

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household

VOL. XX.

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NO. 14.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies \$6.00. Three months trial subscriptions, new, 25c. The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies. Advertising for the whole lot received at lowest rates. Breeders and manufacturer's cards, of four lines, or less, (25 words) with Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than three months.

Two Valuable Books.

Messrs Lee & Shepard, 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.

Prof. E. M. Shelton, of the State Agricultural college, who has been conducting experimental farming at Manhattan, has recently been trying several different varieties of winter wheat. He shows a small sack of beautiful wheat, raised on one piece of ground, which he says at the rate it yielded would go forty-seven bushels to the acre. He is experimenting with other varieties which he thinks will average fifty bushels to the acre. No finer wheat can be shown anywhere in the west.

It is announced that the German officers in the Chinese service will resign.

The railroad ticket agents of the United States and Canada will meet at Cincinnati on the 15th inst to organize an international association. Mutual insurance will be a feature of the organization.

Ben and Dan Marshall, colored were drowned while bathing in the Grand river at Chillicothe, Mo. They were drawn under by a current that has taken the lives of a score of persons within the last forty years.

The great Methodist Chautauqua at Topeka, is said to be less a success this year than formerly.

Nine times in ten when the papers speak of one as prominent as a "society man," it may be understood that a duke of no brains is referred to.

In the Topeka Police court during the month of June only seventeen persons were charged with drunkenness.

In receiving the Spanish ambassador recently the pope alluded to his possible departure from Rome. It is said to be certain that arrangements for his refuge in Spain have been completed.

Prof. Dyche of the State University, has gone on a big hunt to the great north west, and will extend his trip to British Columbia. He and his party will be gone four or five months, hunting big specimens for the museum of natural history. He expects to bag grizzlies and moose, carabon among other animals, with which to enrich the museum.

The governor of Illinois has issued a requisition on the governor of Missouri for William Wrenningham, wanted at Metropolis, Ill., for assault with intent to murder.

Isaac Wark, aged 25 drowned while bathing in a lake at Springfield, Mo., Sunday.

Hawkins' big gambling house in Chicago was raided Monday night and 100 players arrested. This is said to be the beginning of a systematized crusade against the gamblers of the windy city.

Prof. J. H. Canfield, secretary of the National Teachers' Educational association, goes to Nashville, Tenn., to make final arrangements for the great gathering of teachers, which takes place in that city July 12-19. The meeting promises to be a very large one, owing to the comparative central location of Nashville, and the interest being taken by educators of the southern states. There will be a great outpouring of teachers from the Mississippi valley and the south. Texas alone has pledged an attendance of one thousand. The east will have more than a fair representation. Large delegations will leave California and the western states this week.

A HIGH COMPLIMENT.

Johnson & Field Receive a Letter From Their Correspondent in Casablanca, Morocco, Africa.

For a number of years past the enterprising firm of Johnson & Field, manufacturers of Fanning Mills and Dustless Grain Separators, have been shipping their goods to Casablanca, Morocco. That they have given satisfaction, the following extract from a letter just received from their correspondent will show:

"Mr. H. who is British Vice Consul here, and at the head of a large firm, and who has used your mills before, requests me to send you the inclosed order, and said to me today, that he was highly pleased with the result of your Mills. He said that there were no other machines in this place worth a rap alongside of the American machines. 'You see' said he 'the others are always getting out of order, and when they do work, they clean only about half as much as these American Mills.' The small farm mill I got from you through my correspondents in New York, some six years ago, the first cost of which was \$20 I sold last week after six years use, for \$40. If your establishment was handy like London, you could get more orders. The people here never think of buying anything until they are in want of it. Then when they find it takes so long to get it from you they can't afford to wait and send off to England or France for machines."—Racine Daily Times, November 28, 1888.

The democratic papers, led by the Kansas City Times and Topeka Democrat are wasting and fooling their time away trying to make it appear that there is some considerable sentiment in favor of resubmission in Kansas.

Mrs. Morris Reubens and her infant were found "pined at Albany, N. Y., Sunday morning. The cause of death is a mystery.

Twenty-five saloon keepers were arrested at Cincinnati Sunday for violating the Sunday closing law.

The town of Luneburg, in Germany, was partially destroyed by fire Sunday. Loss, \$3,000. Six hundred workmen are thrown out of employment.

