

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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## THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

**Kansas News Co.,**  
 Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies \$6.00.  
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Teachers' Institutes are in session in both Lawrence and Topeka.

United States court at Leavenworth will adjourn Saturday.

Lawrence has decided to remember the Fourth of July to keep it celebrated after the old style.

A paper called "The Frog," has been started in Denver. Probably it will turn out to be a croaker.

G. W. Savage of South Lawrence, has invented a device to prevent horses from interfering.

Lawrence is figuring on an extensive Sewer System, and Topeka has got so deep into it that it is causing strikes and endless trouble.

The fruit contributed by the Douglas County Horticultural Society and sent free by Pacific express to Kansas City to be sold for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers, was sold at auction at the Merchants Exchange, and brought \$113.

The police of Cincinnati Sunday stopped an amateur ball game, closed the concert saloons and arrested two proprietors of theatres and 100 saloon-keepers for violating the Sunday law. An informer was badly beaten by a mob.

Prof. F. H. Snow of the State University has been called to part with his youngest son, born last September. Death was caused by capillary bronchitis, and was unexpected as he had been a very bright healthy boy.

J. J. H. Gregory, who is authority in the matter of growing vegetables, recommends going over the ground and starting the cabbages that appear to be nearly mature, tripping them to one side. This, he says, tends to increase the size of the cabbage heads and prevents their bursting. It is certainly a very simple operation, and one well worthy of a trial.

News was received Wednesday night that the man who had been captured in Arizona a few weeks ago, had been brought to Lawrence in the custody of detectives and has been fully identified as the long lost Hillman.

There were 505 students in the state university during the past year, of whom 448 were from Kansas, representing fifty-nine counties. Douglas county furnishes 172. Thirteen states, three territories, the District of Columbia and Germany were also represented—two students coming from the German capital, Berlin. Nineteen came from Missouri, six from Nebraska and six from Iowa.

The protection of wild birds, fishes and quadrupeds from extermination has made good progress in the British Islands of late years; but in most other parts of the world the unscrupulous greed of men who make the capture of wild creatures a source of profit, is rapidly reducing the numbers of many species, and threatens, if not stopped by the strong hand of the law, to lead to their utter extinction.

The annual meeting of the Chicago, Kansas and Nebraska railway company was held at the office of the president in Topeka, Wednesday afternoon. A board of directors was elected, and contracts with the Union Pacific were approved. The road will at once be extended to Ft. Reno.

The twenty-fourth annual commencement exercises of the Kansas Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb took place in the chapel of the main building. The graduating class numbered seven, five young men and two young ladies, and their productions were commended very favorably by those of graduates of institutions whose students are gifted with those of all their faculties. Supt. S. T. Walter, formerly of Jacksonville, Illinois, was appointed in 1865, since which time he has labored faithfully to advance the interests of the institution in all directions, and that he has succeeded admirably was shown by the proficiency of the class to-day and the excellent condition of all of the departments. There are now 225 students in attendance and sixteen teachers employed.

We very well remember, and probably very few who attended the commencement exercises of the State University in 1884 will forget the brilliant masters oration by Miss Florence Finch. At the time she was on the staff of the Boston Globe. If we are not mistaken. Afterwards she became Mrs. Kelley and did editorial work in Albany N. Y. and subsequently in San Francisco. She is one of the brilliant writers of whom Kansas and the University is proud. Mrs. Kelley has written a book, not a large one, her first effort in this line, which is published by Sanford & Co., of New York. It is a story for men and women and deals with the weakness and folly of our so-called society. She handles it well and strong. The book will cause a sensation, and will do good.

"The Land of the Midnight Sun" must indeed be an interesting portion of the earth's surface to visit if we may judge from the extremely interesting and beautifully illustrated article about that region that appears in DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for July, and that the modes of travel in that far-off country are ages behind the times is clearly shown by turning to another article in the same number of this valuable FAMILY MAGAZINE. In a most charming manner we are told of the "Comforts of Modern Railway Travel" in our own country, and the illustrations give us a comprehensive idea of the luxury one may find in one of our palaces on wheels, from the kitchen to the boudoir. "Birds in Our Homes," by Oliver Thorne Miller, also handsomely illustrated, will please all lovers of our feathered friends; "Aids to Beauty," a series of articles commenced in this number, will certainly be of great benefit to those who wish to enhance their personal charms. The stories in the July number are particularly attractive and summery, and the beautiful "Rose" frontispiece is a study in colors, well worthy of framing. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

Peterson for July begins the new volume with a tempting array of attractions. There are numerous fine engravings, and some of the prettiest dress and needle-work patterns that ever delighted a woman's eye. "A Chapter on Umbrellas" is very entertaining and is beautifully illustrated. The early chapters of Miss Bowman's serial, "In St. Tammany Parish" are full of striking interest. "The End of It," by Frank Lee Benedict, and "Benson's Romance," by Clarence M. Boutelle are capital stories, and there are various others of exceptional merit. "Woman on a Tricycle" is an amusing and instructive sketch, and the "Talks by A Trained Nurse" offers admirably clear and practical directions for giving aid in sudden accidents. Now is a good time to get up a club at greatly reduced rates. Send for a sample copy. Address Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Topeka Democrat which could not be too bitter against the Metropolitan police bill, now says in its issue for Wednesday, Metropolitan police are doing excellent work now-a-days. In fact they exhibited remarkable efficiency ever since the metropolitan system was inaugurated.

Lawrence girls do not chew gum. They have resolved not to be vulgar. Now Topeka might run its sugar mill by the power wasted in gum chewing.

Lawrence lodge No. 7, A. O. U. W. at its meeting last evening, presented Past Grand Master Workman Joseph E. Riggs with a handsome gold past grand master's badge. Mr. Riggs goes as one of the three past grand masters of the state to represent Kansas in the supreme lodge, which will be held at Omaha, Neb., June 18.

Joseph Spendlove, indicted for murder of Gustav Werner and out on bail, has been surrendered by his bondsmen, who it is said, feared another case of Topeka lynch law. Indignation against Spendlove is very great.

As we look out upon society as it is, whether in city, town, or country, it seems that almost everybody's god is gold. From a common laborer to the farmer, the mechanic, the employer, the merchant, the doctor, the preacher, the lawyer, the Senator, the President, all appear to be plying their vocations for the gold they get by it, with but little or no interest in the work itself nor care for the public good. In fact, the only motive that seems to call forth an effort from most persons is to accumulate and the more gold they get the greater their effort for it.

One cause for mildew on gooseberries, grapes, etc., is too thick foliage or being grown with too thick tops. Thin out thoroughly and you will prevent mildew to a great extent. Currants and gooseberries should be well and heavily mulched with any coarse litter.

Mrs. A. T. Rodgers, who was shot at the time her husband was killed by the burglar, who was lynched by the indignant people of Topeka, is now in a fair way to recover, the ball having been extracted.

The contribution in the Presbyterian church of Lawrence last Sunday for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers, amounted to \$50. Considering its ability, Lawrence is out doing most other towns in this line.

Edward Manning, son of a wealthy farmer near Grand Rapids, Mich., who had been missing for thirteen years, and had been reported dead, has returned home and taken legal steps to secure his share of estate.

The Sangamon river in central Illinois is beyond its bank, has broken four levees and has floated thousands of acres of farm land.

Mrs. G. Van Beck, the wife of a farmer living near Hulla, Ia., was burned to death while asleep, the house having caught fire from a lamp.

Major T. J. Anderson has received a second spruce stump from the battle field at Chancellorsville. It is about fourteen inches in diameter and has a cannon ball solidly and almost wholly imbedded in it. A grape shot is also visible in the wood. A similar relic was received from Mrs. J. L. King a month ago, but the cannon ball was not solidly imbedded and could be easily removed, according to a more perfect specimen was furnished and it will be placed in Lincoln post hall.

A shoe manufacturer in Portland, Me., having been asked to assist in providing bread for the suffering poor, said he would contribute to the extent of 100 sacks of flour and 100 bushels of meal, one sack of flour and one bushel of meal to be given to each man who might be found in Portland who neither kept a dog, drank rum nor used tobacco, and was in need of bread. The first man has not appeared yet to claim the gift, although the offer was made four months ago.

From the Herald of Faith, St. Louis, Missouri, August 10, 1887.

Referring to Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria, the business manager of the Herald of Faith would say, that he gave this medicine a personal trial, and immediately cured of an unpleasant intermittent fever. He then recommended it to F. J. Tiefenbraun, 1915 Papin street, and to police officer Meidenger, at the Union Depot, both of whom were cured by it of chills and fever of several years' standing. Recently his wife, after a fever of several days' duration, took a single dose and was perfectly cured. In view of these remarkable cures, and remembering how much money is spent for quinine, so little to be depended upon, and often so injurious, we can only wish that Shallenberger's Antidote would come into general use.

Four large stores in Warren, Ill., were destroyed by fire Tuesday morning causing \$40,000 loss.

**WANTED** SALESMEN by the oldest, largest and best known Nurseries in the West. Experience not necessary. Permanent position. Good pay. Write at once. Get to work NOW, while it is easy to sell and territory unworked.  
**Stark Nurseries,**  
 Louisiana, Mo.

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**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.

ROCHDALE is to erect a monument in honor of the late John Bright.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, the new British minister, calls himself "Pants-fut."

JAMES GALLIGAN died recently at La Ports, Ind., leaving thirty-four children to mourn his loss.

GEORGE WASHINGTON received the degree of LL. D. from Haryard, Yale, University of Pennsylvania and Brown.

MRS. HARRISON has lost three pounds since she entered the white house. But nobody says that she has lost her head in the slightest degree.

WHEN Gov. Biggs, of Delaware, reached Forty-second street during the parade of Tuesday last some impudent urchin in the crowd cried out, "How's the peach crop, Gov'ner?"

It is rumored in literary circles that Wm. D. Howells has been making a close study of the social phenomena presented by the centennial celebration for use in a forthcoming novel.

GENERAL BOULANGER is quite a lion in London, and expects to remain till October. He is spending money gracefully at the rate of \$80 per day, though where it comes from continues to be a mystery.

The English Duke of St. Albans receives a pension of \$100 a week as Master of the Hawks, although hawking has completely died out in England. He is a direct descendent of Nell Gwynne.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW is the lightning-change dinner artist of New York. He has now reached the point at which he can attend two dinners in one evening, make speeches, and do ample justice to the menu of both.

MISS SUSANNA M. DUNKLEE, of Newton, Mass., the first woman to be bank treasurer in the United States, with the help of a clerk, now handles about \$500,000 in money each year. In the fifteen years of her experience she has but twice taken in a counterfeit bill—in each case a \$10 one.

