the circle of conventional obligations the dim forms of new claimants on his heart and service—is a moral inventor, and enlarger of human life. Those who saw the claims of the slaves were such; those who see the claims of animals are the same. How many more such are still to be seen?" If a healthy body and a vigorous mind are thus interdependent and together powerful on the character, what shall we say of the heart and the conscience—those forces which we call moral? Without them, both mind and body would soon become a wreck. The capacity may exist, and the knowledge and judgment to guide that capacity may be there; but unless the desires are aroused, the enthusiasm awakened, the emotions stirred, all will be cold and unoperative. Duties may present themselves clearly and strongly, but unless the heart receive them and the conscience enforce them they remain undone. While sympathy without wisdom will often lead astray, the wisest scheme of philanthropy without sympathy would be barren and sterile. There is constant action and reaction, and the closer the co-operation between these three parts of humanity the higher will each attain, and the more perfectly will welfare of the whole individual and of society be maintained.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Advice to the Fair Sex.

The woman who relies on tears,
You may depend upon it,
Will vainly try for years and years
To get a new fall bonnet.
But she who wears the smiling face
(So all the wise men tell us)
Will get new bonnets trimmed with lace,
And make her neighbors jealous.

So, ladies, if you want to wear
Fine laces, silks, and rubies,
Remember, tears make husbands swear,
And never have the snuffies.
—Somerville Journal.

The Nuisance of Royal Surgeons.

The Duke Charles Theodore, brother of the Empress of Austria, is both oculist and surgeon, and is very skillful; but his fondness for the knife is not appreciated at the Vienna and Munich hospitals, for whenever he operates all the regular arrangements are upset, the whole staff is required to be in attendance on him; he must always be respectfully addressed as "Your Royal Highness," and strict etiquette is observed, all of which is decidedly a nuisance. When the duke is at Vienna he often passes the whole day in the general hospital, and if there are any arms or legs to be cut off he hastens joyfully to the work. Duke Charles' zeal may possibly be moderated by his accession to the Bavarian estates of his father, Duke Max, who died the other day. He is married to a cousin of the King of Portugal.—London Truth.

His Money Talked.

A bore sent his card up to Mr. Riley and me at our hotel and we gave the talented brunette a quarter to say that we were not in. I tell this to show the sporting tendencies of the coon here. He went down and told Mr. Vendette that we were not in.
"Well, I'll bet you they are in," says the bore, straightway.
"All right, boss, you can bet so if you want to. I'll give you a chance right now, for I've got a quarter that says they ain't."
The affliction then loaded up a two-gallon cuspidor and went away.—Bill Nye, in Once a Week.

He Had Been.

They were talking about confidence men and relating their experience, when one of the group turned to the major and asked:
"Major, were you ever confided?"
"I was," he promptly replied.
"Where?"
"In Chicago."
"When?"
"When I married my second wife.—Detroit Free Press.

THE DRESS SUIT.

BY HORACE M. JORDAN.

The great clothes question has been an important one from the earliest times, dating in fact from the garden of Eden. It has figured in history, and served as the topic of writers, sacred and profane, from the time of Joseph with his coat of many colors, the Romans with their toga and tunic, down through mediæval armor to the Spanish sombrero, the high silk hat of today and the modern bustle and bathing suit. Dress discussion is no new or inconsequential thing; and the get-up of this year's dude is not more talked about than was the gorgeous costume of the dandies of Beau Brummel's day, a century ago.
Climate, of course, has much to do with the matter, but, whether it be for comfort or fashion, the inhabitant of every quarter of the globe arranges himself in some sort of raiment. The Esquimaux wraps himself in furs, the South Sea Islander sports a nose ring and perhaps a pair of ankle bracelets, while the native of tropical Nicaragua, according to a consular report, usually wears a straw hat and a cigarette. Citizens of the enlightened temperate zone combine comfort with elegance, of course, and carry the adornment of their persons—more especially the fairer sex—to the highest rank among the arts.

Arguments for and against the dress suit for gentlemen, or, rather, the claw-hammer coat, have been going on for a term of years, but without appreciable results up to date. Physicians and old men with "ruined blood" and fat men with too great a caponlined ponderosity, are the chief denouncers of the swallow-tail. The former declare that a man dressed in a swallow-tail coat, which cannot be buttoned over its accompanying low-neck vest, is not dressed at all—no more than a woman is at one of Victoria's drawing-rooms. There, they say, some slight protection to the back and arms; otherwise a man might be in his shirt sleeves, so far as he may be exposed to the evening air, indoors or out.

Stout men object to the claw-hammer partly for the reason that it is such scanty covering for their ample persons, but mainly because, in order to look well, it must be a "tight fit." Who has not slyly congratulated his corpulent neighbor on his personal appearance in a loose-hanging dress coat? And who has not heard the strong language of his fat friend pinched by a close-fitting garment? Duncan of Knock, the Scotch bailiff in charge of the duke of Argyll's Highland estates, must have experienced similar sensations when he encased himself in the minister's trowsers (trousers) on one occasion to receive the duke and duchess. "I'll put myself in sic confinement," he exclaimed, "for no man nor woman again, save always her grace, as in duty bound."
A circumstance which may possibly threaten the existence of the swallow-tail is the fact that, owing to the fashion set by actors in late years of shaving the upper lip as well as the remainder of the face, the society man cannot always now be distinguished from the worthy servitor who attends him at table. The so-called dress suit appears to have become universally established for waiters and servants of higher rank, and if awkward mistakes of identity are to continue something must go, either the actor's beardless face for the man of fashion, or the tail coat.

An amusing experience of Mr. William S. Gilbert, the dramatic collaborator with Sir Arthur Sullivan, is told as a case in point. Mr. Gilbert had attended a club reception in London, and was standing in the entrance hall of the house awaiting the return of a messenger, when a swell of the first class came forth from the cloak room and said to him: "Hello, my man; call me a four-wheeler, like a good fellow."
"Well," responded Gilbert, adjusting his own eye-glass scrutinizingly, "you are a four-wheeler." This was a clear case of mistaken identity, for which the 'owling swell apologized, as a matter of course.

But the claw-hammer has too strong a hold on the younger gentleman of society to be easily disposed of. For him it has a peculiar glamor when he sees it on the shapely person of the actor in the heart-rending play. What with footlights and illustrations in the society novel of the day, it has become strongly entrenched in the hearts and heads of the youth of the period, and they constitute a power in matters fashionable. It is furthermore the only garment not fitted for out-of-door wear, and after all that may be said it is of sufficient elegance to be admired for ball and drawing-room occasions by the younger ladies. And that settles it.—Boston Globe.

Mrs. Logan's Washington Home.

The embellishments of Calumet Place, the home of Mrs. Logan, are taking a somewhat elaborate form. In addition to the gallery of trophies of her husband's military career and relics of his civic services, she ordered before her departure for Europe the execution of several large pieces of mural painting representing the principal battles with which General Logan was distinctively associated. When the memorial collection and the decorations are complete, Calumet Place will have a peculiar interest, not only as the home and scene of the death of the foremost volunteer officer of the army of the rebellion, but as the repository of an interesting collection representative of his life.—Philadelphia Times.

BRIEFLETS.

Maine packed 12,000,000 cans of corn last season.

There appears to be a boom in silk culture in California.

Canadian woolen manufacturers say trade is almost dead.

European emigration to Brazil is largely on the increase.

Severe shocks of earthquake were felt in Spain last week.

The United States consumes 28,000,000 lobsters annually.

A Denver, Col., jeweler has failed with liabilities of \$125,000.

During November 25,419 immigrants arrived in this country.

In Paris, France, a big company has the monopoly of funerals.

The Russian Budget for 1889 shows a surplus of 2,000,000 rubles.

The United States has 700 railroads. They employ 500,000 persons.

Renewed outrages by the White Caps are reported in Ohio and Indiana.

A manual training school for colored boys is being agitated at Baltimore.

Thirteen cotton mills in and around Augusta, Ga., employ 4,300 persons.

Hothouse strawberries sold for 50 cents each in New York city last week.

A newly-fallen meteoric stone weighing 140 pounds has been found at Ellsworth, Wis.

The owner of the steamer Haytian Republic wants \$250,000 indemnity from Haiti.

A powder magazine exploded at Messina, Italy, last week, killing 10 soldiers and injuring others.

It is stated that important changes are to be made in the home policy of Russia of a liberal nature.

New and rich gold fields have been discovered in Southern California, about 100 miles from Yuma.

The New York board of aldermen has passed an ordinance that all vegetables must be sold by weight.

A nail company's works at Belvidere, N. J., were shut down last week, throwing 1,400 persons out of work.

Numerous arrests of socialists have been made in Berlin lately on the charge of distributing obnoxious pamphlets.

London's lord mayor will give a farewell banquet in honor of the United States minister and Mrs. Phelps on Jan. 24.

A man and his family arrived in Washington last week after a five-months' trip from Rio Janeiro in a boat only 35 feet long.

A partial vote in Dakota shows a large preponderance of sentiment in favor of the division of the territory into two states.

There are in Toronto, Canada, thirty-three Knights of Labor assemblies, one district assembly and one national assembly.

A small boat containing 7 persons, while crossing the Ohio river near Ripley, was capsized, and all the occupants were drowned.

A cotton palace is to be built in New Orleans for the coming carnival. In it will be displayed the products of Louisiana and other states.

Mr. Phelps, the United States minister, will remain in London until some time after the lord mayor's banquet, which will be given on Jan. 24.

King Leopold of Belgium has instituted a new order—that of the African Star—to be conferred on persons distinguished for brilliant services in Africa.

Wool growers of Texas have petitioned congress to amend the present tariff to prevent the importation of foreign wool under the name of ring waste, thread waste, yarn waste, etc.

The total production of pig iron in this country in 1888 was 6,000,000 tons, and of Bessemer steel rails 1,350,000 tons. The total importations of iron and steel are estimated at 850,000 tons.

Lyman C. Smith, at one time one of the best known men in the circus business in this country, died at New York recently of Bright's disease. He traveled with circuses as a clown under the name of Billy Watson.

A St. Louis sportsman recently procured in Oregon a trophy that is one of the greatest curiosities of its kind in the world. It consists of a large and perfect pair of caribou antlers which are entirely covered with a fine, close growth of hair.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin's annual report of the wool market of the United States shows that the present supply of wool is 62,000,000 pounds, against 110,000,000 pounds at the same date last year, or a shortage of 48,000,000 as compared with 1887.

A big horned owl attacked a rooster near Hawkinsville, Ga., and was preparing to make off with it when a farmer appeared with his dog. The owl thereupon turned its sole attention to the dog. A desperate struggle ensued, but the dog came out victorious.

Armstrong Hall at the Tuskegee (Ala.) Normal School has recently been completed. It was built by the Tuskegee students, who are negroes, they sawing the lumber, making the brick, and doing all the work of erection and finish except putting on the tin roof.

A lawyer in Putnam, Conn., was consulted by a woman the other day who desired a divorce, and she left him a check for \$300, half of it to be a "retainer," and the other \$100 she received in cash. The lawyer has since found the check worthless and the woman a fraud.

Experts in house building have suggested that grates in second stories are usually less safe than those below, as the narrower joists give little room for the boxing of the hearth. It is also urged that grates be examined carefully, to determine whether the back of the flue is simply of four-inch wall, which is always dangerous at the back of a grate in a frame house. This can be determined by measuring the distance the breast extends out from the wall, and, as sometimes the breast runs through flush with the face of the wall in the next room, the calculation is to be made accordingly.

ONE DAY ON A WARSHIP.

Report by a Runaway of Routine on the Boscobel.

Life on board the Boscobel was by no means monotonous. At 5:30 A. M. the shrill pipe of the boatswain's mate aroused the sleeping youngsters to the duties of the day. The first duty was to get our hammocks "lashed up," which meant reducing the bedding into the similitude of a German sausage on a mammoth scale. While the "lashing up" process was going on the boatswain's mate and the ship's corporals (ship's police) were busily howling out such stirring adjurations as "Lash and carry!" "Hurry up, there!" "Hi d'ye hear the news!" "Up you go!" and so on through a long vocabulary of interjectional remarks, some of which were intelligible and some otherwise to the novice. When the hammocks had attained the proper shape by dint of tying them up according to admiralty pattern, they were hurriedly taken on deck and stowed in the proper receptacle—a channel in the bulwarks specially provided for the purpose. When the last laggard reached the deck with his hammock—and his pace accelerated by a corporal's cane applied *ad libitum* or according to opportunity—the marine bugler, who was a superior sort of youth, with a chronic apoplectic complexion, sounded "Cooks to the galley!" The boys upon whom devolved the duties of cooks for the day hurried off with their tin kettles to the "galley," that delectable abode of the "doctor," as the ship's cook was commonly called. Breakfast consisted of cocoa and biscuit. The biscuit was not more than ordinarily unbreakable, but the cocoa was the most fraudulent beverage ever baled out in bucketsful for the stomachic benefit of a hungry boy. That cocoa entered into the composition of the oleaginous fluid served out to us on board the Boscobel cannot be reasonably doubted. I have myself seen the ship's cook plunge a couple of cakes of the material into heaven knows how many gallons of water, and leave the cakes to boil for the period set forth in admiralty regulations for the instruction of cooks. The result of these combined operations was a fluid on the surface of which there floated a few forlorn globules of grease. Beneath the greasy veil the fluid was uncommonly watery and probably had as much effect in strengthening the muscles of the boys as would have resulted from a prolonged gaze at a Belfast ham.

Half an hour was allowed for breakfast, but that period also included the time to be devoted to the morning ablutions. The aforesaid ablutions were, therefore, of a somewhat perfunctory character, none the less perfunctory because of the circumstance that the bath room was small, the boys numerous and the quantity of cocoa strictly limited. So that a very small boy who was unable to shoulder his way to a wash basin ran considerable risk of reaching his mess table on the lower deck just time enough to be too late for his breakfast. The bigger boys made no scruple of appropriating a double allowance of the greasy fluid in the absence of any of our messmates. Some heroic stripling might complain to the master at arms, who is chief of police abroad a man of war, but even when the master at arms made inquiry into the matter, it was generally ascertained that nobody knew anything about the matter, and, beside, there was no method known to discipline whereby the cocoa might be recovered.