The pottery manufacturers of the United States will meet at Cresson, Pa., to consider forming a combination to equalize prices, prevent cutting and maintain prices.

An exchange commences an obituary by saying that "John Jones was born in the state of Maine when he was six years old." The editor don't believe that punctuation marks amount to much, no how.

The color of the new two cent stamps will be carmine or metallic red. It is not unlikely that the whole series of stamps will be made about one-third smaller.

The Topeka Democrat is stark mad on the question of resubmission. The submission of the Democrat's head to the water bath, and a resubmission repeated indefinitely might be the best thing for it.

California.

D. B. Wier writes the following to the Indiana Farmer: "The best region in the state for fruit growing, depends on what one wishes to grow. There is scarcely a point in the State where some of the most profitable fruit will not do finely, and over a wide extent of the State nearly every known fruit of temperate or semi-tropical climates do wonderfully well, under the special cultivation and care here given them. In the interior valleys, foothills and mountains, fruits requiring great and long continued summer heat and dry climate, with little cold, such as peaches, nectarines, the raisin grape, figs, olives, oranges, lemons etc., are perfectly at home, and nearly all other fruits as well. In the coast counties the summers are cool and wonderfully pleasant and are best adapted to fruit to which great summer heat is not necessary, such as apples, pears, wine and table grapes, cherries plums, prunes, olives, almonds, nuts, small fruits, and nearly all the first named except the raisin grape. These in the coast counties are fine table grapes. It is little use to grow fruit without one is within reasonable reach of a market for it.

Detectives in New York Sunday night arrested Reynold Timson of Milwaukee, Wis., for the larceny of \$600 worth of watches there. Timson was turned over to Detective Kelly of Milwaukee.

Robert Mitchell and Robert Taylor, farmers near Dallas, Tex., quarreled over the boundaries of a piece of land and Mitchell shot Taylor fatally. A posse is pursuing Mitchell.

The Academy of Music, the oldest theater in Cleveland, O., burned Sunday. The house was built in 1853. Clara Morris, Effie Ellsler and a dozen other stars graduated from its stock companies.

The men in Carnegie's big steel works at Pittsburg, Pa., 2400 in number, have gone on a strike against a reduction in wages. Carnegie will try to resume operations in two weeks with non-union men.

It is said that the Secretary of Agriculture intends to have a census of all the cattle in the United States taken. He will have the work done by the agents scattered over the country, who collect and furnish the different statistics for crop reports etc., and it will not therefore be accurate. But still if it approximates the truth, it will be valuable, as showing whether there has been any heavy increase in the production of cattle the last few years.

In a cutting a Tray about a woman at Chicago, Thomas Bean was stabbed to the heart, and his friend, J. C. Sprague, was painfully cut. There were several men in the melee and there is no clue to the murderer's identity.

The opening story in this month's St. Nicholas deals with Revolutionary times and particularly with a devoted old Whig who had vowed to wear the same coat until the war was decided. His disgraced granddaughters try a shrewd device to make their grandfather ashamed of his worn-out garment, but he is enabled to outwit them and to keep his vow. The story is stirring, elevated in style and sentiment, and by a comparatively new writer, Miss Alice Maud Ewell. The illustrations, including the frontispiece by George Wharton Edwards. Following this is "Louis the Resolute," which is, virtually, the true story of a boy who walked from his home in Massachusetts to Washington and secured for himself, by personal application to President Lincoln, an appointment to Annapolis. A most interesting and characteristic autobiographical mission. Mr. Lincoln is reproduced in the stable as an illustration, and a part of the boy in uniform is also a feature of this interesting contribution. A natural history serial, "Among the Florida Keys," describing the strange adventures and observations of a party of boys during a vacation trip in Florida, begins in this number and will continue for four months. It will be found full of good information and valuable knowledge. The department, including "From our Scrap-book," a temporary substitute for "Jack-in-the-Club," contain interesting facts and reflections.

"Rally Round the Flag, Boys!"