MISS MARGERET BLAINE is fast earning the reputation of being one of the wittiest young women in Washington. Her voice is particularly pleasing, and it is said she has a naïve way of saying "Don't you know?" that is the envy of all the other Washington belles. She acquired it in England during her visit last year and uses it frequently in her speech.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND wrote this on a piece of paper and sent it to an inquiring New York reporter: "I am constantly bothered with questions in regard to country places already secured or to be secured by myself or Mrs. Cleveland. We have no country place except Oak View; we want none and are not on the lookout for one, and we would not take one as a gift."

THE "American duchess" is said to be spending her fortune royally in reviving the artistic glories of her husband's house. An English observer writes of her: "She is a handsome woman and has improved in appearance since she came to England, while her toilettes are dazzling and much more elaborate and thought out than those in which she first appeared last year."

WHILE the Queen-Regent of Spain was entertaining Queen Victoria at San Sebastian, by an odd coincidence the Duchess of Madrid was extending a similar courtesy to Princess Louis of Bavaria at Viareggio. The duchess of wife of Don Carlos, and, in Legitimist eyes, rightful Queen of Spain, and the princess is a direct descendent of Charles I., and would probably be Queen of England to-day were it not for the Act of Settlement.

It is generally reported at Vienna that King Milan only obtained his divorce from Queen Nathalie by nearly frightening the Metropolitan Theodosius out of his senses. This dignity is a very old man and in feeble health, so when the king unexpectedly called upon him late at night and informed him that unless he then and there signed the decree of divorce he would be carried off by a guard and incarcerated he succumbed at once. The bishop of Nisch, who opposed the divorce, has not only been deprived of his see, but has suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, and it is alleged that King Milan has caused him to be abducted and shut up in some remote monastery.

**JENNIE CRAMER'S MOTHER.**

**A Great Murder Mystery Recalled.**

An aged woman, illy clad, with tottering step and trembling hand, was run down by a horse-car at Fulton and Sands streets, Brooklyn, a few nights ago. She had become dazed while crossing the network of car line tracks, and narrowly escaped death. A policeman pulled her to her feet just before the car-wheels reached her body. She had been rendered unconscious, and was taken to the station-house. When she recovered consciousness she said she was the mother of the unfortunate young belle of New Haven whose body was found on the beach at Savin Rock, a seaside resort a mile or two from New Haven, several years ago.

For the murder of the beautiful young girl James and Walter Malley were tried. The trial was one of the most sensational in the history of the country. For several weeks the brightest of the disciples of Blackstone waged a terrible contest. Edward Malley, the father of Walter, was a wealthy man, who had made his fortune in the town. He had gone to New Haven and started in business with a pack of knick-knacks and dry goods, which he retailed about.

Slowly, but surely, he amassed enough money to open a dry goods store. Year after year he labored and thrived. When his son, the delicate, artistic Walter, the lad who had been nurtured in the lap of luxury as the pet of a good and kind mother, was all locked up as the accomplice of an alleged murderer, it nearly broke Edward Malley's heart.

The father did not desert his flesh and blood, though, in the hour of need. With a lavish hand he spent thousands in procuring the best counsel that could be obtained to defend his son and nephew from the fearful charge of which they were accused.

James Malley was employed in his uncle's big store. He was a dashing young man about town. He became smitten with beautiful Jennie Cramer, the daughter of a German tobacconist, who owned a little two story brick store on Grand street in the old college town. The aged German loved his daughter only as a fond and doting father can love a handsome child.

He was proud of her great beauty, and would sit in his store-door smoking his long German pipe, and tell his intimates how he was educating his daughter and giving her exceptional opportunities to become a good and true woman—the wife, perhaps, of a man far above her father's station in life.

Dark days came for the fond father, Jennie made the acquaintance of young Malley, and finding time hang heavily on her hands would accept the young fellow's invitations to rides and dinners. Before the girl's parents could check their daughter, death stepped in in a way that has never been really explained, and the young woman's dead body was taken from the waves and cut and hacked in the City Morgue in the hurried effort to learn the cause of death.

The two Malley boys were arrested, bail was refused, and after a long wait in prison, the most sensational murder trial in the history of the country was begun. It was shown that the Malley boys, Jennie Cramer and the notorious Blanche Douglass had been making merry in the Malley mansion the night before the morning the dead body of the Cramer girl was found at the Savin Rock shore.

The jury disagreed after days of seclusion in the jury-room, and the Malley boys left their prison. Blanche Douglass, who had been arrested as an accomplice in causing the unfortunate girl's downfall, returned to her gay career in New York. She was an acquaintance of Walter Malley, and for long years afterward she retained her connections with the son of the wealthy New Havener. She now frequents the lowest of the low resorts of the city. Walter Malley is still living in New Haven with his father, Edward Malley retired from business soon after the great trial. He wedded for the second time. His wife died a few weeks ago, and was buried in this city.

James Malley, the friend of Jennie Cramer, was a wild youth. He went to Scranton, Penn., to study medicine with a wealthy uncle. Soon he was involved in another case, for which he was arrested. He freed himself again, and is now practicing medicine in Philadelphia.

Poor Jennie Cramer's father passed away soon after the great murder trial. Then Mrs. Cramer was left to battle on alone with a broken heart. Her little daughter Mary died and the fate property she had and moved to the City of Churches. Several times her death has been reported and then again denied by her friends.

Her present residence in Brooklyn she would not tell the police, and when able to recover from the shock and fright of her fall in the street she walked moodily and wearily away.

The body of her daughter, after vital portions had been carried away by scientists, was laid away in the Cramer burial-plot at Evergreen cemetery in New Haven. A plain marble slab marks the girl's resting place. One small rose-bush is growing wild and unkempt at the head of the grave, and another is at the foot of the mound. Resting beside his daughter is the aged father, and still a little further away lies Jennie's little sister. On each grave is a curiously wrought head cross.

New Haveners say that many people still visit the Cramer burial lot in the pretty Cemetery of Evergreens,

and that strangers from foreign lands, when in New Haven, make inquiries about the beautiful young girl and her mysterious taking off.

The Jennie Cramer mystery is but one of a trio that made Connecticut famous several years ago for murder mysteries. The Mary Stannard and Rose Ambler cases baffled justice. Marry Stannard was a young woman who was found with her brains beaten out in a lonely spot near her home at Madison. It was proved that she had been given arsenic before a rock had beaten out her life.

Rev. H. H. Hayden, a Methodist minister, at whose house the girl had done service, was arrested, charged with the crime. The jury could not obtain a verdict, and the minister was set free. He discarded his clerical robe and is now living in New Haven. He labors as a carpenter and his wife teaches school.

The Rose Ambler case was as mysterious, if not more so, than either the Cramer or Stannard mysteries. The girl lived near Stamford, and was found murdered by the roadside one morning by a milkman going to town. A web of circumstantial evidence was woven about a young countryman who kept her company, but it was weakened and broken, and the young man went free.

Then the Ambler case was added to the list of Connecticut's mysterious murders, and to this day no one has been punished for the wrong done the three defenseless women, two of whom were murdered in cold blood, and the third died in a manner unknown to the servants of the law.—New York Star.

**It Cannot Last Forever.**

I've a word of comfort for you  
Who on life's rugged road  
Are tottering 'neath the burden  
Of a heavy, hopeless load.  
It will make your heart grow lighter,  
Whatever be your wrong,  
And give you strength to bear it,  
If you take these words along,  
And say when clouds of darkness  
Around your pathway hover,  
"The sun is shining just beyond,  
It cannot last forever."

Just try them when you're wearied  
By each petty care and strife,  
By each little aggravation  
Of your common daily life.  
When angry words are rising  
That you can scarcely smother,  
And everything seems "twisted up,"  
And tied in knots to bother,  
You'll find these words are like a knife,  
Each twisted knot to sever;  
Then straighten out each tangle with,  
"It cannot last forever."

Or if some great disaster  
Like a cyclone sweep your sky,  
And stunned and helpless with the shock  
Beneath the wreck you lie,  
Remember that no storm comes  
But has a clearing day;  
The darkest night a morning,  
An end the longest way;  
Then take those words to cheer you,  
You'll find them like a lever  
To raise your sinking spirits up,  
"It cannot last forever."  
—Lilla M. Alexander.

**Women in Trousers.**

An unusually large number of cases of women passing for men have recently been discovered in Great Britain and France. The most remarkable for length of time during which the deception was maintained was that of a person who during a voyage from France to the island of Jersey, acted in a strange manner and finally fell unconscious. A doctor found that although dressed as a man it was really a woman.

After being sent to a hospital in Jersey she told her story, which was that at the age of thirteen she had been left an orphan and had then adopted male clothes, which she had ever since worn without discovery. She was fifty-five years old and had therefore wore trousers for forty-two years. She had for the greater portion of her life pursued the calling of a courier, guiding parties of travelers over all parts of Europe, under the name of Louis Herman Tobush. She had done well at the business and had a balance at her banker's. When she was taken sick on the steamer she wore a fur waistcoat, a long overcoat, a stiff hat and turned-down collar, and smoked a long pipe or a strong cigar, as she chanced to please. No one had any suspicion that she was not a man.

Among the witnesses in a recent suit at the Palace of Justice in Paris was a person, apparently a young man, dressed like a student, who was accompanied by an elderly gentleman of grave aspect. When the name of Mad. Libert was called the young man stepped forward. "I beg your pardon," said the clerk. "I am asking for a lady, and not a young man." "But this young man is my daughter," explained the sedate gentleman, stepping forward. The clerk decided to let the judge see the witness and settle the matter. The judge told the young woman to go home and put on proper clothes before she appeared to testify. "But I have not a single dress to my name," she exclaimed. It turned out that the old Mad. Libert runs a printing office, and had for a long time worn male clothing in order to manage her business better. She was bringing up her daughter to the same custom.

**Just His Fit.**

"My friend," said the minister kindly, as he paused to steady the far reaching gait of the inebriate one, "do you know you are walking in crooked paths?" "Mighty good—hic—thing for me, at I am," replied the transgressor, "I'm dead sure I c-couldn't walk in a straight one 'thout gittin' on th' grass."—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Mayor Grant of New York is the boss wire-puller. He pulls the poles at the same time.—Lowell Courier.

