

A. G. Adams.

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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NO. 12

**THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.**  
—BY THE—  
**Kansas News Co.,**  
Description: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3. Ten Copies, \$6.00.  
Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c.  
The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies.  
Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Breeders and manufacturer's cards, of ten or less, (25 words) with split of Kansas one year, \$5. No order taken for less than three months.

Ten striking colored hod-carriers at Washington, D. C., have been indicted for conspiracy.

Forest fire in Washington territory threaten parts of the Northern Pacific line with destruction.

Cardinal Manning, Sunday, at London received into the Catholic church seven former Anglican clergymen.

The heat in New York Sunday was intense and one death was reported. There were many cases of prostration.

Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, was married Sunday to Princess Alexandra of Greece at St. Petersburg with imposing ceremonies.

Forty-six foreigners, most of them Germans and Austrians, have been expelled from Warsaw. Among them were two Americans.

General William T. Withers, a well known horse breeder of Kentucky, died Sunday from the effects of a wound received in the Mexican war.

The repairs on the Shawnee county jail are completed and cost \$400. This is the money cost of the recent hanging.

United States Marshal Walker appointed C. T. K. Prentice deputy for Douglas county without regard to politics.

C. F. Kendall is putting in a stock of Furniture & Upholstering and Dry Goods in his store room on the corner of A & Kans. Ave.

The tomb of the Emperor in Berlin is completely covered with floral offerings. Among them is a wreath of white roses from Queen Victoria.

Miss Mary Klinkerman has found the choking and biting of the burglar Olyphant a very profitable affair. She has not only been presented with a fine gold watch and chain, but several fat purses of money.

The Neosho river was five miles wide at Humboldt during the recent flood, but is falling. Ten thousand acres of wheat have been raised. People and stock had ample warning to reach the highlands and the damage is confined to crops.

The reported Indian outbreak at Medicine Lake, Minnesota, dwindles down as the facts become known, to a big drunk in which one white man was killed by the Indians.

A party of about twenty-five state university boys left Lawrence on Monday on an "outing" trip to Estes park, Colorado. They go prepared to have a good time during the summer vacation.

Chas. L. Elliot has been appointed secretary of the board of railroad commissioners in place of H. C. Rizer, resigned, and J. H. Downing clerk, in place of Elliott promoted.

Miss Jessie Fox, the only daughter of Mr. Thomas Fox, who resides seven miles southwest of Lawrence, committed suicide at 6:30 Monday morning, by shooting herself in the right temple. She, in company with her brother and a hired man was standing on the porch. The boys were shooting at a mark with a 32-caliber pistol. She asked for the pistol, and inquired where to shoot. They replied, at the well curb. She said, "No, not here, or there," pointing to her head and heart. She played the pistol against the right temple and fired, killing herself instantly. At the coroner's inquest it was decided that she was temporarily insane, caused by despondency. She had been sick for some time, and expressed herself as tired of life.

**The Lawrence Business College.**  
The Lawrence Business College has always held a high reputation among the institutions of learning in the state. The present year has been one of marked prosperity and success. The enrollment has been the largest of any, reaching 470 pupils representing nearly every country in the state and many of the surrounding states. The faculty consists of ten experienced professors among whom are found the names of some of the leading educators in the west.  
The new catalogue is now in the hands of the printers and contains 60 pages of valuable information together with several illustrations and interior views of the buildings.  
The work under the supervision of Pres't E. L. McIlravy consists of complete and practical business courses, shorthand and typewriting courses and a thorough course in English which will admit a student into the freshman class of any of the colleges and universities. The work is very satisfactory as the rapid growth and success of the college will attest.  
This institution is now recognized as the leading business college in the West. The need of a practical education for our boys and girls is greatly felt by all. The college fills this want and affords all an opportunity to secure a good practical education. For full particulars and information send or address E. L. McIlravy, president, Lawrence, Kas.

The importance of the leather interest, which is the second among the great industries of the country, is demonstrated by the following table of comparisons: Leather proper, with the collateral branches of boots and shoes, saddlery and harness, represents \$419,000,000, as against \$505,000,000 for flouring and grist mills; the iron and steel production amounts to \$296,000,000; lumber, \$270,000,000; meats and provisions, \$303,000,000; woolen goods, \$267,000,000; cotton goods, \$210,000,000.

Postmaster Goodrich, of Lawrence, has reinstated two of the old letter carriers upon their request for their keys. They have all refused to hand in their resignations, claiming that the office came under the civil service rules. Mr. Goodrich has sent in his reason for discharging them and the matter will not be settled until word has been received from the postoffice department at Washington.

A mail pouch was discovered on Monday in the rear of the Lawrence postoffice, among the damaged pouches, containing about 300 letters. The letters had been received at the office about April 27. A large number of "missent" letters came to light. This shows carelessness on the part of the outgoing administration, as they continued in office for about three weeks after this time.

The recent floods in southeastern Kansas were the worst that have visited that section. At Augusta several persons were washed down stream Sunday night and many remained on house tops and in trees until Monday when all were rescued. It is reported that two persons were drowned north of El Dorado, making four in all in Butler county. The damage in Augusta is placed at \$75,000. Both the Frisco and Santa Fe roads suffered damage and delay, but are now in running order again.

The state fair committee have been in session this week.  
H. C. Lindsay was chosen superintendent of the speed ring. J. S. McIntosh was elected general superintendent, and C. P. Baker assistant. Gen. W. Veale was chosen chairman of the executive committee to serve in the absence of the president. A discussion arose on the subject of admission fees, but the decision was postponed until the next meeting. A number of communications were read. The prospects for a successful fair are splendid.

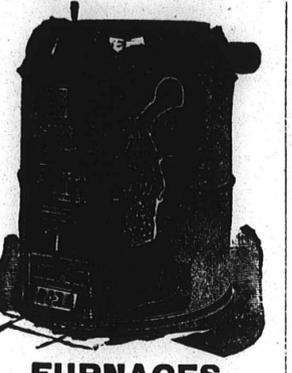
Through an error, the awards in chemicals and medicines, by the state board of charities, were credited to Geo. Leis, when it should have been the Leis Chemical company, of which George Leis is not now a member.

**Jennie Cramer's Death.**  
In our issue of last week we published an article on Jennie Cramer's mother, who was recently rescued from death by a New York policeman, as she was about to be run down by a horse car. The article was from a New York paper, and gave a column of interesting particulars of one of the most remarkable cases on record. Since the article was written the mystery attending Jennie Cramer's death has been cleared up as shown in the following article sent us by one of Topeka's leading business men:  
No greater sensation has been created in social or criminal circles in the last decade than that caused by the mysterious death of Jennie Cramer at New Haven, Conn., a few years ago, and the subsequent trial of James and Walter Malley for the crime, their acquittal leaving the mystery of her death unsolved. Almost every one at the time believed she was murdered and her body thrown into the surf at Savin Rock. It is now learned from a reliable source that the young men who were accused of the crime, tried and acquitted, were the martyrs of circumstances and not responsible for her death. A gentleman named Fitzroy, who died at Holyoke, Mass., a few days ago, stated on his death-bed that Jennie Cramer committed suicide. This gentleman has a wife living, and it is she who makes public the facts. Her husband, Mrs. Fitzroy states, left home the week before Jennie Cramer's body was found floating in the surf, presumably to go to New York. Mrs. Fitzroy has been an invalid for years. Instead of going to New York, as he told his wife, he met a lady friend at the Holyoke Depot, and together they went to Savin Rock, where he remained, and as he stated on his death-bed, witnessed, with his companion, Jennie Cramer commit suicide. He told her he wanted to make the facts public before he died, and would have done so at the time, only he was kept back through the fear of disgracing himself and his wife and his companion, who is well known in Holyoke society.

He said he had taken his companion out for a stroll to get the air, and as they were walking up and down they noticed a white-clad figure on the other end of the pier. In the twinkling of an eye they saw the white-clad figure clamber under the rail, and hanging with one hand for a brief instant, take a final leap into eternity. Fitzroy's companion swooned immediately, and he had all he could do to get her back to the hotel. He told several people at the hotel that his companion had been taken suddenly ill. The next morning the poor girl's body was found floating in the tide. The very next morning Fitzroy left the shore resort and departed for Holyoke. He heard of the arrest of the Malley boys, and came to New Haven and sat the latter end of the trial through, ready, if the Malley boys were to be found guilty, to get up and tell his story, which, of course, would have cleared them beyond doubt. As it was, they were acquitted, and Fitzroy went back to Holyoke.

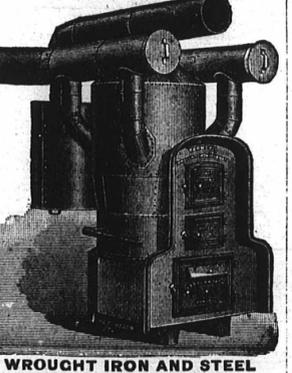
The dramatic personae of the great Cramer-Malley trial are now scattered about the world. Blanche Douglas, the New York woman who is supposed to have led poor Jennie on her downward track, is now in one of the lowest of the low Bowery brothels of New York, dying slowly from disease and dissipation. James Malley is now practicing law in a little town in Pennsylvania. Walter Malley is living with his rich old father in New Haven. He was elated upon hearing the news and said: "Father spent \$100,000 to defend me and my brother; the State spent as much more to find innocent men guilty. I always thought poor Jennie committed suicide, and so did James. He would have married her if she had lived."

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In answering any invitation, great care should be taken to do so in a polite and painstaking manner, and one corresponding in form with the original note or card. Thus a written invitation must never receive a verbal answer, and a note written in the third person, must not be answered the first, or vice versa.

Two boys were drowned in the Vermillion river near Danville Ill., while bathing Sunday.

The English syndicate is after the Boston breweries, worth in the aggregate \$5,000,000.

We are not sure but the Kansas City Times is half right when it says that President Harrison is treating Secretary Blaine's recommendations with an indifference that looks like meanness.

#### 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 uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

HERM GEORG EBERS, the novelist, is a hopeless and greatly suffering invalid.

THE first boy born in Guthrie has been named George Washington Oklahoma White.

MME. ROMERO, wife of the Mexican minister, is considered the handsomest of the legation ladies in Washington. She is an American.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has hired a cottage for the summer at Deer Park, Md. That resort will become a Deer Park financially in the future.

THE Hon. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, is to deliver the address at the dedication of the national monument to the Fore-fathers at Plymouth, Mass., on August 1.

MR. SOMER M. WATERBURY'S society circus in New York cost him about \$30,000 for a one-night stand. Fashionable folly comes high, but the class 400 must be amused.

MR. D. O. MILLS, the millionaire, is still an active worker, although now 68 years old. His fortune amounts to \$20,000,000, of which he laid the foundation in a Pacific slope dairy farm.

EDITOR HALSTEAD is recovering and expects to go to Europe in a few weeks. He will let the springs of Germany minister to him, instead of going himself as Minister to Germany.

THE Shah of Persia has made Sir Edwin Arnold commander of the Order of the Lion and the Sun. The Shah probably expects Sir Edwin to show him the tiger in England next month.

GAIL HAMILTON practices greater economy in writing paper than almost any other literary man or woman. She always writes on scraps of paper, the back of old envelopes being her favorite material.

MR. VOLNEY HOGGITT is the name of the City Attorney of Guthrie, Oklahoma. The characteristics indicated by the name appear to be unfortunately prevalent among the officials of the new territory.

THE British customs authorities collected full duty on the Australian silver casket sent by the women of South Australia as a silver casket wedding gift to the Prince of Wales. The age of chivalry is past.

ADJT.-GEN. DALTON, of Massachusetts, has attended 127 state dinners and banquets in the last five months. He says he would like to see the ostrich that has a stomach stronger than his. He is an eloquent speaker, a fine story teller, and an interesting companion generally, and he attributes his remarkable powers of endurance to his habit of getting all the fun out of life he can.

THE monument to the memory of the late ex-President Arthur, now being erected in the Albany (N. Y.) Rural cemetery, is a large sarcophagus of granite. The monument is in the family lot in the western part of the cemetery. A large bronze figure will be placed at one side of the sarcophagus. The only inscription will be the name "Arthur" in plain letters on the base of the monument.

THE Blaine family is decidedly mixed religiously. Miss Hattie Blaine, the youngest daughter of the secretary of state, was confirmed at St. John's Episcopal church, Washington, about a fortnight ago. Miss Margaret Blaine may be frequently seen at St. John's but is not a member of the Episcopal church. Secretary and Mrs. Blaine have a pew in the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant. Walker Blaine is said to be a Presbyterian and Emmons a Congregationalist. Mrs. Coppinger, Mr. Blaine's oldest daughter, is a Catholic.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Battenberg and his bride are now known as Count and Countess Hartenau, and they have taken up their residence at Gratz, in Styria, where they are living in a very modest fashion. Prince Alexander, who is on the best possible terms with the emperor of Austria, bitterly resents the impertinences of his relatives at Darmstadt, and has openly declared that he would have Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick know that he at least is perfectly independent of them, and that if they are exasperated and mortified by his conduct they have only themselves to blame for the lesson they have received from him.

#### ANCIENT PENSACOLA.

Colonel Dallas of Orlando on the Subject.

The Pensacola Daily News publishes the following interesting sketch written by Colonel A. J. Dallas, U. S. A., for its columns:

I have read with interest your brief account of the original settlement of Pensacola, and beg, with deference to the researches of your informant, Judge Campbell, to add the following details, and to suggest some corrections.

The expedition referred to by the judge sailed from Vera Cruz on the 11th of June, 1559, six years prior to the settlement of Saint Augustine by Pedro Menendez de Aviles. This attempt to colonization was made at the instance of the archbishop of Mexico in 1555, aided in the following year by Juan de Urango, bishop of Santiago de Cuba. It sailed under the command of Don Tristan de Luna y Arellano, who was the son of the Marshal Carlos de Luna, governor of Yucatan. Fifteen hundred soldiers accompanied him, with a number of settlers, carrying the necessary material for a colony and the cultivation of the land. There were five Dominican priests, at the head of whom was the padre, Perdo de Feria, afterward bishop of Chiapas, and one lay brother.

They had the pilot, Guido de las Bavares, who left an account of his voyage under the title, of "an account given by Guido de las Bavares, of the voyage made to discover the ports and bays, which are on the coast of Florida," that can be found in the collection of Ternaux Compano. There is also a reference to this voyage in Barcia's Ensayo Chronologico.

The plan of de Luna y Arellano was to form one settlement on the gulf, another island, at Coosa, and the third on the Atlantic at Santa Elena.

Bavares was sent ahead to examine the coast and select a harbor. He chose Pensacola, which he named Fernandina, describing it as a safe and commodious port. The expedition sailed as already said and arrived in the bay, but de Luna y Arellano, acquiescing in the wishes of his pilots, began looking for Ichuse or Santa Rosa bay. Finding it he made only a pretense of disembarking, riding at anchor for a long time while a party explored the interior. On the 19th of September a heavy gale prevailed, which destroyed several vessels, and not only caused him to lose much provisions, but drowned many men.

Relief came from Mexico and a party having reached Nanapacna, on the Escambia, de Luna y Arellano repaired thither, and naming it Santa Cruz, determined to make here his colony. But he made little headway. A portion of the expedition found its way to Coosa, and even aided the friendly Indians against their foes, the Natchez. When they returned matters were in much the same condition. Arellano had given up Santa Cruz de Nanapacna and gone down to Pensacola bay, from which place he wished to go and settle at Coosa, but his men refused to go. At this time Father Feria left for Havana, despairing that anything would be done. No dissensions arose among the clergy. The trouble came about from the incapacity of de Luna y Arellano, who had no decision of character, was vacillating, arbitrary and tyrannical. At one time he had his second in command, Jorge Ceron, in arrest, and would, with other officers, have shot him but for the intervention of the priests.

In 1561, Angel de Villafane arrived from Mexico with re-enforcements, but literally nothing had been done by the expedition to settle the country, and it was finally decided to abandon the country and return to Vera Cruz, leaving a small garrison of soldiers.

In 1693 Don Andreas de Pes went to Pensacola, accompanied by a celebrated priest, Don Carlos de Signenza y Gongora. Don Andreas named the bay Santa Maria de Galve. A beginning of a settlement was made by this expedition, but the actual permanent establishment of this apostadero, or station, was made by Don Andreas de Arriola, in 1696, who built Fort San Carlos on the barrancas of Santo Tome, and here you get your lake Arriola, and not from poor old Tristan de Luna y Arellano.