The Grand Army Reunion to be held at Milwaukee (August 26th to 31st inclusive), will, in many respects, be one of the most noteworthy of commemorative events. There will be no lack of distinguished speakers. But the most attractive features will be the "tie that binds" men who have fought, served and bled for a sacred cause, the renewal of old-time associations, the rehearsal of war experiences, and the rekindling upon the altar of patriotism of undying devotion to "one flag and one country." Veterans and their friends will be pleased to know that from all stations on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, on its main lines and branches BOTH EAST AND WEST OF THE MISSOURI RIVER, the price of tickets has been placed for this occasion at ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, while children under twelve and over five will be charged only ONE-HALF this excursion rate, or ONE-QUARTER THE REGULAR FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be for sale at all principal stations on the ROCK ISLAND ROUTE August 21 to Aug. 28, '89. Inclusive, good for continuous passage to Milwaukee at any time between the 6 dates, and good for return passage leaving Milwaukee on any date between August 27 and Sept. 5, 1889, inclusive. Holders of such tickets who desire to make side excursions from Milwaukee to points beyond in any direction, can, by surrendering their return company tickets for safe keeping to the Joint Agent at Milwaukee, have their honored original starting point where ticket was purchased (by proper endorsement), on any date not later than Sept. 5, 1889.

Lueifer, the Light Bearer, will not leave Valley Falls.

Winchester raised \$11 at a little supper for the Johnstown sufferers.

When one goes without his dinner he learns what a long felt want is.

Notwithstanding the warm weather the subscribers come rolling in.

Topeka will have the biggest fair in the west this fall. See the other big fairs give way.

Some interesting offers will be made to subscribers in due time. If every reader of newspapers living in this neck of the woods does not find a place in our list it is the purpose to learn the reason why.

CANE MILLS

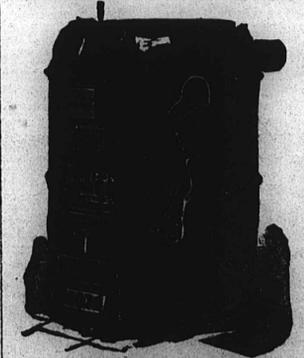
More kinds and sizes of Mills and Evaporators, for Sorghum and Sugar Cane, are made by The Blymer Iron Works Co., of Cincinnati, O., than by any other works in the world. They are the sole makers of the Victor, Great Western and Nile Mills, the Genuine Cook Evaporator, and the Automatic Cook Evaporator. Send for Catalogue, Prices, and The Sorghum Hand Book for 1889.

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LOVE AND DUTY.

"O lassie, ere the bugle call
Shall summon us to part,
Accept a soldier's love, and cheer
A Highland laddie's heart;
For I have brought from many climes,
Across the distant sea,
This costly scarf of Indian silk
To pledge my love to thee."
I cannot seal our plighted troth."
The maiden copy said:
"Till I have proved thy love to-night,
I may not with thee wed."
To-morrow is St. Andrew's day,
And where thy banners wave
My sire was slain, and I must plant
A flower upon his grave."

The church bell chimed the midnight hour
As, through the falling snow,
A soldier kept his lonely watch
With measured steps and slow;
But 'mid the gloom a maiden sped,
In secret, hurried flight;
She waved her lover's scarf, and passed
Unchallenged through the night.

At daybreak in the snow were traced
Strange footprints where she stepped,
And through the camp a murmur ran,
"Some traitor guard has slept."
At night another soldier's grave
Was measured in the snow;
For love's sweet sake his duty failed,
Yet love would have it so.

ORETOWN'S BANK ROBBERY.

The bank has been robbed! Such was the discovery made by Mr. Ebenezer Grubb late one Saturday night, and the information was obtained in this wise: Frank Johnson, a junior clerk, who lodged on the opposite of the street, a little distance down, was sitting that evening at his window. He lingered over a quiet pipe, listlessly watching the passers by, and dusk crept on unnoticed by him. He was about to draw the blinds and light the gas, when two men passed on the other side, one of them pausing and looking toward his window while the other went on to the bank and knocked at the private door. The young man's curiosity was aroused upon seeing the one who remained enter a doorway as if for concealment; so, standing behind a curtain, he watched them.