**The Bismarck of To-day.**

Bismarck has grown old during the last few years, his mustache is white as snow and his walk less erect than in former years, but the power of his face and the might of his eyes still live the same as they were ten years ago. When he sits down it is as if he was on guard, his sword laid across his knees, as formerly old Hagen used to sit, and although he is no Hagen in guilt and wickedness he is a Hagen in faithfulness and, if need be, in stern wrath. And he is a guard at the gates of the fatherland. Bismarck, as everybody knows, is not an orator—I nearly said, thank God, he is no orator. His speech has been likened to a forest stream which rumbles over stones and roots. The comparison is somewhat poor. I think I know a better though a rather technical one—namely, his speech is like quicksilver drawn out. Take a drop of quicksilver containing some lead or zinc, put it on a pane of glass and hold it slantingly. The drop swells and rolls, but presently it stops, becomes thinner and longer, remains immovable for a moment, gathers new strength to flow, becomes thin once again, and so forth. Thus it is with the Chancellor's words: first half a sentence comes out, then he hesitates, stops, or utters a short inarticulate sound, and goes on again. It is evident that to speak is a physical exertion, but even when he is in first rate form he does not talk fluently. But on closer observation the reason appears very soon. The form of his speech is improvised on the spur of the moment, but, unlike many fluent speakers, he does not use the first expression which may come to his mind, but while he is thinking of how to shape the second half in order to express exactly what he wishes to say. If he makes a joke or a slight observation he speaks quickly and without hesitation, but as soon as he returns to the serious treatment of a political subject this painfully accurate expression, the result of mental work, becomes again apparent, which shows that he endeavors not to say a syllable which he cannot reconcile with his responsible position. This is the reason why his speeches concerning foreign politics read like official diplomatic documents. Every word is carefully considered. His voice is peculiar, high pitched and not very powerful. It has been called a thin voice, but this only expresses one of its qualities. Another is that it is so remarkably young that one would think it almost incredible for a man of his age to possess such a voice. If one does not see him while he is speaking it is difficult to believe that it is not a young lieutenant of 28, who is speaking (which by the way is rather a pity, since the snarl and the drawl of the German lieutenant is proverbially detestable). But put in connection with this quality it can sound extremely soft and flattering, and I should not be surprised if in former years, when he was ambassador, some of his personal successes had been due just to this timbre of his voice.—Cologne Gazette.

**Copies from Nature.**

Most of the skillful devices invented by men for doing fine work rapidly can be traced to nature, where for countless centuries they have been operating, says Mechanical Progress. The discoverer of each new appliance of mechanism might be shown that his idea was as old as the hills. It is suggested that the inventors of the future will be those who carefully study the natural world. The buhrstones of the mills are another style of the molar teeth, which grind all the grists that feed men and beasts. The hoofs of horses are made of parallel plates like carriage springs. The finest file of human manufacture is a rough affair compared with the Dutch rush used by cabinet makers. The jaws of the turtle and tortoise are natural scissors.

The squirrel carries chisels in his mouth, and the hippopotamus is provided with adzes, which are constantly sharpened as they are worn. The carpenter's plane is found in the jaws of the bee. The wood-pecker has a powerful little trip-hammer. The diving-bell imitates the work of the water spider, which constructs a small cell under the water, claps a bubble of air between its hind legs, and dives down to its submarine chamber with the bubble displacing the water gradually, until its abode with fishes contains a large airy room surrounded by water. In laying its eggs on the water, the gnat fastens them into the shape of a lifeboat, which it is impossible to sink without tearing it to pieces.

The iron mast of a modern ship is strengthened by deep ribs running along the interior. A porcupine quill is strengthened by smaller ribs. When engineers found that hollow beams were stronger than solid ones they only discovered a principle that is very commonly seen in nature. A wheat straw, if solid, could not support its head of grain. The bones of higher animals are porous; those of birds whose lightness and strength are most beautifully combined, are hollow.

The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring. Aeronauts try to copy the structure and movements of birds. Palissy, the French potter, studied seashells to learn the best method of fortifying a town. The ship-worm is an admirable tunneler, boring his way through any submerged timber, and lining the round passage with a hard casing. The engineer Brunel took a hint from this animal, and was the first to succeed in tunneling under water.

**MARRIED TO A CORPSE.**

**Cruel and Fiendish Joke of Medical Students.**

The readers of the Empire will call to mind an extraordinary marriage, which was said to have been celebrated in a sleigh in this city, immediately followed by the death of the groom, a Mr. Ralph B. Husson, of Brighton, England. The story was to the effect that Husson, who had been living in Canada, became engaged to a Miss Mulcahy, of this city, returned to England, and, becoming seriously ill, came out with his father and a clergyman, and the lovers were married upon the party's arrival. This was in substance the story related by Mrs. Mulcahy, the mother of the young woman who was alleged to have become a bride and widow within the same hour.

The local newspapers published columns of detail, but no one could be found to tell what had been done with the body of the Englishman, and a good many unpleasant things had been said and insinuated with reference to the condition of the young lady who was the most interested in the case. The matter was allowed to drop, and there appeared to be very few who desired to continue the investigation. The poor girl's father, who was a compositor in the Gazette office, took the matter so much to heart that he threw up his situation and went to Chicago, while the family are still living in Montreal.

**THE REVOLVING FACTS.**

It now remains for the Empire to give the true version of the story, which has been obtained after an endless amount of research and investigation, and it will be seen that Miss Mulcahy has been made the victim of one of the most cruel and wicked jokes ever perpetrated in this or any other community. The facts of the case are as follows: Mr. Husson was no myth, and not only did he board in a house on Bleury street, but paid frequent visits to the Mulcahy household, where he was received with great favor by the eldest daughter. It seems that the young gentleman from Brighton, previous to his departure for the Old Country, had made known his intentions of marrying Miss Mulcahy, at a future date, to a number of medical students. At a subsequent date, however, the Husson's sailing for home these embryo doctors resolved to perpetrate a hoax on the young woman.

**THEY DID IT WITH A VENGEANCE.**

On a Monday morning Mrs. Mulcahy received a note from a friend, saying that her presence was required at once. No sooner had the good lady left her home than a second messenger entered bearing a note for Miss Mulcahy, entreating that lady to repair at once to a well-known hotel in the city, where business of the utmost importance to herself had to be transacted. The young lady at first decided to await her mother's return, but at the earnest entreaty of a second party she put on her hat, and sash and went directly to the place indicated in the note. A gentleman well muffled up with powdered locks, met the excited girl at the door of the hotel and said: "I am Mr. Husson, Sr. My son, who grew gradually worse after coming home, has expressed a desire to become your husband before he dies."

**MARRIED TO A CORPSE.**

"We have just arrived, and both he and a clergyman in the covered sleigh at the door." "What could the lady do but comply? So she got into the sleigh, where she saw the form of a man, whose head was completely wrapped up and only the mouth, from which blood was streaming, appeared to be visible. The hand which was placed in that of the supposed bride, was cold and clammy, and it is by no means surprising that Miss Mulcahy felt her surrounding to be strange and mysterious. The clergyman's portion of the heartless scheme was soon accomplished, and as soon as the girl realized that she was Husson's wife they informed her that she was also a widow. The supposed father-in-law then told her that he would take her to England upon his return, but she would not hear to this, and was let out of the sleigh at Victoria square, and going at once to her home on St. Edward street, told her astonished mother all that had transpired. Both, however, had been willfully deceived. The participants in the mock ceremony was nothing more than young medics from one of our leading universities, and the supposed dying lover was a corpse which had been stolen from the dissecting room.—Ex.

**Base-Ball.**

The agonizing days of base-ball are upon us once more. The city dailies fill column after column with the incomprehensible jargon of how "the visitors showed up in great form, but a goose egg in the first inning rattled them badly." Our prominent men—such as Talmage, Booth, McGlynn, etc.—will have to take a back seat, for they are small potatoes indeed when compared with the man who can strike out ten men, make eight assists, and three two-baggers in one game, and not a durned error, to say nothing of his ability to make a ball curve like a piece of sanitary plumbing. No matter how great an enthusiast a man is about the national game, he can never realize what a miserable, uninteresting thing it really is until he undertakes to teach a young lady the principal points.—Texas Siftings.

**He Often Reverses the Order.**

The Lord made man with two ears and one tongue, that he may hear more than he tells.—Acheson Globe.





## Western Farm News.

It is settled that perfect development of the corn plant is essential to the making of good silage.

It is a fact that sharp poverty is almost invariably accompanied by expensive, if not vicious practices that may be avoided.

Like other discoveries and inventions, the more we know about the silo the simpler everything in connection with the subject becomes.

Many people have orchards which do them little or no good. There is little doubt that some timely attention would make them very profitable.

An expert in grain growing has figured out that the average cost of raising a bushel of wheat in Michigan for the last five years is about 70 cents.

Jersey itself is but a small island. If it were square it would be a little over six miles each way; yet this small spot manages to support about 15,000 head of cattle.

Good horses bring more money for their cost than any other thing produced on the farm. A good heavy team can be sold almost anytime at a price that makes a good profit.

A German writer says one should every day read a fine poem, look upon an excellent picture, hear a good music and speak a few sensible words. Esterbrook adds use his Steel Pens!

Keep out of debt; teach your children to keep out of debt. Impress upon them that it is a dear way to buy, and that it may accomplish the ruin of and bring to beggary, the wealthiest in the land.

We are glad to note that the cotton Exchanges in the cities of the South are taking the side of the people against the bagging trust, and intend to do what they can to promote the use of cotton bagging instead of jute.

One of the most excellent club-houses in New York City, is that which was presented at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, to "The Players' Club," by Edwin Booth. The beauties of this magnificent shrine of dramatic art are presented to the public, for the first time, in the June number of THE COSMOPOLITAN magazine.

Julia Ward Howe, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated by many of her friends on the 27th of June last, is a vigorous specimen of the healthful influence of devotion to philanthropic causes. Mrs. Howe's reminiscences of anti-slavery days, in which she was a conspicuous figure, will appear in the July number of THE COSMOPOLITAN magazine, in the course of the articles upon "The Great Agitation," now running in that magazine.

It is always well for a business man to have good credit, but to have this he should avoid using it any more than is necessary. Practically pay as you go is as good policy for the buyer as any one can see it for the seller. Few people realize how much their credit costs them. It is by far the dearest luxury they keep, and is what keeps more men poor than any thing else.

Many persons have an idea that fancy fowls are only for those who raise poultry for exhibition or for the fun of the thing. They tell you in market "an egg is an egg" and that a pound of chicken meat is a pound whether grown on a Langshan or a common fowl, and that is won't pay those who raise poultry and eggs for market to invest in fine fowls. Don't get any such nonsense in your head. "Fancy" fowls are only improved fowls—something better than common.

The Lord helps those who help themselves. This applies to New Mexican cattlemen. They took the initiative in breaking the chain which connected them to Mr. Armour by protest and then by action. Presto! they have sold within the last sixty days 80,000 head of steers at an average of \$12.50 per head. And the demand is yet good. Even the local butchers partake of the craze and are scouring the country for stock. Behold how great good is there in a wise meat inspection law properly enforced.—Stock Grower.

Have as good stock as any body else in your neighborhood.

Better to sing while at farm work or even whistle than to swear.

Make your income much greater each year by improving your stock.

Do not be afraid of excessive use of the brush. You will not wear your horse out with it.