After breakfast one-half of the boys were sent on the upper and main decks to scrub these parts of the ship, while the other half—"the watch below"—scrubbed the lower deck, mess tables, etc., and polished the tin mess utensils to a degree of brilliancy which was likely to satisfy the exacting requirements laid down by the first lieutenant. When the decks had been duly scrubbed and "swabbed" dry, "all hands" dressed in the uniform prescribed for the day, and thereafter the bugle sounded "to quarters." At this command we betook ourselves to the upper deck, and, ranged along the four divisions, we awaited inspection by the officer detailed for that duty. This inspection was a very solemn function indeed. The inspecting officer, accompanied a ship's corporal, note book in hand, slowly passed up one rank and down the other, while each urchin stood statuesque, cap in hand.

The inspecting officer of my division was Mr. John Danks, who thought that the proper way in which a recruit should be taught obedience to regulations and respect for his superiors was to find fault with the youth whenever and wherever possible. Accordingly, but a very few days elapsed before John Danks discovered me. On the first occasion of my falling under the displeasure of that officer I had taken exceeding great pains with my personal appearance, for the reason that in the afternoon I, together with about two hundred of my young shipmates, had duly warned to prepare for taking a walk on shore during the course of the afternoon. My shoes were lustrous, my nether garments were neatly brushed and my face, as I learned by contemplating my reflected visage in a highly polished tin dish—was as radiant as soap and a course towel could make it. Mr. John Danks, however, lingered long in front of me during the progress of his morning inspection. Slowly he surveyed me from shoe to collar, and still more slowly from collar to shoe; then suddenly making a dart at my throat, he dragged to light a corner of my neckerchief, the hem of which had suffered damage somehow.

"Wot's this 'ere?" roared Mr. Danks,

as he fixed his little gray, glittering eyes upon me. "Wot d'ye mean by comin' 'ere like this 'ere, eh?"

I was too much terrified at the hoarse tones and savage demeanor of the officer to be able to reply. I simply gasped, and wished I was at school again. "I'll teach ye to come to quarters like this 'ere!" continued Mr. Danks, while he shook me with a vigor which was both undeniable and unnecessary. "Put your clo'es on with a pitchfork, I should think. Look at yourself now; ain't you a beauty, eh?"

I could not see much of myself or anything else, at that very moment, but I had a suspicion that Mr. Danks had expended so much energy in shaking me by the clothing at my throat, that my attire was by no means in the best of order. The end of it was that my name was put in the "report," and at the end of the forenoon's drill I had an interview—in the company of a dozen other delinquents—with the first lieutenant. Mr. Danks solemnly informed the lieutenant that he "had never clapped eye on such a untidy warmint" as I was, and further avowed that I "gave more trouble than all t'other boys put together." All of which statements were fearfully remote from the truth. The first lieutenant listened to Mr. Danks with grave demeanor, and then pointed out to him that as I had only been a week in the ship Mr. Danks' experience of me must have been slight, and by no means sufficient as a basis for the comprehensive indictment formulated against me. Wherefore I was dismissed and warned to be more careful in the future. The gunner never again had the chance of reporting, because I was transferred on the following day to the division of Mr. Levi Bunt, an officer who had not forgotten the fact that he had once been a boy himself, and whose delight was to encourage a promising lad in the career which he had adopted.

At the conclusion of "quarters"—on Monday for example—we were exercised at sail drill, the new comers being "taught the ropes" by a petty officer. At 11:30 in the forenoon the ropes were coiled down and the decks carefully swept. At noon we went to dinner, having been previously inspected as we stood at the tables. Dinner was usually on much the same scale of limited magnificence as breakfast. An almost microscopic quantity of beef, boiled into rags; a basin of soup of suspicious quality and the everlasting biscuit, made up the meal. In looking back upon my period of probation on the Boscobel, I often marvel that I was not tempted to commit larceny of some other boy's portion. That I did not may be attributed as much to the fact that my moral training was not altogether inoperative, as to the circumstance that the other boys gave me no opportunity of looting their provisions. I believe that the boys now a days have an ample dietary, but in my time I knew considerably more hunger than was good for my spiritual or temporal welfare. But I bore myself as bravely as I might, and consoled myself with the reflection that my period of training could only last one year at most. But it was a sore trial. I was at that age when boys can eat much more than they are able to earn, and if I yearned after the flesh pots of the dear old school at Colinton, it was not with that bitter yearning which dulls the faculties in some boys and incites to insubordination in others. I held on my way, striving to learn my drill in seamanship, gunnery, musketry, sword exercise and all the other maritime arts and tricks of warfare—but I was ravenously hungry all the time. So hungry indeed, that a dream in which beef and pudding were the chief elements was a sort of Barmecide feast to be cherished in my waking hours. I was terribly human in those days of famine.—Leeds Mercury.

Her Preference.

It was a glorious evening,
The moon was full and bright,
The air was soft and balmy—
A perfect August night.

Across the park they wandered,
A young man and a maid,
He was a little timid,
She, not a bit afraid.

The walks were half-deserted
(The hour was growing late);
Fond lovers on the benches
Were sitting tete-a-tete.

The sweet perfume of flowers
Weighed down the evening breeze;
The electric light shone brightly
Among the dark-stemmed trees.

"Now, isn't this delightful!"
The simple young man said;
"These lights among the foliage,
The full moon overhead."

She hesitated slightly,
Then glanced about the park.
"Well—yes," she said—"or rather—
It would be, if 'twas dark."

—Somerville Journal.

Americans a Strange People.

He was a pronounced Anglo-American, and had just returned from a two-years' residence in England. On Thursday night he invited a friend to dine with him at Bellevue. "Ah! Alphonse," said he, bring me the menu." It was brought, and he began to peruse it deliberately and at length. His companion regarded him with interest, not unmingled with awe, for some minutes and attempted to engage him in conversation, without result. Finally the silence became too oppressive for the Philadelphian. "Alphonse!" he called, bring me a dictionary, and at once." The waiter, too well trained to evince any astonishment, brought the bulky volume, and the Philadelphian began turning over the pages slowly. At last his host looked up and regarded him with a suspicious glance.

"Mah deah do! what are you about?"—Philadelphia Times.

WAYS OF DETECTIVES.

How They Track and Identify Notorious Criminals.

"What are you doing there?" The man to whom it is addressed is a short, thick-set man, says the Boston Record; there is nothing about him to attract attention. He is the most commonplace man I have met for some time. He is simply leaning against a pile of boxes, trunks and the like at a railroad station. Upon first glance he looks like a sleepy old fellow, who may have drunk more than a flagon of rum, or he may have walked a long distance, and, therefore, he is fatigued. As any one approached him in the crowd he looked sharply, and then seemed to become oblivious.

That man is one of the sharpest detectives in the state of Massachusetts.

"What are you doing there?" is the question again.

Quickly, without moving a muscle, without looking up again, he answers, in a low, distinct voice: "Don't speak to me now; I'm watching a man." I moved away.

Presently the crowd gets thicker. The sleepy gentleman by the trunks becomes suddenly aroused. He moves about very rapidly among the people. What will he do?

Hardly is there time to walk ten paces when he has disappeared. The train thunders into the station and the people went aboard. The man was nowhere.

That night one of the boldest burglars was arrested and lodged in jail. He was arrested on that train, and by the sleepy man.

The arrest was accomplished thus: As a rough-looking man with a tin pail in his hand walked quickly from the depot to the train, the detective followed him closely, and just as he was about to put his foot on the step, he tripped and fell to the platform. In an instant the detective fell on him.

The two men were assisted into the car, and then the detective apologized for having fallen on him. They sat down together in the smoking car, the old-fashioned detective took out of his pockets a lot of cakes and apples, and they began to eat and talk about the news.

"That was a bad bit of work those fellows done there in Boston. Did you see the evening papers?"

"What do you mean?" said the man.

"Why, that safe burglary last night."

"Was there a burglary?"

"Yes; didn't you hear of it? Why, they stole over one hundred thousand dollars worth of cash securities and bonds from the — Bank."

"Indeed! Any arrests?"

"Not yet, but the officers are close on the track of the leader of the gang."

"Are they? Do you think they have the right man?"

"Yes; they are watching a man in East Boston by the name of Ridgewood, a noted burglar."

Just at this moment a man arose from the seat behind and walked out of the car. He passed on into the next car.

"That's our man," whispered the detective to his apparently injured companion. The two men arose and passed into the next car after the fellow who had arisen.

They caught up to the man as he was going out of the next car. The train was stopping at a short station. The man got off. He was arrested.

"How did you know that was Ridgewood?" was asked of the detective.

"Because when I mentioned his name he started and left the car. There is something about a criminal that gives him away to a practiced eye. I saw that man on the platform—he was walking up and down. He did not walk more than eight feet before he would turn and walk back again. At this I became aroused, and watched him closer."

"It was when I tripped up my friend that I wanted to avoid suspicion, the burglar was behind us; the man who fell first is one of the best detectives in Boston. He was dressed like a working-man and carried a pail. When we fell the man whom we were watching did not notice us, but hurried into the cars; all the other people stopped and looked on."

"The man went directly to the smoker and lit a cigar nervously; he drew his hat over his eyes and nestled down in his seat, apparently engrossed in his newspaper. The man read the same paper for a long time; he did not seem to be interested in it at all, although his eyes were intently upon it. They were only on one spot. We sat down in front of him and began to eat apples and talk. When I mentioned the name of Ridgewood he started from his reverie. I looked him square in the eye. He got up and left the car. He was our man."

"Oh, about the eight-foot walk? Well, you see an old criminal who has done time will never get out of the habit of walking up and down as he has done so long in his cell. He will only go about eight feet; that is the regulation length of cells. He does this unconsciously, and even though he may guard himself against it, before he knows it will begin to walk up and down."

"Of course," said the detective, "no man gives himself up to justice—no criminal tells the detective that he is the man. We are compelled to judge from our experience. A criminal has a certain look, a peculiar way of moving, secretly, even in public places—in hotels, at theaters, all over. No one but a skillful man in criminal work can

tell the difference, but their actions are readily apparent—they become a larger part of the criminal's nature; he can not cast off himself.

"Then there are other things; certain well-known criminals have," he added, "a distinct style of work. The crime is always carefully investigated, and the detectives learn the methods of the different men. It is a school. I can not explain it to you unless you are a close observer of human nature."

"A criminal in walking along the street will unconsciously turn his head and give a quick glance backward, almost ever so often, generally within every one hundred steps. I can tell a man instantly when I enter a crowd. That's why these fellows hide away; they know that if they appear in public that they will be recognized."

Good Dinners and Good Morals.

During the year lately ended eighteen hundred girls were graduated from the cooking schools of Boston.

There is in this record and in the records like it being made especially in the larger cities throughout the country, the sign of an evolution in average home life and home happiness whose good results can scarcely be measured.

In the first place, after long years of foolishness as to what constitutes proper and genteel womanly occupation, it has of a sudden become fashionable for women to know how to be competent home-managers and housewives. The woman who ten years ago boasted with a sort of aristocratic pride that she "knew nothing whatever of the duties of house-keeping," is now becoming heartily ashamed of the admission (as she ought to be) whenever she is compelled to make it; and it is the popularizing of the cooking school primarily, that has wrought the change.

In this growing domestic efficiency and self-reliance of the young women who are to found homes, is also the beginning of the end of the servant-girl problem, which in late years in American cities has threatened to overshadow in its practical importance almost all other problems—domestic, social, or political. A competent woman at the head of a household will have competent servants about her; she will speedily train into competency those she already has, or else she will get rid of them. And the very moment inefficiency among domestics who work for wages fails to find employment, that moment efficiency will begin to develop. When mistresses of homes are willing and able "to do their work alone" in preference to having it done by slovenly and incapable girls, then slovenliness and incapability will begin to disappear.

But this coming in of a generation of daughters and wives and mothers competent to act intelligently as cooks, and to order and preform all the details of household employment (whether their financial state requires them to do so or not) is to have a far larger meaning than mere family convenience. Whether in parlor or kitchen, the skilled touch and arrangement of the wife or mother inmate of the home, has different and better effect than the skilled touch of even the most skilled hired servant; indeed the nearest approach to the domestic ideal is found oftenest in the homes too poor for servants. The administration of that woman who in her home "knows how," means for husband and children a more wholesome and healthful home life, at table and everywhere else, than is possible when through ignorance or invalidism or what not, the mother is compelled to depend solely on hired help. It is the expert and experienced and affectionate superintendence of details by the wife and mother that always differentiates the home from the hotel or boarding-house.

With that superintendence exercised as it will be when all the girls are trained to become and are proud to become home-keepers, the physical and mental and moral health of every member in the home will thereby be made better.

The life of man wherever lived is the reflection of his life at home; and the state takes its character from the fireside.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Women Who Shave.

"Did you ever shave a woman?" was the queer question put to an up-town barber, who went on to tell his experience in that line of business. "There are ladies in town who have quite a moustache, and others who have something like a chin beard, and I have operated on both kinds. I shaved the upper lip of a lady yesterday afternoon to prepare her to go out to a party. She keeps down the growth by clipping it, but she wanted to look extra fine on this occasion. Some of them who are troubled as she is pull out the hairs a few at a time, till they get rid of the whole growth, and there is now an electrical way of removing them without pain from any part of the face, but I know of ladies who get barbers to shave them at times, and others who can shave themselves just like men. I tell you there are more kinds of folks in this barbarous world than some folks know of." Here the knight of the brush shouted "Next!"—New York Sun.

Cheerfulness.

A blessing beyond wealth, beyond beauty, or even beyond talent, is that cheerful temperament which can rejoice in the sunshine, yet be merry in the shade; which can delight in the singing of the birds in spring, yet solace itself with the heart's own music when winter is at hand.

SOUTHERNERS IN THE NORTH.

Men Who Have Crossed Mason and Dixon's Line to Seek Fortune.