The dull, gray front of the bank was lit by a street lamp, and as the man who knocked turned round while waiting, Jackson recognized Mark Seely, the senior cashier. After a little delay the door was opened by the resident porter and he and Seely entered the building. In a minute or two they came out again, and the porter went toward a cross street, while the cashier stood at the door, apparently awaiting his return. However, no sooner had the man turned a corner than Seely again went in, and his companion hurried toward the bank. As the lamp light fell upon him Frank recognized another of the clerks, an intimate of Seely's named Williams. They reappeared in two or three minutes, and Williams, carrying in each hand a small Gladstone bag, hastened down a by-street, and was out of sight before the porter returned. Then, after a minute, the cashier took the same direction.

Jackson was puzzled to explain these movements, especially as Williams had a couple of days' leave, and was supposed to be far from Oretown. Seely was a high and well-paid officer, possessing the entire confidence of his employers. Frank sometimes thought that confidence misplaced. At all events, he had reason to believe that both men speculated in stock, a practice which the partners strictly forbade to their staff.

It was only a few days before that one of the clerks, glancing through an evening paper, cried: "Hallo! 'El Dorados' are gone down to nothing; the affair is a complete smash! By Jove, I know a fellow who had some of them." Jackson noticed Seely turn white; the hand that held the pen shook and he turned round to speak in a whisper to William, who listened with a dazed look on his face.

Frank felt uneasy. He knew nothing certain, and it was an unpleasant task to mention his suspicions to his employers; but he determined to do so, and at once set off to seek Mr. Ebenezer Grubb.

Hardly knowing what result to hope for, dreading Mr. Grubb's annoyance on the one hand, if his suspicions were wrong, and fearing robbery on the other hand, Frank accompanied the principal to the bank. Mr. Ebenezer walked straight to the strong room and opened it with his private keys, and then, throwing open the chest in which the cash was kept, proceeded to examine its contents. A gas jet just above them threw a bright light into the recesses of the safe, and showed the banker some parcels of bonds, a small pile of silver and copper, and nothing more.

The chief clerk, an old man, who, as well as the porter, lived on the premises, was by this time on the spot, and held open a cash book.

"There should be there," he said, in an agitated voice in reply to Mr. Grubb's questions, "\$125,000."

There was no sign of force having been used, and the chief clerk produced his key, which he averred had not left his hands since the safe was locked that afternoon, when the money was certainly there. Mr. Seely often borrowed it during business hours. With that exception he never lost sight of it.

The porter turned to say that Mr. Seely was not expected home until Monday morning, and the man explained that the cashier called that evening for something he forgot in his desk, and sent him on an errand which occupied perhaps ten minutes.

There hardly remained a doubt that the two clerks were the culprits, and Mr. Grubb at once placed the matter in the hands of the police.

Frank Jackson long lay awake that night, wondering whether the event of

the past few hours would bring him promotion, and if so, what effect it would have on a certain cherished scheme of his.

Six or eight months before he had met at a picnic Mary Grubb, the junior partner's daughter, a fair, winsome little thing, with dimpled cheeks and eyes soft as those of a fawn. She had just returned from school, and before Frank knew who she was he admired her. Upon learning that she was Mr. Ebenezer's only child he was keenly disappointed, for the daughter of the wealthy banker was, he feared beyond his reach. In spite of this his attentions were not diminished, and before the day was at an end he adored her. She received his little attentions with marked favor, he thought, and even sober reflection could not prevent him from entertaining hopes which any one but a lover would have considered well.

Mary often drove down for her father, and it generally fell to Frank's lot to take a message out asking her to wait or call again, which furnished opportunities for a pressure of the hand and a few words. He was not endowed with an undue amount of vanity, but he could not help seeing that on these occasions her eye brightened and a vivid flush sprang to her cheek, and he could not help thinking that, if his happiness depended on her, it would not be long deferred. But the social gulf between them kept his lips sealed. The events of the evening would probably bring him promotion, and he wondered if they would bring him nearer to Mary. His thoughts flew from her to the robbery and back again until sleep deserted him, and his brain grew dizzy.

Early on Sunday morning he called on Mr. Grubb to inform him of his idea, which, by being dwelt upon, had become a conviction. As Frank entered the banker's study Mary left, her face pale and her eyes red, and Mr. Ebenezer himself sat listlessly in an easy chair looking haggard.

After a short silence Mr. Grubb said: "Perhaps you would not mind running over to Northport yourself and making inquiries. I have faith in your shrewdness, and shall give you a letter to an old friend of ours, a magistrate there, who will help you if necessary. Here is some money, and remember, my lad, that time is of vital importance."