Where Arellano made his attempt to establish his colony on the bay I do not think is known. It was very probably, however, on the island of Santa Rosa, and, possibly on the eastern extremity. I say this because from history we know that in 1719 Pensacola was entirely destroyed by Champmeslin and when rebuilt it was on the western extremity. There was a drawing made of the town in 1743 by Dona Serres, an engraving of which now exists.

From manuscript in my possession, which I found among my father's papers, and which must bear date (it

is undated) about 1830, I find the paragraph:

"Pensacola was founded in 1709, but there was a settlement on Santa Rosa island of which there still exists some very visible vestiges, and a fort at la Punta Siguenza, or Santa Rosa, long anterior thereto, another fort costaneous therewith, nearly opposite on the mainland."

The compiler of this MS. (which has special reference to the harbor, its capacity, etc.) says in another place, that he remembers reading an account in which the bay was called "Bahia de Siguenza," and the point on which the fortifications are being erected (Fort Pickens, now) called "la Punta de St. Rosa," was then known as "la Punta de Siguenza," and he attributes the name as belonging to one of the early pilots.

On the contrary, I am impressed with the belief that this point was named in honor of the priestly mathematician Don Carlos de Siguenza y Gongora, who accompanied Don Andreas de Pes in 1693 and who made a survey of the harbor and selected the site for the town.

Some years after 1743 the city was built on its present site and probably all vestiges of the old town are gone. As a boy I have often traversed the grounds about Pickens and over Santa Rosa, when living at the navy yard with my father, the late Commodore Dallas, no doubt still remembered by your older residents.

Pensacola had various names besides the original name of Fernandina. It was called Santa Marie de Filipini, Santa Maria de Galve and Bahia de Siguenza.

I well remember the old town, when at the head of Palafox street the two spirals were the rendezvous of all the idle darkeys sent for water which they drew home in barrels, rolling them on their bilge through the quiet streets, and the ty-ty swamp beyond to the hill where Mr. Campbell dwelt.

It seems hardly fair, after all this, to say that, in 1821, Juan Ponce de Leon of romantic memory, actually made a settlement on Charlotte harbor, carrying with him colonists and priests. He was also seriously "interrupted" by the savage Calusa, and had, being mortally wounded, to abandon this attempt and sail for Cuba, where he died the succeeding year.

#### Side-Tracking the Old Men.

It is not wise to believe in old things or to put one's implicit trust in old men simply because they are old; neither in men nor institutions do mere multiplication of years prove merit. But on the other hand, it is no less unwise to side-track men or repudiate institutions or methods solely because they are grown aged.

The latter error is one into which the young Emperor of Germany seems to have fallen; and it will not be in the least surprising if his Empire is yet called upon to pay disastrously for his seated prejudice against age.

During the year 1888, for example, the young Kaiser in his overhauling of the German army, summarily displaced eight corps commanders, twenty-one commanders of divisions, twelve brigadiers of cavalry and forty brigadiers of infantry simply because he wanted their places for younger men. Age, he is frank enough to admit, has no claim to consideration in his eyes; and soldiers he insists, "must be young and vigorous."

It is well to "give the young men a chance," but it is not well to assume that hard-earned experience is a disqualification for service, public or private, or that gray hairs are the badge of abated force.

Some of the world's strongest men are its oldest men; and this is especially true within the German Empire. The impetuous young William will be older and will know more when he has lived longer. Meanwhile his "old men must go."

By the way, why doesn't he "fire" Bismarck?—Evening Wisconsin.

#### Serenely Secure.

Sympathizing Friend—Wern't you awfully scared when you saw that the fellow had covered you with a pistol.

Hardware Man—I was at first, until I recognized the gun as one I had sold the day before for \$1.50. Then I sailed in and licked the stuffing out of him.—Terre Haute Express.

#### The Modern Drama.

Farmer's Boy—"Say, pop, there's a man outside wants a job to help clean out the stables, and feed pigs, and do other chores for a while."

Farmer—"A tramp?"

Boy—"Dunno; he's purty well dressed."

Farmer (who has seen Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead")—"Oh! I guess he's some New York actor practicin' fer a new play."—New York Weekly.

#### TAKED HIS FIT AS IT COMES.

A New York City Official Gives a Friend Some Points on Epilepsy.

A certain commissioner of a city department is subject to fits of epilepsy, says the New York World. They are governed by no regular time-table and they strike him often when he would desire a postponement. However, the commissioner can always tell when he is to be attacked by one of them a few minutes before it comes on. "I was walking up Broadway the other day with the commissioner," said an ex-estate senator, "when he suddenly exclaimed: 'I am going to have a fit, and I guess I'll have it in here,' and he walked into a hallway. He began by a tremor, which gradually increased to an earthquake shake. His knees began to bend, and by degrees he shut himself up like a jack-knife. The he fell into my arms and I gently allowed him to find an easy position, with his head resting on a step. In a few minutes the fit was over. The victim arose, shook himself, asked me to brush off his clothes, and we were again on our tramp up-town.

"The worst place to have one of those things," he remarked to me 'is in church. You scare the preacher and the entire congregation and you are certain to get a bucketful of water dashed all over you. Then if you tackle a fit in an elevated railroad train the brakeman will hustle you out, fit and all, at the next station. How many fits do I have in a year? Well, I guess I average one a month. Whenever I have time I generally walk into a store—that is, if I hear and feel the signs while I am on the street, and I say: 'I am going to have a fit,' and away she goes. Yes; business in that store is suspended until I relax. I had a fit in a Maiden lane jewelry store last December and the proprietor summoned an ambulance. Strange to say I have never had a fit at home. Here is the Morton house; let's go in and have a drink. By the way, a fit is a side-show to the circus of a jim-jam. I have experienced both."

#### A Lack of Faith.

"Doctor, if there is no such thing as hydrophobia, how does it happen so many persons who have been bitten by rabid dogs die afterward in convulsions?"

"They die of fright, sir. They are scared to death. The imagination sometimes exerts a power sufficient to kill."

"Then why can't a patient who thinks he has hydrophobia be cured in the same way by making him imagine he is going to get well?"

"Because we can't inspire him with any—er—faith in our medicines."—Chicago Tribune.

#### A Steamer With Red-Hot Decks.

The British steamer Hawkhurst arrived at Rio Janeiro recently from Hull, with fire on board since March 23, at which time she was still 2,300 miles from Rio. When the fire was discovered on that day all means were employed to extinguish it, but vainly, and it progressed with such rapidity that all the boats were got out and victualled. Captain Robertson, however induced the crew to promise to stand by the vessel and make for Rio at highest speed. The fire became so intense that part of the deck and of the sides above water became red-hot, and only by spreading wet sails over the deck and keeping them continually wet were the men able to get about the ship. Holes were then made in various parts of the deck and high pressure steam from the donkey boiler injected during the night of the 23d, which so reduced the conflagration that it was at first to have been dominated.

All day on the 24th water was pumped into the hold, but on the 25th the deck and sides around the center of the fire were again red-hot. Steam was again injected with a good result, and on the 26th the heat of the deck and sides had lowered. But it was then discovered that the fire had reached the port coal bunkers, and that day and the 27th the crew were kept busy removing the coal. From the 28th to April 2 it was impracticable to enter the cabin or steerage, and four of the crew suffocated by smoke were with difficulty brought to. The commander was also badly burned on the right leg. The Brazilian government is going to present a medal to Capt. Thomas Robertson in recognition of his resolution and skill.—New York Herald.

#### What They Represent.

American Boy—Pop, what is the house of representatives called that for?

Patriotic Father—Because it represents 60,000,000 of people, my son.

American Boy—Well, what does the United States senate represent?

Patriotic Father—Thirty-two millions of dollars.—Puck.

#### SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

Rear Admiral Edward Donaldson is dead, aged 73 years.

Dr. Cronin, the missing Chicagoan, is said to be in Toronto.

The peach and pear crop in the east will be very large this year.

Fifteen "moonshiners" were captured in West Virginia recently.

Buffalo Bill is amusing the Parisians with his Wild West show.

A banquet was given to John C. New, the consul general at London.

The Democratic national committee will meet June 13 to elect a chairman.

A combination of glass fruit jar manufacturers of Pittsburgh is reported.

Gloucester, N. J., is crowded on Sundays with beer-drinking Philadelphians.

An English syndicate has bought five large Detroit breweries for \$700,000.

Bank-stealer Fish has been released from the Auburn (N. Y.) penitentiary.

Whitelaw Reid, the new minister to France, was warmly welcomed at Paris.

The guard of a United States paymaster was shot down in Arizona by robbers, who stole \$30,000.

President Harrison and Secretaries Blaine and Windom will occupy cottages in Deer Park this summer.

The battery of the Trenton has been saved at Apia, and efforts are being made to save that of the Vandalla.

A Chicago paper referred to a state senator as Mr. thos. h. Jones, and he has sued for \$75,000 damages. That's Big Money for Little Jones.

A combination, including English capitalists and others, has bought several large breweries in the neighborhood of Newark, New Jersey.

An Ohio church deacon exclaimed, "Consarn it all to Texas!" and the verdict of the church investigation was: "Not guilty but in bad taste."

A Cleveland girl objected to cigars, and her lover objected to striped stockings, and so all love letters were returned and the match declared a draw.

The cost of every pound of fish taken at a summer resort where the fishing is advertised to be excellent, is \$6.80, and it may be a mighty poor fish at that.

Cincinnati no longer calls herself "the Paris of America." She discovered that one-half of her population was German, and that "Berlin" fitted her better for a title.

The emperor of China has a new umbrella which requires the strength of ten men to carry it. It costs him twice as much as a circus tent, and is not near so large.

Mr. Taylor, of Massachusetts, has been awarded \$600 damages for being called "Muskrat Taylor." Had he been alluded to as "Foxy Taylor" he would have been pleased.

The New York Express says that lack of whisky is responsible for the good order prevailing in Oklahoma. And yet the very first train in there carried two car-loads of the fluid.

The clerks in the general land office are much exercised over the appointment by the president of the Rev. Mr. Townsend, the colored minister of Indiana, to be recorder in that office.

A Virginia woman who keeps a toll gate on the Berryville highway has had to shoot three tramps thus far this spring, and she looks forward to an unusually brisk season in that line.

It is supposed that the military parade in New York the other day scared seven or eight foreign nations out of their boots. Mexico hasn't bragged about licking us for a whole week past.

The Indian has got through with wars and ructions. His war-like spirit has been stamped out and he now makes one of the laziest and biggest loafers that the country can possibly produce.

The French have a custom of visiting the graveyards wherein their relatives are buried on the first of November. Last year there were 270,000 visitors of that sort, and this year there were 190,000 in the face of the most terrific downfall of rain.

The custom of tolling the bells of steamboats while passing Grant's grave on the Hudson River has been adopted by a few boats, in imitation of the custom among steamboat men on the Potomac when passing Washington's grave at Mount Vernon.

Kansas City has constructed a floating pest house for the accommodation of small-pox patients and anchored it in the Missouri river. It may be very convenient for the city, but mighty hard on the fish and those who are compelled to use the water from below the pest reeking pestilence.

According to Munhall's "Balance Sheet of the World," every day the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of \$2,500,000 to the accumulation of wealth in the United States, which is equal to one-third of the daily accumulation of all mankind outside of the United States.

A Maine man has developed a new and very original idea for making money in a law case. He says he is going to bring suit against the electric light company for damages to his hens, in keeping them awake every night till twelve o'clock by the bright light, as they are worn out for want of sleep, and are too tired to lay.

The Spanish parliament, or Cortes, originated in the old Gothic councils. The Cortes were assembled after a long interval of years, Sept. 24, 1510; settled the new constitution, March 16, 1812. This constitution, was set aside in May, 1814, by Ferdinand, who banished many members of the assembly. Cortes reopened in October, 1833, again assembled in April 1834 and has since been regularly convened.

General William S. Harney, the oldest officer in the United States army, has passed away. He was a famous Indian fighter, and won undying fame in Mexico. The brave old hero grounded arms at Orlando, Fla. His mortal remains were laid to rest in the Arlington cemetery in full view of the Nation's capital, a befitting place, inasmuch as the brave old man had spent a lifetime in the service of his country.

## FARM AND HOME.

### Brains and Farming.

Mother Earth is a bountiful, willing and forgiving provider. If she held up against us—most of us—the abuses and hard treatment to which, in ignorance or recklessness, we have subjected her, many of us would be on very "short commons," if we did not starve outright. The reckless abuse of this bountiful producer of all the necessities of life, grows out of the very generosity of the returns generally made by anything like decent cultivation. When the planter of crops in a virgin soil gets year after year a rich harvest, he comes to think that it will go on indefinitely. Probably for a few years, as the soil gets into better tith, there is an increased instead of diminished return, and possibility of failure does not dawn upon the farmer. Yet after a while, there begins to be a falling off. It is not perceptible at first, but though slow it is sure.

This failure may be the result of the exhaustion of special elements, from growing the same crops too consecutively, or of a number of elements where the crop is diversified and nothing done to restore the elements of plant food, chiefly compounds of nitrogen, phosphorus and potash.

When this state of things has come about, and it is a condition that has arrived in the experience of almost all who settled on new land any where but in those regions of exhaustless fertility, rich alluvial deposits and strong lime-stone lands, the necessity to use intelligence is imperative, or poverty is inevitable.

It is a difficult undertaking to restore a worn-out soil, but with economy, care and intelligence it may be done. It is true that a general principle may be laid down in a few words, the application of which will restore fertility to worn soils, but nothing will take the place of individual intelligence. As a general proposition, when farming has made land poor, it is safe to advise as follows: Crop less, take off as little grain and other crops as possible; grow stock, sell wool, butter and meat; feed as much as possible, save manure and apply liberally, plow under green manures, permit no washing of the soil; be economical, industrious and careful.

In general terms, these instructions followed faithfully will restore a worn farm. But when coupled with that sort of practice the farmer is intelligent enough to know the needs of particular crops, the value of different kinds of food, with reference to both nutrient and manure, and all those details which constitute the difference between mere blundering along on general principles and directing one's actions intelligently with reference to each thing done, then a poor farm may be managed with profit and improved at the same time.

But it is even more important to prevent impoverishment than to restore worn soils. The intelligence necessary in the latter case is, therefore, still more so in the former. It, therefore, behooves every farmer to cultivate his brains as assiduously as his soil. There are many very complete works on every department of farming. The farmer who fails to use all such means to inform himself stands greatly in his own light.

Agriculture is anything but a dry and tedious study; even without a thorough knowledge of the technique of the processes, a study of a practical treatise on the formation of plants, how they germinate, feed, grow and mature; the kinds of soils and foods best adapted to different kinds; the effects of light, air, moisture and tillage, will be found exceedingly interesting and immensely profitable. The farmer need not burden his memory with the nomenclature of either botany or chemistry, need not struggle with plant biology, nor care whether particular plants are phenogams or cryptogams, exogens or endogens; the essential thing is a practical knowledge of the laws governing reproduction and growth of crops. This can be obtained without difficulty and will be of inestimable value. A farmer has no more business to follow his calling without at least so much intelligence, than a medical or law practitioner to practice his profession. Will the time ever come when farmers generally prepare themselves as fully for their work as every other profession is compelled to?—Practical Farmer.

### Management of Incoming Cows.

The profit from a cow depends very much upon the management for some time previous to the calving. The best cows are always threatened by that usually fatal disease, milk fever, unless care is exercised to avoid the danger. The average cow which escapes this disorder needs equal care to secure the greatest product of milk for the longest time; and in a business dairy, where the calf is to be reared,

its value will depend upon the manner in which the cow is managed. Docility is a considerable element in the value of a cow, and this is to be looked to as much as a large milk yield. So that there are three important points to be considered—the safety of the cow, which her large development of udder and her rich milk yield, runs the most risk from the reaction consequent upon the disturbance of her system due to the calving; the judicious feeding of the cow, whose system is to be stimulated rather than depressed, and in all cases the training of the calf for its future usefulness. Heavy milkers should be kept on spare diet for at least a month previous to the calving. No grain should be given. Good hay is sufficient at this season. Some cows hold on to their milking so persistently that it is difficult to dry them off; but it should be done at least three weeks before the time expires. It is a great mistake to encourage the flow of milk up to too late a period for the purpose of boasting of the character of the cow. The frequency of milk fever with such cows is Nature's protest against this misuse of the animal and the breach of natural laws. The flow of milk should be reduced first, by feeding only dry hay, and, second, by partially milking only, always leaving some milk in the udder, and gradually lessening the quantity taken. If the cow has ever been attacked by milk fever occasional doses of a pound of Epsom salts will tend to avert inflammatory action which results in this disease. To stimulate the average cow, which is rarely in danger of this kind, the food should be judiciously regulated in regard to her condition. If she is thin, bran mashes or some cut roots with bran may be given with safety, but in no case should corn-meal, and still less cotton-seed or linseed oil-meal be fed. Good hay, with three or four pounds of bran steeped in warm water, will be sufficient as a daily ration. This food for a month previous to the calving will nourish the cow and very much help the calf.—American Agriculturist.