Little by little we see the transfer of white individuality from portions of the southern states to the north. These emigres from the south never return. Here is Inman, the genius of railway and telegraph matters in the southern states, who came to New York a clerk out of the rebel army, I think. He is a smart fellow, though now and then you hear the opinion expressed that he would make a deal with his grandmother and pick her dry. New York is good enough for him. Here is R. T. Wilson, who during the war was something of a contractor for beef and supplies to the rebel army. He came from east Tennessee. Since Wilson came here, a large, mild man, chiefly notable for working himself almost to death in his banking-house, and for his excessive tenderness to his young children, he has married these youngsters into the Astor, the Golet and finally into the Herbert family, of England. His daughter's brother-in-law is the Earl of Pembroke, who inhabits the celebrated Wilton House, at the town of Wilton, where they make the carpets, in England, and which I visited two years ago and described in your columns. Wilton House is full of elegant paintings and marbles, and bears the record of having entertained Spenser when he wrote "Arcadia," and Shakespeare when he went down to play before King James II, a visitor there, with the Shakespearean troupe. Strange is this world when we find an old contractor for mule meat to the Confederate army and hustler for railroad bonds in New York and cotton factor for everwhere linking himself with a family which runs back to the practical ages about and before Queen Elizabeth. Where is the equality of this world? You do not hear of Mr. R. T. Wilson inhabiting a sunny grove somewhere in the bowers of his youth. Fifth avenue is good enough for him.

Some years ago I had a talk with young V. K. Stevenson, whose father, of the same name, and Mr. Wilson and Duncan Kenna and one or two others were in a pool to supply the Confederacy with supplies and take out cotton, which was almost worth its weight in silver or gold in England. My report carried consternation, I was told, into the highest social circles of New York, where the Wilsons were about marrying among the Astors, who had no idea, with the higher loyalty of this latter family, that they were to embrace some of the old blockade runners of war. There were all kinds of blockade runners, and towards the bottom you could touch Sandy Keith or Thomassen, the celebrated fiend, who blew up the Bremen steamship. The elder V. K. Stevenson died, leaving a fine fortune here, of which his son got his portion, but V. K. does not return to Tennessee, though there he is connected with old families like the Bells and the Catrons. These things all prove that where there is liberality men flock from every land.—Gath's Letter to Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Queen's Gold Plate.

The solid gold plate for the royal table consists of five dozen dinner plates, various patterns; one dozen soup plates, a dozen fruit plates, eight ice-pails with basins and covers, a tea and coffee service, three dozen knives, three dozen forks, and three dozen spoons.

For the dessert service, three dozen spoons, three dozen knives and three dozen forks, two dozen helpers, two dozen sugar spoons, four dozen ice spoons, four pairs of grape scissors, four finger basins, two large salvers, four smaller basins, four pairs of bottle stands, four pairs of salt cellars and spoons.

Of silver plate there are five silver soup tureens and ladles, ten sauce tureens, three pairs of fish knives, twelve dishes and covers, twelve warmers, twelve smaller ditto, three pairs of soufflet dishes, four pairs of flat dishes and covers, etc.

The tea and coffee services for Her Majesty's use are also of gold plate and comprise a large salver or tray, richly chased and embossed; tea cups and saucers, tea and coffee pots, sugar basins and cream ewers, and spoons, all of a very tasteful pattern; the handles of the cups are composed of lapis lazuli, chastely ornamented, presenting a pleasing harmony of color with the rich tone of the gold cups.

The doyley for Her Majesty is of white satin with a beautiful circular wreath of the three kingdoms in the center; the corners are adorned by the British crown, all finely embroidered, and it is finished with a border of deep and rich silver fringe. Those for the royal guests are of similar material, but have not the wreath and crown on them.—English Exchange.

The Tapety Rooms at Windsor.

The tapestry rooms at Windsor Castle are to be occupied by the Empress Frederick during her visit to the queen. This suite, which is one of the best in the castle, is the Lancaster tower, and opens from the grand corridor, and the queen's own private apartments are close at hand. The sitting room is hung with Gobelins tapestry, representing the four seasons, which was presented to the queen by Louis Philippe. It has one very large window, from which there is a magnificent view of the Home Park and the Long Walk. The boudoir contains a very fine portrait of the Emperor Frederick, which was painted for the queen about twenty years ago, and a portrait of the present emperor, taken when he was ten years old.—Home Journal.

BY THE
KANSAS NEWS CO.

Payments always in advance on papers stopped promptly at expiration of time paid for. All kinds of Job Printing at low prices.

Kansas bonds are worth \$1.35 per dollar.

Douglas claims fewer sheriff's sales than any other county in the state. It is something to boast of.

Good news come from all the territories in regard to cattle, and to the most satisfactory manner in which this great industry is looking up.

Members of the legislature divide their evenings between theatres and Salvation Army meetings. Some of them seem quite at home with the Salvationists.

Eight bills affecting the interest question have already been introduced in the legislature, nearly all of which propose a reduction of the rate to six per cent.

If nothing more prevents there will be more peaches in Kansas this year, than ever before. No frosts have yet killed the buds, but there is time enough yet—in fact the most danger may come when the trees are nearly or even quite in bloom.

There is a somewhat wishy-washy paper in Topeka called the LANCE. On the point of this lance there appears to be a sop, on which is sugar sweetness for some and acetic acid for others. It is said that silver dust will keep the sugar from becoming vinegar.

Senator Harkness will be the chairman of the joint committee appointed to investigate the charges made against the managers of the state penitentiary. The investigation will be conducted at Leavenworth, where the records are located, and where nearly all the witnesses reside.

We hardly understand why the Topeka Democrat need to have been so much in favor of P. B. Plumb's election. It was of course the proper thing to return him to the Senate, and the few democrats were not inconsistent in voting for him, but what need for so much enthusiasm?

If there is the least thing wrong with the penitentiary management the people want to know it, and it is their right to know it. If every thing is clean and square they will be all the more satisfied. But let the investigation be deep, searching and thorough, no matter whose idols may be broken.

Senator T. B. Murdock produced quite a sensation by introducing a bill providing for the repeal of the acts establishing the state board of pharmacy, the state board of health, the state dental association, the state live-stock sanitary commission and the state agent at Washington, D. C. Those best informed are of the opinion that these comparatively useless organizations ought to be abolished.

Topeka is a great city. It has the longest line of electrical railway in the world. It has fifteen miles of road completed and ready for operation as soon as the cars, which are expected daily, shall arrive. In addition to the many other excellent things to be found there it now has the brightest legislative body in the world. But the city itself is not wholly responsible for that.

A cat was able to spread scarlet fever amidst a large community of children in Chicago. This animal had been petted by a sick child, and in its visits to several neighbors' houses it carried the disease with it. Nothing is more natural than that its fur should harbor particles from the patient, and nothing more likely than that these should be wafted through the air every time its fur was stroked.

Governor Humphrey issued his first pardons Monday, extending executive clemency to Charles C. Cottrhan and A. C. Knadler. Cottrhan was sent to the penitentiary from Ellsworth county, May 23, 1888, for two years for grand larceny. Young Cottrhan's crime was the result of bad companionship instead of innate vice, it seems, he having been left an orphan at an early age and left to secure a livelihood by his own exertions. Knadler received a three year sentence May 1, 1888, in the district court of Scott county, for assault with intent to kill.

Good preaching and good singing will always draw and hold an audience.

The river is still booming and presents a more respectable appearance than it has before for several months. A deal of ice is floating down.

Pacific is putting in its new engines, and the Fredonia water works are complete, with seven miles of mains, and a reservoir with a capacity of 2,000,000 gallons, located on a mound near the city, 171 feet high.

DEHORNING CATTLE.

Dr. Pettijohn's Experience.

On December 3d 1888 I had seventy five head of cattle dehorned, five of that number were milch cows; the remainder mostly stock cattle. I had the milch cows dehorned about one week before the main herd. At that time I had them on rye and stock pasture. After removing the horns I had to separate them from the other cattle, and put them on dry feed. They shrank about one third in the flow of milk. After the remaining stock were dehorned, I again turned them on the rye and stock pasture, and they regained all they had ever lost, and up to date continue to give the usual amount of milk.

Out of the seventy head of stock cattle, four or five have had some supuration of the head, caused either by bruise or by not cutting at the proper place.

When a part of the shell horn is left on the stump, it will suppurate and slough out.

The cattle, however, maintain their flesh, their appetite never failed, and all are doing splendidly.

We have four or five calves in the lot. The wounds filled by granulation, leaving but a small cicatrice. The hair hides that entirely and they look like muleys born.

During the two days Dr. Morre, of Holton, operated in my yard, four hundred in all were dehorned.

I have kept track of the entire lot, and am glad to report a perfect success in every case.

Most of the cattle have ranged since that time in stock fields without shelter.

In the fall in anticipation of dehorning, we build a hay shed 64 feet long placing around that on three sides a 14 feet shed inclosed except on the south. At night or at any time the weather is bad, you will find the entire bunch in there as quiet as lambs, big and little standing as close as they can stand around the central hay pen. And when the night is cold and stormy, they lie in the best protected parts, so thickly you could not walk between them.

I have never had any cattle look as well as this season of the year. The young cattle are growing every day and the more matured are putting on flesh.

Most of the two year-olds are in good beef condition. Hair looks soft and glossy and they keep it well washed.

In dehorning, you will find it of great importance to have your yards so arranged that you can handle the cattle without any trouble—have your fence, chut and every thing strong and in perfect order, so as not to frighten the cattle, and your appliances so you can hold them quiet, then it is but a small job to take off the horns. If the cattle are quiet and the horns are amputated at the proper place, you will have no trouble, and but slight loss of blood. At some future time I will give you my experience in chut and implements for dehorning, etc.

Respectfully
J. W. PETTIJOHN.

Newton's salt plant is a go. Arrangements all being perfected, grounds secured and staked off. The main building to be 69x100 feet, two stories high; the evaporating pan 26x100 feet. The leading business men of that place are the ones who have taken the matter in hand.

Capt. J. E. Greer of Rutland reports that his little orchard of less than an acre has more than twice paid for his farm. It was just coming into bearing when he bought the farm for \$2,500. He has had good yields and bad ones—some years sold \$1,000 worth of fruit and sometimes less.

It is probable that a large number of sorghum-sugar mills will be built in Western Kansas this year. Meads Center, Cheney, Medicine Lodge, and Kiowa already have the matter under contemplation. At Ness City the business men have agreed upon issuing \$60,000 to \$75,000 in bonds to build a factory, and at Santa Fe a company has been organized and chartered.

The manufacture of sugar from sorghum, which is destined to become one of Kansas's chief industries, is being discussed favorably by the press throughout the country. Much interest is manifested by the press of the South, at the progress now being made in Kansas, and the general desire of the farmers of the State to diversify their farming by raising sorghum to be manufactured into sugar.

The return of Russell B. Harrison to his home and business in Helena, Mont., for a brief period, after a long absence, was made the occasion of a grand banquet given in his honor by the leading citizens of Helena of both political parties. The banquet was the greatest social event of the season in Montana's capital. Covers were laid at the Cosmopolitan hotel for a large number of guests.

The Fredonia water works are complete, with seven miles of mains, and a reservoir with a capacity of 2,000,000 gallons, located on a mound near the city, 171 feet high.

By Telegraph.

Mr. John H. Bohlken, one of the oldest residents of Herman, Mo., 73 years of age, hung himself.

At Lansing, Mich., in joint convention, the two houses elected James McMillan senator, receiving ninety votes against thirty-five for Melborne H. Ford.

Robert Monday, a clerk in the post-office at Mount Eno, Ill., was sentenced by the United States court to two years in the penitentiary for taking \$20 from a registered letter.

An explosion of fire damp occurred in the Hyde colliery, near Manchester, England. Seven bodies have been taken from the mine. One hundred persons are still entombed.

The Long Island Railway company has been directed by the New York supreme court to pay Rudolph Dalzell \$10,000 because he received injuries on the cars which induced paralysis.

In the United States district court, Captain Robert Mills, of the oyster schooner Chickora, was found guilty of brutally beating his dredgers, and was sentenced to a fine of \$500 and one year in jail.

Private advices from the Pacific coast state that a fleet of nearly 100 American and Canadian vessels will set out shortly for Behring sea and take chances of capture by the United States revenue cutter.

At Pine Bluff, Ark., J. C. Barnes, a well-to-do farmer, walked into the sheriff's office and surrendered himself for the murder of Mort Mason, which occurred about six weeks ago. Since then he has been eluding the officers.

At Kansas City United States Deputy Marshal Malloy arrested Nelson Finley on the charge of attempting to procure a pension by false affidavits. His arrest was made at the request of the United States marshal at St. Louis.

The managers of the Bell Telephone company have announced that it is their intention to withdraw from the state in the event of the enactment of the sweeping reduction in rentals proposed by the bills now before the Missouri legislature.

Mrs. Courtney, living near Hale's Springs, Tenn., went to church, first locking up her two children in the house. Upon her return she found the little ones dead, their clothes having ignited from the fireplace and being communicated one to the other.

Huron boasts of the oldest married couple now living in Dakota. The sixtieth wedding anniversary of Zimri and Betsey Pond has been celebrated. Mr. Pond is 82 years old and his wife is not quite a year younger. Both are strong and lively and bid fair to live several years yet.

The friends of Governor William Guy are greatly disappointed at the decision of Secretary Vilas in favor of William R. Byrd as governor of the Chickasaw nation. Guy's friends claim that this is a bad precedent, inasmuch as it gives the legislature and senate power to go behind the returns and thus defeat the will of the people.

Patrick Dempsey, a laborer, tried to shoot his former employer, Fredrick Farrar, at the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge. Dempsey's revolver was so small a calibre that the bullet barely penetrated Mr. Farrar's heavy overcoat. Dempsey was locked up. He said he wished to kill Mr. Farrar to avenge his discharge from his factory.