It is useless to expect anything extraordinary from a horse which has no ancestry of any merit.

Encourage your neighbors to breed to the best sires by showing them the advantage of improving their stock.

With a little meal the dairyman may grow and fatten a pig for each cow twice a year, increase the fertility of his farm, and do away with so many months of unprofitable feeding just to support life.

On the farm more will naturally grow to a poor man than he can earn by day's work, but it requires industry, economy and good management. It will not do to spend money for anything not really needed, no matter how cheap; loafing, loitering, fishing, hunting and a great many things many farmers indulge in does not mix profitably with farming.

## Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, EDITOR.

Good farming would get rid of chinch bugs the same as good housekeeping would get rid of bed bugs.

It is by exercise and hard work that horses are prepared for severe service, and not by high feeding, as some horse-men think.

The National Grange spoke out plainly at its annual meeting in Topeka last November: "Resolved by this National Grange, That we do condemn the said 'Trusts' as being unjust, and dangerous to the rights and liberties of the American people and freedom of American Institutions."

Farmers must stand as a unit against trusts and extortions. Whatever the organization, the interests are identical in fighting trusts, syndicates and other aggressive monopolies. As a delegate to the late Blooming-ton convention said: "Stand firm and stand fast." In the words of Gen. Ethan Allen, "We must all hang together, or we will hang separately."

Many people are surprised that Lucerne should grow and thrive in the semi-arid regions of the West. The secret is that its immense tap-root runs down until it reaches permanent moisture. The roots will extend 40 feet down in search of water. There is no doubt that it is the most valuable single forage-plant for all that western region not natural to the cultivation of red clover.

Farmers who suffer from ravages of the canker worm or tent caterpillar should by all means use insecticides as the most speedy way to save their trees. By so doing a double purpose is served, as by this method exemption is secured against the codling moth if not against the apple maggot. This poison is now confidently believed, and with some reason, to be a specific against the curculio, which so generally destroys the plum and injures the cherry and peach.

**AN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM A FARMER**  
In an answer read before the farmers' meeting at Boston, Mass. on Oct. 17, 1888, by W. E. Barber, expressed himself as follows on the much discussed subject, "Shall orchards be cultivated?" He said: "Orchards should be cultivated according to circumstances. They may be planted with hood crops until the shade is objectionable; then keep in grass, and top dressed annually or biennially with stable manure, ground bone and ashes. A lime land must be kept in good heart to produce good fruit and when the land is in grass, fruit that fall off is less liable to injury by dirt and bruise than when in plowed land. But when two crops, grass and apple, are grown upon land each season, the soil should be enriched in view of this double drain resulting from two annual crops. Furthermore, it is a well established fact that on land kept in good heart, apple trees will bear every season, equalizing the product, and are more advantageous to the grower, as a good annual product tends to better cultivation and care.

To keep the worms at all in check requires the almost continuous application of some strong insecticide. The trouble may be greatly lessened by poisoning as many of the butterflies as possible. To do this, attach artificial flowers securely to the tops of sticks eighteen to twenty inches long, and cover the flowers with arsenic mixed with sugar, or with a sweet paste of any sort. Put these sticks into the ground at frequent intervals throughout the field; the butterflies will be attracted to the flowers, and will get enough of the poison to give them an effectual quietus. Besides the saving of labor, this is a much better method than to risk the too frequent application of strong insecticides to the plants. Arsenical poison should never be applied after the plants have begun to head.

A wind storm on Friday evening did some damage in Lawrence, blowing down chimneys and trees.

Martin Sedgwick, living west of Lawrence, was thrown from his wagon a few days ago and seriously injured. He is 70-years old and it was the first time he ever had need of a doctor.

Leonard Woolsey Bacon has a vehement article in "The Forum" on "Cheap Academic Titles"—an article which all wise Americans will heartily applaud. He stoutly condemns the indiscriminate giving of honorary degrees by American institutions, and does it in a stirring and slashing way. He advises that all this business be turned over to the Chantauqua people.

Caesar Mays stole fifteen cents worth of coal from the Pacific railroad company at Lawrence. The case has had three hearings and now goes to the district court. This pilfering all along the line, has grown to be a serious matter and it is the purpose to stop it.

**Curing Hay.**  
A paper read before the Douglas County Farmer's Institute, June 3, by Thomas Barclay.

In the first place I would call your attention to seeding grasses. In the older states in Indiana and Ohio, the rule was to seed timothy at the time of sowing wheat, one bushel of seed to ten acres. After migrating to Kansas, twenty-five years ago, we commenced seeding on the old plan, but having a succession of failures we began to cast about for the reason. About the first thing learned was that our soil was so light and loose that the seed required deeper covering in order to give the roots a chance to start sufficiently to stand our long, dry, hot weather, and that our ground needed to settle so as to be firm.

Fall plowing obviates this to a certain extent, sowing the seed in the spring. A crop of millet raised on the ground leaves it in fine condition for grass, as millet is a vigorous grower and will choke out any ordinary weeds, or any kind of stubble that is free from weeds.

I would recommend one peck of mixed seed to the acre—three-fourths timothy and one-fourth red clover. For sowing I use Cohens broad cast seeder, always harrowing after sowing. I am a firm believer that I get more timothy by sowing a small amount of red clover with it. The clover roots loosens up the soil and the grass grows much better, besides it gives more variety for the stock. The clover seems to flavor the other hay. Timothy keeps the clover from falling down. No doubt some will say one bushel to four acres is too much seed. In answer I will simply say, half a stand of grass is no better than a failure; nature will furnish seed for the deficiency, and half hay and half weeds don't pay for harvesting.

Some will say the clover will crowd out the timothy; others vice versa, but I will have to beg leave to differ. I find in my old meadows that I have mown for years, that each kind will hold its own. It is true that some years the preponderance will be one kind, perhaps the next year they will change about. In case weeds start, run the mower over after they get 10 or 12 inches high, leaving off the dividers; cut high, the weed will protect the young grass by retaining the moisture. In short, our success in starting tame grass all depends on the weather. Plenty of rain and good seed seldom ever fail to insure a good stand of grass, whether we sow in the spring or fall. I prefer not to pasture until after having cut two or three crops of hay, giving time for ground to settle and grass to form a good sod. After this, the pasture will not be injured by stock in any ordinary weather.

Now, in regard to the time to cut hay, I expect the old adage will prove true—great men will differ. Red clover I would say out when half the heads are brown, or, if sown with timothy, all the heads brown.

Timothy should shed the bloom. If you have not too much to cut let the heads begin to brown, for if cut too green the sap will settle at the joints and one or two inches at the joints turn black and taste bitter. I have noticed if cut too green it will be light and will shrink to almost nothing—about like pulling a green apple—about as much sense in one as the other.

One word in regard to cutting and stacking, or mowing clover without curing. I notice the experimenters give it but one trial. That I think is conclusive evidence that it don't pay. Mistakes are often made in the other extreme by too much curing. But before commencing to hay take a day in looking over the machinery and see that all tools expected to be used in securing the crop are in good order, so that after commencing you will not be annoyed by repairing and hunting up tools.

As to the kind of tools, I suppose I am some like the ladies, each think her sewing machine the best manufactured, I am ready to recommend the following, as I have tried different kinds and think what I now have by far the best.

I use the Crown five feet cut mower, Keystone loader and double Harpoon hay fork, hay racks sixteen feet long and eight feet wide, front end of silos bolted on a false bolster, six inches in from each standard.

Governor Robinson endorsed all that was said in the above paper. F. Reed had succeeded well after rye in tame grass, but preferred the entire ground for the seed if sown in the spring. Timothy ripens a little later than clover, which to him was objectionable. Tame hay, when cut, should be cooked up before stacking.

B. Thomas hauled hay directly to the barn from the rows.

W. Roe sometimes seeds in the fall but has succeeded well with oats in the spring. This subject was discussed by several present in all its modes, both in seeding and cutting. Tame hay should be stored in barns, but as hundreds have no barns, various other means are resorted to for safety, both in curing and stacking. The next meeting will be held at the residence of Governor Robinson,

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north of the city, on the 6th of July next, to which everybody will be invited. The new Indian band from the Indian school will probably be present and discourse music. The subject for discussion will be "Chess in Wheat," by Prof. Snow; "Canning Fruit," by Mrs. Ellen Leary.

While it does not relieve the actual suffering of the poor to know that they owe poverty in most cases to their own or their parents imprudence or lack of frugality and thrift, it ought certainly to indicate habits of economy among a great many people, who are in the habit of making reckless expenditures.

In some respects, the French people, though they do not seem to be capable of governing themselves, are manifestly more progressive than we go ahead Americans are. As long as France has been settled, and in spite of the vicissitudes of tyrannical governments through which it has passed, it looks as if agriculture were more progressive and prosperous than in our boasted land of the free. One cause of this is no doubt to be found in the greater liberality of the government in encouraging farming.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years Doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Big corn fields and poor cultivation almost invariably go hand in hand, and with them is commonly found all manner of weeds in abundance.

If your boy undertakes the care of a horse, compel him to care for it thoroughly. A slovenly horseman is often the result of lax training of the boy.

A dairy writer says that if a cow just pays for her feed in milk and butter she is kept at a loss, and that this loss is greater with every succeeding year.

It is not necessary to fill your silo to the very top in order to preserve the silage. Half-filled silos have been known to succeed when the covering was perfect.

Careful experiments to show the relative shrinkage of the silage and hay, made in Lancashire, England, and reported in THE LIVESTOCK JOURNAL, show that two tons of meadow grass made into hay, leave 12½ cwt. Two tons of meadow grass put into silo comes out 34 cwt. of silage.

There is no more necessity of weighting a silo than of putting two hundred pounds per square foot on a potato heap.

Keep the cultivator going in the potato field till the tops fall down, but cultivate shallow, is the advice of a leading farm authority.

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Those persons who have charge of the American section of the Paris exposition deserve the hearty thanks of this country for decreeing that the American Sabbath shall be respected on French soil, and that the exhibit from the United States shall not be open to visitors on Sunday. Nothing could speak more eloquently to foreign people of high regard for the day of rest and worship which all true Americans feel. Americans at home and abroad should feel proud of the American Sabbath. It is one of our most precious institutions, and though it has been vigorously attacked of late years by hostile foreign influence, the reaction is now setting in which can not fail to overwhelm its opponents if Americans remain true to themselves and to the best interests of their country.

The Nation's approaching birthday completes fourteen years of centennial celebrations. These years have been efficient teachers of history, doing much to take away the reproach justly resting upon us as a score of years ago that we, as a people, knew less of our national history than of that of Greece and Rome.

The state board of charities, elected Colonel Allen Buckner, of Baldwin City, superintendent of the institution for the blind at Kansas City, Kansas. This action will be endorsed by the republicans of the entire state, and especially by all who knew Colonel Buckner.