### Durable and Brilliant Whitewash.

There is nothing in our mind, so beneficial to the appearance of a farm as a little whitewash, and at the same time it enhances the value ten-fold when applied in liberal quantities. When one sees the fences and out buildings of the farm looking fresh and bright with whitewash the supposition generally expressed is that the farmer is a thrifty man, and the supposition is generally correct. Here is a durable and brilliant whitewash: One-half bushel of good lime, five pounds rock salt, dissolved, one-half pound whiting, four pounds ground rice, boiled to a thin paste, one-half pound clean grease. Slack the lime in a tight box or barrel with hot water, keeping the box covered that the steam may not escape. It can be tinted if desired. Slack to the consistency of thick cream. Thin it when used, so that it will flow freely from the brush. If put on too thick it will flake off more or less when dried.

The above is for outside work. For indoor, slack the lime as above, omitting the salt, grease and rice. Instead of thinning the creamy solution with water use skim milk. This latter is a secret worth knowing.

### Farm Notes.

The land roller and stalk cutter have proved to be two of the most useful implements on the farm.

The best land is not any too good for strawberries, but any land that will raise a first-class crop of corn or potatoes will raise a fair crop of strawberries.

Clear out the nests which have been used by sitters. Ventilate and whitewash them, and sprinkle them with carbolated insect powder before using them the second time.

An exchange recommends that in planting potatoes the eyes should be placed down as it gives the root a firmer hold. There is no trouble about the shooting finding its way upward.

Always set your hens in the evening rather than by daylight. They will be more sure to stick by the nest afterward. And for two or three days, at first, be careful that they are kept undisturbed.

The yard should be graded with gravel, so as to incline the water to flow away from the house, and the well should be also graded, the curb coming a foot or more above the ground. The water should not flow around the house, but away from it.

Hauling is one of the most expensive items on a farm, and in laying off a field or planning for any kind of crop, the first consideration should be the facility and ease of hauling and spreading the manure on the land, and the carrying off of the crop therefrom.

While it is an item to commence work as soon as possible in the spring, there is nothing gained in attempting to work the soil until it is sufficiently

dried out to work readily into a good tith, and sufficiently dry and warm to induce a good germination of the seed, and a vigorous start to the germ of the plants.

Give breeding sows a run to grass in the summer months, and feed sparingly of grain. If they have good grass feed let them depend on that entirely. Always salt more or less, especially just before they farrow. In winter quarters continue their natural food as nearly as possible, giving plenty of roots and steamed hay. Above all keep their bowels open and never think of such a thing as a sow troubling her pigs.

There is no particular objection in cropping a young orchard with potatoes. Newly-set trees are entitled to the best cultivation, and are more likely to get it with a hoed and cultivated crop. In this way, too, weeds may be extirpated, so that when the trees get into bearing, and it may be necessary to seed and manure on the surface to induce fruitfulness, the orchard may be almost made into a lawn. A well-tilled potato crop will not injure the trees, provided it be remembered in cultivating that a hill of potatoes is not to be saved at the expense of the trees.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### The Household.

**CALF'S LIVER AND BACON.**—The liver should be cut in slices, each  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch thick; cut also some streaky bacon into thin rashers of uniform thickness and fry them first, and drain on a plate, and add the fat to the frying-pan; after having covered each piece of liver with flour, fry them in the fat from bacon, and, when nicely browned on both sides, dish up the liver and bacon in a circular row, placing a piece of each alternately; strain off the fat from the pan in which the liver has been fried, add a little flour and a tablespoonful of catsup, a little pepper and salt, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  gill of stock or water; a few minced gherkins or mushrooms, pickled walnuts or mixed with the sauce, stir all together over the fire until the sauce just boils, and pour it over the liver and bacon.

**CURRIED FOWL OR CHICKEN.**—After preparing the fowl, cut it up by first separating the wings, then the legs; now separate the breast from the back, cut off the neck and the pinions at the second joint, and the feet at the first joint, cut back piece across neatly, and keep on the skin; put  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of butter into a clean stew-pan with 2 onions cut into small slices, or 1 Spanish onion, and let them stew to a pulp, then add the pieces of fowl and fry lightly. Add 1 ounce of flour, stir till well mixed, then add 1 ounce of curry powder, season with pepper and salt; add at intervals 1 pint of stock, and simmer till the fowl is ready. Place a colander over a basin, and pour into it the contents of the stew-pan. Shape the pieces of fowl and return to the stew-pan. Strain the sauce over them, add a little lemon juice, warm up, and serve with boiled rice.

It is essential in preparing a burry that the contents of the stew-pan are not allowed to boil. A little chutnee is sometimes added.

**OATMEAL FOR HOT WEATHER DRINKS.**—Put three tablespoonfuls of coarse oatmeal into three quarts of water and boil it for half an hour, while hot sweeten to taste with brown sugar. Most people prefer it strained. This is very good mixed with cocoa, about half of each, as a hot drink, or it can be flavored with cloves and lemon peel boiled in it. If it is to be drank cold and prepared in quantity, half an ounce of citric acid may be put to each two gallons. Lemon juice is preferable to the acid but dearer. Rice or barley drink can be made in the same way, using broken rice or barley instead of oatmeal.

### What We Seem to Lack.

When Washington was president,  
As cold as any icicle,  
He never on a railroad went,  
And never rode a bicycle.

He read by no electric lamp,  
Nor heard about the Yellowstone,  
He never looked a postage stamp,  
And never saw a telephone.

His trousers ended at the knees,  
By wire he could not send dispatch,  
He filled his lamp with whale oil grass,  
And never had a match to scratch.

But in these days it's come to pass,  
All work is with such dashing done—  
We've all those things; but then, alas—  
We seem to have no Washington.  
—Bob Burdette.

### What She Gave Up.

Miss Sally Jones—What did you give up during Lent, Mary Ann?  
Miss Mary Ann Smith—I give up trying to be any better than I am at any other season of the year.

Miss S. J.—And how did you succeed?

Miss A.—Splendidly.—Boston Courier.

### One in a Million.

As we got down in the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras, writes a New York Sun man, it came on to blow great guns, and the seas were tremendous. The steamer pitched and tossed and rolled in a way to frighten every body, and about mid-afternoon a sleek-looking young man pitched across the cabin to the sofa on which I was sitting and asked:

"Do you think we can pull through?"

"It's doubtful."

"Good chance of going down, eh?"

"Best in the world."

"Well, I have a few dollars in counterfeit money with me—some that was passed on me—and I guess I will throw it overboard."

He pitched across to his stateroom and probably got rid of it. In about half an hour he came for me again and asked:

"What do you think of it now?"

"She seems to be laboring heavily, and I'm expecting to hear that she has sprung a leak."

"Is that so? I have two or three packs of cards in my valise. That might count against me in the other world, and I guess I'll heave 'em out."

He was gone about a quarter of an hour this time, and as he staggered up to the sofa again the steamer almost stood on end.

"It's growing worse, isn't it?" he inquired.

"Much worse."

"And we ought to prepare for death?"

"We had."

"I—I believe I have two or three bogus bonds with me belonging to a friend who sometimes works a confidence racket. I guess they'll have to go, too."

While he was gone I shifted my position, and it was half an hour before he found me again. The steamer was rolling and pitching, and he was very white as he inquired:

"What are the chances now?"

"One in a million."

I did not see him again until we were near Wilmington. Then I caught him trying to work the three-card-racket on a South Carolina planter, and I called him aside:

"You seem to have recovered all your lost cheek, my friend."

"I have—yes."

"While you thought there was danger of our going down, you were very penitent."

"Just so."

"I thought you threw overboard every thing belonging to your profession?"

"Not quite. I was going to, but when you said we had one chance in a million, I took it and saved some, and if you'll let me alone I'll pull fifty dollars out of that old cottonseed before we make the wharf."

### Up in a Balloon.

To some extent rain retards upward progress, but I have made a number of ascensions in the face of storms, writes Prof. King in the Nashville American. Snow, however, is much more of an obstacle, and in a short time will accumulate upon the top of the balloon sufficiently to drive it to the earth. The clouds are sometimes as much as three thousand feet from top to bottom when the sky is entirely overcast. Often even above such a body of cloud may be seen smaller clouds with clear spaces in between. When within one of these spaces the sensation is that of being in a vault. With the solid, snowy clouds below you and the smaller clouds below you being by perspective brought close around, it appears as if you were in a cavern.

I have been above the clouds during a snow-storm, and the light of the moon shining so brightly through the rarified air produced an illumination rather supernatural. I have very frequently passed through frozen clouds. This is where vapor has fallen below the freezing point and been congealed into a substance resembling flour in appearance. This falls, and in doing so reaches a higher temperature, where the small particles are aggregated into flakes of snow.

Some clouds, however, present very much the appearance of a veil, and objects on the earth can be distinctly discerned from a position above them.

I have never known of an instance in which a balloon was hit by lightning. The thunder does not make a perceptibly greater noise than when you are on the ground. The sound proceeds from the upper layers of clouds, as does also the rain; and in many cases, when the lower strata appears very violent, perfect quiet then reigns, except for such motion as is produced by the rain falling through from above. The upper currents are the most active, and a cyclone or a wild storm is perhaps produced according as those upper currents descend to remain above the earth.

### INVENTOR OF THE COW-CATCHER.

He Never Received One Penny for His Invention.

"If you should go to Columbus, O., any time within the next few years, and should drop in the little model-littered office of the Novelty Iron in that city, you would see a sharp-eyed, white-headed old gentleman who would either be poring over some abstruse work on mechanics or sketching a quaint design for a pattern to be used in fabricating some piece of ornamental iron work. That old gentleman is L. B. Davies, who ran the first locomotive in Ohio, who was for years a locomotive engineer in that state, and who is the man that invented the cow-catcher used on every locomotive in this country to-day, and in other countries, too, I suppose. That invention, or conception, has saved millions of dollars to railroad companies, and undoubtedly hundreds of lives; but Davies had never received a penny's benefit from it."

"One day I was running one of my trips, thinking as usual about the cow-catcher. I noticed a farmer plowing in a field near the railroad. The manner in which the mold board of his plow threw the soil to one side instantly gave me the idea that I had so long sought. That was the very action I wanted for a cow-catcher, but it was one-sided. Then it struck me that a device that would be virtually a plow with a double mold board would give the action on both sides, and the modern locomotive pilot was invented there and then as I sped through that valley. I did not rest until I had constructed a pilot after my plan. I attached it to the locomotive Paterson, and on my very first trip with it its success was more than demonstrated. Superintendent Medberry was with me on the trip. While we were going at a stiff rate of speed we rounded a curve and came suddenly upon a drove of cattle on the track. I couldn't have stopped if I had wanted to, but I wouldn't have stopped if I could for I determined to test the value of my new pilot let the consequences be what they might. We cut through that drove like a plow going through soil, and threw the cattle to the right and left off and away from the track without disturbing the locomotive a particle.

"Every locomotive on that road was fitted with my cowcatcher at once. Superintendent Medberry advised me to have the device patented, but I had so much work to attend to that I neglected it. The news of my pilot soon spread, and it wasn't long before every road in the country had it on its locomotive, and it is in use to-day, with no deviation whatever from my original plan. That idea that the Buckeye farmer's plow gave me should have made me more than a millionaire, but it never brought me a single penny—not even a free ride over the road for which I made the first cow-catcher.—New York Sun.

### Swindling Green Farmers.

Many unsuspecting farmers in Bucks and Huntingdon counties, Pa., have been swindled out of hundreds of dollars recently by a clever scheme, worked by a gang of gentlemanly-appearing sharpers. One of the gang drives up to a farmer's house and requests permission to store in the barn a number of pitchforks of an inferior quality. Permission being granted, the farmer is told that the forks comprise the last of a large consignment, and will be sold at very low figures in order to close a transaction. A tempting offer then made of fifty per cent. commission to the farmer upon any sales made while the forks are temporarily in his charge, and a long agreement, most of which is in fine print, and alleged to be only a stipulation as to commission, is in most cases then signed by the tempted tiller of the soil, who neglects to read the paper carefully, and learns, when too late, that he has contracted to buy the worthless forks at an exorbitant figure.

### Stick to Your Flannels.

Stick to your flannels, Tom,  
Till the end of May;  
Don't take them off, my boy,  
And catch pneumonia.  
Stick to your flannels, Tom,  
However glows the sun,  
Or you will be an angel, Tom,  
Before the spring is done.  
—Boston Courier.

### Commonness of Adventures.

There is not, perhaps, among the multitudes of all conditions that swarm upon the earth a single man who does not, at one time or other, summon the attention of his friends to the casualties of his adventures and the vicissitudes of his fortune—casualties and vicissitudes that happen alike in lives uniform and in lives diversified—to the commander of armies and to the writer at a desk—to the sailor who resigns himself to the wind and water, and to the farmer whose longest journey is to the market.

Payments always in advance and papers stopped promptly at expiration of time paid for.  
All kinds of Job Printing at low prices.  
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as second class matter.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22.

#### Two Valuable Books.

Messrs. Lee & Shepherd, of Boston, have just published two very valuable books by the late Charles L. Flint. They are entitled, "Milch Cows and Dairy Farming," and "Grasses and Forage Plants." These books are elegantly gotten up and are valuable beyond comparison, and are sold at Two Dollars each. We will send them at this price, or for \$2.25 will send either book and this paper one year. Or we will give one book to any one sending us \$4.00 for four yearly subscriptions, or both books for seven subscribers and \$7.00.

The hanging of the burglar and murderer, Oliphant, by citizens of Topeka, has brought out considerable discussion. Some papers seem to think a new law is necessary in order to secure capital punishment. Father Baker talks of capital punishment having been abolished, Ex-Gov. Martin thinks more legislation is needed, and Gov. Humphrey in his inaugural address, declared that some action should be taken to relieve the executive of the responsibility that is put upon him. We believe this talk is all nonsense. The whole trouble has arisen from a lot of namby-pamby governors who have shirked their duty. The law of the state, as it stands, provides for capital punishment, but gives the executive of the state a year's time to determine whether there is any reason why it should not be inflicted, or if the death sentence should be commuted to imprisonment for life.

The governors of Kansas are not required to assume any unusual responsibility in such cases. They are simply authorized to exercise leniency, within a year, if it appears to be deserved. In such cases they simply refrain from signing the death warrant and fixing the date of execution. Instead of being an unusual responsibility, this is in fact a concession on the part of the people to the executive powers.

A murderer in this state is tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung, as in most other states. The governor has a year in which to execute the law. If, from new evidence, or for any reason that seems to him satisfactory, it appears more in the interest of justice, he may refrain from giving his sanction to the death penalty, and at the end of a year, the sentence becomes practically imprisonment for life. We hold that this is relieving the governor from a terrible responsibility. Suppose the law was mandatory, and after conviction there should appear mitigating circumstantial evidence, of which did not appear on trial, but not sufficient to secure a new trial, the governor may take advantage of the right given him by the law, and be relieved from an embarrassing responsibility.

If, however, there appear no palliating circumstances, and the death penalty is warranted, the governor assumes no unusual responsibility, no more than the jury and the judge have already assumed, in finding guilty and sentencing the criminal to death.

What we do want is a little more manhood in the enforcement of law, the law in question and some others as well.

It is stated that before Oliphant was hung on the night of June 4 Gov. Humphrey was waited upon, and asked if Oliphant was spared, and upon trial was convicted of murder, he would see that he was hung according to law, and that he would not give such assurance.