Freddy Gebhardt was expected to tell the New York supreme court why he had not paid Mr. Lanson \$98 for Mrs. Langtry's screen. A big, curious audience gathered in the chambers to hear what he had to say. Mr. Gebhardt did not come, however. His counsel said he would give his reasons for not paying the bill twenty days later, and the case was adjourned.

Sixteen railroads center in Kansas City, Kansas.

The McPherson salt well produces a barrel per hour.

Larned has a chartered pottery and pressed brick company.

Coal has recently been discovered at Mohne and Ellsworth.

A man in France has imported a car-load of sorghum cane seed from Sterling, Kansas.

Cotton raising seems to pay in Barber County. The only cotton gin in Kansas, at Medicine Lodge, is to have doubled capacity next year.

As the matter of dehorning meat cattle has become one of so much general interest we are glad to give the experience of one in this part of the state who has recently given it a trial and whose scientific knowledge add weight to his statements. In another column of this paper may be found an article by Dr. Pettijohn of Hoyt. The fact that he had treated his herd was telegraphed over the state at the time, and was widely published. His statement now, after the lapse of several weeks, will therefore be welcome, and will be received as authority.

Cannibals in Sumatra

A friend of the writer who for more than forty years has been in the employment of the Dutch government, bears personal witness to the prevalence of cannibalism in Sumatra up to recent times, says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He was once making scientific investigations in the interior of the island, and was being entertained in the most hospitable manner by the native rajah, or chief, of the place he was in. A feast had been made to which he was bidden, and to which he went, taking his own native servant with him. The banquet had proceeded for some time without interruption when at last, as crown of the feast a beautiful brown roast joint was brought from the back of the house to the open, airy place where the repast was being held. This was cut up without remark and handed round, and the Dutch gentleman was on the point of eating his portion, having raised part of it to his lips, when his servant rushed forward and stopped him saying: "Master, master, do not eat; it is a boy." The chief, on being questioned, admitted, with no small pride at the extent of his hospitality, that hearing that the white man would feast with him, he had ordered a young boy to be killed and cooked in his honor, as the greatest delicacy obtainable, and that the joint before them was the best part—the thigh. Early travelers in New Zealand always express astonishment when they discover the cannibal propensities of the inhabitants that so gentle and pleasant mannered a people could become on occasion such ferocious savages. Earle, who wrote a very readable, intelligent and but little known account of the Maoris very early in the present century, speaks of the gentle manners and kindly ways of a New Zealand chief, whom afterwards he discovered to be an inveterate cannibal. He relates that he visited the place where they were cooking the body of a young slave girl that his friend had killed for the purpose. The head was severed from the body; the four quarters, with the principal bones removed, were compressed and packed into a small oven in the ground, and covered with earth. It was a case of unjustifiable cannibalism. No revenge was gratified by the deed and no excuse could be made that the body was eaten to perfect their triumph. Earle says that he learned that the flesh takes many hours to cook, that it is very tough if not thoroughly cooked, but that it pulls in pieces, like a piece of blotting paper, if well done. He continues that the victim was a handsome, pleasant looking girl of 16, and one he used frequently to see about the Pah.

Polltiness Pays.

Why is it that such a battle is necessary oftentimes before a customer can get what he goes into a shop to buy? We are convinced that storekeepers would find it profitable to teach their clerks to be less belligerent. Does a customer express a wish? It is criticised as old foggy, narrow, or ignorant. Does he venture to dissent from the favorable opinion which the clerk gives of the goods displayed? He is told, not too courteously, that he doesn't know what's what, or what he wants. In a rash moment, does he explain that the shoe pinches or that the coat fits him too much? The objection is treated as peevishness and malicious fault-finding for fault-finding's sake. Firmly, and not too gently, his absurd prejudices in favor of goods he came out to buy and is looking for are overborne by the pertinacity of the clerk in support of the goods the house has in stock, and which have been shown and tried; and finally the customer either leaves in a passion, or succumbs to the bull dozing and meekly purchases what he doesn't like.

Now that the fall-season of trade is upon us, we submit to dealers that the spirit of deference to customers, the quick appreciation of their wants and real desire to gratify them, and more than this, a far-sighted fairness which has the courage to say to a customer, "We haven't what you are seeking to-day" will in the long run pay larger dividends than the plausible cajoleries or the bullying which is now so often met with. We hear a great many people say nowdays, "I go to such a store because I am treated civilly there." That reputation, we remind our tradesman, is quite as valuable as one for offering bargains.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Getting Things Mixed.

Magistrate (absent-mindedly, to prisoner): Stand up! You hereby solemnly declare, in the presence of these witnesses, that you will love, cherish and protect this woman until death do you part.

Prisoner (badly frightened): What's that, your Honor?

Magistrate (rounding himself): Oh, I beg pardon! It's ten dollars or thirty days.—*Life*.

Love's Revision.

Sweet Girl: "Why do you wish the wedding postponed, Arthur?" Arthur: "My darling, the expected addition to my salary has not been made, and I have only \$600 a year." "Never mind, dear, we'll get along. Remember the old adage: 'When love comes in at the door, poverty flies out the window.'"—*Philadelphia Record*.

An Author's Superstition.

Howard Seely, the Texan writer, who has been attracting attention for several years past by his clever sketches and stories of frontier life, and whose recent novel, "A Nymph of the West," received favorable comment, has some curious superstitions about literary composition; and is unique in his methods of work.

The most unique feature of his study is a human skull and femora surrounding a book case. The thighbones are those of a man, but the skull is a woman's, said to have formerly appertained to a Mexican *senorita* of great beauty. There is some mystery about this relic, for the author is reticent about talking of it. The brain cavity is lined with black velvet, and the top of the skull opens with a hinge; for this ghastly box is a receptacle for pens and the names of his heroines inscribed upon bits of ivory. It is his custom when the name of a heroine has been selected, and her character and physical attractions are in process of development, to put this title in the head of the skull and let it remain there until the story is finished. The eyes of the skull are provided with silver fonts to contain ink—the left red and the right black. When in the throes of composition this skull is used, and his fiction may, therefore, be said to emanate from the left eye, and consequently from the right hemisphere of the skull of the Mexican *senorita*.

Readers of Poe's "Gold Bug" may smile at this singular analogy between the finding of material and mental treasures by the sepulchral process, but in Mr. Seely's case, oddly enough, the result is neither morbid nor gruesome. His fiction is eminently wholesome, natural, and even of a humorous turn. *Cynthia Dallas*, the heroine of "A Nymph of the West," is said to have been drawn after a prominent beauty in New York society. In this respect Mr. Seely follows the tradition of Sir Walter Scott in "Ivanhoe," for Rebecca is currently believed to have been the portrait of a Jewish lady of Philadelphia.—*Buffalo News*.

No One To Protect Her.

A tall woman, with cold, clear spectacles perched above a severe, strong-minded countenance, got on at Jim River crossing "Conductor!" she said to that functionary, as she sat up very straight in the middle of the seat and held her grip in her lap; "conductor, I've been insulted half a dozen times since I came on this train!"

"Why, madame," he replied, "how was it?"

"That cornstalk dude with the black cap tried to sell me a vile book, entitled, 'Life and influence of Jesse James!'"

"Ah?"

"Don't you 'ah' me, conductor; that don't help matters any! Your brakeman tried to take hold of my arm when I got on the train. He knew I was alone and had no one to protect me, the wretch!"

"I'm sorry, madame, but—"

"S'pose you are; it don't help matters any! That man on the front seat by the stove has been drinking. I smelt his breath when I came past. He ought to be put off!"

"I'll see that—"

"You'll see nothing, conductor. You knew his breath smelt of rum before I told you. You thnk because I have nobody to protect me that you can insult me, too! Conductor, I believe you drink yourself! I know you use tobacco—there's a cigar in your vest pocket now, and you in charge of this precious trainload of human beings! Don't you say another word to me, conductor, and if you dare to smoke that vile cigar, and while you're wallowing in such beastly dissipation, we are plunged through a bridge, I'll report you to the owners of the road. I don't hardly know what a woman don't have to put up with when she's traveling alone nowadays with no one to protect her!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

A Relic of Other Days.

One day last week a charcoal cart, drawn by a pair of meek-eyed oxen, drove up to a clergyman's residence in this town, and the occupants alighted and marched up to the front door. The man was dressed in his working clothes and his face was covered with the dust of the road over which he had been peddling all day. The woman wore the fashion of 1850, and evidently was pinked out in the finest she could afford. They were ushered into the minister's study, and informed him they had come to get married. On inquiring for the license it was found that this important document had been forgotten, and the groom and his lady love proceeded to the town clerk's office to get it. The bride was asked her age, and after a series of giggles responded that she did not know. "Oh tell him you are 40," suggested the groom; "you know you are that." And 40 was recorded. Holding the document in his grimy hand, the groom, followed by the bride, started for the clergyman's, where they were soon married. Returning to their cart after the ceremony the wife made two or three unsuccessful attempts to climb in over the front wheel. She had to give it up, and her husband led her around to the rear of the cart, where he tenderly boosted her in, and helped her to a seat by his side, her feet swinging in the air. She started southward, apparently as happy as though they were beginning their bridal trip in a palace car.—*East Hartford Letter in New York Sun*.

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Work has been resumed at the Burlington Knitting factory.

Neesho Falls is excited over the reported discovery of gold in the neighborhood.

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Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.
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The Lottery of Love.

The mother-in-law is a chestnut. Domestically, from the paragrapher's point of view, and dramatically, she is a chestnut.

There may be a few misguided infants who regard their grandmothers with respect—aye, even with affection.

All the rest of the world unites in believing that when a woman is unfortunate enough to have a son or daughter marry, she must regard that particular offspring as thenceforth dead to her, or take the chances of being considered a mother-in-law, with all that the name implies.

Just or unjust, kind or unkind, humane or inhumane, as the verdict may be, the marriage of one of her children means that a woman becomes a mother-in-law.

Both M. Bisson, the French author of "Les Surprises du Divorce," and Mr. Augustin Daly, who has adapted M. Bisson's comedy to the uses of his own company, seem to take this view of the case.

They even emphasize the fact by making the same offspring enable a woman, through the easy process of divorce to become two mothers-in-law at once; that is to say, the mother-in-law of two separate, distinct and equally unfortunate men.

The play demonstrates, that while in divorce the law provides a legal means of separation from a wife, there is no known legal way of becoming separated from a mother-in-law, if she wills otherwise.

The will, spirit and ingenuity of the mother-in-law rise superior even to the law.

To trite a subject is a dangerous one for a dramatist, but by skillful handling, Messrs. Bisson and Daly have made it the motive of a most amusing face-comedy.

Nevertheless, it may well be doubted whether the piece would achieve great popularity in America were it presented by any other than Mr. Daly's thoroughly trained company.

"Les Surprises du Divorce," on which Mr. Daly's play, "The Lottery of Love," is founded, has met with great success in Paris, but it is largely due to the novelty of the divorce idea to the French mind—divorce and the possible comedy situations to be drawn from it having only been accessible to French dramatists for a short time.

"The Lottery of Love," in its present hands, is amusing and laughable to a high degree, and may safely be numbered among what are known as the "Daly successes." With a less able company I fear it would be short-lived.
—Melodist, in Life.

Parson Eastman as a Marksman.

In addition to being the father of his country, George Washington is credited with the honor of having first started Parson Eastman on the road to usefulness. As the legend comes down to us, young Eastman, then a stripling of sixteen and a volunteer aide-de-camp on Gen. Washington's staff, once heard Washington remark to one of his officers: "What a pity Eastman has no school education." This set the youth to thinking—he could neither read nor write at that time—and the result was that he went home, hired out in a sawmill to get money enough to go to school, and persevered until he got through Dartmouth College.

Parson Eastman, with all his other accomplishments, dearly loved a joke. One of these is thus told by the Biddeford Journal. On one occasion, while he was relating his hunting exploits, Dr. William Swasey, then a practicing physician, expressed a desire to see the parson shoot partridges on horseback. "Come with me to-morrow," said the parson, "and I will show you how I shoot partridges." Next day the good doctor and the parson, armed and equipped, mounted their horses and rode down where Hollandville now stands, in pursuit of the shy bird. Suddenly the parson, who was ahead, espied a partridge, and turning told the doctor to look sharp while he picked it off. The doctor was all eyes of course. The parson, who was riding slowly, grasped a branch of a tree in one hand, while with the other he rapidly drew a "bead" on the partridge. When the doctor got within full striking range of the limb the parson let slip his hand and fired at the same instant. The limb struck the doctor square across the face and the shot struck the bird. "Did you see me wing him?" innocently asked the parson, while the doctor scratched his nose and rubbed the surprise out of his eyes.
—Levi-ton Journal.

The Jags.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew does not like the west. Recently, while on a visit to Chicago, he called the clerk of the hotel, and, pointing to a boy, said:

"Sir, I want you to discharge that fellow."

"Why? What has he done?"

"He has insulted me."

"But how?"

"Why, I heard him speak of me as 'his jags.'"

"Oh, that's nothing," responded the clerk.

"And," stammered Mr. Depew, "I think that is also referred to you as 'his jags.'"

"So did, eh? Well, that settles it. He goes this minute. By the way, whenever your jags wants anything, don't hesitate to ask for it."
—Arkansasian.

The Old "Stage Coach" of 1800.

The embargo upon the vast network of railroads in this section of the country has led many persons to ask the question, "What did the people do in the olden time, before the days of railroads?" when they were obliged to depend upon the stage coach for long or short distances.

In an address recently given to the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, by its president, Mr. Baldwin, upon "The Ethics of Business," he took occasion to speak to the young men to compare the present times with the beginning of this century. The railroad, steamboat, steamship, telegraph, telephone and the daily newspaper were referred to.

He said from the far distant parts of our country important news was received by semi-occasional, the stage coach, the messenger by wagon or on horseback, being the means—and a very slow means—of receiving or sending news from and to the different parts, even of the state; and how very slow and infrequent to thus gather information, or to reach, by public conveyance, the distant portions of our country.