A little girl presented the Kansas State Historical society with a \$500 bill of the issue of February, 1864. The only unfortunate thing about it is that it was issued by the confederacy.

Dairy cows should be fed twice only a day. The dairy cow needs rest as well as food. She will eat more slowly, masticate more and digest her food better if she gets two meals at regular hours. The meals should be full ones. A quiet and contented habit should be cultivated by the cows. Such habits are conducive to a greater production.

### SUMMER DAYS.

BY FANNIE ISABEL SHERRICK.  
The summer days will soon be here,  
The dreamy, golden weather;  
But they will bring us pain dear heart—  
Last year we were together.  
Last year we stood upon the hills,  
The world below forgetting;  
To-day we walk in path apart,  
The summer days regretting.  
The dusky shadow lies between,  
The shadow and the sorrow;  
The present is a vague regret,  
And so will be the morrow.  
The dream was but a foolish one,  
Why should we then remember—  
Too frail the flower that dies beneath  
The snows of one December.  
The sweet was but a bitter-sweet,  
Forgotten is the pleasure;  
The joy is past that brought us pain,  
The dream—why should we treasure.  
In summer days so soon to come,  
Oh, happy be your living;  
The world would be a sinless place  
If there were no forgiving.  
Oh peaceful be your summer-tide,  
The dreamy golden weather,  
And may no shadow hide the sun—  
The we are not together.  
—Wisconsin, Milwaukee.

### AN ORIENTAL HOUR.

Gaston lighted his cigar.  
"No," said he, "it is not long, my story, but dramatic as you will see. I shudder yet when I recall it."  
It occurred some two years ago, at the time, if you remember, when the *Ministere des Beaux Arts* confided to me a Persian mission, to write up with certain details the province of Irak-Adjem.  
"I began this mission by installing myself at Ispahan, and in three months' time had entirely completed it. All the same, I could not return home—it was too soon; the ministers would never have believed that I had done my work or done it well; for a while at least I must remain, though in truth dying of ennui. You can understand, then, the delight I felt when the shah suddenly changed the governor of the province, sending in place of the former one his cousin, Malcom-Kahn."  
"He who has traveled so much in France?"  
"The same, and with the officer of ordonnance, whom you knew as well as I did. Mehmed-Aga, with the rank of general, or, as they term it in Persia, the rank of sercip. An oriental demi-Parisianized becomes simply charming; at the end of a week the sercip and I were inseparable."  
"But the drama, Gaston; the drama you promised me?"  
"The drama? Certainly, and in good time; but you are much too pressing, a teller of stories must lead from a given point. Mine is a certain morning when I rambled on horseback through the streets of the city, dreamily contemplating the fairy-like aspect of an endless avenue, bordered with arcades, shaded with plantains and bathed by running brooks."  
"To your muttons, Gaston; to your muttons, and at once!" cried Armand, indignantly; "plantains, arcades, running brooks are irrelevant adjuncts to dramatic recitals; besides, bear in mind, please, I am not a member of *Ministere des Beaux Arts*."  
Gaston sighed, but resumed obediently:  
"When I rambled on horseback, etc., etc.—I had arrived in front of the kiosque of Tohechel-Soutoun, when all at once, at the angle of a corner, I saw in front of me a woman borne in a litter. As a rule, Persian women, when in the streets, resemble nothing as much as awkward bundles, veiled invariably, or rather draped, in a curtain that falls from the head and obscures the features."  
"This one, on the contrary, permitted me to see a figure graceful and delicately shaped, and through the opening of the veil a pair of eyes that shone like glowing braziers. My horse was going at a leisurely walk, and as I followed in the wake of the litter and its bearers it seemed to me that the occupant of the litter turned about from time to time to regard me. Nay, I was sure of it; but as in the orient such adventures are singularly alike I gave it but slight attention, in fact had forgotten it when, two days later I crossed with the litter again."  
"This time I was not alone—Mehmed-Aga accompanied me; but I recognized my beautiful unknown immediately, first by her graceful outlines, then by her extraordinary eyes, from whence came out that darting flame. As before, she turned to look at me, but turned at shorter intervals, and with a lingering, more scrutinizing gaze."  
"I regarded the sercip; apparently he saw nothing."  
"We went thus ten minutes, perhaps, when the litter abruptly wheeled toward the bridge of Djoulfa, that loveliest structure in the world, with its thirty-odd enormous arches standing with their feet in the capacious waters of the *Zend-Dehroud*. In summer one crosses it dryshod; in November, the month in which we then were, the waters were deep and violent as an unchained Alpine torrent. This bridge of Djoulfa is also a rendezvous for all the world to take the air, and I hesitated, fearing to compromise her, to openly follow my unknown. She, however, did not hesitate at all, but suddenly, as the bearers made for the bridge, bent from her curtains—ah, but they are quick, these Persians!—and permitted her handkerchief to drop at my feet."  
"And the sercip, you say, said nothing?"  
"For the moment, no; but in front of the palace he invited me to enter

with him, and once in his own apartments plunged without preface:  
"Throw it in the fire!" he cried; "in with it, my friend, that handkerchief I saw it all awhile ago, and I repeat—throw it in the fire, instantly!"  
"Do you wish it—you personally?"  
"Yes, but only that you may not have your throat cut or be cast in the *Zend-Dehroud*. Already I have been questioned by the police of Ispahan, and responded for you that you belonged to the legation of France."  
"But—I began."  
"The sercip checked me."  
"I know, I know," said he, "and it astounds you. You believe yourselves, you Parisians, always upon the Boulevard Capucines. You are in the orient now, mon ami, and in the orient husbands are not complaisant; in Paris—well, it would pass. More than this, your unknown is not unknown to me; she is called Nissa."  
"Nissa!"  
"Exactly, and charming as the name may be the husband is just the reverse. He is a very wealthy merchant of the old faubourgs, celebrated for his violence and his jealousy. His mother was originally English, but he is truly oriental in ways and manners. He would kill you like a dog."  
"And the name of this Blue Beard of Ispahan and his dwelling?"  
"Astoulla, and he lives in the building on the banks of the river at the end of the bridge, but I advise you not to seek his acquaintance."  
"And Nissa, the wife; what say they of Nissa?"  
"Oh, thou Parisian! when I have told you, too, that you are now in the orient, where we do not occupy ourselves with women! If we do it's easily arranged—we simply tie them in a sack and throw them in the water."  
"Horrible! horrible!"  
"Not at all," said the sercip indifferently; "formerly we added a living cat to the sack to claw the face of the victim in the excitement of suffocation. This, however, thanks to the influence of Europe, we do no longer!"  
"A little discourse that somewhat chilled my ardor and made me preoccupied and thoughtful, despite the wines and Zenghoule melodies with which Mehmed-Aga proceeded to entertain me. I saw always before me the slender, rounded outlines of the figure bending from the litter, the white and jeweled hand that had dropped the handkerchief and a voice, an obstinate voice, louder even than the song of the mandolins, sang in my ear like the refrain of a ballad: 'Nissa! Nissa! the adorable Nissa!'"  
"And, par exemple, the whole night long I suffered with nightmare, dreaming that I was vis-a-vis with a huge tomat whom they called Astoulla, and who tore and clawed continually at my visage. I roused with relief at 10 the next morning, affectually disenchanted."  
"Disenchanted for three hours precisely—that is, till the moment when, seated upon my terrace in the evening twilight, I saw a woman come into the court by the lower door, a hideous old hag, who desired to speak with me, but who arrived beside me without waiting to hear if I would relieve her."  
"Are you brave?" she said to me in execrable English that I could with difficulty understand; "have you the courage of the king of the hills? If so," she added, answering the fatuous smile with which I, like all men, invariably reply to similar questions, "I've a walk to propose to you. The night it is dark—no one will see you, and you have only to follow me. Half-way the road I will bandage your eyes, and you will swear to me not so seek to see where I conduct you. Do you agree?"  
"Agree? yes?" I responded, and I gave the promise, pushed by an irresistible impulse, without the slightest hesitation. Daylight, you comprehend, had obliterated even the memory of my unpleasant dreams, and I heard anew that siren whisper 'Nissa! Nissa!'"  
"This hideous hag had come from Nissa; of this I was sure."  
"In five minutes' time we were on the way."  
"A mad, reckless and absurd adventure! I grant it true, but there are absurdities that one does not reason about, particularly when—on bonne fortune. And Nissa, this unknown one, exercised over me, I know not what mysterious empire. I had never so much as seen her face, yet—I longed for her madly—her flaming glance had fired my heart!"  
"We had nearly arrived at the turning to the bridge of Djoulfa before my guide drew a handkerchief from her pocket and bound my eyes; from this, on, naturally, I saw nothing, though I knew that we were crossing the water by the freshness of the air and the voices of the walkers on either side of me."  
"And no one saw you or stopped you?"  
"No one stopped me, to a certainty; as for the other, I never gave it a thought. I walked like a man in somnambula, nothing visible to me but the graceful, supple body of my enchantress, her soft and feline curves, her beckoning hand, her fulgorant, devilish eyes!"  
"At the end of the bridge we turned to the right, still keeping to the bank of the river. I knew this, for I heard it rushing hurried and tumultuous, and its waves every instant lapping and breaking against the stones of the arches, and soon, for a second time, my conductress halted, a key grated in a lock, a voice directed me to  
"Mount!"  
"I mounted five, six, eight steps, to find my feet upon a thick and yielding carpet. At the same instant the bandage was drawn from my eyes.