We do not vouch for the truth of this statement, but his refusal might be a natural sequence, following the example of other governors and his own address, and if true, he is as much responsible for Oliphant's death, and more ignominiously so, than he would have been as governor, signing a warrant for execution under the law.

Let the law stand as it is, but let there be men elected for governors willing to assume the duties of the office whether they be agreeable or otherwise.

**"Trusts."**  
In a recent article in THE RURAL NEW YORKER, T. D. Curtis thus describes and predicts the outcome of those monopolistic combinations called "trusts," several of which have been lately organized to prey specially upon the farmer:

"What is the cause of the present co-operative movement on the part of each industry? It is the reaction from the old competitive system, which has brought us down to shoddy, adulterations, and cheats and swindles of all kinds, for the purpose of securing a profit from the consumer. It is co-operation on a narrow base for monopolistic purposes. Every combination has the same end in view—to get rid of competition in its own ranks, and to compel the general public to pay whatever is demanded. In some cases, it may even reduce prices to the consumer; but prices, sooner or later, are sure to go up. The different combines will be so many organizations for fleecing the public, and each will want to get the biggest share of the fleece. So each will gradually move to put up prices, and the roar of the giants will begin. Instead of competition in detail, we shall have competition between the organized industries—all scrambling to get the most of what there is, regardless of the consumer and the tolling and producing millions, save so far as they can be made a source of dividends. \* \* \*

"What shall be the remedy? All palliative legislation will fail; and there is no sense in legislation which public intelligence does not indorse, and public sentiment will not see enforced. Premature legislation, however just, would retard instead of helping reform. But it is likely that many effectual measures will be tried before the people will clearly see and demand the true one. That I conceive to be NATIONAL CO-OPERATION.

"Now the best service which the people get is the postal. This is run by themselves through their government. They must take possession of all the railroads of the country, and build as many new ones as may be needed, as a part of the postal system. It must carry passengers and freight, as it does mail matter, at bare cost and the expense for repairs. They must in conjunction with these, take the telegraphs and telephones. The mining and other public interests must be assumed and run in the name of and for the people—and so on, as far and as fast as the people demand and the necessities of the case will permit. These being already organized under true management, they will be ready to be delivered up to the people. The same officers may continue to run all these industries and the same operatives, with others, may continue to be employed. But the officers will work on salaries and the operatives will be paid equitable wages as government employes."

#### A Successful Industry.

The Consolidated Barb Wire Company is one of the most prosperous institutions in Lawrence. From the time it was established, twelve years ago, it has been a success. Some times during the "dull" seasons, it has not been run at its full capacity, yet it has always been considered a good paying institution. The company is regularly incorporated with Hon. J. D. Bowersock as president and A. Henley, secretary and manager. Under this management the wire manufactured has competed with that of any of the eastern factories. The Santa Fe railroad has side tracks located conveniently near the factory. The factory has a capacity of from two to three car loads of wire daily and employs about sixty hands. Both two point and four point wire is manufactured, and it is all of the best quality. The products of the company find ready market in Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Nebraska and Wyoming. The manager, Mr. Henley, is one of the best business men in the city, and a man who takes a pride in the city and in the institutions. He has great hopes for the future of the wire factory and under his efficient management, the future success of the institution is assured.

#### Teachers' institutes flourish.

J. F. Legate will orate in Wamego July 4.

Sullivan is a mighty unfortunate name to carry.

Show this paper to your neighbor and get him to subscribe.

Presiding Elder James Lawrence, has taken up his residence in Manhattan.

Lawrence is bursting with patriotism and there will be no relief until the Fourth of July.

The first colored Catholic priest in the United States has just been ordained in Baltimore.

The Buckeye Binder has had a big run in Kansas this year. It is running every day just now.

It is said that the Valley Falls Lumber has gone to its own; in other words has gone to—Arkansas.

More apples have been shipped from America to Europe the past year than ever before in a single year.

The abundant rains have made the growth of all sorts of crops as well as weeds very rapid, and made it more difficult than usual to destroy the weeds.

Old lamp burners should be boiled often, in strong salaratus water. Let them boil for an hour, polish and they will not trouble you by causing a smoky light.

Weeds are the worst kind of interlopers, and if allowed to swell around and have their own way, they rob the cultivated crops of their inherited legacy from both soil and atmosphere.

In these days of enlighten progress not only is one man as good as another, but he considers himself a great deal better. Not so with Esterbrook's Steel Pens, which are of a uniform quality.

I don't care how you put it—the cost of weeds or the waste of weeds—one thing is certain, the farmer who raises them is running a costly business with no return,—no, there's not one redeeming quality about them.

Did you read what was said in this paper last week by the business manager of the Herald of Faith, St. Louis, about Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria? No one can have Malaria in the system and enjoy one hour of perfect health. A few doses of the Antidote will cure you immediately. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail one dollar, by Dr. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, Penna.

To the young, enterprising man, who thinks he would like agricultural and horticultural pursuits, and has means to support himself for a few years, as well as to secure the property, I would say, strike into Southern California, and be industrious, and your fortune is made. On the other hand, the man who enjoys good health in the New England of Middle States, with a good home, and is comfortably well situated, had better let well enough alone.—Rural Californian.

To make a good food for laying hens put two or more quarts of water in a kettle, and one large seed pepper or two small ones, then put the kettle over the fire. When the water boils, stir in the coarse Indian meal until you have a thick mush. Let it cook an hour or so and feed hot. Horse radish is chopped fine and stirred into mush as prepared in the above directions, and for the results we are getting from five to ten eggs per day, whereas previous to feeding we had not any eggs for some time.

The importance of the leather interest, which is the second among the great industries of the country, is demonstrated by the following table of comparisons: Leather proper, with the collateral branches of boots and shoes, saddlery and harness, represents \$419,000,000, as against \$505,000,000 for flouring and grist mills; the iron and steel production amounts to \$296,000,000; lumber, \$270,000,000; meats and provisions, \$303,000,000; woolen goods, \$267,000,000; cotton goods, \$210,000,000.

The opinion of "Hoard's Dairyman," supported by experience of others, is that scours in calves is caused by too much butter fat in milk, and that the remedy is thinner milk. This is worth noting and experimenting on. The trouble has generally been charged to over feeding, but if excess of butter fat is the difficulty, the dairymen has only to put his calves on his poorest cows, or to try the milkman's plan of thinning the too rich milk at the pump. It is well enough, however, to wait for symptoms of scours, before thinning the milk and cutting down the feed of the calves. An under fed calf never recovers from any check to growth. The best grain food for calves is bran, or ground oats, and the best hay in the barn should be reserved for the little fellows, who do better on hay and grain and milk than when exposed to the hot sun during the day. Calves need shade.

Pint, Quart and Half-gallon Fruit Jars at Farnsworths Crockery Store, 503 Kansas Avenue, South, Topeka, Kansas.

Harrison Kelley is getting enough free advertising to make him well known without going to congress.

Well, yes, you can put forty-two stars on your flag if you want. It will be all right next year if not before.

Not Lawrence nor Kansas lost anything when the old Walrus Brewery was, by prohibition, changed into a big tannery and shoe manufactory.

A barn belonging to Edward Miller living one mile south of Eudora, was struck by lightning Friday night and destroyed. A horse and farm implements were burned.

Mrs. Cleveland is learning to fiddle, but she will hardly be able to work her husband back to the White house with that instrument. It will do sometimes, for a Tennessee congressman, but that is about all.

Eastern farm lands are not increasing in value but are decreasing except in favored localities. This is due to the fact that the great agricultural west raises the meat and the breadstuffs of the nation.

Ex-Governor Osborn has turned over to the state treasurer the \$5,000 endowment given the state for a medical library by the widow of the late Dr. Stormont of this city. The endowment was accepted by the legislature.

It is said that European jealousies together with the present situation of the Vatican, may dictate the election of the American Cardinal, Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore to the chair of Peter.



"It never rains but it pours,"

But then Kansas can stand lots of rain, and the people lots of bargains, both provided will make this a prosperous year. If the Lord will send the rain we will look to it that you get great bargains in

## Dry Goods and Boots & Shoes.

We have some nice goods and some great trades for you still left in our Red Figure Clearance Sale. You can get a good Shoe for Women or Children as low as \$1.00. Babies Shoes as low as 27c. Mens shoes all prices and all low. These are all good solid goods, No Shoddy.

On the Dry Goods side of the house we have an elegant assortment of new and seasonable goods.

A fine line of Ladies and Gentlemen's Summer Underwear at very low prices.

One lot heavy Shirtings at 10c per yard.

" " " " " 12 1-2c per yard.

You will find these extra good value.

A superb line of Gingham at 12 1-2c.

Some very nice dress Gingham at 10c.

There is nothing that will make you a better summer dress than the Cochecho Muslin. They will wear and wash indefinitely. Look at our line.

We have the best line of French Satines to be found any where for 25c a yard. Our 10c and 12 1-2c lines are both bargains and beauties.

We have got our prices on Parasols and Sun Umbrellas lower than anybody.

## New York Store!

North Topeka, Kan

J. S. WARNER.

P. W. GRIGGS.

## FARM MACHINERY, Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys & Carriages.

—ACME HARROWS—

Nichols & Shepherd's Threshers & Engines,  
Deering & Wood's Binders & Mowers,  
And Machine Oils.

In fact, the best makes of everything that money will buy. Our "Gold Medal" Delivery and Farmers' Spring Wagons, With Ludlow Springs, are World-Beaters and every farmer and grocer should examine them before buying.

Plenty of Binding Twine on Hand, the Best and Cheapest.

## WARNER & GRIGGS

Cor. 6th & Quincy. TOPEKA, KANS.

Telephone 183.

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.

#### Maidenly Accomplishments.

"Martha," said farmer Jones to his wife, "who unharnessed the horse yesterday when you got home from the village?"

"Oh, I and the girls, for the boys were away in the fields to work, and a hard time we had of it. What makes you let the buckles get so rusty and hard to unbuckle?"

"Hal! I should say hard to unbuckle! I never knew anybody before to unbuckle the girths on the off side, nor the tugs from the breast-plate; and sure as I'm alive you've unbuckled the lugs from the saddle to get the 'fills' down; and if you haven't loosened the bits at the blinders to get them out of the horse's mouth, while the head stall is pulled off without unbuckling the throatlatch! Well, I should say you had a hard time! I never knew anybody before to take a harness all to pieces to get it off the horse. Where are the girls! I'll give them some lessons in horse-harnessing right off. This part of their education has been neglected too long already."

Moral:—Every farmer's wife, if she has not already learned it as a farm's daughter, should learn to harness and drive a horse.

The state board of charities has located the State Industrial school for girls upon an eighty acre tract a half mile south of Beloit. Five sites were offered by the citizens of Beloit, from which to select, and they donate the one selected. The tract selected is a beautiful piece of land and is admirably adapted to the purpose to which it is to be put. Plans for the building have been accepted and their construction will be begun in August or September. They will cost about \$18,000 and the remaining \$7,000 of the \$25,000 appropriated by the legislature will be required to furnish the institution. There are now thirty-four inmates in the institution, which occupies temporary quarters in a private building.

Few people have ever taken the trouble to figure out how many miles some faithful old horse has traveled in their service. A man in Maine has done it, and finds that in the 13 years he has driven his horse it has gone 50,000 miles by the record. In 10 years a pair of eastern Maine stage horses have traveled 70,000 miles. In Denver, Col., the street car company owns a horse that has been twelve years in service drawing cars, and has made an average of 12 miles per day. In that time he has lost or rested but 40 days, and therefore can be credited with traveling 52,080 miles.

#### PIANOS.

The Weber, Starr & Co. and other first-class pianos.

ORGANS.—The Newman Bros., Organs, the finest in the world.

Call and see them and be convinced. All instruments bought direct from manufactory, and sold at lowest prices.

E. B. GUILD.

108 West 8th street.

TOPEKA, KANS.

Established in 1875.

## Western Farm News.

The Missouri Pacific declared a regular quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. payable July 15.

The president has appointed Donald McLean of New York to be general appraiser of merchandise for the port of New York.

Corn has been suggested as the plant which should be made the national emblem of the United States. It is the best yet presented.

Joseph Rose fired three pistol shots at his step-daughter at San Francisco and then cut his throat with a razor. Rose was considered mildly insane.

Rube Polk, jr., and George Andry of Augustine, Tex., fought a duel with bowie knives over a young woman. Polk was killed and Andry frightfully injured.

Carlos French will represent Connecticut in the national democratic committee, succeeding the late General Barnum, and D M Haskell South Carolina, succeeding the late Col Dawson.

There is a general sentiment prevailing the minds of farmers and of laboring people for an early consolidation of all labor organizations that the producing classes may get fully in line and thoroughly organized, understanding each other's wants better.

The better hygiene you can observe for the first eighteen months of baby's life, the better chance the child has of living.

"Why cook over a hot fire" asks a Lawrence advertiser, of gas stoves. It is probably because no woman can boil potatoes over a chunk of ice.

Wool received at St. Louis between the 1st day of April and the 5th day of June aggregated 4,000,000 pounds, twice as much as was received last year.

By all means give us hearty, healthy, romping girls, rather than pale-faced little ladies, condemned from their cradles to nervousness, headache and similar ailments.

Should a lady's dress catch fire, let the wearer at once lie down. Rolling may extinguish the fire, but if not, anything (woolen preferred) wrapped tightly round will effect the desired purpose.

Mothers who counsel their little girls to play very quietly make a mistake. Better the laughing, rosy-cheeked, romping girl than the pale, lily-faced one, who is called every inch a lady.

A wet silk handkerchief tied over the eyes and nose will make breathing possible in the midst of much smoke and a blanket wet and wrapped around the body will enable a person to pass through a sheet of flame in comparative safety.

No cosmetic removes freckles. It may temporarily hide them, but it will be at the expense of the texture of the skin. A lotion of Jamaica rum and lemon juice is frequently effective, but strawberry juice applied at bedtime is decidedly the best, both for freckles and those annoying moth or liver patches.

The city of Washington is one of the greatest saloon cursed places in the country. It would be a blessed good thing to have a congress that would give us prohibition in the District of Columbia as they have in the Indian territory. The Indian needs prohibition not a whit more than the white man.

A burn becomes less painful the moment air is excluded from it. For simple burns, oil or the white of an egg can be used. One part of carbolic acid to six parts of olive oil is found to be invaluable in most cases, slight or severe, and the first layer of lint should not be removed till the cure is complete.

A new field for American enterprise is opening up in Honduras and in Central American states. Railroad enterprise is proposing to build a line of road to Honduras that will stimulate the development of the supposed richest silver mines in the world, and in the development of the fruit, mahogany and rubber trade.

Fire requires air; therefore, on its appearance every effort should be made to exclude the air; shut all doors and windows. By this means, fire may be confined to a single room for a sufficient period to enable all the inmates to be aroused and escape; but if the doors and windows are thrown open, the fanning of the wind and the draft will instantly cause the flames to increase with extraordinary rapidity.

How few there are who undertake to pursue any work for the public good unless they can get for such services as much or more gold than they could for doing any thing else. And how many there are who would do almost anything, however bad, if they could get enough gold for it. Most persons will sell almost anything they have if they can get enough money for it, and would go to almost any place if the pecuniary inducement was sufficiently large. Let a new gold-mine be found which yields more than any other, and many rush to it from all parts of the country and forsake all the ordinary comforts and enjoyments of life and home, and even endanger life itself by the hardships and privations which they endure to secure for themselves as much as possible of the filthy lucre.

In Quenemo six persons arrested for bailing and running a witness off that was to testify in whiskey cases, were sent to jail.

## Poultry Hints.

Never feed laying hens on one certain diet nor any coarse grain that will produce fat. Feed them on oats, scraps from the table, and bits of fresh meat occasionally.

In erecting your poultry houses be sure to make them varmint proof.

If your fowls are closely confined, provide plenty of gravel, fresh water and green food, if you want them to do well.

Keep the poultry houses clean and whitewash in and out once every month or two.

Pour kerosene on the roosts freely and burn them off.

Take out the old straw from the nests and burn it, and put in new. In making nests for setting hens make them on the ground, or as close to the ground as possible and shape them well so as to prevent the eggs rolling out.

Put all the culls on the market, such as late hatched, odd shaped, etc. Never keep breeding birds over four years old when younger ones can be procured at a small figure.