Mr. Baldwin gave the following interesting facts regarding the line of stages that ran from Boston at the beginning of this century, taken from the "Massachusetts Register and United States Calendar," published in Boston in 1802. "Albany mail stage goes through Worcester. Sets off from King's Inn, Market Square, Monday and Thursday morning at 10 o'clock (only twice each week), and arrives at Albany every Monday and Thursday noon."

In 1802—Seventy-four hours from Boston to Albany. In 1838—Six hours and three-quarters, and six trains daily.

"Boston and New Albany Mail Stage—Starts from King's Inn, Market Square, every day, Sundays excepted. Summer establishment—Leaves Boston at 15 A. M.; leaves Worcester next morning at 3 o'clock, and arrives at Hartford same day at 8 P. M.; leaves Hartford next morning at 3 o'clock, and arrives at Stamford same day at 8 P. M.; leaves Stamford next morning at 3 o'clock, and reaches New York at noon same day."

In 1803—Seventy-four hours (three full days and nights, and two hours more) from Boston to New York. In 1838—Six hours, with four trains daily, to which may be added the many daily trains via Boston and Providence, New York and New England and Old Colony Railroads.

Mr. Baldwin stated that an old gentleman who died about twelve years since, at over four-score years of age, informed him a few years before his death that in the war of 1812 he enlisted in the government service.

One of the first duties assigned to him was "to take a load of ammunition by team from Charlestown, Mass., to Albany, N. Y."

Two pairs of oxen drawing the heavily loaded wagon at about twenty miles each day was certainly a wide contrast, said Mr. Baldwin, to the present quick freight trains over the Boston & Albany Railroad, the time of quick freight, now in 1838, being about ten hours.—Boston Journal.

Fined For Docking a Horse's Tail.

An interesting case tried in the District Court in the early part in the week was in regard to the docking of the tails of two horses owned by the British Minister, though all mention of the owner's name was carefully withheld. A number of members of the Humane Society, interested in the prosecution, were present in Court when the case was called. The agent of the society testified to the fact that twelve inches of the tail of each horse had been docked, and so great was the suffering of one of the animals from the operation that when first discovered in the stable he was ready to drop. The Judge, after listening to both sides of the matter, said that the extreme penalty of the law was \$250 and two years imprisonment in jail where it was proved that the act of mutilation was a malicious one, but that, as in the present instance, it was shown to have been done by responsible parties, with no bad motives, the fine would be \$25 in each of the two cases. In concluding his remarks the Judge stated that the horse, having been supplied by nature with a tail for the purpose of protecting himself against flies and other insects, has a right to retain the portion of his anatomy.—Baltimore American.

Stabbed in the Dark.

"Martha asked a wild-eyed man emerging from the dark and lonely closet with a hurried tread and ill-sembled air of composure, thinly cloaking a general state of chaotic anxiety. "Martha, what is in that high shouldered, square black bottle with a short neck, on the third shelf?" "Kerosene liniment for grandpa's rheumatism," replied the good wife; "why?" "Oh, nothing," he replied carelessly, as one who had just swallowed an earthquake in the dark. "Nothing, it wasn't labeled, and I thought it might be something dangerous." They said no more, but in a downtown drug store a man of sorrowful countenance sat a long time that night eating raw quinine out of a saucer with a spoon, trying to get a strange, foreign-looking taste out of his mouth, which he said had crept in there unawares.—Herald.

CLEARING THE WAY.

A Few Incidents Which Ought to Teach a Practical Lesson.

Children delight in doing things, and it is often very easy to guide their activity into useful channels, observes a writer in the Boston Transcript. That this is true and also that "the child is father to the man," is illustrated by the following incidents:

As I was starting out for a walk one day with my three little children, the eldest, not quite five years of age, stooped and picked up a stone that lay in the path, saying, as he threw it aside: "I'll get that out of the way so as to have the sidewalk all clear when Bessie Brigham's papa comes along on his bicycle." I said to myself: "You have caught that trick of thoughtfulness from your papa." Only a few days afterward my boy's father was, in company with other members of a commission, making a tour of inspection around a certain reservoir, when he saw one of his companions throw aside a stone that lay in the path. "There," said my husband, touching him on the shoulder, "that's what I am teaching my boys to do. On our long Sunday tramps, through country roads, they are learning to clear the path of sticks and stones." "Well," replied the other, "I'll tell you how I learned to do it. When I entered Harvard one of the conditions of my going to college was that I should board at home in Brookline, and walk the four miles to Cambridge and back each morning and night. The roads at first were very stony, but wishing to study as I walked, I began clearing away the stones, that I might step without looking off my book, and by the time I had succeeded, the habit of removing obstructions had become so strong that it has clung to me ever since."

Why is such a man as this a "local improvement society" in himself, fit to rank with the public benefactor who "makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before?"

The American Frontier Drama has had its Day.

It is evident that the American frontier drama has had its day. It is dying inch by inch. Several companies succumbed early last season, and the reports received of the business done the past season by the "New Danites" and "My Partner" tend to show that the red-nosed majors and curly-haired girls are dead and done for. When first produced these plays possessed a novelty and a freshness that was attractive to theatre-goers. They were followed by a host of mawkish imitations, until to-day there is hardly a third-class variety actor that has not "a piece of his own." They all run in the same groove, and they have become a shocking bore to the public instead of a source of entertainment. Outside of the "Danites," and possibly "My Partner," they have all been devoid of literary merit, and whatever success has attended their production has been due more to the players than to any intrinsic merit they possessed.

When Mr. Joaquin Miller, who is a man of more than average ability, wrote the Danites, nothing of merit had preceded it. But Mr. Rankin's success was so surprising that every good stock actor in the country wanted to vie with him. Good actors are more plentiful than good plays, and the number of this particular variety was so great that every character possible to use in a front or soon became trite and tiresome. Now the very name of frontier play, the very sight of a huggly-colored miner on a three-sheet bill drives people away from the theatre door.—Dramatic Times.

An Arkansas Coquette.

"That Jinny Peters is a regular coquette and flirt," said one Arkansas matron to a neighbor. "I see her a-standin' at the gate the other day when Hi Jackson come along, an' what does she do but stick out her foot an' trip Hi up, an' down he comes in the mud; an' some strange young man come past an' Jinny let fl at 'im with a ball of mud as big as a ten-cent orange, an' it spattered all over his back, an' she laffed fit to kill. An' here she ran a foot-race with Jim Bentley the other day, an' beat 'im ten yards, an' I see her out in her paw's back yard pickin' hoss-shoes with Gid Simpson, an' I don't think it looks nice for a girl to pitch hoss-shoes with a young man less she's engaged to him. Jinny may think such flirty little ways is purty, but I don't."—Dane's Magazine.

A Cuban Tribute to Beauty.

A Cuban letter in the Philadelphia Times relates the following incident as happening upon a train: "A young fellow passing a mother and radiantly beautiful daughter on his way out of the car, doffed his hat, stood straight up tall before the couple he had never seen, and with the dignity of a veritable Don Quixote said in Spanish: 'Old woman, keep that daughter of heavenly beauty for the unworthy one before you!' Then he strode away. The aged senora responded pleasantly: 'I will faithfully keep her!' Nobody thought amiss of the episode. That sort of thing is of common occurrence upon the street and in all public places in Cuba. The sociological excuse for it is that beauty everywhere compels and is worthy of adoration."

A BOY HERMIT.

A Child Who Lives Alone Among the Georgia Mountains.

The mysterious appearance of a child in the cliffs around Mount Alto, about six miles down the Coosa river, near the Rixey farm, is creating considerable excitement in that neighborhood. One day last week Crew Price took a hunt over the mountain ranges adjacent to the farm on which he resides. After he had been hunting for some time, he heard his dog barking at a lively rate on the opposite side of the mountain on which he was walking. As he got nearer the dog, he thought, had bayed some large animal, and was afraid to attack it. But the astonishment of the hunter can be better imagined than described when he discovered that the dog had at bay a small boy on a cliff of rock just above.

The boy was apparently about ten years old, and rather small for his age. His clothes were ragged and torn and the bottom part of his breeches were frayed into shreds around his ankles. He wore no hat nor coat, and his once white shirt was dirty and split in the back and front. His sleeves were almost torn into ribbons; leaving his arms exposed. When Mr. Price began talking to him the little fellow began crying and would not answer the question asked as to who he was or where he lived.

The child soon began climbing the rocks and disappeared in the direction of Cedar Cliffs. As soon as possible Mr. Price tried to ascend the precipitous side of the mountain to follow the boy. The hound tracked the child for some distance, but could not follow the trail after reaching Cedar Cliffs. The search was continued for some time, but never a vestige of a trace could be found, from which it seems that the boy was well acquainted with his haunts. Mr. Price lives on the Rixey farm, but neither himself nor any other man in the neighborhood, who are accustomed to hunt squirrels and turkeys on the range of the mountains, has ever seen or known of the child. Nothing more has been heard or seen of the lost boy since Mr. Price's discovery. There is talk of organizing a party of those living in the neighborhood to look for the boy and find out who he is and how he was lost.—Rome Tribune.

She Realized Her Reward.

Potts had just returned from an extended trip abroad and was making his first call upon a young lady friend. "My gracious, Miss Jennie, how you have changed! Why, you are a mere shadow of your former self. Aren't you well?" "Well, no, Mr. Potts. You see, shortly after your departure I joined the cooking school, and there we are obliged to sample everything that we make. I am now a hopeless dyspeptic."

"How horrible! Really, I pity you from the bottom of my heart."

"You are very kind, Mr. Potts, but I feel positive that I shall reap my reward," and here the young lady blushed painfully.

Reward? Really, I do not comprehend.

"Then, with a graceful flutter of clinging drapery, she crossed to his side, gave him a 'tis-leap-'ear expression, laid her left ear over his chest protector and gently murmured:

"Willie, dear, I can make biscuits such as your mother used to make."

With a wild cry of joy he took the trembling form in his great strong arms, and their happiness was so intense that it could have been cut with a knife.—Uncle Sam's Times.

Fable of the Fun-Loving Young Man.

There was once a smart old man who had a fun-loving young man for a friend. One day the young man came to see the old man, and with him he brought an old shot-gun, that he had just found, and wished to show to his friend, the smart old man.

Now the young man loved the old man dearly, and so did the old man love the young man better than any one else in the world except himself, the smart old man. Now the smart old man had two violent prejudices—one, against the shot gun of a fun-loving friend, and the other against death. So when he saw the young man coming up the walk with the gun the smart old man was troubled all over himself, and he went and loaded a six-barrel revolver in a fit of absent-mindedness, and when the young man began to play with the shot-gun, the mind of the smart old man became temporarily aberrated and he bored six holes through the frame of his friend, the fun-loving young man, who died right away, while the smart old man lived more happily than anybody ever afterward. The fable teaches that the fun-loving young man was served just right.—Texas Springs.

Increased the Gift.

A Sixteenth street boy's uncle is very close, but he is a great admirer of his nephew. "Tommy," he said to his yesterday, "what would you do if I were to give you a nickel?" "How much?" asked Tommy, as if to make assurance doubly sure. "A whole n' oke!" said the uncle. "Well," replied the boy, after thinking a moment, "I ain't sure, but I believe I'd give it to your suffering family."

Tommy got a quarter.—Washington Critic.

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All the rest of the world unites in believing that when a woman is unfortunate enough to have a son or daughter marry, she must regard that particular offspring as thenceforth dead to her, or take the chances of being considered a mother-in-law, with all that the name implies.

Just or unjust, kind or unkind, humane or inhuman, as the verdict may be, the marriage of one of her children means that a woman becomes a mother-in-law.

Both M. Bisson, the French author of "Les Surprises du Divorce," and Mr. Augustin Daly, who has adapted M. Bisson's comedy to the uses of his own company, seem to take this view of the case.

They even emphasize the fact by making the same offspring enable a woman, through the easy process of divorce to become two mothers-in-law at once; that is to say, the mother-in-law of two separate, distinct and equally unfortunate men.

The play demonstrates, that while in divorce the law provides a legal means of separation from a wife, there is no known legal way of becoming separated from a mother-in-law, if she wills otherwise.

The will, spirit and ingenuity of the mother-in-law rise superior even to the law.

So trite a subject is a dangerous one for a dramatist, but by skillful handling, Messrs. Bisson and Daly have made it the motive of a most amusing face-comedy.

Nevertheless, it may well be doubted whether the piece would achieve great popularity in America were it presented by any other than Mr. Daly's thoroughly trained company.

"Les Surprises du Divorce," on which Mr. Daly's play, "The Lottery of Love," is founded, has met with great success in Paris, but it is largely due to the novelty of the divorce idea to the French mind—divorce and the possible comedy situations to be drawn from it having only been accessible to French dramatists for a short time.

"The Lottery of Love," in its present hands, is amusing and laughable to a high degree, and may safely be numbered among what are known as the "Daly successes." With a less able company I fear it would be short-lived.
—Melodist, in Life.

Parson Eastman as a Marksman.

In addition to being the father of his country, George Washington is credited with the honor of having first started Parson Eastman on the road to usefulness. As the legend comes down to us, young Eastman, then a stripling of sixteen and a volunteer aide-de-camp on Gen. Washington's staff, once heard Washington remark to one of his officers: "What a pity Eastman has no school education." This set the youth to thinking—he could neither read nor write at that time—and the result was that he went home, hired out in a sawmill to get money enough to go to school, and persevered until he got through Dartmouth College.

Parson Eastman, with all his other accomplishments, dearly loved a joke. One of these is thus told by the *Biddeford Journal*. On one occasion, while he was relating his hunting exploits, Dr. William Swasey, then a practicing physician, expressed a desire to see the parson shoot partridges on horseback. "Come with me to-morrow," said the parson, "and I will show you how I shoot partridges." Next day the good doctor and the parson, armed and equipped, mounted their horses and rode down where Hollandville now stands, in pursuit of the shy bird. Suddenly the parson, who was ahead, espied a partridge, and turning told the doctor to look sharp while he picked it off. The doctor was all eyes of course. The parson, who was riding slowly, grasped a branch of a tree in one hand, while with the other he rapidly drew a "bead" on the partridge. When the doctor got within full striking range of the limb the parson let slip his hand and fired at the same instant. The limb struck the doctor square across the face and the shot struck the bird. "Did you see me wing him?" innocently asked the parson, while the doctor scratched his nose and rubbed the surprise out of his eyes.
—Levi-ton Journal.