The trust made Frank color with pride. His first hope was that fortune might make him instrumental in saving his employers from disaster; but he may be pardoned if there also entered into his mind a wish to earn a smile from Mary, as well as her father's gratitude.

A few inquiries among the Northport police and the loungers on the beach satisfied him that his surmises were correct. Some days before, two gentlemen, whose description tallied with that of the runaways, bought a small schooner yacht from a local builder. The crew were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, stores were shipped, and the new owners arrived by the last train on the previous night. They met the seller on board, paid the purchase money and at once sailed—for a month's cruise, they said.

"I have an urgent message for them," said Frank to an old salt. "Would it be possible to get a fast steamship here and overtake her?"

"Well, sir, if 'ee could borry that thur craft," pointing to a rakish-looking steamship, whose brass fittings gleamed in the morning sun, "yes, they must 'a' gone south, and 'er'll go nigh onto twenty knots an hour." Frank looked longingly at the vessel, and upon hearing the name of the owner his heart bounded. It was the person to whom Mr. Grubb's letter was addressed.

"I fear your's is a wild goose chase," said that gentleman when the young clerk had told his story and explained his wishes. However, the Grubbs are dear old friends, and the Lorna is at your service. Come with me, and I shall give directions to the master."

In a little more than an hour the Lorna was steaming swiftly out of the harbor, and Frank, standing on the bridge beside the captain, felt almost intoxicated as the vessel's head rose and fell, and a fresh breeze blew across the sunlit sea, fanning his hot brow.

As the sun went and it became wet and stormy. All through the night the wind moaned, the waves swirled and hissed about the Lorna's bow and fell in masses on her deck, and the rain fell heavily at intervals. "Five pounds a man," Frank had said, "if we overtake her!" He had promised the captain and the policeman whom he had brought with him liberal gratuities if the chase ended successfully. He himself was too agitated to think of repose. Accordingly, throughout the night all were on the alert, peering into the darkness as the vessel slowly pursued a zigzag course.

At length they got positive news. A yacht's captain met the object of their pursuit an hour before steering due south. He could not be mistaken, he knew the Eulalie very well, and his crew recognized her too. The Lorna was put at full speed, and bounded forward, throbbing and panting—not climbing the waves but leaving them; and over each side of the bow a constant stream of water poured inward and rushed along the deck.

"There she is!" exclaimed the captain, who for some minutes had been silently scanning the horizon, and he handed the glass to Frank. It was some time before the young man could discern anything; then he saw the dark hull, the slender spars, and the white sails like gossamers against the sky.

At length the two vessels were abreast, the Lorna about fifty yards to leeward of the other. There was no one on the Eulalie's deck except three

or four sailors in blue guernsey's and red caps.

The Lorna was brought nearer, a boat was lowered and Frank, the officer, and the master went on board the Eulalie.

As they stepped on the deck a pistol shot was heard, and they rushed towards the cabin.

Frank was the first to go down, and he saw the two fugitives. Williams lay on a cushion at one side of the compartment, his face covered with blood. Opposite him sat Mark Seely, an expression of abject terror on his pale face, one hand hanging loosely and holding a revolver, which dropped from his nerveless fingers as Jackson came down. Both were dead.

After a search Frank found in a locker the two Gladstone bags, which, to within \$5,000—the purchase and fitting out of the yacht, probably—contained the whole of the stolen property.

Frank was anxious to set back to the bank at once, so leaving the bodies in charge of the officer the Lorna was headed for the nearest seaport, and as Frank drove toward the railroad station he saw in the window of a newspaper office a poster in front of which a crowd was gathered. One or two of the words attracted his attention, and, stopping the cab, he alighted and read in huge letters:

"Man on Oretown Bank—Alleged Extensive Robbery by Cashiers—Flight of the Supposed Delinquents."

When Frank, accompanied by the policeman, dashed up in a cab to the bank doors he saw a group of idlers loitering on the opposite side of the way and two streams of people, one entering and one leaving the building. He went in by the private door, and on getting inside the counter found the space allotted to the public filled to its utmost extent. The partners sat in a private office at one end of the large room, from which they could see what passed outside. Both looked weary and anxious.