Don't be run over by the cheap neighbors because you have the best and they have only half breeds.

Don't have four or five dogs that are worthless and have to be fed enough to keep-up 50 fowls.

Give more attention to the fowls and they will afford you both pleasure and profit.

Gov. Robinson's address to the Douglas Farmer's Institute which we print on our last page, is worthy of the careful study of every reader. Gov. Robinson is a practical farmer, an educated physician, who piloted the first settlers to Kansas, and has been intimately connected with the history of the state. He makes some strong points.

Among the Kansas state institutions, none is more deserving of praise than the institution for the education of the deaf and dumb at Olathe, in Johnson county. The institution has grown in twenty years from a little class of seven pupils to a large school with an enrollment of 225 pupils, ranging from 8 to 21 years of age, all of whom are being educated by the most approved methods.

A little more summary hanging might be a good thing in Topeka. Here is a poor young colored woman who faints on the streets while trying to sell a few vegetables. Two nights before a worthless husband had kicked and pounded her until the doctor thinks she cannot live. Still she comes over two miles to try to raise a little money to feed her two children. Life service on the rock pile is what such brutes deserve, unless it be hemp.

Sheriff Fuller has received a letter from W. A. Oliphant, of Union, Ind., referring to the hanging of Nat Oliphant in Topeka, for the murder of A. T. Rodgers a few weeks ago. Mr. Oliphant is a wealthy and highly respected farmer and stock raiser, and his letter shows how keenly the family feel the disgrace brought upon it by the act of one wayward member. The murderer's mother was made a raving maniac by the news of her son's crime and death, and, it is said, cannot long survive. The murderer's parents not long since moved from Florida in poor circumstances, and are now living in Indiana on a farm given them by W. A. Oliphant, who is a cousin. Nat Oliphant was the only black sheep in the family, which is connected with that of Ex-Governor Porter, now minister to Italy. The family casts no blame upon the citizens of Topeka for their act, the letter saying they did no more than was right. A touching request is made for any little trinkets that Nat may have had about him, to be sent to his mother.

Strangers visit town daily.

The largest wheat crop ever raised in Kansas is now nearly all harvested.

Every brass band in the state is preparing for a grand blow on the Fourth of July.

A Thomas county wheat thresher has already contracted to thresh the product of 1,400 acres.

The Samoan commission have finished its work and this country secures all that was asked.

Garfield county is beginning the erection of a fine three-story court house and jail, occupying a ground area of 2,970 square feet.

W. J. A. Montgomery, of the Clay Center Democrat, has signalized his return to Clay Center journalism by getting arrested for libel.

Hereafter all United States navy vessels will be painted white. It is claimed that the temperature inside will thereby be decreased four degrees.

The wife of Captain Milt Brown, who was injured in a cyclone near Cottonwood Falls, Kas., recently, is dying of her injuries. Her husband was killed by the cyclone.

Lew Hadley tells in the Gaylord Herald about a boy catching a large jack-rabbit in a novel way. The rabbit undertook to run into a field of wheat, but the wheat was so thick and tall and strong that when it got half its body driven among the stalks it stuck fast.

## Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, EDITOR.

Peter Henderson tells of an asparagus grower near Atlanta whose crop gave for three successive years a net profit of \$1,500 per acre.

Some insects may be trapped by placing elices of raw potato, or some sweetened substance, on the soil around the plants. When collected on these they can be taken up and dipped in hot water.

Anything in the nature of lye will destroy the apple tree borer or the young borers before they penetrate the bark very far, but, after the borer is once under the bark, following it up with a wire is the only way to destroy it.

Dead limbs of fruit or other trees should be promptly removed. The cutting should be below any diseased part, or it will spread the infection. The saw used should not be applied to healthy trees unless first washed with carbonic acid and water.

Properly cultivated currant bushes grow so luxuriantly and produce such a mass of large leaves, that it is an easy matter to prevent the currant caterpillars from doing any serious damage. The true remedy is powdered white hellebore, to be had from druggists.

The currant bush, because it is hardy, is abused more than any other fruit-bearing shrub or tree on the premises. It will produce even under the most gross neglect, but its fruit is inferior to the natural product—that is, a vigorous growth of wood will furnish currants superior in size, if not in flavor, to the neglected.

A farmer residing near Rochester, half a dozen years ago, timidly made the attempt of growing a half-acre of his fifty-acre farm in vegetables for a village market. His venture was so satisfactory that he gradually increased his area, so that he now uses thirty of his fifty acres mostly in growing cabbages for the Rochester market.

I believe it pays to cultivate the currant. The best time to kill out the grass at the roots of the sod-bound bushes, is to spade it up and turn the grass downward in the fall, and then put on a light coat of leached ashes. If the sod is overturned in the spring a new growth will come up between the sods, and spread over the whole surface again; but turned late in the fall, the grass dies out and forms an excellent mulch. The ashes act as a fertilizer also, and at the same time making the killing of the roots of grass a double certainty.

In order to induce an apple tree to bear every season, climb into the top, or go up ladders, just as one does when plucking ripe fruit, and with a pair of sharp shears clip off all the young fruit from about half of the tree. Then fruit buds will form next year on that side of the tree from which the young apples were cut off. One-half the top then will bear fruit one year, while the other half will yield fruit next season.—Farmers' Magazine.

Gooseberries and currants are the easiest fruit can be raised. Pick and stem them then fill the cans, shaking down to make them settle and thus get more in. After placing the can on a thickly folded cloth, fill it up slowly with boiling water. Screw down the top, place the can on a folded cloth in a kettle of hot water on the back of the stove and keep it there until the berries look clear, and show that they are heated through. Both green and ripe gooseberries and currants may be canned in this way and keep their form and flavor perfectly.

How many really good men there are who live from one year's end to another without ever uttering one word of praise for the patient, self-sacrificing wife or mother, who works from sunrise until way into the night. They seem to think it is beneath a man to praise his wife. The orderly, well-kept house, the dainty table, and the clean, well-dressed children, are taken as a matter of course. Perhaps she has made your favorite pudding for dinner in hopes of pleasing and winning a smile from you, but you haven't any time or words to waste on her. You eat it and that ought to satisfy her. Would it have cost you any more to have told her how nice it tasted and how kind she was to make it? It would surely have brightened her day for her and lightened her weary load. When you wanted to win her for your wife, it was very easy to praise her; in fact everything she did then was all right in your eyes. Why should it be different now? Is she less dear as your wife than she was as your sweetheart? A man who has never time to praise his wife or give her a few words of encouragement is not worthy of a good wife. The day may come when, all too late he will give anything to be able to praise her or win a smile from her cold, dead face. Women cannot stand everything and I believe that more wives die from their husbands' coldness and indifference and unappreciation than from any disease.

—FARMERS' VOICE.

## Western Foundry

### AND MACHINE WORKS. R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r

Manufacturer of Steam Engines,  
Mill Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys,  
Gearing and Fittings, Etc.  
Topeka, Kans

WRITE FOR PRICES

### INTER-OCEAN MILLS. PACE, NORTON & CO., —NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.—

Millers and Grain Merchants.  
Manufacturers of the following celebrated brands of Flour: WHITE LOAF, High Patent; DIAMOND, High Patent; BUFFALO, Straight Patent; IONA, Straight Patent LONE STAR, Fancy.

A few sods and a little cow manure made into a heap now where you can throw kitchen slops, will make an excellent compost for flower pots next summer.

The Mitchell Horticultural Society has invited the State society to hold the annual meeting there this summer, and the invitation has been accepted by the secretary.

Applications for space for exhibits from the states of California, Iowa, and Missouri have been received by Secretary Moon for the coming state fair, as well as numerous applications for stalls for live stock. The association will immediately commence work on the grand stand, the plans being now in course of preparation by architects. Everything is now wide open for the grandest fair Kansas has ever known.

In the report of the last annual meeting of the New Jersey Horticultural Society the following are given as some of the yields obtained by its members, "although the season has been uniformly bad": Early cabbages produced \$435 per acre; early tomatoes, \$585 per acre; asparagus, four acres returned \$900; seven acres, \$1,000; four acres, \$200; and some instances as high as \$300 per acre.

A recent prize offered by an Eastern horticultural society of the largest money product from a given area of small fruits was awarded to a strawberry grower whose sales for two acres amounted to more than seven teen hundred dollars.

Colonel Wm. F. Switzer has received the report of State Agent T. D. Thacher of Kansas, on the mining, manufacturing and agricultural interests of that state. This is the first report received from any of the states to be located in the forthcoming volume of the bureau of statistics on the trans-Mississippi region. The report from Kansas is said to be a model in the arrangement and completeness of detail, and Colonel Switzer praises Mr. Thacher's work in the highest degree.

Manhattan sends three carloads of corn, 1,800 bushels, to the Pennsylvania sufferers. The Union Pacific and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy roads carry the corn free to Chicago where it will be sold and the proceeds sent to Johnston.

### Prohibition in Kansas.

The following bit of straightforward testimony from George W. Martin's paper, coming from one who had no faith in prohibition as a temperance movement, speaks volumes for Kansas:

"The conclusion we have come to about prohibition is that it is not treated fairly either by its friends or foes. It has done all that could be reasonably expected of it. It has abolished the saloon, and eliminated the whiskey power as a political factor. The streets are cleaner and more decent. It has stopped the indiscriminate treating business. It has stopped a great many moderate whiskey drinkers, who frequently dropped into a handy place, but who do not care enough for a drink to walk a block out of their way and up a dark alley. It has helped reform some men. It has made drinking and drink-selling odious. But it has not changed human nature. Men will sneak and men will drink. Such men carry it in their pockets, and they may have their rooms full. The stuff kills occasionally yet, but not so much as when it was flowing freely everywhere."

Mr. W. J. Stillman, the art critic, writes to the New York Evening Post that M. Hebert, Director of the Academie Francaise at Rome, "one of the most thoughtful of modern French painters, and perhaps the best representative still living of the great poetic French school of art," says of Mr. Cole's engravings now appearing in the Century, that "he had never seen such work on wood, and did not suppose wood-engraving to be capable of it."

It is said that this series of pictures is being received with great interest in Italy where are most of the originals which Mr. Cole has reproduced. All of his pictures are engraved directly from the originals, Mr. Cole doing his work in the galleries and churches in front of the paintings; and the great value of the series is in the absolutely faithful rendering which the engraver has given of the artists' work.

## How to Get Rich!

Buy Where Your Dollars will Go Farthest!

The CHEAPEST place in Kansas to buy new and second hand furniture, gasoline and cook stoves, is at 116 Laurent Street, North Topeka (Back of Wolff's Dry Goods Store.)

### WE Clean, Repair Paint & Varnish

and make our second hand furniture as strong and nice as new.

BRING IN YOUR BROKEN FURNITURE AND HAVE IT REPAIRED, OR SELL IT TO US FOR CASH.

### We Pay the Highest Market Price for Second-hand Furniture.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO COME AND GET OUR PRICES, BEFORE YOU BUY OR SELL.

## TOPEKA Furniture CO.

MISS ANNA ALLAWAY, \*

### Fashionable Millinery, And Hair Goods

— IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES. —  
803 Kan. Ave., TOPEKA, KAN.

Dressmaking a Specialty.  
A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

N. B.—Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for reply. B. F. J. & Co.

When the state house dome is completed, which will be not later than January 1, 1890, there will be a winding stairway on the inside by which the ascent will be made comparatively easy for citizens or visitors, and none of the latter will ever be allowed to leave the city without taking in this view from the dome of the capitol, as it will then be possible to see the university at Lawrence, the smoke rising from the factories at Kansas City, and to locate a dozen smaller cities lying off to the north, west and south.

Secretary Mohler is now busy looking into the government's proposed national system of reservoirs as affecting Kansas.

The graduating class at West Point contains forty-eight members. Kansas has one member, Charles Crawford who stands forty-one in the list. The only colored cadet failed to pass, being deficient in engineering. He is offered a re-examination in the fall.

While Colorado is not much of an agricultural country, and can perhaps never be, yet it is already a manufacturing state of considerable importance, and is ultimately destined to be to the west what Pennsylvania is to the east. Her iron, copper, lead, gold and silver mines, as well as her coal fields are inexhaustible, and capable of sustaining a population of millions. Kansas is preeminent an agricultural state, and as she is, as it were, the "door yard" of Colorado, albeit that door yard is 200 miles wide and 400 miles long, filled with great fields of waving grain and growing corn, it follows that Kansas is to be the source of supply from which these millions are to be fed. Kansas is indeed fortunately situated.

The total Indian population is less than 250,000. Of these 21,232 live in houses, and 9,612 families are engaged in agriculture. And among these so-called savages we find 28,668 church members.

## THE GOVERNOR'S LADY.

BY AUBRETT WOODWARD MOORE.

"Are you satisfied with me, Luther?"  
"Satisfied! O, my Helga, I wish I could tell you how thoroughly I am satisfied," and as the governor spoke, he folded his arms tenderly about his fair young wife.

"I hesitated some time between the heliotrope and this blue velvet gown, and chose this because I remembered your fondness for blue and gold," and raising her little hand the governor's lady touched the fleecy ringlets of the finest gold that circled her brow.

Once more the governor drew her to him, but she held back.

"You see I wear my pearls, Luther, your first gift," said she, "and the point applique lace you have pronounced the emblem of simplicity. My maid insisted that the governor's lady at her first reception should wear the royal purple, with heavy Irish point and diamonds."

Here she broke off with a long peal of laughter.

"My maid—royal purple—diamonds," came at length, amid a burst of girlish glee. "Dear Luther, it is all so comical, and viewing the situation in this foolish light, how can I do credit to my dignified excellency in my role of governor's lady this evening?"

The governor drew her arm through his and his face was all aglow with happiness. "Come Helga, my love," said he, "sing me one of those songs that helped you weave your magic spell about me, and I am confident we shall both be ready to receive our guests when they arrive."

He led her gently across the long salon he had himself planned for her music room, and that was now to serve for a season as the drawing-room for the gubernatorial receptions. Seating himself at the superb piano that stood invitingly open at the end of the apartment, he preluded a few moments, using a succession of chords that seemed peculiarly pleasing to his young wife, then struck into a brisk, sparkling composition by the Norwegian tone poet, Halfdan Kjerulf, with words by the poet preacher, Kristofer Janson. The song in its English dress reads thus:

Heigho! how bracing the air and light  
On the mountain!  
The wind here frolics in mad delight.  
On the mountain!  
The foot trips lightly, the eye it laughs,  
The heart new life and enjoyment quaffs,  
On the mountain!

Come up, come up from the narrow vale  
On the mountain!  
There blows a cool and refreshing gale  
On the mountain!  
The slope is covered with shining flow'rs,  
The sunshine bathes them in golden show'rs,  
On the mountain!

The vale is sultry and close below,  
Climb the mountain!  
No one how nice it is here can know,  
On the mountain!

The eye roves fast o'er the giddy height,  
As though to Heavy'n 'twould take its flight,  
From the mountain!

And when the sun its repose would take  
Beyond the mountain!  
The shadows hasten a couch to make  
By the mountain!

Then quivers all in the dazzling beams,  
The heart then wraps itself up in dreams  
On the mountain!

Could you have penetrated the governor's drawing room you would have found yourself in an atmosphere permeated with the influence of the pine and the heather, the mountain breeze and the din of the waterfall. You would have stood spell-bound before the governor's lady and her husband. He struck the ivory keys with a bold touch, displaying strength, comprehension of the song, and the singer, whose pure, well-trained soprano voice was uplifted in a flood of melody. There flowed from her parted lips the vigorous accents of the original verse. Could you have heard her you would speedily have been convinced that the language of Norway was adapted beyond all other tongues for use in vocal music. You would also have wondered why you were not more familiar with the musical treasures of that land. In other words, you would have been completely captivated by the governor's lady, an ideal daughter of the North, and her bewitching song. Make yourself acquainted with the latter.