The Jags.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew does not like the west. Recently, while on a visit to Chicago, he called the clerk of the hotel, and, pointing to a boy, said:

"Sir, I want you to discharge that fellow."

"Why? What has he done?"

"He has insulted me."

"But how?"

"Why, I heard him speak of me as 'his jags.'"

"Oh, that's nothing," responded the clerk.

"And, I think that you also referred to me as 'his jags.'"

"So did, eh? Well, that settles it. He goes this minute. By the way, whenever your jags wants anything, don't hesitate to ask for it."
—Arkansas Traveller.

The Old "Stage Coach" of 1800.

The embargo upon the vast network of railroads in this section of the country has led many persons to ask the question, "What did the people do in the olden time, before the days of railroads?" when they were obliged to depend upon the stage coach for long or short distances.

In an address recently given to the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, by its president, Mr. Baldwin, upon "The Ethics of Business," he took occasion to speak to the young men to compare the present times with the beginning of this century. The railroad, steamboat, steamship, telegraph, telephone and the daily newspaper were referred to.

He said from the far distant parts of our country important news was received but semi-occasionally, the stage coach, the messenger by wagon or on horseback, being the means—and a very slow means—of receiving or sending news from and to the different parts, even of the state; and how very slow and infrequent to thus gather information, or to reach, by public conveyance, the distant portions of our country.

Mr. Baldwin gave the following interesting facts regarding the list of stages that ran from Boston at the beginning of this century, taken from the "Massachusetts Register and United States Calendar," published in Boston in 1802. "Albany mail stage goes through Worcester. Sets off from King's Inn, Market Square, Monday and Thursday morning at 10 o'clock (only twice each week), and arrives at Albany every Monday and Thursday noon."

In 1802—Seventy-four hours from Boston to Albany. In 1838—Six hours and three-quarters, and six trains daily.

"Boston and New Albany Mail Stage—Starts from King's Inn, Market Square, every day, Sundays excepted. Summer establishment—Leaves Boston at 15 A. M.; leaves Worcester next morning at 3 o'clock, and arrives at Hartford same day at 8 P. M.; leaves Hartford next morning at 3 o'clock, and arrives at Stamford same day at 8 P. M.; leaves Stamford next morning at 3 o'clock, and reaches New York at noon same day."

In 1803—Seventy-four hours (three full days and nights, and two hours more) from Boston to New York. In 1838—Six hours, with four trains daily, to which may be added the many daily trains via Boston and Providence, New York and New England and Old Colony Railroads.

Mr. Baldwin stated that an old gentleman who died about twelve years since, at over four-score years of age, informed him a few years before his death that in the war of 1812 he enlisted in the government service.

One of the first duties assigned to him was "to take a load of ammunition by team from Charlestown, Mass., to Albany, N. Y."

Two pairs of oxen drawing the heavily loaded wagon at about twenty miles each day was certainly a wide contrast, said Mr. Baldwin, to the present quick freight trains over the Boston & Albany Railroad, the time of quick freight, now in 1838, being about ten hours.—Boston Journal.

Fined For Docking a Horse's Tail.

An interesting case tried in the District Court in the early part of the week was in regard to the docking of the tails of two horses owned by the British Minister, though all mention of the owner's name was carefully withheld. A number of members of the Humane Society, interested in the prosecution, were present in Court when the case was called. The agent of the society testified to the fact that twelve inches of the tail of each horse had been docked, and so great was the suffering of one of the animals from the operation that when first discovered in the stable he was ready to drop. The Judge, after listening to both sides of the matter, said that the extreme penalty of the law was \$250 and two years imprisonment in jail where it was proved that the act of mutilation was a malicious one, but that, as in the present instance, it was shown to have been done by responsible parties, with no bad motives, the fine would be \$25 in each of the two cases. In concluding his remarks the Judge stated that the horse, having been supplied by nature with a tail for the purpose of protecting himself against flies and other insects, has a right to retain the portion of his anatomy.—Baltimore American.

Stabbed in the Dark.

"Martha asked a wild-eyed man emerging from the dark and lonely closet with a hurried tread and ill-distinguished air of composure, thinly cloaking a general state of chaotic anxiety.

"Martha, what is in that high shouldered, square black bottle with a short neck, on the third shelf?" "Kerosene liniment for grandpa's rheumatism," replied the good wife; "why?" "Oh, nothing," he replied carelessly, as one who had just swallowed an earthquake in the dark. "Nothing, it wasn't labeled, and I thought it might be something dangerous." They said no more, but in a downtown drug store a man of sorrowful countenance sat a long time that night eating raw quinine out of a saucer with a spoon, trying to get a strange, foreign-looking taste out of his mouth, which he said had crept in there unawares.—Burdette.

CLEARING THE WAY.

A Few Incidents Which Ought to Teach a Practical Lesson.

Children delight in doing things, and it is often very easy to guide their activity into useful channels, observes a writer in the Boston Transcript. That this is true and also that "the child is father to the man," is illustrated by the following incidents:

As I was starting out for a walk one day with my three little children, the eldest, not quite five years of age, stooped and picked up a stone that lay in the path, saying, as he threw it aside: "I'll get that out of the way so as to have the sidewalk all clear when Bessie Brigham's papa comes along on his bicycle." I said to myself: "You have caught that trick of thoughtfulness from your papa." Only a few days afterward my boy's father was, in company with other members of a commission, making a tour of inspection around a certain reservoir, when he saw one of his companions throw aside a stone that lay in the path. "There," said my husband, touching him on the shoulder, "that's what I am teaching my boys to do. On our long Sunday-tramps, through country roads, they are learning to clear the path of sticks and stones." "Well," replied the other, "I'll tell you how I learned to do it. When I entered Harvard one of the conditions of my going to college was that I should board at home in Brookline, and walk the four miles to Cambridge and back each morning and night. The roads at first were very stony, but wishing to study as I walked, I began clearing away the stones, that I might step without looking off my book, and by the time I had succeeded, the habit of removing obstructions had become so strong that it has clung to me ever since."

Why is such a man as this a "local improvement society" in himself, fit to rank with the public benefactor who "makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before?"

The American Frontier Drama has had Its Day.

It is evident that the American frontier drama has had its day. It is dying inch by inch. Several companies succumbed early last season, and the reports received of the business done the past season by the "New Danites" and "My Partner" tend to show that the red-nosed majors and carrot-haired girls are dead and done for. When first produced these plays possessed a novelty and a freshness that was attractive to theatre-goers. They were followed by a host of mawkish imitations, until to-day there is hardly a third-class variety actor that has not "a piece of his own." They all run in the same groove, and they have become a shocking bore to the public instead of a source of entertainment. Outside of the "Danites," and possibly "My Partner," they have all been devoid of literary merit, and whatever success has attended their production has been due more to the players than to any intrinsic merit they possessed.

When Mr. Joaquin Miller, who is a man of more than average ability, wrote the Danites, nothing of merit had preceded it. But Mr. Rankin's success was so surprising that every good stock actor in the country wanted to vie with him. Good actors are more plentiful than good plays, and the number of this particular variety was so great that every character possible to use in a front or soon became trite and tiresome. Now the very name of frontier play, the very sight of a hugely-colored miner on a three-sheet bill drives people away from the theatre door.—Dramatic Times.

An Arkansas Coquette.

"That Jinny Peters is a regular coquette and flirt," said one Arkansas matron to a neighbor. "I see her a-standin' at the gate the other day when Hi Jackson come along, an' what does she do but stick out her foot an' trip Hi up, an' down he comes in the mud; an' some strange young man come past an' Jinny let fly at 'im with a ball of mud as big as a ten-cent orange, an' it spattered all over his back, an' she luffed fit to kill. An' here she run a foot-race with Jim Bentley the other day, an' beat 'im ten yards, an' I see her out in her paw's back yard pit-hing boss-shoes with Gid Simpson, an' I don't think it looks nice for a girl to pitch boss-shoes with a young man less she's engaged to him. Jinny may think such flirty little ways is purty, but I don't."—Dake's Magazine.

A Cuban Tribute to Beauty.

A Cuban letter in the Philadelphia Times relates the following incident as happening upon a train: "A young fellow passing a mother and radiant beautiful daughter on his way out of the car, doffed his hat, stood straight up tall before the couple he had never seen, and with the dignity of a veritable Don Quixote said in Spanish: 'Old woman, keep that daughter of heaven, ly beauty for the unworthy one before you!' Then he strode away. The aged senora responded pleasantly: 'I will faithfully keep her! Nobody thought amiss of the episode. That sort of thing is of common occurrence upon the street and in all public places in Cuba. The sociological excuse for it is that beauty everywhere compels and is worthy of adoration.'

A BOY HERMIT.

A Child Who Lives Alone Among the Georgia Mountains.

The mysterious appearance of a child in the cliffs around Mount Alto, about six miles down the Coosa river, near the Rixey farm, is creating considerable excitement in that neighborhood. One day last week Crew Price took a hunt over the mountain ranges adjacent to the farm on which he resides. After he had been hunting for some time, he heard his dog barking at a lively rate on the opposite side of the mountain on which he was walking. As he got nearer the dog, he thought, had bayed some large animal, and was afraid to attack it. But the astonishment of the hunter can be better imagined than described when he discovered that the dog had at bay a small boy on a cliff of rock just above.

The boy was apparently about ten years old, and rather small for his age. His clothes were ragged and torn and the bottom part of his breeches were frayed into shreds around his ankles. He wore no hat nor coat, and his once white shirt was dirty and split in the back and front. His sleeves were almost torn into ribbons; leaving his arms exposed. When Mr. Price began talking to him the little fellow began crying and would not answer the question asked as to who he was or where he lived.

The child soon began climbing the rocks and disappeared in the direction of Cedar Cliffs. As soon as possible Mr. Price tried to ascend the precipitous side of the mountain to follow the boy. The hound tracked the child for some distance, but could not follow the trail after reaching Cedar Cliffs. The search was continued for some time, but never a vestige of a trace could be found, from which it seems that the boy was well acquainted with his haunts. Mr. Price lives on the Rixey farm, but neither himself nor any other man in the neighborhood, who are accustomed to hunt squirrels and turkeys on the range of the mountains, has ever seen or known of the child. Nothing more has been heard or seen of the lost boy since Mr. Price's discovery. There is talk of organizing a party of those living in the neighborhood to look for the boy and find out who his father and how he was lost.—Rome Tribune.

She Realized Her Reward.

Potts had just returned from an extended trip abroad and was making his first call upon a young lady friend. "My gracious, Miss Jennie, how you have changed! Why, you are a mere shadow of your former self. Aren't you well?" "Well, no, Mr. Potts. You see, shortly after your departure I joined the cooking school, and there we are obliged to sample everything that we make. I am now a hopeless dyspeptic."

"How horrible! Really, I pity you from the bottom of my heart."

"You are very kind, Mr. Potts, but I feel positive that I shall reap my reward," and here the young lady blushed painfully.

"Reward? Really, I do not comprehend."

"Then, with a graceful flutter of clinging drapery, she crossed to his side, gave him a 'dis-leap-ear' expression, laid her left ear over his chest protector and gently murmured:

"Willie, dear, I can make biscuits such as your mother used to make."

With a wild cry of joy he took the trembling form in his great strong arms, and their happiness was so intense that it could have been cut with a knife.—Cincinnati Times.

Fable of the Fun-Loving Young Man.

There was once a smart old man who had a fun-loving young man for a friend. One day the young man came to see the old man, and with him he brought an old shot-gun, that he had just found, and wished to show to his friend, the smart old man. Now the young man loved the old man dearly, and so did the old man love the young man better than any one else in the world except himself, the smart old man. Now the smart old man had two violent prejudices—one, against the shot gun of a fun-loving friend, and the other against death. So when he saw the young man coming up the walk with the gun the smart old man was troubled all over himself, and he went and loaded a six-barrel revolver in a fit of absent-mindedness, and when the young man began to play with the shot-gun, the mind of the smart old man became temporarily absorbed and he bored six holes through the frame of his friend, the fun-loving young man, who died right away, while the smart old man lived more happily than anybody ever afterward. The fable teaches that the fun-loving young man was served just right.—Texas Springs.

Increased the Gift.

A Sixteenth street boy's uncle is very close, but he is a great admirer of his nephew. "Tommy," he said to him yesterday, "what would you do if I were to give you a nickel?"

"How much?" asked Tommy, as if to make assurance doubly sure.

"A whole n' skel," said the uncle.

"Well," replied the boy, after thinking a moment, "I ain't sure, but I believe I'd give it to your suffering family."

Tommy got a quarter.—Washington Critic.

STARVATION.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.
At the close of a bitter-cold day,
When the snow on the frozen ground lay,

The Stone Ridge Mystery.

BY A. S. BURROUGHS.
One of the deepest mysteries I was
ever called upon to unravel was when
I was but a mere fledgling in the de-

Nor did I know what to make of it.
Although Dr. Fogg and I remained
more than an hour longer and worked
with unceasing effort, not the slight-

counterfeiters, and for the moment I
quite forgot the Elliott mystery in my
elation over my discovery.
With a view of ascertaining the
exact nature of the affair, I drew close

IN GRASMERE CHURCH YARD.

Green, Coleridge, Arthur Clough
and Others Who Lie Buried
There.
The grave of Green, the painter, with
its beautiful Wordsworthian epitaph,

WINGED MISSILES.

Alexander the Great died at Babylon, B.
C. 323, at the age of thirty-three.
Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded at
Fotheringhay Castle, in February, 1587.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Hints for January.

To make the chances of prosperity more sure, the agriculturist will need to watch carefully, not only his own business, but that of others, that he may foresee the changes in the markets, both of supply and demand. By this course he may know when he must change his methods in order to keep pace with his competitors. He must have energy enough to make such changes thorough and radical when they shall be necessary, but he must also have that energy which will enable him to stick to his plans as long as he sees no reason for a change excepting the temporary discouragements caused by unfavorable seasons, or by such accidents as might have been prevented by a little more care and forethought.