"The chamber into which I had entered was a small one, dimly lighted by a copper lamp, and with the walls, contrary to the usual fashion in Persian dwellings, entirely concealed by draperies of vivid yellow. Musical instruments and a varied collection of jeweled weapons hung on panoply upon one side of the room, and cassolettes of burning perfumes stood upon tiny tables—those strong, irritating perfumes of the orient that intoxicate one like the breath of old wine."  
"All the came this charming nest was still in sound and hearing of the growling river, and cautiously lifting a corner of the curtain I saw that it washed even the face of the building. This was all I saw, for at the moment there was a slight rustle behind me. I wheeled to find in truth—Nissa!"  
"A girl or woman? At any rate not a day beyond 18 or 19 years of age, with masses of long black hair sweeping across brow and shoulders, a skin of ivory and those strange, startling eyes shining like furnaces. Decidedly she was beautiful, and without a trace of nervousness as she took me by the hand and gently led me to the sofa or pile of cushions that answered the purpose."  
"Come!" she murmured, flashing upon me a brilliant smile, "come, sit you beside me. My husband—I leaped at the word, for really I had forgotten him—my husband has journeyed to Teheran. We have time to divert ourselves for a while."  
"And with swift, burning words she began to tell me, when coffee had been served us by the same old hag who had brought me there, speaking English with a deep guttural accent, how wearily the days passed for her and how often she had seen me in my wanderings through the town. Her eyes as she talked seemed actually to glow red with passion, her hand closed tightly upon mine, and suddenly she threw herself forward into my arms."  
"This fever of love had begun to affect me; an exciting languor filled my veins; I was fast losing my head, when a noise made itself heard in an inner chamber. Instantly Nissa was upon her feet, erect, shivering. Her half abandon, her caresses, her sudden fear succeeding each other so rapidly I had no time to analyze my own impressions. Yet I saw that, despite her fright, all she did was done with that quick and cat-like grace that made her so remarkable."  
"A second she stood thus; then, before I could speak or think, ran to the wall, caught from the panoply of arms a keen edged dagger, slipped it in her sleeve, and, with a brief imperative  
"Wait you here!" raised the arras and glided from sight."  
"And you waited?"  
"Yes, though vaguely disquieted, for the words of the sercip had returned to me, and I realized my great imprudence. Besides, that noise in that inner chamber, it sounded again; it seemed like contention—a struggle—followed by dull silence and speedily by the reappearance of Nissa, erect beneath the hangings. She was pale, very pale indeed, white as a statue applied upon the vivid yellow of the wall; but she smiled as she stood before me; she was still smiling as she came to meet me, the dagger still in her hand, red and reeking!"  
"What!"  
"My God! yes—with blood!"  
"My husband's," she coldly explained tossing the dagger from her into a corner of the room; "he suspected, it seems. He'd have killed us both; I preferred to forestall him. But come," she added; "come, we are wasting time; assist me to throw his body into the river."  
"Assist her! I assist this belladonna to throw her husband—dead by her own hand—to throw him into the river! I remain immobile; horror had robbed me of the power to move. She persisted, she approached me, her eyes scorching me with scorn and anger."  
"Come," she repeated, "it's easy—come, you must assist me!" and she pointed to the window. My faith! this was too much, the adventure too oriental for even a Parisian. I thrust her from me and, taken with mad, insensate terror, fled from the place."  
"How did I get out of the accursed hole? How did I thread along the long, interminable passages? To this day I cannot tell, but in ten minutes' time I was crossing the city and running as if a legion of devils ran at my heels."  
"What a night! What a sleep of lead I slept when once in my own house and safe in bed behind barred and triple-bolted doors! When I roused from this sleep the sun was high in the heavens, my chamber flooded with light, my body—no, both soul and body—worn and broken as by mortal combat."  
"What had happened to me? I asked myself; what was going to happen to me? For certainly a man could never disappear without justice taking a hand in the game. Some one had seen me, perhaps, in the house of Astoulla. The hag who had taken me there would doubtless betray me. And the thought of being implicated in this abominable crime made my hair stand up with horror."  
"What—what could I do about it? Tell everything to the French legation? No, it would be useless, the legation of France was going through one of its periodical changes; the old officials gone or going, the new ones on the way. In short, the more I pondered, the more I turned and twisted the whole wretched business, the clearer it became to me that my career was ruined, my usefulness ended."  
"But, to cut it short—three days had come and gone since that misera-

ble night, three days or constant and poignant anxiety, and I had heard not a word of Nissa, Astoulla, or of any one else. Something must be done, and I must go out; anything was better than this uncertainty, bounded by the four walls of my dwelling. The sercip—he was my friend—I would go and see him; perhaps I would confess to him everything. It was noon of the fourth day when I entered his cabinet, to find him, as always, stretched upon his divan, placidly puffing at his chibouque.  
"Ah, it's you!" he said on seeing me come; "and how have you been these four days past, and where have you been, mon ami?"  
"At home," I answered: "I have not been well."  
"No, and you look it," responded the sercip, regarding me fixedly. "But apropos of being at home, the news—have you heard it?"  
"The—the news? No, I have heard nothing."  
"Nothing? Nothing of Astoulla, the merchant of the old faubourgs? he you know, of whom I told you? Why, he has disappeared!"  
"I felt myself reddened to the roots of my hair. It was out, then—the crime was known; and I—I dared not foresee the end of this adventure; but an answer I was forced to give. I stammered out something that meant surprise, and the sercip continued:  
"Yes, disappeared," said he; "the husband of the beautiful Nissa; and he vanished, they say, suddenly. A trip to Teheran some days ago; he has never returned, and they can find no trace of him. Poor devil!"  
"And again the sercip regarded me fixedly. Poor devil! I should say so; but I—I could stand no more. I leaped to my feet; I was going to avow all, when Mehmed-Aga raised his hand with a gesture that commanded silence.  
"God is good!" he murmured gravely, following with his eyes a wreath of smoke that circled in the air; "God is good—and wise!"

### She Knows How to Handle Bad Boys.

A woman with a large and well-balanced brain called at the Avalanche office last night. She belongs to the freed race, and she wore a cotton dress and a red shawl over her head, but she evinced more bay-mule sense about the duties of maternity than will be often found in circles where matrons sport Worth gowns and director's bonnets and pride themselves on their ancestors.  
"Has any you gen'l'men seen my boy?" she asked, as she opened the door leading to the editorial rooms.  
"Look at that job lot of boys corded up at the head of the steps," said the police reporter, who knew the boys were on the landing because he had fallen over them the last time he came in.  
The visitor scanned the countenances of the youngsters who were sleeping at the head of the steps, then shook her head mournfully and said: "My boy ain't wid um. He's a yellor boy an' all dem's white. He's worritin' my life out runnin' away from home an' sociatin' wid white trash. I foun' him up heah onct an' I lowed he'd be on han' to-night, but he an't. Ef he comes 'roun' I wish one o' you gen'l'men'd swing him off wid a bresh an' sen' him home. He's name Virgil Lee sen' him home. He's a peart kind of boy. Johnsing, an' he's a peart kind of boy. You'll hafter be kinder 'plomatic or you won't ketch him, but if you do, jest fling a strop over him right lively. Tain't gwine to hurt him. Whup him good; it'll keep him from havin' chilblains where his britches is tore," and the woman with a great head felt her way down-stairs and disappeared in the gloom.—*Memphis Avalanche*.

### The Skull of a Cobra.

The skull of a cobra lies before me. From the tip of the snout to the back of the skull the length is one and a quarter inches, but from the tip of the snout to where the lower jaw is hinged the length is more than one and three quarters inches. The brain case is an ivory casket of great solidity, but the jawbones are loosely connected and during life are capable of a good deal of motion. The two side pieces of the lower jaw are, in the snake, only united in front by elastic tissue. Behind they do not hinge on the brain case itself, but on long supporting ones which jut out at the back of the skull, capable of motion outward, so as to widen the space between them. Not only are there teeth on the lower jaw and along the outer edges of the upper jaw in the python's skull, but there are also extra rows of teeth implanted in the bones which lie one on each side of the palate. The teeth are not for crushing or tearing or chewing. They all slope markedly backward and are for holding the prey. Your finger will slip into the mouth of a small python easily enough, but try and draw it out again; that is a different matter. The curved teeth are constructed to prevent that.—*Murray's Magazine*.

Bagley: "I understand your wife is sick." Bailey: "Yes, she hasn't spoken a word for three days." Bagley: "By gracious! She must be a pretty sick woman!"—*Epoch*.

### WINGED MISSILES.

Turkish women eat rose leaves with, but not to secure plumpness.  
A piece of redwood bark brought to Visalia, Cal., a few days ago was three feet thick.  
A Philadelphia connoisseur in eating says that musk rat meat tastes better than any sirloin.  
The wife of the Japanese minister at Washington learned the English language, so as to speak it fluently, in one year.  
English as it is written in Omaha: "Owners of dogs must register them before the 10th of May or they will be shot by the police."  
The fleece of ten goats and the work of several men for half a year are required to make a cashmere shawl a yard and a half square.  
Down in Texas they have a superstition that an egg laid on good Friday will never spoil. The same belief is held in New Orleans.  
A sparrow is making itself at home in a cage of flying squirrels at the Fallen House, Lock Haven, Pa., and no jars have resulted so far.  
A gentleman of Americus, Ga., owns a jug which has carried liquor for his family for over 100 years. This is perhaps the oldest "growler" in the country.  
A Buffalo bachelor has a memorandum book in which he keeps the name of every girl he has ever kissed. He had 932 names on the list the last time he counted up.  
An ingenious Boston man has captured 100 crows and proposes to hatch with an incubator crows chicks for the Maine market, where their heads are worth 10 cents apiece.  
A colored runaway match recently occurred at Altoona, Fla. The groom is 50 and the sweet bride 65. The bride's daughter was the objecting party who necessitated the elopement.  
A Philadelphia clothing store is advertising a novel bait to catch customers. Each person buying a suit is photographed in his new clothes free of charge, and the scheme is proving a paying one.  
There being nothing to drink in high-license Omaha on Centennial Day, the Bee records that 2,000 sturdy citizens of high-license Nebraska went over to prohibition Iowa and got all they wanted.  
Twenty Baltimore girls who have plenty of money and are good German and French scholars, propose to travel through Europe this summer and to write a book of their adventures. There will be twenty chapters by each girl.  
A Louisville man told a reporter recently that after he took up the study of that "science" last summer the mosquitoes ceased to annoy them. New Jersey is just the field for Christian science.  
A Kingston (N. Y.) minister married a couple one night recently, and when signatures were asked to the certificate it was found that neither the bride, groom, best man nor bridesmaid could write their names. They all signed by making marks.  
It is stated that the following languages are spoken on the main street in Deadwood: English, German, French, Italian, Chinese, Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish, Scandinavian, Irish, Spanish, Hebrew, Slavonian, fourteen, with possibly a few overlooked.  
Texas women are working on canvas huge maps of that huge state. The name of each of the 284 counties will be worked, "with some beautiful product made in the county." One county—Tom Green—is larger than Massachusetts and Connecticut combined.  
A Cincinnati divine told his congregation the other Sunday that there were men with in sound of his voice who rented houses to gamblers and bad women—who did not pay their debts—who were liars and cheats. He will, of course receive a call to go elsewhere. He is too blunt for that city.  
England gets most of its ice now from Norway. Scandinavian competitors have almost entirely destroyed the business shipping ice from Boston to England which was once very profitable. Ice is so in London for from fifty-eight to eight cents per hundred weight.  
In the future every great iron-clad we have its suit, composed of a small fee. This will consist of two first-class torpedoes, a fast gunboat ram, generally towed, and a very fast 200 ton "turn-about torpedo catcher," fitted with the latest improvements for destroying torpedoes.  
While Jesse Noyes, of Stonington, is plowing one of his fields, recently he turned up an ancient English pole-ax, the first of these weapons ever found in Connecticut and it is supposed of the weapon used in the massacre of the Pequots at Mystic forts by the early colonists.  
The statement that the regular income of John Rockefeller is \$20,000,000 a year in the Philadelphia Record to make the following computations: Every night he is to bed he is \$54,794 richer than he was the night before, every hour adds \$2,283 to fortune, and at every tick of the clock added to his pile.  
The height of pedantic affection seem have been observed in the names given the painters of pictures at the National Gallery in London. By this nomenclature Michael Angelo has become M. A. But Michael Angelo is Callari, Titia Teccello, Correggio is Allegri, Pous Dughet and Claude is Gellio.  
William Russell, a New York pick-poke was arraigned in court Monday. He came on to see the centennial pageant. "I'm certain you won't see this one," Justice O'Reilly, as he made out a comment for the thief until Thursday, equally certain I won't see the next marked Russell, as he was led to the up.  
A shoemaker at Ottawa, Ont., seven years ago broke off the point of an a hollow of a tooth which was continually aching. The other day the tooth was extracted, and the little piece of steel embedded in it was just as bright as when first entered. During all those years it was unknown by the man of it, who concludes that cold steel is a good tidote for the irritating pain.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### The Value of Fertility.