But let us turn from the governor's drawing room, and donning our wishing cap and cloak of invisibility make our way across the seas to the land of the midnight sun, to rock-bound, storm-lashed old Norway, mother of the brave. We find ourselves in one of those rugged mountain regions, near the famous Halling Valley. Far up the slope we see a rustic frame building of a style quite unfamiliar to us. It is the *soster* or chalet, where the dairy girls have their headquarters when they guard their flocks and herds in the mountain pastures. Surrounding it is a fine bit of meadow land, and the valley where it nestles is traversed by a gurgling crystal stream that plunges from the rocks above in one of those rare cataracts that form a characteristic feature of the landscape. The sheet of water is not very wide, but there is powerful music in its incessant din and roar for it makes its descent from a giddy height. Gazing intently into the stream and mist that envelops it stands a young girl. Her dress is of a distinctly national type, and she holds in one hand the *loov*, or national horn for calling the cattle, while with the other she shades her eyes. Her complexion recalls to your mind the snow-white and rosy red of ancient story. The long braids of hair hanging far below her waist are of the pure yellow gold of the midday sun. In the soft, blue-grey eyes there is a look of awe, and the parted ruby lips display to view exquisite rows of pearly teeth.

"A mountain elf. One of those mysterious *hulders* of which we read!" exclaimed the traveler, who was approaching with his guide. "But she looks as innocent as fair. She can be no vain, delusive image, bent on luring Christian folk to destruction. She is the beneficent elf, the child of light, not that false being, who while fair to behold is hollow and black within."

The guide laughed.  
"How full of fancy you Americans are!" said he. "If you have no traditions of your own you certainly take most kindly to ours."

"Because we have a right to them," playfully interposed the traveler. "The Amer-

ican ship of state is freighted with the treasures of all lands. Your traditions are ours by inheritance, and in the same way we claim your folk-music. But tell me what you can of yonder maiden, dear Torgeir!"

"She is a brave maiden," was the reply. "She is a little more than sixteen; her beauty has driven all the lads distracted, yet her little head remains level, as you Americans say. She is the steadiest of all our dairy girls far and wide, and Widow Sylfest, her mother, has never had the least cause of anxiety for her. As for her voice—but hark!"

He paused abruptly. The fragrant air about them was tremulous with song. The maiden had moved some distance from the waterfall, and her fresh young soprano thrilled her listeners. She sang one of those popular melodies of unknown authorship, which have been handed down from generation to generation among the people of her native land, until they have become polished, rounded and refined to a beauty the hand of a master of masters alone could equal. The melody was mated to words by Norway's poet of freedom, Henrik Werzeland, and every word and every note came from the singer's heart. It was about a certain poor Ragna, who was taking her leave for the city, and who was bidding farewell to home and mother.

"Does this gentle Helga think of journeying forth into the wide world," asked the traveler, who readily followed the Norwegian words.

"Aye," said the guide. "She longs and fears to go. She comes often to the waterfall to learn of the *Forsegrim*, that is the water spirit in whom our people have implicit faith. They often tell of seeing and hearing him, as he floats through the foam, with his hoary beard, golden crown and white mantle, making music on the glittering strings of his harp. Helga believes she can learn to sing from him, even as her rural brothers have learned to play magic strains on this fiddle. You have heard them at the rustic dances, you know what wild inspiration they display. This girl has the same ring in her voice, but not content she is pining for the musical training of a great city."

"I must talk with her," declared the traveler, with sudden resolution. "She has a great career before her. To meet it may be given to make the first stages of it easy for her."

Luther Marsdon was an honored citizen of one of the Northwestern states of the New World. He had his numerous positions of trust, his fair name was untarnished; he was honored at home and abroad; he possessed inherited wealth, culture and refined tastes; he had many resources within himself to make life beautiful, yet at 38 years of age he was a wanderer on the face of the earth, bereft of all those tender ties that could enable him to enjoy what he had at his command. It had been two years since death had bereft him of his idolized wife and three children, and thenceforth he had scoured the earth in search of courage to pick up the threads of every-day life at home.

He had passed six weeks in Norway, and had been stirred by scenery, her history, her folk-lore and folk-music as he had been stirred by nothing since his bereavement. Here was life, here was strength. He would quaff the delicious mountain air and become whole again. The new vigor infused into his veins made him long to be up and doing, and the sound of Helga's voice suggested to his mind something to be done. There was material in the girl for a second Jenny Lind, and he would see to having it properly developed.

The guide presented Mr. Marsdon from America to "Helga Sylfest, the bravest sister maiden in all these mountains." Helga dropped her quaint courtesy and invited the gentleman to share the noonday meal with her and Marit, her dairy companion. Soon they were all seated about the unpretending board, partaking of the inviting curds and other appetizing dishes.

Helga's blushes came and went very rapidly as the conversation turned upon her voice, and the culture that might be obtained for it. The open countenance soon reflected the feeling within, and betrayed the great hope of the maiden's heart. Luther Marsdon had addressed her on the subject of his proposed assistance through his guide, Torgeir Ramberg, not quite trusting himself to handle so complicated a theme in the language of the country, in which he was but beginning to orient himself. What was his surprise when Helga replied in the purest English.

"I thank you, sir. You mean well, but my mother would not permit me to accept money from a stranger, even to pay for the education I long to receive," and she strained the little clasped hands against the throbbing breast, and that plainly betokened her food desire.

He asked her where she had learned his language. It was from an English lady who had summered in the vicinity for several years with her son and who had given Helga some instructions in music, besides arousing in her a wish for thorough musical training. The lady had proposed to furnish the money, but had not lived long enough. Pearly drops stood in Helga's eyes. The lady had died of consumption, and she had helped nurse her.

"Would not the son give the help the mother had planned?" Luther Marsdon asked.

Helga hung her head, coloring painfully. "He was not respectful to mother and me," she faltered at length. "We could accept nothing from him."

No further explanation was needed. "Would you not let me help you?" Luther asked.

"You seem different," said Helga, evasively. "But mother must decide."

This was the beginning. A few months later we find Helga and her mother at Weimar, the former at the Conservatory of Music, and studying with its famous vocal teacher, Frau von Milde. Dame Sylfest would not permit her daughter to go from home alone, and her scruples about accepting aid were overcome by the assurance that Helga carried in her throat a fortune which in due course of time could readily enable her to return all that was advanced. Moreover, prompt application was made for one of those stipends Norway awards her gifted sons and daughters as a means of en-

abling them to study abroad. It was obtained before the end of the first year in Germany, and served to defray at least a portion of the expenses incurred.

A change had come in the fortunes of Luther Marsdon. Life had new interest for him. He had been the means of setting one bright young being to work; he, too, longed to be at work once more. He could take no true satisfaction in watching Helga's career unless he was accomplishing something himself. He went home, opened his long closed office, and soon was in the midst of a stirring practice, for his skill and integrity as a lawyer gave him the confidence of the people. The beautiful mansion he had not ventured to enter after the lifeless forms of his loved ones were borne from it was occupied by him as of old, and at his favorite library desk he answered the monthly epistles with which Helga apprised him of her progress and welfare. Occasionally Frau von Milde would add a word of enthusiastic praise of her noblest pupil, as she styled Helga, and testimonials from other teachers would be enclosed.

Time sped on, and there came a day when the young artist sang for the master Liszt in his own home, to his own accompaniment, in his own most entrancing of songs, the "Lorelei." The master had kissed her on the brow and declared that she sang his song as it had never been sung before. Why did Luther Marsdon wince as he read this? What mattered it to him that the brow of his youthful protegee had been touched by the aged master's withered lips? Was she not the High Priestess of art, who had gained mysterious power from the spirit of the waterfall, the forest and the stream? It was a new idea to think of her as an earthly woman for man, young or old to kiss.

When next he wrote to Helga, he requested her to send him good cabinet photographs of her mother and herself. How startled he was when the pictures came, and after compelling himself to look first at the quaint, pleased face of the mother, he gazed long and intently at the counterfeit semblance of the daughter. What a glorious being she had become! She was the inspired artiste, the ideal woman. She would take the world by storm, but—What ails you, Luther Marsdon? Have you not educated her for the public service of art? Yes—but—

The next day our friend started for New York and took the first steamer for Germany. For three years he had confined himself closely to business, important cases had been intrusted to him, which he had not felt able to leave, but just now he saw nothing others could not attend to for him. He needed rest and change. Moreover, he was spoken of as governor of his state. Should he be nominated and elected it would be long before he had another opportunity for a bright holiday, and he could have no peace until he had seen Helga and fathomed the meaning of an expression in her photograph that reminded him of a tone he had failed to comprehend in her letters. The girl was capable of a profound love. Nay, it would seem as though she already loved. But whom?

He reached Weimar in time to hear Helga sing at the closing concert of the Conservatory's season. She was the star of the occasion, and the wondrous magic of her voice and her presence were bewildering to Luther Marsdon. Bursts of applause greeted her. Seldom had a graduate of the Conservatory roused greater enthusiasm, it was said, and her instructors had overwhelmed her with credentials. Her benefactor's presence was unknown to her until all was over, and she was being clasped behind the scenes to a proud mother's heart. Approaching quietly, he placed a bouquet of rare roses in her hand, and said, "Well done!"

"How glad I am you are here, kind friend!" exclaimed Helga, as soon as she could command words, and it rejoiced Luther that she knew him at once.

"Are you satisfied with me?" she asked, presently.

"More than satisfied, my child," was his reply.

After exchanging greetings with the good mother, he led the pair to the waiting carriage and drove them home.

Earnest conversation followed. Helga thought favorably of numerous offers she had received to appear in concerts, and afterward earning a little money for herself she wished to study for one winter in Paris. Luther Marsdon listened, watched and waited. He saw Helga's color rise and fall, as she detected his close scrutiny, but it was not until she was alone with her that he dared feel hopeful of obtaining what he coveted. Then confidences were exchanged and each read the other's heart.

During the long months of toil Helga had fondly cherished the image of the stranger who had come to her on the mountain, and provided her with the means of knowledge and power. Every treasure she had gained, every laurel she had won she longed to lay at his feet. She knew she could conquer the world, yet sighed because she deemed herself incapable of ruling over his heart. All this she admitted after he had told his love.

"How little I dreamed that you could love the simple little peasant maiden," said she. "And how little I dreamed that you could give your peerless self to the man so much older than you, who had finished one life when he found you learning of the *Forsegrim*. Nay, do not smile, my love, there are wonderful spirits in your native mountains, wonderful spiritual influences, at all events. Inspired by them and by you I have been born anew."

There was a quiet wedding shortly after this in an historic Weimar church, and all the friends of the couple who were united in the bonds of matrimony were delighted with the event, except Frau von Milde, she protested to the last, and declared she would never again interest herself in a pupil's career. As for good Dame Sylfest, she bore in her bosom a thankful heart. The proposed life in the great world had alarmed her, and she knew her darling would be safe in the good American's care. She begged her children to allow her to pass one year in Norway before accepting their invitation to live with them in America. So they took her to her old home, and then set sail for the new world.

Busy days ensued for Luther Marsdon and his bride. The stately mansion he had

occupied was remodeled, a music hall added and a concert grand piano placed at the disposal of the mistress of the place. Luther was himself a fine musician, was familiar with the songs of Germany and Scandinavian countries, and so great was the sympathy existing between himself and his young wife that her song and his accompaniment were even as the work of one performer.

Ere long arose the campaign excitement of the state. Luther Marsdon was nominated and finally elected governor by a sweeping majority.

But as we are telling the tale the evening is wearing on and the multitude is thronging the mansion to pay its respects to the governor and his lady at their first reception. What a splendid couple they make! The governor is tall, broad-shouldered, stately and dignified with a mass of slightly grizzled hair, and a long iron-gray beard; the governor's lady is a charming specimen of the pure-browed, clear-eyed daughter of the North, an ideal ruler's wife. How thoroughly at ease she makes every one feel! How cordial are the governor's manners! Various groups throughout the room are discussing the pair. Much is said about the governor's popularity and high sense of honor, and about his wife's talents and influence. One tells that a conservatory of music is about to be started in the capital city under Miss Marsdon's patronage and presided over by teachers from Leipzig and Weimar; another speaks of the exquisite quality of her voice and how she has promised to let it frequently be heard; still another declares that nothing light, frivolous, hollow or commonplace, in life or art, can thrive in circles of which she is leader.

"It cannot be possible," a voice in a remote corner of the room is saying, "it cannot be possible that she was a peasant maiden."

"Why not," was the response from an eager Scandinavian student, "these Norwegians come from a race of Vikings. One cannot tell how many of them have royal blood in their veins and are to the manner born."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

## The Truth About Herbert Beecher.

The second week in April the eastern papers were made sensational by dispatches from Port Townsend, W. T., and that vicinity. Those dispatches talked about Captain Herbert Beecher, the youngest son of the late Henry Ward Beecher. They said that he had been indicted, and they overflowed with unfriendly and incalculable allusions to the man. Comments corresponding to these dispatches, which were accepted as true, were made with the customary morality and with more than the wonted positiveness of newspapers. The facts appear to be that Captain Beecher has some very active political enemies out there. He has made himself a thorn in their side, first as collector of Port Townsend, and secondly as Special agent of the treasury, when he ceased to be collector. He broke up a ring of "high toned" opium smugglers who had their residences in San Francisco and their field of operations all along the northern Pacific Coast. They tried very hard to break him down, and laid charges against him before President Cleveland on four occasions. On each occasion, Captain Beecher confronted the accusations, demolished the alleged evidence in support of them and would have been glad to face his accusers, but they never once came to the front, preferring to run away or to keep in hiding.

With a change of political administration, political enemies have secured his indictment by a bare political majority of a local grand jury, but advice to the Eagle, straight from the place of indictment and from well informed and respectable parties, declare that there is nothing in the indictments; that it is doubtful they will ever be tried, and add that three of the best men on the grand jury at once offered to give bonds for Captain Beecher's appearance; also that the Oregon Navigation Company immediately gave to him responsible and lucrative employment, as a proof of his capacity and of their confidence in him.

These facts will be gratifying to the friends of the Beecher's, who comprise the whole citizenship of Brooklyn, and will serve as an offset to unjust and injurious expressions which the improper understanding of the matter has anywhere occasioned. All of Henry Ward Beecher's children have uniformly proved to be honorable and aggressive people, and it is gratifying to believe that the youngest son is just like the rest of them in these respects.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## The Unsatisfied Janitor.

Mrs. Elite (in \$5,000 a year flat)—"Oh, it's perfectly terrible the way things have gone to-day. That janitor has been just as contrary and disagreeable as it is possible for a human being to be."

Miss Elite—"Did you bow to him deferentially this morning?"

"Indeed I did—I always do. Did you?"

"Yes, ma, I bowed to him humbly."

"Well, something is the To-morrow morning try kissit—New York Weekly.

## LIVELY TURNS OF THOUGHT.

Great Britain fisheries employ 250,000 men.

Troops have gone to the Cherokee strip to eject settlers.

The centennial celebration at New York cost \$2,000,000.

In the south there are 16,000 colored school teachers.

There are 855 soldiers drawing a pension of \$73 per month.

Peach yellows are on the increase in the Delaware peninsula.

Chili will devote \$500,000 to the encouragement of emigration.

Over 8,000 miners are involved in a strike in the Pittsburgh district.

In Germany bee-keeping is taught in many of the public schools.

Vegetation in Iowa has been greatly retarded by frosts and drought.

The French general elections will be postponed until the spring of 1890.

Considerable damage has been done in northern Wisconsin by forest fires.

The emperor of Germany has prohibited Sunday horse racing in that country.

A woman in Grimsville, Pa., pulled a small snake out of her throat last week.

Italy produced the largest quantity of wine last year, with France a close second.

The big armored coast defense vessel, to cost \$1,628,000, will be built at San Francisco.

Internal revenue officers at Cincinnati have been detected blackmailing whisky distillers.

Four Irish members of parliament have been sent to prison for violation of the Crimes act.

Since the war of '70 France has spent 7,710,000,000 francs besides the "ordinary estimates."

The source of the Mississippi river has been discovered in two lakes 110 feet above Lake Itasca.

"Will the educated woman marry?" Asks the Baltimore American. Just ask her and see if she will.

The production from the machinery of the United States is more than equal to the labor of 500,000,000 men.

The king of Holland, having been restored to health, has been restored to power by the Dutch parliament.

The ruins of Pompeii, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, were not discovered until the middle of the eighteenth century.

A southern railroad talks of putting in operation a model farm to illustrate the advantages of the county through which it passes.

Commissioner Tanner has refused to sign any more pension certificates for \$3 per month, on the ground that they are not large enough.

It is estimated that 80,000,000,000 feet of lumber are annually taken from American forests, an amount equivalent to about half the annual growth.

A Buffalo bachelor has a memorandum book in which he keeps the name of every girl he has ever kissed. He had 928 names on the list the last time he counted up.