Success seldom comes to the farmer who is continually changing from cows to sheep, from cabbage to strawberries, for no better reason than that he sees some other farmer making money in a specialty. Nor does it come to the farmer who is so conservative that he continues year after year to grow the same crops upon the same fields as he or his father did a half-century ago; who does not believe in giving the cows anything but fresh meadow hay in the winter; who looks upon silos and ensilage as "contrary to nature," and regards every new variety of seed and every new method of cultivation with suspicion at least until he has seen its benefits thoroughly proven upon his neighbors' fields. Be neither too fickle, nor yet too obstinate to adopt improvements.

With this there should be industry, that the work of the day be diligently done. Good health enough to attend every day to the duties that come, and a practical knowledge of the various branches of farming that may come under his charge.

This practical knowledge does not consist only of skill in handling the tools of the trade, but by knowing the methods of the best cultivators, the best breeders, the best specialists in all the many departments of agriculture, or such of them that may be adapted to his use. To obtain such knowledge, and to keep up with the new discoveries, the farmer will need one or more good agricultural papers, which will bring him each week early information of all that will be of interest to him. He should also take time when he can to visit other farmers, who are successful in the same line of business in which he is engaged, and learn from them.

More than all this he must learn from himself, from his own experience and upon his own soil. A well-kept diary, or record of each day's work for the year, is the most useful book of accounts the farmer can keep. He who has kept such a one for the past year should carefully review it now. If the result of the harvest has suggested to his mind any mistakes that he has made, or any points upon which he feels that he needs more information, if he found that one crop was sown too early, or another too late, if he is satisfied that his crops were defective because of poor seed, if he has learned that one crop has done better upon dry land than upon wet, and that another has been the best upon low land; if he has found a difference in results under level culture, or hill culture, let him now enter a memorandum of the fact, which will prove a guide to him in future years. And if in another year he shall find the results to be opposite to those of this year, let him seek for a cause for the variation, whether it proceeds from a difference in the season, or from different methods of plowing or cultivating, or a difference in fertilizer used.

For those farmers who have not kept such a record of past years' labor, we would urge upon them that they begin at once to do so. Let every farm be an experiment station upon a small scale, not to attempt to investigate all the problems that still remain unsolved in agriculture, but to learn each year some one thing for ourselves, and upon our own farm.—American Cultivator.

Farm Labor.

One farm hand is now and then pronounced "good," because he could pitch more manure and shovel more dirt than any other man. This same fellow goes 140 rods at 11 o'clock to get a bolt for his corn cultivator, while another man goes across the way saves an hour's valuable time of himself and team by using a strap on the harness. One man has thought, the other brains. One earns (\$?) \$10 and the other \$18 a month. Did you ever stop to think what a poor farm hand can lose in a year.

He can lose the ax off the bob-sled in going to timber, and the end-board of the wagon-box in going to mill. It is just as easy for him to lose as it is for a mosquito to bite. And then again he can forget more in one day than you can think of in a week. He can exhibit his strength by breaking a twenty-five cent fork handle in pitching hay, and display his weakness by setting a steel trap for a weasel and catch a \$3 hen—dead. He makes a dollar for you to-day and loses it to-morrow.

Such farm hands work for money, not honor. They get little of one and none of the other. If they live a hundred years they will have worked in as many countries. Take their inventory. In 1879 it reads a pocket-book, a jack-knife, a pair of overalls, a white shirt, a necktie and a pair of metallic-tipped brogans. In 1886 they have got just as much inventory and less pocket-book. The picture is not overdrawn. Every word means a column and every line a

volume. If the employed perfectly understand his situation he would endeavor to get a reasonable increase in wages by showing his neighbors and employer that the quality of his work demanded it. His recommendations are lying all around. The corn field, the haystack, the barnyard and the gardenpatch all speak in his behalf. Every farm hand can create a demand for his labor. Prove your ability and every farmer will be after you.—J. N. Muncey, in Practical Farmer.

Industrial Brevities.

There are many reasons why Jersey cows are favorites in cities. They are small, docile, easily kept, and if properly cared for, will give milk for a longer period than will cows that in first flush of milk may exceed them in quantity. This fact makes the Jersey always a favorite where only one cow is kept. The milk being richer than ordinary milk, this gives more cream from a small quantity, which is often an unknown luxury when only a small amount of milk is used.

Mr. Whitecher, a Wisconsin cheese-maker, prefers to cool milk by dipping rather than by means of ice water. The result is a sweeter curd and a better cheese. This method makes a mild, flavored cheese. It is the way the Ohio flats are made in connection with skimming the night's milk. It is a hard thing to make a good full cream cheese. The best milk-flavored cheese is made by half-skimming; cheese made with all the cream in it must be cured in a very low temperature, otherwise it will not keep long.

Some kinds of hardy vegetables, as lettuce, come much earlier if fall sown. Farmers learn this by the earliness with which self-seeded lettuce starts on last year's beds. The time is further advanced by making cold frames under which lettuce will grow during warm weather in winter. Leaves and straw matting are good for the first covering while frozing weather continues, and when the thermometer goes down very low, put over a covering of tarred paper. It is cheap and much more impervious to cold than straw matting of much greater thickness.

The ash of potatoes constitutes only a very small proportion of the whole bulk of the tuber, but its constituents are very suggestive to the farmer. Fifty-nine per cent. or nearly three-fifths are potash. A trifle less than one-fifth of the ash is phosphoric acid, and about six per cent. or one-sixteenth is sulphuric acid. Common wood ashes furnish the potash, and are among the best manures for the potato. Phosphate is furnished by bone fertilizers and sulphur by plaster of paris or gypsum. The usefulness of all these for potatoes has been shown on soils where they or any of them are deficient.

There is danger that strawberry vines unprotected will leave out the same as winter wheat does. Mulching is the best prevention of this. Use something light that will not press closely down on the vines to smother them. If done in the fall potato tops are one of the best materials. Later the sprigs of evergreen, if they can be procured, serve a good purpose. After the ground is frozen cover lightly with horse manure. It will shield the soil from the sun, and to some degree prevent alternate freezing and thawing, which is even more injurious than severe cold.

The low price of wheat for several years past has been partly compensated to farmers by inducing them to test its value for feeding. It is, all things taken into account, the king of grains. It gives the elements for sustaining life more fully than any other food. In the albuminoids wheat is especially rich, and it is this that adapts it so well to feeding hens for egg production. It is hardly possible for wheat to become so dear that farmers cannot afford to exchange it for eggs, always much dearer in price. On the farm the shrunken and imperfect wheat should be fed to the hens. It does not need grinding. Fowls have a grinding apparatus of their own, and do better when it is given due exercise, than when grain is crushed into meal before feeding to them.

Domestic Hints.

CORN BREAD.—One cup of flour, three cups of cornmeal, three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of milk and a pinch of salt.

COOKIES.—Two cups sugar, half a cup each of butter and sweet milk, two teaspoons baking powder, four eggs; roll out, sprinkle with white sugar and roll again; bake in a moderate oven.

CHEESE SANDWICH.—Cheese sandwiches are very appetizing, and are made by mincing either Swiss or American cheese very fine, then adding a paste of made mustard, salt and pepper, and spreading on thin slices of bread in a thin layer.

NOODLES.—Add as much sifted flour to one egg as it will absorb, and a little salt; roll as thin as a wafer, dredge very lightly with flour, turn over and over into a large roll, slice from the ends, shake the strips and drop into the soup.

MAYONNAISE SAUCE.—Three yolks of eggs, pinch of salt, pepper and dry mustard; dilute this with a spoonful of good Taragon vinegar, and add oil at leisure until consistent, and all to be worked with a good whip; finish with the juice of a lemon.

POTATO EDGING.—Mold mashed potatoes that are nearly cold into a wet egg cup, then turn out the little cones, arranging them in a row all around the roast of meat. Set in the oven, and brown, glazing with butter just before taking out. Serve one of the cones with each slice of meat.

ALFRED GILBERT.

A Young English Sculptor Who Has Made His Mark.

The general interest aroused by Mr. Gilbert's works—so few in number, and as a rule, so small in scale—is a matter for more wonder than any professional recognition of his merits. Moreover, Mr. Gilbert has not, as things go, had long to wait for it. He was born in 1854, and is therefore not yet 35 years old, and it is only during the last six or seven years that his work has been seen in London exhibitions. It is not too much to say that hitherto he has been generally known by two statues only—the "Perseus" and the "Icarus"—and by his memorial of Henry Fawcett in Westminster Abbey. It is only this year, at the Royal Academy, that his monumental statue of "The Queen," at Winchester, has been unveiled, so to speak, to a large public.

The "Icarus" and the "Perseus" are both instances that the source from which what are generally called the "subjects" of works of art are derived is not so much importance as the treatment of them. Of the number of persons who have been arrested and charmed by these statues a great many know little or nothing of the legends they illustrate. In the figure of "Perseus" Mr. Gilbert may be said to have stooped to conquer. Instead of giving us the hero engaged in mortal combat with the monster, he has chosen the simple motive of looking at the set of his winged sandal. It is what may be called heroic *genre*. The pose and occupation are both allied to our experience, though we do not wear winged shoes or go about without clothes. Everybody has seen other people hold themselves so, and bend the knee so, looking sidelong down at one foot, the whole body curved aside and balanced on the other. The action is simple and graceful, producing beautiful arrangements of line, subtle modulations of muscle and variety of tension. There is not a square inch of the body's surface that is not alive and interesting for its own sake. We see not only the life of the figure, but the life and thought of the artist, imparted by his fingers to the dead clay, and what is not of small importance—a feeling of elegance and refinement rules the whole conception.

In the "Icarus" Mr. Gilbert had a motive of deeper spiritual significance, and one which, though more dependent upon legend for its sentiment, appeals at once to us and scarcely needs a hint to explain itself. Whether we know about or care about Icarus himself, it is impossible not to feel that this lithe and strong young man is about to trust himself to those wings, and is pausing before the great moment of venture. The figure is not less easy and natural than that of the "Perseus," and by the beauty and subtlety of its modeling, by its variety of picturesque silhouette, its freshness and repose, its fine balance and romantic elegance, it can scarcely fail to appeal to the most dormant artistic sense.

Mr. Gilbert has thus, in these two statues, succeeded in making figures interesting and beautiful to a modern English audience which, except that they were conceived by a modern Englishman, have little or nothing that is English about them. Taking living Italians for his models, and his subjects from classical legend, he has produced work which is both original and alive. And he has done this simply because he has attempted to realize nothing which he has not felt himself, because the form and the thought and the style have all been the expression of his own individuality.

In Mr. Gilbert's work, whether portrait or of such statues as these, we see (as, indeed, we may see in hundreds of other works by other sculptors, at home and abroad) that the gulf between ancient ideals and modern needs is fairly bridged over, and that the art of sculpture is one and indivisible, whether applied to realize the dream of the imagination or to express the character of an individual. On the one hand, imaginative sculpture has become a means of expressing modern feelings; on the other, the portrait has been raised to its true dignity in fine art. Although these facts are only just beginning to be appreciated by the many, the movement in the right direction was not begun by the young group of sculptors of which Mr. Gilbert is one.—Magazine of Art.

The Apology Worse Than the Offense.

A little girl who had a foolish habit of plain-speaking was taken to the sewing-circle with her mother. On entering the room, after exchanging greetings with several matrons of her acquaintance, Miss Truthful walked up to another lady, and in a confident tone of one who gives utterance to a self-evident fact, she said, loudly enough for every one present to hear: "Why, Mrs. Handley, how homely you are!"

While the victim was hiding her confusion as best she might, and the rest were trying hard to conceal their amusement, the young lady herself was hastily taken from the room.

Once in the hall, she was dealt with somewhat severely, and made to feel the enormity of her unintentional rudeness. Then she was taken back to apologize.

Walking straight up to Mrs. Handley, while all the ladies held their breath to listen, she said, with trembling tones and the tears still upon her cheeks:

"Mrs. Handley, I'm sorry you're so homely!"—Youth's Companion.

GOOD COFFEE MAKING.

A Rather Complicated Affair, but This Will Teach You How.

"To make good coffee," writes an expert on the subject, "we must have the proper or pure article. What is called Mocha coffee, that is the best kind in this country, has only an imaginary relation with pure Mocha, and is the sifted residue of Yemen, and other Arabian districts. Compared with the prices of coffee in Turkey or Arabia, a pound of pure and unmixed Mocha must at least be sold from \$1.20 to \$1.50.

"Coffee-making is a more complicated affair than tea and could not be easily conveyed in a recipe. The coffee must have a brownish color, which is gained by the proper process of roasting. A roasting kettle must be a kitchen utensil in every family, as it is in Turkey. The fire must be moderate so that it might be roasted very slowly and must be taken away when it assumes an amber brown color, and immediately spread on a table or cloth. Coffee must be roasted day by day or at least once in two days. If, after roasting, it is kept long, the flavor will certainly dissipate. Therefore, when yet slightly warm, it must be reduced to impalpable powder, not by grinding, but by powdering in a mortar—a stone mortar always preferred—the powder must be kept air tight in a jar, not in paper bags.

"In making coffee we must obtain two things—strength and flavor. It is evident that to obtain the first it must be boiled, but by hard and long boiling the flavor is lost; this difficulty must be surmounted then by a double process, one through cooking and one slight; by the first a strong infusion is obtained, and by the second the same infusion is flavored. Take a little tin or coffee pan, according to the number of cups you want to make. Put in this pan a good-sized teaspoonful of the powdered coffee for each cup, and place it over a slow fire without water. Let it fume a moment; pour on this, without taking away from the fire, boiling water; in a few moments the froth rises, take it from the fire instantly, turn into the cup and drink.—Baltimore Telegram.

The Blue Grass Girl.