That has recently happened in the Oklahoma district, the wild rush to get first entrance and secure possession of the best farming land in a newly opened territory, is perhaps the best evidence of how fertility is now regarded. There are in Oklahoma none of the advantages of civilization. All buildings, schoolhouses and cities will have to be built up before they can be enjoyed. All there is to arouse such excitement is a virgin soil, probably no better than hundreds of millions of acres were in the older states before being cropped, and that too in a region of two little rainfall in summer to make a good farming country.

What will the new settlers do with this latest bit of virgin soil when they obtain possession of it? Probably they will do as farmers in all new states have always done and always will do. They will proceed to the old work of heavy cropping and soil exhaustion. No attempt will be made to farm with any regard to other than present profit. The land has been pastured, but now it will be plowed and devoted to grain growing so long as grain can be grown on it. After a few years the country will become an old settled region. Grain crops will pay less than they used to do, and after a few years of unprofitable farming the work of restoring lost fertility will be resumed.

We are not finding fault with this condition of things. It is the necessary result of circumstances, against which the new settler finds it impossible to contend. The great mass of settlers in a new country have no capital except their labor. When they take up new land out of it must come their own living, together with pay for buildings, fruit trees, farm tools and stock. These are got by selling crops, and this means soil exhaustion. But the lesson is as to the impolicy of putting one's self under conditions where such results are inevitable. Farming in the older states has at last got on a safer and more conservative basis. By keeping improved stock, making as much manure as possible, and sowing a good deal of clover, the average of soil fertility in most of the eastern and middle states is increasing.

Without doubt some money will be made, and quickly, by Oklahoma boomers; but it will be mainly by those fortunate or shrewd enough to locate on or near the site of future cities, not by the men who intend to work the land. Most of the boomers understand this fact. A farm claim is, however, of value if nothing better can be had, but as a rule, it is worth more to sell than it is to keep. We speak not from sectional prejudice, but from careful consideration of facts, in saying that the improvement of land in eastern and middle states is really a more hopeful experiment for profitable farming than is its exhaustion either in Oklahoma or in any of the western states. With a profitable system of cropping, combined with good stock and liberal manuring, eastern lands may be made to constantly increase in fertility, and if this be true such a course of farming cannot fail to pay. Some of our best farming lands have been made practically richer than they ever were in a state of nature. There is no reason why all may not be, with good management and close following of the lines on which all successful farming must now be run. What will not these restored and improved farms be worth located in eastern states, and possessing the advantages of near markets, and all the results of advanced civilization?—American Cultivator.

### Deep vs. Shallow Plowing.

It is not many years since the theory of trench-plowing was generally advocated by theorists, and not until the practical demonstration showed the fallacy of the idea as a renovator of the soil was it generally discarded. A very little consideration would have shown, except in special crops, whose roots ramify deep, that trench-plowing is a fallacy. We have come to know that five inches, measured against the land side is deep plowing for average crops, and that eight inches would be considered deep plowing for any crop ordinarily cultivated on the farm. But while trench-plowing—turning a sub-furrow—is not good practice as a rule, there is no objection to subsoiling—following in the furrow with a subsoil plow which simply lifts, say, six inches of the subsoil and drops it back into the furrow, thus pulverizing the whole mass. This is a valuable addition to the preparation of the soil for many crops. But to get the best results in this way the soil, if not naturally well drained, should be first tile drained. The reason is that stiff clays are liable to be water-soaked at particular seasons. When this occurs the water, not being able to escape quickly below, the soil to the whole depth becomes like a mortar bed, and upon drying becomes hard. But if underdrained the water percolates easily to the tile and the soil remains dry and friable because porous. John Lemmox, of Ohio, states his experience in respect to deep plowing, and also upon another point not generally known in respect to plowing hillsides. He says: "It does not pay to plow too deep for all grain crops as they do not all require the same depth to root. I have noticed ever since I had anything to do with plowing that land for wheat or oats, where the furrow was turned up hill, always produced a better crop of grain than that portion of the land that was turned down hill, as it was plowed deeper. Turning up the cold clay

was not congenial to the growth of the small grain. For corn or potatoes it is different, and they require deeper culture, and the old-fashioned way of marking for corn, with single shovel, placed the corn down so that the roots came in contact with top of soil turned under, and deep plowing in dry weather would furnish more moisture for crops; the same with potatoes.—Practical Farmer.

### Farm Notes.

Of all fertilizers ground bone is the best and most durable where general crops are grown, but fertilizers should be varied or consist of all the elements required for a crop.

Dried, ground fish is an excellent fertilizer, and is cheap compared with the advantages to be derived from its use. For corn it is excellent, and it may also be used liberally on garden crops.

In the improved agriculture which is in late years renewing the worn-out eastern farms potash takes an important part, and car-loads of ashes are brought over from the timbered regions of Canada for use by eastern farmers.

President Smith, of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, thinks that artificial watering, as ordinarily done is of very little benefit and has estimated that to water properly an acre of cabbages or strawberries in a dry time requires at least 30,000 gallons of water.

A southern cultivator says the most salable sweet potato is one that is short and thick, and it is to produce these that you plow shallow and make flat hill ridges, so that as the potatoes grow they will reach the hard soil and be checked in their downward growth and will develop thickness.

An excellent way to utilize dull days when but little work can be done, especially during cold and rainy weather, is to sharpen all the tools and implements, so as to have them ready for spring use. Give them a thorough cleaning, oil the machinery and keep them in a dry place.

Every farmer has noticed the deterioration of oats. The best varieties fall back after a few years and are little better than the common oat. More attention might be profitably given to the seed. Two suggestions have been made: Thrash the bundles lightly with a flail and thus get the best seed; the other, winnow out all the light oats.

Professor Lintner suggests that London purple or Paris green may be used on cabbage plants to destroy the striped flea beetle without the least danger of the poison being retained by the matured head; also, that if applied to radishes when the seed-leaves put forth above ground, at which time the beetle does most damage, either poison, being soon changed to an inert form in the earth, would in all probability be harmless when the radishes should be ready for the table.

The management of seed potatoes is one of the most important arts of the potato grower. The chief point is to prevent them from sprouting, and for this purpose a low temperature as near to the freezing point as possible without touching it is desirable. Nearly everywhere farmers find that the late varieties of potatoes are more productive than the early ones. Is not this partly due to the fact that early varieties have been injured by sprouting, while late varieties are less liable to this injury?

### The Household.

**CREAM SAGO PUDDING.**—Soak three large tablespoonsful of sago in water over night. It will then require but three-quarters of an hour to prepare and cook it for dinner. In the morning put the sago into a quart of boiling milk and boil half an hour. Beat the yolks of four eggs with three-quarters of a cup of sugar, add to it three tablespoonsful of grated coconut, stir it in and boil ten minutes longer. It is best to boil it over water, and sago should have a quarter of a tablespoonful of salt added to it. When done, pour into a pudding dish; beat the whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth, stir in three tablespoonsful of fine sugar and spread over the top of the pudding; sprinkle lightly with coconut and set in the oven till it is a pale straw color.

**A PRETTY APRON.**—To make a very dainty apron allow a few inches of cheese cloth plain below the belt, then put in an insertion of torchon lace, then a piece of cheese cloth with threads drawn out to make what is known as Mexican work. Continue in this way until the apron is long enough and then fill with lace to match the insertion. Run ribbon through the open work and use ribbon of the same shade for strings to the apron. A lovely apron made in this way was of black lace insertion and open work black bunting. The ribbon was old gold and the apron one of the prettiest things I ever saw.

**SNOW PUDDING.**—Soak 1/2 cup of rice in water 20 minutes, drain, pour on boiling water, cook briskly on top of the stove in a basin for 25 minutes, adding more hot water if needed, and shaking occasionally. Then having the rice quite dry, turn in a cup half full of sugar, filled with sweet milk and containing a pinch of salt. Cook till the whole is a thick paste, or about fifteen minutes. Turn into a pudding dish, and pour over the top the following cream: White of 1 large or two small eggs beaten stiff, 2 tablespoonsful powdered sugar and a teaspoonful lemon essence then added and beaten in, and last 6 teaspoonfuls sweet cream stirred in. Set the pudding in the oven long enough to harden this cream. When done, dot the top with lumps of jelly. Good either cold or warm, appetizing and artistic.

## AMERICAN FABLES.

### The Goose and the Eagle.

The Goose Whose Heart was Fired with Ambition decided to become an Eagle, and she left the Farm Yard one Morning and Wandered off into the Hills as a Starter. She was presently Espied by an Eagle, who pounced down and Seized upon her as a prize.

"What Means this Treatment!" demanded the goose. "I Came here to be one of you!"

"As a Fowl at Home you were a Success," replied the Eagle, "but as a goose abroad you are n. g. except to furnish a dinner for some Bird with More Sense."

### MORAL:

When a Mechanic quits his job to become a Politician it is not the Politician who is Eaten.

### The Farmer and the Jug.

A Farmer who had filled a Jug with Cider and taken it into the Field with him tore up the soil for awhile and broke both suspenders, and then went over to the Jug in anticipation of a Refreshing draught. But when he came to lift the vessel to his lips he found that every drop of Cider had Leaked out and been Absorbed by the dry Earth.

"Ah! but this is the Basest Ingratitude!" he exclaimed as he flung the Jug from him.

"But behold!" replied the Jug as it Split open and Revealed a long-lost Will made by the Farmer's grandfather and leaving him \$75,000 worth of real estate in Chicago.

### MORAL:

If your House Burns down and is not Insured you may, in Poking around Among the Ashes, find twice its value in Diamond Pins lost by the Plasterers when the house was Built.