Jacob Houser of Houserville, Pa., has in his possession a watch which has been in the Houser family for 800 years, it having been brought over from Germany by an ancestor who migrated to this country. It is in constant use and is a good timekeeper.

What purports to be the skull of Darnley, the husband whose violent death history charges upon Mary, Queen of Scots, has recently been found in an English museum. It indicates that Darnley was a coarse libertine, and afflicted with a loathsome disease.

The greatest of the new English iron-clads, the Nile, had to be taken out of dry-dock because of her structural inability to support her armor. The Nile rates as of 12,000 tons and the weight of her protecting armor, exclusive of raias plates and steel decks, is 4,280 tons.

At one of the cross-roads in Brazil, an idol carved from the wood of an orange tree was placed for the Indians to worship. On one occasion it was noticed that an old red man omitted to perform his act of obeisance. On being commanded to kneel he stubbornly replied: "No; I knew him when he was an orange tree."

Two postal cards sent from a German town to the German consulate at Yokohama, one by Canada and the other by Brindisi, and there remained to the sender, each by the route opposite to that in which it had come, having arrived in the German town again, having been around the globe in a little less than three months.

The number of queer and foreign names in the list of the English navy is accounted for by the custom in old times of conveying every captured vessel to the service of the captor with the old name retained. As the original vessel wore out, the one that was built to replace it received the same name, so that all such names commemorate some victory won in former times.

"The hottest day that I ever experienced," said Paul Mercier, "was during the summer of 1859, while aboard a ship at Key West, Fla. The sun beamed down upon the deck of the vessel, and seemed to be so close that it would almost raise blisters. The fires had gone out in the kitchen, and, as I was hungry, I procured several fresh eggs, and put them on the deck. The deck was covered with pitch, which was boiling with the heat from the sun. In less than five minutes my eggs were cooked hard. This story may seem incredible, but it is true."

Large pine trees six inches in diameter at the base and twenty-five feet high can be moved if sufficient root be taken out, and to do this cut back the trees some, both at top and ends of branches, and in August or September dig a trench around the trees, say four or five feet from the body, and dig below the roots, cutting them off. Leave the trees until the ground is thoroughly frozen in midwinter (having however, holes dug for their reception by fore winter sets in), and then dig under and raise them out with levers upon stout boats, and transport, packing the ground solidly around them.

### THE MARTYR PRIEST.

#### A Man Who Gave Up Health and Life for the Sake of Suffering Fellow-Beings.

On the 10th of April there died at Kalawa, Sandwich islands, Father Damien, the widely celebrated leper priest of Molokai. He fell a victim to the terrible malady from which he has voluntarily suffered in a noble effort to bring the comforts of life and the consolations of religion to the most afflicted class of people of which the world has knowledge, the lepers of the island of Molokai.

In the May number of Longman's Magazine Mr. Archibald Ballantyne has a most interesting paper on the heroic labors and sufferings of Father Damien in his self-imposed exile. All persons afflicted with leprosy in the Sandwich islands are banished to Molokai, one of the smallest of the group. Formerly the condition of these exiles, physical, moral, and spiritual, was simply horrible. But in 1873 a young Belgian Roman Catholic priest, who had been a missionary in Hawaii, resolved to devote himself to the service of these wretched people. This was Father Damien—the Rev. J. Damien de Veuster—of whom one is inclined to say, in ancient phrase, "the world but 33 years old, in robust health, a man of education and refinement, and with every prospect of advancement in his profession. All these "great possessions" he gave up, accepting for himself in their stead banishment among frightful scenes and certainty of the leper's awful sufferings and death. Once placed on the island he had to resign his liberty. The sheriff had orders to arrest him if he crossed to any of the neighboring islands. He became physician and teacher as well as priest—the children born of lepers depending on him for all the education they could expect to receive. The results of his labors has been to effect a revolution in the stricken country. He has been their "doctor, nurse, carpenter, school-master, magistrate, painter, gardener, cook—sometimes even their undertaker and grave-digger." When he reached Molokai "the miserable condition of the settlement gave it the name of a living graveyard." In their miserable grass huts "were living pell-mell, without distinction of ages or sex, old or new cases, all more or less strangers to one another, these unfortunate outcasts of society." They passed their time in playing cards, hula (native dances), drinking fermented ki-root beer, home-made alcohol, and with the sequels of all this. His first discovery was that the temporal wants of his people were as great as their spiritual needs and that if he was to do any good to their souls he must first of all do what he could for their bodies. The reform of temporal conditions, which involved government intervention, was secured only through great delays, difficulties, and vexations; but Father Damien's patience and diligence overcame all obstacles. Mr. Ballantyne says:

"Damien came, a priest and a teacher, among these abandoned, dying wretches. At first, as he says himself, his labors seemed almost in vain. But his kindness, his charity, his sympathy, and his religious zeal had not long to wait before their influence was felt. Before he reached Molokai the leper settlement was squalid, hideous, almost hellish; now it is a peaceful, law abiding community, presenting an attractive and even on some sides a cheerful appearance. It is a colony of neat, whitewashed wooden cottages, some of them standing in the pasture lands, some among fields of sweet potatoes, some even having their verandas and gardens of bananas and sugarcane."

Father Damien worked for eleven years in good health, but in 1884 there were forebodings, and in 1885 he showed unmistakable signs of leprosy. Writing to a friend in 1886 he says:

"Having no doubt of the real character of my disease I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people. Almighty God knows what is best for my sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily a good Fiat voluntas Tua. Please pray for my afflicted friend, and recommend me and my unhappy people to all servants of the Lord."

Since then there have been reports he was growing worse every month, until the 10th of last month death gave him his release.

Father Damien had for assistants two men as heroic as himself. One of these was an Irishman named Walsh. He was a mason by trade and had been a soldier in the English army. Walsh reached Honolulu in broken health and reduced circumstances just at the time a superintendent was needed to keep the colony in order. He accepted the position, with the result that he is a leper himself to-day and pining for re-

lief in death. Father Damien's other helper was the Rev. M. Courard, a Catholic priest formerly connected with the archdiocese of Oregon, who voluntarily went to Molokai about two years ago to become Father Damien's assistant. Some help has been afforded from England. In 1886 the Rev. H. B. Chapman, a clergyman of the English church and vicar of St. Luke's Camberwell, was able to send nearly £1,000 to Damien, most of the subscriptions coming from the poor. Damien in January, 1887, sent his acknowledgment in a letter of delightful simplicity, beginning:

"MY REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: Your two letters of Dec. 1, with inclosed draft for £975, arrived safely on the 17th inst. May your highly appreciated endeavor to assist my unfortunate people be as a magnetic point to attract special grace upon you, your family, and all the generous contributors, and thus be verified in each and every one of you the words of the holy scripture: Benefacit animæ suæ vir misericors, 'A merciful man doeth good to his own soul.'"

Last year the lepers of Molokai were able to begin the erection of a little church. Father Damien, who still had the use of his hands, was the only carpenter in the settlement, and Walsh the only mason, but they managed to get the building up and ready for the roof. This was to be of iron, and it was brought from England, five months being occupied in its transportation. But while the material was being unloaded at Molokai in a small boat the latter capsized and the iron went to the bottom of the sea. So the little leper church had to wait many long months before fresh material for the roof could be sent out from England.

An English organization known as the Church army has taken great interest in Father Damien's work, and last year Edward Clifford, its treasurer, went on a visit to the leper settlement at Molokai. In a letter from there dated Dec. 30, after describing his landing on the island, where there were 1,080 lepers, and his reception, he gives this picture of Father Damien:

"He is just what you would expect him to be—simple, steady, hard working, devout man. No job was too much for him—building, carpentering, tending the sick, washing the dead, and many other such things form part of his daily work. He is always cheerful, often playful, and one of the most truly humble men I ever saw. The leprosy has disfigured him a good deal, but I never feel it anything but a pleasure to look at him, and already the gulfian oil which I brought is making a manifest difference in his face and hands and in his power of sleeping. How far the cure will reach it is of course impossible to say. He is such a busy man that I sometimes fear he will not find time to do the medicine full justice. The English affection and sympathy touch him very much indeed. Pray for him, for there must be many times when he is tempted to be discouraged and oversad at all the terrible cases—bodies and souls—around him. I was very glad to be here at Christmas. You would have enjoyed the hearty way in which the lepers sang, 'O come, all ye faithful.' I have been much interested in an old Christian leper from America who says he can thank God for his kindness and for many great mercies since he came here. He is more happy and contented than many people who have health, wealth, and friends, and it has come to him through his illness. Father Damien has told me to-day that for the first time for months he has been able to sing again."

#### "Sufficient Unto the Day."

There is nothing in all this life so completely and hopelessly lost, my boy, as lost time. It is never regained, not a minute of it. It is never made up. You can't work yesterday into to-day, though to-day were forty-eight hours long. The train that ditched itself in the yards and so missed its trip yesterday can never make it up, because it is scheduled for a daily trip and can only make one run a day. If it misses one, it can only make 364 trips that year. There is no way by which we can crowd eight days into a week. And leap year doesn't help you out, because the extra day is scheduled in it. Fly around, and do something.—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

#### Great On Economy.

Young Wife (affectionately)—We can live economically, I know. To begin, you can stop smoking, resign from the club, give no more wine suppers and never, never treat any more.

Young Husband (faintly)—Certainly, to be sure. In fact, of course. And what will you do dear?

Young wife (triumphant)—If Oh, I'll mend all my gloves myself.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### BERLIN'S CANDY MAKER.

#### The Story of Carl Marea von Donau's Romantic Career.

Few names are read oftener on the shop windows of Berlin than the aristocratic one of Carl Maria von Donau, writes a New York Tribune correspondent. In the Passage, along the Linden, on the Friedrichstrasse, it stands out, with the nobiliary particle, in bright red letters, which cannot escape the eyes of the passers by. Below it, in each case, are the words, "Candy and Caramels," which are now the favorite sweetmeats of the young ladies of Berlin. Carl Maria von Donau, their manufacturer, contrary to the traditions of his family, has entered upon the mercantile career, with a history which is a strange mixture of brilliancy, downfall and ultimate success. Ten years ago the young nobleman, a cadet of one of the most potent and distinguished houses in the empire, and an officer of the guards in the university of Breslau. Like most of his kind, he lived a fast life, and contracted debts for which there was but one solution—a wealthy bride. The hearts of many fair maidens were made to beat faster by the intentions of the handsome nobleman, but when the father's bank accounts were examined, before making the final offer, they were found too small, and the courtesies ceased. Despair and the threats made by exacting creditors drove him to the daughter of a wealthy Hebrew. Large sums were promised by the old banker, the height of whose ambition was the union of his daughter with the scion of this ancient house. Visions of presentations at court, and possible appointments as Hof-Banquier, rose before him, and the debts of his prospective son-in-law decreased. The engagement was published, preparations were made for the wedding. But Von Donau was selling himself. He made no secret of the fact to his companions, who continually chaffed him with his engagement to a Jewess, and it irritated him.

One morning he sat in his room to answer the letter of a friend who had begged him to renounce the girl. He was not a brave man, and spoke in scathing terms of the woman he was soon to marry, calling her disgraceful and cutting names, and declaring that dire necessity alone forced him to take a wife so distasteful to himself, family and comrades.

At the same time he wrote a billet-doux to his fiancée, filled with words of endearment, hope and cheer, and urging for the approach of the nuptial day. But fate dealt rightly with his falsehood. The envelopes were interchanged, and the friend received the declaration of love, while the bride read the words which denounced her. With tearful eyes, and heavy heart she handed the letter to her old father who determined to prosecute his intended son-in-law. The letter was read to his commander, and his villainy was exposed. Explanations and entreaties were in vain. He was dismissed in disgrace for "conduct unbecoming an officer," and the engagement was broken. Abased, in debt, out of employment, his utter ruin seemed imminent. But, as an amateur, he had gained a reputation for making candy which pleased the palates of his fair friends. He determined to bring his talent to account, and opened a little shop in Breslau. The ancient name attracted buyers. Parvenues liked the distinction of having a nobleman as their confectioner, and his trade increased. He enlarged his shop, and soon established branches in other cities. Success attended every venture. His factory was removed to Berlin, and his fortune assured. He is long since out of debt, and almost as wealthy as the man who published his perfidy to the world.

#### The Refining Influence of the Revolver.

It is not exactly fashionable in the east to talk about the civilizing and refining influences of the revolver and bowie-knife, but it may be permitted to people who come here from Texas to ask humbly whether the influences are not worth considering. The leader of the Four Hundred out on the border would hardly refer to another gentleman in good society as a liar and as "this man-Fish," or if he did, he would not be likely to repeat the offense. Certainly the other gentleman would not respond by calling the other a caterer and a servant. He wouldn't have time. And a police inspector and a state assembly man wouldn't call each other liars and thieves and things, at a distance of some 200 miles apart. They would meet half way as quick as they could get there, and all such disgraceful talk would stop at once. There is a great deal of good music in a revolver if a man knows how to play on it, and its staccato notes sometimes drown out the discords of fashionable society very suddenly and effectively.—Texas Sittings.

### How They Find Gold in South Africa.

Something like the excitement over alleged discoveries of gold in Lower California is attending similar news from the Transvaal, in South Africa. The diggings there are reported to be enormously rich, and a swarm of prospectors is flocking to the field. As revealing a hitherto unsuspected vein of imagination and lightsome humor on the part of the Boers, the current story of the discovery of the gold field is interesting. It was first published in the Transvaal Advertiser.

A well-known resident of the republic, it is said, while out hunting one morning, saw a koodoo bull, which he tried to stalk. After he had slightly wounded the animal, and while he was riding after it down a stony declivity, his horse stumbled, he was thrown and his rifle was broken. At this the koodoo turned and attacked the man, knocking him down and attempting to kneel on him. By holding the animal's forelegs the man kept the buck upright, but the animal's horns had evidently entered the bank for some distance and its head was held down close upon the man's breast. The animal seemed as anxious as the man to get the horns loose, but was evidently helpless, the horns being held fast in the ground. Held thus, unable to move, man and beast remained in the broiling sun all that day. At nightfall jackals and wolves came prowling about, and even brushed against the man and sprang upon the buck. But the yells of the man and the kicks of the buck kept them at bay until dawn, when they slunk away. Soon after daylight a rifle shot was heard, and a bullet slightly wounded the man in the forehead. By waving his handkerchief and shouting he prevented further firing, and the hunter, who had at first seen only the buck, came up and learned the real situation. Wishing to take the animal alive, he hurried off to the nearest farm, and brought back men with ropes and shovels, who bound the buck and extricated the man. But when the horns were at last freed there was found upon each a mass of metal, which, being removed, proved to be nuggets of gold, weighing respectively eight and six and one-half pounds. This led to the discovery of a rich gold field.

Any one doubting the entire accuracy of this story can make further inquiries at the office of the Transvaal Advertiser.—New York Sun.

#### A Physical Phenomenon.

John Walsmith, aged 14, of Findlay street, died of foreign substances in the stomach. The autopsy revealed some scientific wonders. Said Dr. Bohlander:

"The case is phenomenal. I have had the boy under my care for some four years. There was much speculation among physicians in regard to him. There was evidence that brain growth was being retarded. Some physicians said it was a tumor, some a cancer. The autopsy showed an abnormal increase of the white matter of the brain and a like decrease of the gray matter. As a result the nerves of motion were unusually active and of sensation dull. He was strong as a giant but had no physical feeling. He could place his hand on a hot stove and see it roast."

"Nothing seemed to materially injure or give him pain: He has been run over by one of Robinson's circus wagons; he has fallen from the bridge over Sping Grove avenue, and once walked out of a two-story window. Any one of the casualties would probably have killed a boy in a normal condition, but he never broke a bone. He is scarred all over, and I have sewed up great cuts while he sat and laughed. Although he was a bright child at 4 or 5 years of age, he began to grow stupid and inclined to idleness; his hearing had nearly gone and he had ceased to talk."

"In his stomach we found a green ball of yarn, marbles, nickles, a large, undigested apple core, and other small articles. The cause of his death was a green ball of yarn. It is about an inch in diameter, elongated at one end by the contraction of the cardiac muscle in the effort of nature to pass it into the stomach. It would have gone in if a needle had not been crosswise in it. It stuck at the stomach entrance and killed him."—Cincinnati News-Union.