The limestone and blue-grass together determine the agricultural pre-eminence of the region, and account for the fine breeding of the horses, the excellence of the cattle, the stature of the men, and the beauty of the women; but they have social and moral influence also. It could not be otherwise, considering the relation of the physical condition to disposition and character. We should be surprised if a rich agricultural region, healthful at the same time, where there is abundance of food, and wholesome cooking is the rule, did not affect the tone of social life. And I am almost prepared to go further, and think that blue-grass is a specific for physical beauty and a certain graciousness of life. I have been told that there is a natural relation between Presbyterianism and blue-grass, and am pointed to the Shenandoah and to Kentucky as evidence of it. Perhaps Presbyterians naturally seek a limestone country. But the relation, if it exists, is too subtle and the facts are too few to build a theory on. Still, I have no doubt there is a distinct variety of woman known as the blue-grass girl. A geologist told me that once when he was footing it over the state with a geologist from another state, as they approached the blue-grass region from the southward they were carefully examining the rock formation and studying the surface indications, which are usually marked on the border line, to determine exactly where the peculiar limestone formation began. Indications, however, were wanting. Suddenly my geologist looked up the road and exclaimed:

"We are in the blue-grass region now."

"How do you know?" asked the other.

"Why, there is a blue-grass girl." There was no mistaking the neat dress, the style, the rounded contours, the gracious personage. A few steps further on the geologists found the outcropping of the limestone.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for January.

Growth of Hair After Death.

A remarkable case of the growth of hair after burial came to light last week at the disinterment of the body of Amzi Coeyman, who died in Belleville over four years ago and was buried in the old private cemetery of the Coeyman family on the road. When Mr. Coeyman died his beard was about two inches long, and the hair on his head was the usual length worn during life. When the coffin was taken up last week for reburial in Mount Pleasant Cemetery it was discovered that the beard had grown to the length of two feet, and that the hair upon the head had grown out from the sides and front of the face, completely obscuring the latter from view. When brushed back it was found that not only the face but also the body were in a remarkable state of preservation.—Newark News.

He Knew Their Game.

Old Man (at the head of the stairs at 2:30 a. m.)—Susie, what time is it?" Susie (with a second look at Reginald, who loosens his grip)—"A few minutes past 10, papa." Old Man—"Don't forget to start the clock again when you go to bed."—Wasp.

HOW ACTRESSES MAKE UP.

Secrets Learned Behind the Curtain and Told Before the Footlights.

Those who wish to know how actresses make up may attend, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times, while I disclose secrets which are only professional because the knowledge of them is confined to the profession. The profession does not object to their being made known to amateurs. That will not teach the amateurs to act. Oh, dear, no!

First of all, there is demanded a clean face, and, without being unkind to women, I want to say that very few of them know how to wash their faces, not only so they will be clean, but so the skin will remain white, firm and tight—this tightness preventing wrinkles. Here is the recipe: Fill a large bowl full of hot water—I mean hot, not tepid; then bathe your face thoroughly, using for this purpose your hands, which have been called by a scientist a washrag with a brain in it. Don't just give your face a dab or two, but let it know what a bath means; then, while it is still feeling the effect of the hot water, give it another bath in cold water; then dry it with a soft towel. Do not believe for an instant that rough towels are good for a fine skin; you might just as well use a currycomb to keep your bang in order.

Now comes the time for the make-up. The face is softly wiped with a linen cloth (an old handkerchief is often used), on which has been poured a mixture of glycerine and rosewater. Then, with a chamois skin and great evenness, is the soft powder applied. Be sure that the forehead is not forgotten, because if it is it will have the effect of looking unwashed. Then the crayon pencil, softened in the gas, is drawn over the eyebrows, if necessary, and a very delicate line on the lower lids. If by accident either of these are too heavy, do not attempt to rub it off with a cloth, but use instead a bit of tissue paper, which will remove it very quickly. If the eyes are too round and an oval shape is desired, darken the skin just a little on the outer corner. If the eyebrows have been heavily put on, a natural effect is gained by going over them with the coarse part of a comb, exactly as if hair, rather than crayon, was there. Last of all, apply your rouge. Linen cloths are kept for this, and it is put on rather far up and well under the eyes, for it tends to make them brilliant. A little dab of it must be on the skin, because when one flushes naturally color will always come there. If you put on too much rouge and want to tone it down, use powder for the purpose. This method of application means, of course, "saucer rouge," which is the least harmless; indeed, is entirely harmless if it is properly removed, and the method should be to give the face, just before going to bed, a bath similar to that which it had in the morning. When liquid rouge is chosen, it is put on before the powder; a bottleful of it is spilled on a dry sponge, and then, when it is needed, the sponge is dampened and rubbed over the face, and after that what is known as hard powder is applied. The liquid rouge is a much more intense red and remains on longer. By-the-by, in wearing one of the heavy veils—those mosquito canopies that Jane Hadling introduced into this country—very much more rouge can be used than if an ordinary bit of illusion came between the sunlight and the skin. French women affect an odd make-up; it suits some of them and is excessively unbecoming to others. It consists in making a face look as white as death, and putting a dab of rouge* on each nostril and on the tips of the ears. On a young woman the effect is weird; on an old one it is calculated to make one believe that there are three sexes—men, women and hags. Whether it is wrong or right to gild refined gold or not, who can decide? But if it is to be done, surely it is only proper that it should be done well.

The "A B C" of 'Oker.

A is the "ante," and B is the "bluff;" C is the cash, which is vulgarly "stuff;" D is the "draw," a momentous event; E is for "elevate"—takes your last cent; F is the fun you have when you win; G is the "Gillie" who loses his "tin;" H is the hand that is dealt to you "pat;" I stands for "in" an important thing that; J is the "jack-pot" whose praises we sing; K is the "kitty"—voracious young thing! L is the loser—he's always around; M is the money that does not abound; N is the noodle that "plays up" two pair; O is the "opener" laying his snare; P is for poker, our national game; Q stands for "quit"—but you don't, all the same; R is for "raise," and it often sounds hard; S is the "squeezer" that's marked on the card; T is the time that you waste—when you deal; U is your "uncle" to whom you appeal; V was the "come in," you know, to your cost; W the "widow" who wins what you lost; X is the ten that you bet upon "trips;" Y is the youngster who collared the chips; Z is the zeal with which one will expend Time, money, and gas-light to "do up" a friend.—W. H. G. in Puck.

A Model Isle.

A correspondent writing from Gotts Island, Me., claims that this favorite isle harbors neither tramps, rats nor mosquitoes. No rum is ever sold there, neither is there any mud. He has never seen an intoxicated person on the island, and but one house was ever burned for over one hundred years. The people are not afraid of thieves and seldom fasten their doors at night, except in cases of gales of wind. And there is not a dog on the island.

Lieutenant Governor Felt paid the democratic senator from Leavenworth the following high compliment in the senate in naming the committee to investigate the state penitentiary charges:

"The president of the senate desires to state that in the appointment of the joint committee of investigation of the management of the affairs of the state penitentiary, under senate concurrent resolution No. 2, he fully realizes that the minority should be represented upon a committee made for the express purpose of a clean, thorough and impartial examination of every fact involved in the case; and that his failure to name the senator from Leavenworth (Hon. Ed Carroll) thereon is solely for the reason that in his judgment this committee should come from localities so remote from the penitentiary that local prejudice, pro and con, affecting the mining industry, and the personal relations of citizens and officials in Leavenworth county should not prove a factor in the final action of the committee. The president of the senate has the fullest confidence in the ability and integrity of the senator from Leavenworth, and in justice to him and to the senate, desires that this explanation may be made a part of the record. This much is due the senator, whose personal friendship I so much esteem and whose official probity I so highly prize. The following senators are hereby appointed such committee on the part of the senate: Senators Harkness, chairman, Kelley of Crawford, and Price."

The subject of a geological survey of Kansas will probably be discussed to some extent, and it is barely possible that some measure providing for the commencement of such an important work will become a law during the present session. Mr. Elliott, of Montgomery, who is one of the brightest and most aggressive members of the lower house, is the author of a bill appropriating \$10,000 for the preliminary work and providing for a geological commission to consist of the governor, the chancellor of the state university, the president of the state agricultural college and the state normal school and the secretary of the state board of agriculture. The objects of the survey are, among other things, to examine the geological structure relative to its mineral productions; to chemically analyze the soil, ores, rock, etc.; to prepare a geological map of the state and to collect specimens for a mineralogical and a paleontological collection. The work will be one of great magnitude, and any legislation that may be had during the present session looking to an appropriation for such a survey will be but the beginning of a series of expenditures which will be extended over a period of not less than ten years, and most likely it will take three times ten years before a complete and practical geological survey can be made. Kansas is one of the richest states in mineral productions and a thorough investigation and location of her hidden treasures will result in incalculable benefit to the entire commonwealth.

The Atchison Globe, commenting on the state penitentiary scandal says: "It reflects no credit upon Mr. Legate to cry 'liar' to the Kansas City Times in discussing the proposed investigation of the alleged penitentiary scandal. That there is some foundation for the charges there is no doubt, as we here at Atchison well know. It was street talk at the time Loper was given a coal contract, and later on, when he abandoned the enterprise, this talk was more positive. The Globe does not believe that the so-called ring included so large a number as the Times declares, but there certainly was considerable smoke at the time, and it takes fire, you know, to make smoke."

The December report of the Kansas weather service shows that over much the greater portion of the state the rainfall was less than one half inch and then in a very small portion indeed did it equal one inch, the latter being in the center of northern Kansas. The plans and specifications showing these facts are quite unique and a copy of the same has been presented the state historical society.

The judiciary committee of the house have reported favorably upon Mr. Douglas's joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution by which the regular session of the legislature is made ninety days instead of fifty, and the salary of members is raised from \$3 to \$5 per day. The committee recommended mileage of members be reduced to cents.

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Bease may pered. The points

M'ALLISTER'S JOKE.

How He Made the Indians Believe They Had Found a Gold Mine.

Prof. McAllister, the prestidigitator and ventriloquist, happened to be traveling across Lower Idaho some years ago, on his way from one town to another, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It was in the days of early stage-coaching, before railroads were quite so plentiful as at the present time. The professor, one afternoon before the show commenced, in wandering about the streets of, I think it was Lewiston, encountered on the outskirts of the town a small band of Indians. Two or three companions were with him. While chatting together, looking about and observing things generally, McAllister became quite familiar with a mongrel dog owned by the redskins whom he proceeded to pet nonchalantly.

"Fine dog," said the professor.

"Ugh!" grunted the buck.

"How much you sell him for?" asked the magician.

"Ugh! two dollar," replied the buck, holding up a pair of dirty fingers to indicate the amount.

"Him very fine dog," said McAllister, stroking the cur's back and taking a gold piece from the tip of his nose.

"Hi! hi!" exclaimed the redskin, looking on in astonishment, his eyes ready to start from his head with excitement.

"Him very fine dog, indeed," quickly continued the professor, this time taking a whole handful of coin from the dog's mouth, nose and ears, which he transferred to his pockets.

Strange noises were heard proceeding from the interior of the brute. He growled and laughed and howled and barked, at all of which the poor, deluded redskin stood in the utmost awe and astonishment, and couldn't for the life of them understand what had come over the spirit of the animal. It was hard to tell which was the most surprised, the Indian or the dog. After filling his pockets with gold and taking another fistful from the cur's nose, the professor left the redskins in peace. He had not been gone ten minutes before the latter pounced upon the poor, doomed animal and cut him wide open. Like the goose that laid the golden egg, there was nothing inside, and it was only fair to presume that the only reward was a fine feast upon ribs of roast dog, browned to a turn.

A Very Peculiar Game of Poker.

Not so very many years ago in New York, a game of poker was played in which the stakes were something more than the chips or the amount of money they represented. The control of a corporation was at stake, and certain Philadelphians, although not knowing of the game at the time, were highly interested in the result. The players were a county judge, an ex-congressman, an officer of the corporation in question and a representative of a company that the other had been endeavoring to rival. The representative was by all odds the best player, and yet he was the only loser in this particular game. Apparently he had no idea of the value of his hands nor of the money he was so recklessly throwing at the other players. But it was a recklessness understood by every man at the table, and its meaning was made evident to others a year or so later. It seems that the two companies interfered with each other's prospects and that the more powerful of the two was about to institute legal proceedings that if successful, would insure the winding up of the other affairs. In the name of a dummy stockholder they intended asking the judge for the appointment of a receiver for their troublesome neighbor's business. A bondsman for the dummy was needed and the ex-congressman answered all the legal requirements. The defendant company's officer was relied upon after the game to give some useful information and the judge's favorable consideration was a matter of the first importance. This was probably obtained for a preliminary rule to show cause why an injunction should not be granted and a receiver appointed was had from the court shortly after, and a litigation ensued in the supreme court. And all this as a result of a poker game in which \$18,000 worth of recklessness had been displayed.—The Atlantic Press.

A Two-Faced Child.

A strange phenomenon has just been discovered four or five miles from Saratoga, on the farm of John L. Slatchenburger, near the old "Pigeon Roost." About two weeks ago Mrs. Sarah Langston, colored, gave birth to a male child that surpasses all monstrosities in the human family. This baby, which is alive and well, has two perfectly formed faces, backing each other. It frequently cries with one face while the other is sober or laughing. Both faces are perfect, formed in all their features and functions, there being two mouths, two noses and four eyes. The throat appears to join or run into one just below the Adam's apple. The trunk has only one arm, but three legs, the extra limb sticking back like a kangaroo's tail and serving as a prop when the baby is placed on its feet. At birth the thing weighed three pounds and now weighs a green. It can take nourishment with either mouth or both at the same time from two nurses. The mother is a large, masculine-looking woman, 5 ft. 10 in. tall, with a very full figure.

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M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MEMPHIS, TENN., CINCINNATI, OHIO, CLEVELAND, OHIO, PITTSBURGH, PA., PHILADELPHIA, PA., BALTIMORE, MD., WASHINGTON, D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y., BOSTON, MASS., PHOENIX, ARIZ., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DENVER, COLO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SPOKANE, WASH., PORTLAND, OREGON, SEASIDE, CALIF., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,