### The Frog and the Traveler.

A Frog who had his Home in a Puddle by the Wayside Made such an Ado one night as a Traveler passed that way that the Man was Fain to stop and Inquire the Occasion of it.

"Had I not made such a Noise you would not have known of my Presence," replied the Frog.

"But now that I do know, what of it?" queried the man.

"Why, I am here."

"Yes, but what are the odds to me where you are? You are but a Frog, place yourself where you will."

### MORAL:

The Man whose Mouth makes his Presence known is seldom considered worth minding.—Detroit Free Press.

## THE PEACHELOW VASE.

### It is Now Hidden Away in the House of a Baltimore Man.

The famous peachbloss vase was imported from China at a cost of \$10,000. Mrs. Mary J. Morgan of New York bought it for \$15,000. Its history is thus related by a correspondent: "The next step in the history of the vase was its sale with the effects of Mrs. Mary J. Morgan on March 9, 1886. While exhibiting it in the galleries the curiosity excited was very great. Some persons even asked the privilege of kissing it, since, they said, they could not own it. Groups of people were always gathered in front of the vase, and made many and various remarks about it. Expressions of surprise over its reported value were most frequent. Finally when the day of the sale arrived, there was a tiptoe of excitement over the matter. The auctioneer pointed to the modest thing and asked if he could have a bid of \$5,000 for it. At this price it was started, and crept up gradually until it reached \$18,000, at which it was knocked down but to whom? This question has never yet been satisfactorily answered. Among those who were bidding for the vase was Mr. Sutton of the American art galleries. His instructions were not to pay more than \$20,000 for the vase. It was sold for \$18,000, and Mr. Sutton was the buyer. It has been said that he bought the vase for himself, but he did not. He bought it under instructions for William T. Walters of Baltimore, and the little treasure is now in that city, where it rests in a closet, hidden away from the eyes even of Mr. Walters's friends. A few days after the sale Mr. Walters denied having bought it. The only explanation given of this evasion has been that Mr. Walters was afraid of the notoriety which the possession would give him. He refused to have his name connected with the purchase, but it is nevertheless, a fact that he has it now, but he probably does not get much comfort from its possession."

### Why They Staid Away.

Parson—There were few present at the prayer meeting yesterday evening. I suppose they were detained at home by the heavy showers.

Deacon—That's what I thought at first, but I had my suspicions and I determined to sift the matter to the bottom. What do you mean, Deacon? "I mean that I went to the circus and my worst fears were realized, for there were all the absent members, and they not only staid until the performance was over, but they attended the concert afterwards. I never was so mortified in all my life.—Texas Siftings.

### One of the Outs.

Rural Relative (in New York)—"I suppose that young lady in that fine carriage belongs to the 400, doesn't she?"

City Host—"Guess not. She's too pretty."—New York Weekly.

## A Treatise on Sleep.

The siesta is the short sleep after dinner, and fifteen minutes' worth of it is one of the best daily investments of time a busy man or woman can make. When you havn't time to take a siesta it is about time you went off and died somewhere. Slumber is the light sleep, varied by startling facial contortions and sudden spasmodic motions of the limbs, accompanied by compulsory silence all over the house, which is the rest of infants. Insomnia is sleeping wide awake in a state of irresistible imbecility. It is the common lot of actresses and literary people who are in need of rest or advertising. A "nap" is the passing rest of a school teacher who is just far enough "gone" to appear deceitful, and wide enough awake to catch the smart boy who thinks that all things are what they seem. A "doze" is the hideous sleep of a man who goes to sleep with his eyes wide open while you are talking to him, fixing upon you a glassy stare that curdles your blood and makes you forget what you were trying to say. Then he wakes up and says, idiotically: "Yes, yes, just so; served him quite right; and then?" To "just drop off for a second" is the term applied by the offender to the act of going sound asleep in church with one's head hanging over the back of the pew, the mouth wide open and the operator snoring like a house afire until the deacon hits him on the head with a collection basket, or the choir rises to sing the last hymn. "Nodding" in church is sleeping clear through the entire sermon, but without snoring, and with head bowed on the back of the pew in front, as though in prayer. Nobody in the whole church, by the way, thinks it remotely resembles the person who is "nodding."

To jam yourself up against your father's back, kick him black and blue from withers to hock, crowd him out of bed twice or thrice during the night, and to lie habitually across the middle of the bed, is the "sound sleep" of boyhood. To make terrific noises with the nose all night long, while lying like a log in one position, is the "sweet sleep" of the laboring man, who never gives his nose a holiday. To punctuate one's slumber by sudden blood curdling yells in the middle of the night, is called "sleeping" by people who quaff a flagon of the New England national drink called pie for a night cap just before going to sleep. To lose sound of the voice of the person addressing you, to have the room pass in a misty blur before your eyes, and to sink into utter oblivion for about ten minutes, is called "yawning" by very polite people. To fall off the chair and rouse yourself by knocking your head against a corner of andirons is what some people call just "closing the eyes."

"To feel a little drowsy" is the term applied to his condition by the man who sleeps seven stations past the place where he wants to get off. If he doesn't wake till some time the next day, he admits that he was "sleepy." To fold the hands upon the breast, pillow the head in the folds of a snowy pillow, straighten the shapely limbs and arrange the figure gracefully, with lightly closed eyes to pass the night in a mist of pleasant dreams and entrancing visions, with an accompaniment of soft, regular breathing, scarce audible to people on the next block, is to sleep like a Christian, as I do.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

## Intoxication by Radiation.

A prominent military man who had drunk moderately during the war and had abstained from that time on, while attending a dinner with his old comrades, where most of them were intoxicated, suddenly became hilarious, made a foolish speech, and settled back in his chair in a drunken state, and was finally taken home quite stupid. He had not drunk any spirits and had only used coffee and water, and yet he had all the symptoms of the others, only his was intoxication from contagion—the favoring soil had been prepared long ago in the army. Another case was that of a man who had been an inebriate years ago, but was reformed. He was recently elected to office, and gave a dinner to some friends. Among them was a physician who had been greatly interested in these studies. He sent me a long report, the substance of which was this: On the occasion referred to, many of the company became partially intoxicated, and the host who drank nothing but water, became hilarious, and finally stupid with them. He was put to bed with every sign of intoxication, but recovered, and next morning had only a confused notion of these events. The third case happened four years ago. A reformed man of twelve years' sobriety, went on a military excursion with a drinking company, and, although he drank nothing but lemonade, he became as much intoxicated as the others. This event was the subject of much comment and loss to him, socially and otherwise, although he protested, and others confirmed his statements, that he did not take any spirits at this time.—Popular Science Monthly.

## Need of Haste.

Mrs. Lakeside (rushing into a Chicago court)—"Where's the judge, quick?"

Bystander—"Right there. What's wrong?"

"I just ran away from my husband, and he's after me, not three squares behind, I want to divorce him for desertion before he gets here."—New York Weekly.

## A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN.

There for Twenty Years Unknown to Him or His Physicians.

A Van Wert (O.) dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer says: The remarkable instance of Anton Merct, the Philadelphia veteran, who lived twenty-five years with a bullet imbedded in the tissues of his heart, has a parallel in the case of Abraham Delong, a prominent farmer of this county, who carried an ounce of Confederate lead on his brain for twenty years before it caused his death, the strangest feature of the circumstance being that the presence of the bullet never was known until the autopsy brought it to light.

Delong received his wound at the battle of Stone River. The bullet struck him squarely on the nose, well up between the eyes, in such a way as to split the bone, which, closing up again, left only a slight wound that the surgeon declared had been caused by a bullet coming from a side direction and clipping off the skin as it sped by.

Delong kept his feet, suffering very little, and in a few days was again in fighting trim. He served to the close of the war and returned home to his little family and his plough. As the years passed Delong experienced painful sensations in the head, at first slight, but more and more severe at each recurrence, until his sufferings finally drove him crazy. He was taken to the Insane Asylum at Dayton for treatment, where he regained his mental faculties, but received no relief from the terrible pain and pressure in his head that made life almost intolerable.

Some time before his death, which took place in 1882, Delong got the idea that the bullet that struck him at Stone River had indeed entered his head, and proposed to submit to a surgical operation that would determine whether he was right about it. This opinion was not shared by his physicians, and, as the operation must necessarily be a dangerous one, they declined to search for the suspected missile. He then requested that after his death an examination be made, in order that his widow and children, should it appear that he had died of injuries received in the service of his country, might receive a greatly needed pension, his long period of illness and inability to work having quite eaten up his little fortune.

Accordingly an autopsy was held. To the surprise of the doctors, and as Delong had predicted, they found a bullet, or rather two jagged pieces of lead in his head back of the frontal bones. One portion had lodged just over the brain, where, together with a fragment of bone that had been broken off by the bullet as it tore its way into the cranium, had become encysted with a hard growth, which, extending year by year, pressed harder and harder against the brain, causing the terrible pain of which Delong complained, and resulting in derangement and death. Had it been known that the bullet which struck him at Stone River found lodgment in his head, surgical skill might have availed to prolong the victims life for many years. As it was, it was looked upon as most remarkable that Delong should have survived as long as he did. Mrs. Delong applied for and received a pension.

## Old Rachel's Umbrella.

Have you ever seen one of the old-fashioned umbrellas of cotton that our grandsires—or some of them—used to carry with immense pride?

An old character who was well known in the Sewickley valley for I don't know how many years—she is n't dead or forgotten yet—had an umbrella of this sort by which she set great store. It was of blue cotton, with broad, white, circular stripes, and to what era it belonged old Rachel did not know.

They say she only lent it once. One day, a score of years ago, her husband, who was a track-walker on the Fort Wayne railway, screwed up his courage enough to ask her to lend him the sacred umbrella. She brought out the blue and white treasure from a corner of the little station-house where they lived, and, with many injunctions to be sure and bring it back, gave it to him.

He had to walk three miles into the country that day, and when he had reached his destination it had stopped raining. The sky was clear when he started for home, and I suppose that is why he forgot the blue and white umbrella.

He never thought of it again till he was at the threshold of his home, and there his wife confronted him with her 200 pounds of muscle and bone.

"Where is it?" she said in a low and ominous tone.

"Where is what, Rachel?" was her husband's meek reply.

"Where's that umbrel'?"

"Sakes alive! I left it behind!"

"Before you git into this house you'll fetch that umbrel'!"

Jim—that was her husband's name—knew that Rachel would do as she said every time, and he walked back three miles and then retraced his steps bearing the "umbrel'."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## Chinese Cruelty.

Miss Gushington (laying down a book)—"How barbarously the Chinese girls are treated!"

Miss De Pink—"Are they?"

"I should say so. All the time a Chinese girl is engaged she is compelled to act as if she were grief-stricken."—New York Weekly.