#### Penny Postage.

Ex-Postmaster-General James has written an article in the Christian Union on the subject of penny postage in which he expresses the belief that it will soon be possible to send a letter by mail anywhere in the civilized world for a penny.

"Why do you pour that vile liquor down your throat?" asked the philanthropist of the toper. "I am seeking for get-fullness," said the toper to the philanthropist.—Terre Haute Express.

### SIX TIMES OKLAHOMA.

#### Six Oklahomas Will Soon be Open to Settlers in the Northwest.

This, says the New York Tribune, is what the opening of the great Sioux Reservation means, and there is now every prospect that it will be brought about. The situation has changed entirely since the failure of last year to obtain the consent of the tribes. The Indians, who are getting to be good at bargain, contented that the price offered, 50 cents an acre for the 11,000,000 acres proposed to be opened, was too low, and congress, by raising the price to \$1.25 for all lands to be taken up by settlers within the first three years, has conceded the justice of this claim. During the two following years settlers must pay 75 cents, and during the next five years 50 cents, after which time the government is to buy the remainder at 50 cents per acre. Inasmuch as this secures the full government rate to the Indians for all the choice lands, which will undoubtedly be taken up within three years, and insures them as much as 50 cents an acre for even the poorest, besides making liberal concessions upon many disputed points, the bargain is felt to be a good one for the Indians, and all opposition seems to have disappeared. The probability is, therefore, that the new commission, headed by General Crook, who knows all sides of the Indian character, will have a task before them so easy that it will not make any appreciable demand upon their skill and ability. As soon as the consent of the Indians is obtained, the ceded portions of the reservations can be thrown open by proclamation of the president without the intervention of congress, and thus it is possible that the bars may be let down during the present summer.

The opening of the reservation will undoubtedly be of great advantage to the people of South Dakota and the whole northwest. It has stood all these years like a gigantic dyke against the wave of civilization. Let the reader imagine a great tract of land stretching north and south nearly as far as from New York city to the St. Lawrence, and somewhat wider in its narrowest part than the length of Connecticut east and west—a tract through which the railroads must not pass and where the white man cannot settle—and he will have some notion of the size of this huge barrier to the development of Dakota. Under the plan approved by congress, a broad roadway will be cut through the centre of the reservation, letting the rail-

ways through and opening direct communication with the St. Paul and the east for the Black Hills and all the vast region westward of the reservation. The movement to force Oklahoma open was largely instigated by railroads; in this case, by contrast, the long opposition of the tribes was ascribed partly to the unwillingness of rival land-grant railroads to see so large and attractive a section of the country brought into the market for settlers. The land now to be thrown open is said to be of a high average of fertility, and if advance reports can ever be trusted in such cases, the disappointments of Oklahoma are not likely to be repeated. The soil is especially adapted to corn and stock, and to general agricultural purposes. The White river stretches to the west through the main lateral belt almost the entire distance, with numerous tributaries, making the country better watered than the now well-settled and prosperous portion of Dakota east of the Missouri river. The reputation of the Dakota climate, the severity of which the people there contend is much exaggerated, is likely to work to the advantage of that section. It will be more likely on that account to attract a hardy, industrious class, who will go prepared to breast some hardships and to work like men rather than merely to gamble in land.

The disintegration of the reservation system is inevitable, but it is a source of profound satisfaction to see changes of the kind, which are demanded by the interest alike of the white man and the Indian, made without injustice to the weaker party, and to its full satisfaction. There will remain more than 10,000,000 acres of land for the use of about 24,000 Sioux. Every Indian receiving an allotment in severalty becomes a citizen of the United States. The successful completion of this peaceful revolution ought to mean a great increase of prosperity to the Indians as well as to the whites.

#### Didn't Care About Heaven.

My mother was trying to console a poor old cottager on his death-bed by describing to him the happiness of heaven. His reply, however, proved that she had failed. "Ah, well, ma'am," he said, "ebbe it's very nice, but I think I'd rather be somewhere where I could dig a bit and sitch."—Notes and Queries.

**Corn Culture.**

The following address was delivered by ex-Governor Charles W. Robinson before the Farmers' institute of Douglas county, Kansas, at their monthly meeting on Saturday, June 1. It is a subject that is attracting wide comment and the governor seems to have struck the key note:

Mr. President: At the last meeting of the institute I was requested to furnish another paper on corn culture and point out a remedy for the present condition of that industry. This is by no means an easy task. It is often much easier for a person to discover that he is deathly sick than to apply the remedy. He is conscious of pain, indigestion, loss of flesh and general demoralization, but what caused his troubles he may not comprehend, much less what will cure them. In my last paper I referred to the condition of corn raising in Kansas, but this state does not stand alone. The complaint is general. The state board of agriculture of Illinois reports that every crop of corn raised in that state since 1881 was produced at a loss, and that the losses from 1881 to 1886 amounted to \$68,909,047. This state of things is causing a general shrinkage in all farm property. In Kansas, according to the report of our board of agriculture, the value of farms is shown to be \$39,312,816 less in 1888 than in 1887, and real estate has depreciated all over the country with few exceptions from 25 per cent to 50 per cent within a few years while farm mortgages were never so abundant. Surely the disease is sufficiently serious and alarming, and can it be cured? Palliatives perhaps can be used with temporary relief without attempting more, such as putting none but such land in corn as will yield sixty or seventy bushels to the acre, but this is superficial treatment of a grave malady. Of course the only scientific treatment of any disease is to remove the cause, which must first be ascertained. Can the cause or causes in this case be traced, and if so, can they be removed? Upon the answers to these questions will depend the salvation of our patient. As the malady effects many states, there must be some general cause for it not confined to a particular state or locality. As the soil, climate, people and mode of culture are the same as before the depression, the cause must let us look elsewhere, and elsewhere we find it. Bishop Potter, who preached the centennial sermon before the president at New York, has given us a clue which it may be well to follow. He said to an interviewer: "When I speak of this era of the plutocrats, nobody can misunderstand me. I don't intend that they shall. Everybody has recognized the rise of the money power. Its growth not only stifles the independence of the people, but the blind believers in money's omnipotent power assert that its liberal use condones every offense."

Can it be that these plutocrats and the rise of the money power have anything to do with the fall of corn and corn fed meat? Can there be a motived interest ready to sacrifice the agricultural interest of the country? Formerly the plutocrats were the land holders and the land holders' interests were safe. In Rome the patricians owned the soil and made the laws till the people rose in rebellion and compelled not only a division of the land but the government. In England and other monarchical governments the plutocrats and rulers are large land owners and are jealous of the interests of agriculturists. The United States is the only country where the plutocrats have become divorced from the agriculturists. Here certain interests have full control of the government, but agriculture is not one of them. The first in order is the dressed beef combination. That interest names the price of all beef cattle from Kansas to New York and has seen fit to name it so low that no cattle can be well fattened upon corn except at a loss. The consumer pays the same prices as when the farmer received \$5 and \$9 per hundred for his cattle instead of \$3 and \$4, as now. Who makes this money? Whether the slaughter houses, transportation or retailers, I am unable to say, but one thing is evident, the feeder loses it. Then comes transportation charges. These are made by combinations and pools regardless of the interests of the producers. Roads are stocked and bonded for four times their cost and value, and prices are charged to return a profit upon this valuation. The farmers and producers are taxed to pay interest on \$4 where \$1 was invested, while to pay this tax their farms must be mortgaged, Charles Francis Adams, president of the Union Pacific, and probably the highest railroad author-

ity in this or any other country, says of them in a speech as follows:

"The railroad system in this country, especially of the regions west of Chicago, is to-day managed on principles which, unless a change of heart occurs, and that soon, must inevitably lead to financial disaster of a most serious kind. There is among the lines composing that system an utter disregard of the fundamental ideas of truth, fair play and fair dealing which lie at the foundation, not only of Christian faith but civilization itself. With them there is but one rule, that many years ago was put by Wadsworth into the mouth of Rob Roy.

This simple rule, the good old plan, that he shall take who has the power, and he shall keep who can."

Mr. Anderson of Iowa in congress said:

"Mr. Speaker, literally highway-men are to day managing the highways of this country, and they are absolutely, recklessly, wantonly, in defiance of law, even the organic laws of their existence as well as those enacted for their control, dominating every industry in this country."

Maj. Anderson writes to the Post of Iowa as follows:

"And while what I am saying has direct reference to the Burlington road, it applies with equal force to the American railway system. The whole establishment is corrupt, corrupt in constitution, corrupt everywhere in all the details of management, and this corruption has so extended to the general trade and commerce of the country, owing to the close and delicate relation of the carriers to the affairs of the business, that both competition and chance have been eliminated from business, and we find trusts and combinations everywhere forming and arbitrarily, without reference to cost, dictating according to the suggestion of greed, the prices of corn, and wheat, and pork and beef."

I might stop here, as sufficient cause has been found to destroy this industry, but as other causes are operating against the industrial classes in our country, including the farmers, it may be proper to refer to them. Not only have the prices of farm products been reduced below cost, but, as I said in my other paper, what the farmer has to buy has been raised 47 per cent above cost. Not only has he to pay this per cent on imported goods, but also on home manufactured articles. By the laws of congress the manufacturer is secured not only in a fair price for his wares but a bonus of 47 per cent is provided which can be exacted from every purchaser. By the formation of trusts, combinations, pools and the like, this bonus is being forced from the people to the destruction of other industries not thus favored, including the corn industry.

This taxing of imports 47 per cent gathers into the national treasury more money than is wanted for the current expenses of the government, and currency needed in the business of the people is withdrawn from circulation. This tends still further to reduce the price of all products and if continued indefinitely all the currency will be locked up in the treasury vaults and general disaster overtake all branches of industry. To prevent a general wreck a plan is devised to allow some money to circulate, but this plan is most partial and reprehensible. Instead of furnishing this money directly to those who must use it, it is given to certain banks, that are engaged in no industry, with the privilege of charging whatever per cent they please to such people as need and must have the money. Not only is the surplus derived from excessive taxation thus placed with a favored class, but the policy of the government is to have all the money of the people manipulated in the same way. When this shall be fully accomplished every industry will be at the mercy of the money dealers. They can play fast and loose with the currency, putting down and up the prices at will, and wrecking all business whenever by doing their own profits will be increased.

So much for the causes; will they be removed? Candor compels me to say that I fear not. These immense interests, transportation, manufacturing, banking and trusts, seem to have formed an alliance offensive and defensive, and by virtue of special privileges and favors granted by law, all other interests and industries have become their prey. It is true there is a remedy, absolute and simple, but it will probably never be applied. We read of a man afflicted with a malignant disease, who applied to one of the prophets for a cure; but when he was told to simply bathe himself seven times in the River of Jordan he became very an-

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gry that he, an important character, with an incurable disease, should be given such a simple prescription. He supposed some great thing would have been required of him. So now when the industrial classes of all descriptions who are ground to powder by the plutocrats, combinations and trusts, are told that their troubles are the legitimate result of their votes, and that they have an absolute cure in the ballot they become very indignant and refuse to apply the remedy. True, some efforts have been put forth to obtain relief by organizations, political and otherwise, but the money power uniformly brings defeat. When labor organizations become large and formidable traitors are sent into them or leaders are bought up and they are made powerless by division and internal strife. So of political organizations, if likely to become influential, the enemy gets up divisions in the rank and instead of marching on to victory in solid columns the members devour each other. If a "labor union" party is likely to become formidable it must be neutralized by a "union labor" party and if that is not sufficient a "simple tax" or prohibition party can be added.

The outlook is certainly gloomy. Beyond question the interests named have entire control of one branch of the government if not all, and nothing short of a revolution seems likely to lift the heel of oppression from the necks of the people. Revolution might end in despotism, as the present situation shows republicanism to be a failure, and that the people are unable to protect their own interest with their votes, but one despot is better than many. The producers and laborers might satisfy the greed of one man and have something left, while the money power of this country would devour the entire earnings of the people and cry for more. Emperor William of Germany has recently taken sides with the laborers against the oppressive employers, an example not likely to be followed in a government controlled by a combination of plutocrats, corporations and trusts.

In conclusion, let me say that I am confident, upon a thorough investigation of the condition of the corn producers, it will be found that the trouble is not confined to the soil or mode of culture, and the farmer has another field to cultivate besides where his corn is planted. When he with his ballot can dispose of the pestiferous corporations, combinations and trusts that prey upon him as successfully as he disposes of the noxious weeds in his field, prosperity will return, and not till then, can he do it?

N. F. Acers has taken editorial and business control of the Leavenworth Sun. Topeka's electric lights are 2000 candle power each. But then the candles are mighty small dips. Leavenworth boasts of a "well re." lawyer. That's nothing. Topeka has two or three coal black ones. Some of the papers will spell Hillmon with an "e". That is almost as bad as comparing to cheat an insurance company.

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Martin Irons, the once famous labor leader, is now running a St. Louis peanut stand. Such fellows always find their level.

There are some people who are fond of saying there is no law to punish the capitalist, but the Topeka police court fined Alcoa Sells \$5.00 for not cleaning up certain lots after notice, and he paid it like any oppressed laborer.



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It affords the best facilities of communication between all important points in KANSAS, NEBRASKA, COLORADO, NEW MEXICO, the INDIAN TERRITORY, TEXAS, and beyond. Its Main Lines and Branches include ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY, NEILSON, DORCEY, BELLEVILLE, MOBILE, TOPEKA, KEESVILLE, WICHITA, HUTCHINSON, CALDWELL, DENVER, COLORADO SPRING, TULSA, and hundreds of other flourishing cities and towns.

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Spacious Passenger Equipment

Spacious First Class, entirely new, with latest improvements, expressly manufactured for this service, leading all competitors in the comfort and luxury of its accommodations. Electric Day Sleeping Cars. Solidly built steel track, iron and stone bridges, commodious stations, and Union Depots at terminal points.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to nearest Coupon Ticket Agent, or address at Topeka, Kansas.

A. PARKER, JNO. SEBASTIAN

## TO ADVERTISERS!

For a check for \$20 we will print a ten-line advertisement in One Million Issues of leading American Newspapers and complete the work within ten days. This is at the rate of only one-fifth of a cent a line, for 1,000 Circulation. The advertisement will appear in but a single issue of any paper, and consequently will be placed before One Million different newspaper purchasers or Five Million READERS. If it is true, as is sometimes stated, that every newspaper is looked at by five persons or more, the above figures will accommodate about 75 words. Address with copy of Advt. and check or remittance for Book of \$25 to GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., 105 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

We have just issued a new edition of our Book called "Newspaper Advertising." It has 226 pages, and among its contents may be named: DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK CITY. DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CITIES HAVING more than 100,000 population, omitting only those with less than 50,000 population, omitting only those with less than 25,000 population, omitting only those with less than 10,000 population. A SMALL LIST OF NEWSPAPERS IN WHICH to advertise every section of the country; being a choice selection made up with great care, guided by long experience.

ONE NEWSPAPER IN A STATE. The best one for an advertiser to use. It will use but one BARGAIN IN ADVERTISING IN DAILY NEWSPAPERS in many principal cities and towns. A List papers in which to advertise to some advertisers.

LARGEST CIRCULATIONS. A complete list of all American papers issuing regularly more than 25,000 copies.

THE BEST LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, covering every town of over 5,000 population and every county seat.

SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, in which advertisements are inserted at half price.

142 VILLAGE NEWSPAPERS, in which advertisements are inserted for \$2.15 a line and appear in the whole lot—one-half of all the American Weeklies book sent to any address for THIRTY CENTS.

Don't deprive yourself and family of fruits and vegetables. Don't depend upon wild berries. Don't depend upon the markets or your neighbors. Don't set aside your poorest land for the garden. Don't plant in a restricted area closely fenced in. Don't plant in little beds. Don't plant in an old orchard. Don't plant largely of anything which demands greatest attention when farm work is most pressing. Don't get plants or seeds of neighboring neighbors or from old plantations. Don't put implicit faith in novelties.

It is a wasteful practice, says Prof. A. J. Cook, of the Michigan Agricultural College, to pasture cattle on arable land.

The culture of flax in this country would keep at home \$10,000,000, now sent abroad every year in payment of foreign flaxseed and fabrics.

John Rolir, as city assessor, has cut down the population of Leavenworth about 14,000. An immense howl goes up about it which we may call a Rob o' indignation.