Mr. Ebenezer sprang to his feet upon seeing the young clerk and asked quickly:

"Well?"

"It's all right, sir," Jackson replied.

"Here it is."

"Thank heaven!" said the younger man, a tear springing to his eye; and turning to his brother he shook his hand.

"We are saved!" he said. "Go out," he continued, addressing Frank, "and distribute the money. Do it without any fuss—just as you would had it come from next door."

Frank emptied the bags on a large table in view of all present, showing glittering streams of bright gold and large bundles of crisp notes neatly folded and securely tied.

"Half an hour more," whispered one of the clerks, "and we should have been cleared out."

The sight of so much money reassured the timid; the crowd, composed almost altogether of small depositors, gradually melted away; and when at length, after vanity waiting for further claims, Mr. Grubb ordered the doors to be closed, there were still several thousands of dollars in the bank coffers. The crisis was past. The branches had met all demands, and when the bank doors were opened next morning several heavy cases, bearing the seals of the Bank of England, were being unpacked, and Grubb's bank was saved.

It was some hours after Frank's return that Mr. Ebenezer first referred to the cause of his absence.

"Run home and dress, Jackson, my boy," he said, "I shall call for you and take you home to dinner. We want to hear your story."

Frank obtained immediate promotion, but his reward did not end there. He had won Mary's affection before his adventure, and that event secured her father's consent to their union. He is now virtually at the head of the bank. Mr. Ebenezer, the only surviving partner, having unbounded faith in the sagacity of his son-in-law all the year round.

Had an Object.

"My friend," he said, as he entered a shoemaker shop on Gratiot avenue, "I should like to sing you a song."

"How much you charge?"

"Not a red cent."

"Vas it a nice song?"

"Very nice. I am sure you will be pleased with it."

"Vhell, go ahead."

The man drew a long breath and started off. It was an awful noise. It was intended to lift the shoemaker right off his bench. It did so, and after the first verse he said:

"Maype you haf some object?"

"I have, my dear sir. While I don't charge anything for singing I do charge twenty-five cents to stop."

"I see; vhell, I vas going down to Springwells for dis afternoon. While I doan't charge you to come in, I make you pay feefy cent to get out."

And he stepped out and locked the door, and for two hours the itinerant talked with an inquiring public through a broken pane of glass, and freely acknowledged that there were better games than his.—Detroit Free Press.

Easily Found.

Aged New Yorker—"I've often wondered what became of my playmate, Will Winkle, whose parents removed to Philadelphia while he was very young. Sixty years ago he was an errand boy in a Market street store, but I haven't heard of him since."

Philadelphian (astonished)—"Well why don't you go to the store and inquire? Most likely he is there yet."—New York Weekly.

IF WOMEN PROPOSED.

BY KATE THORN.

If custom sanctioned it, what would be the result if women proposed instead of men?

Would there be any more marriages than at present? Would fewer old maids raise fewer cats, and run fewer sewing societies? Would there be fewer old bachelors sewing on buttons and nursing pet rheumatisms, by way of society?

Who can tell?

If women proposed, it would relieve the average young man of a great deal of trouble and responsibility. Instead of wandering in the dew and dampness past her house twenty times of an evening, trying to screw up his courage sufficiently to ring the bell and save the possible contingency of having her cruel and unfeeling father, with the dog at his heels, come to the front and stand there with stern front waiting for him to state his business, he could sit calmly at home with the last new novel in his hand, and wait for customers, so to speak.

He could receive proposals at his leisure, and decline with thanks when he was not suited. He could ask the young lady who came seeking his favor, if she thought she could support him in the style to which he had been accustomed; he could accept his engagement-ring and value it according to its cost; he could drop his head on her shoulder, and murmur, "Oh, Clementine, I am so happy!" and never put himself to a particle of trouble.

He would not be expected to take her out to ice-cream saloons or expensive operas. He would not have to ask her pa. Her mother could never taunt him with the fact that "he was running after dearest Clemmie all the livelong time, and the poor child had to marry him to get rid of him," because, to use a common but expressive old saw, "the boot would be on the other foot."

Then, again, it is not probable that there would be any more old bachelors. Everybody knows that the reason there are any of these supremely unfortunate individuals, is because no woman ever asked them to change their condition, and they were afraid to ask any woman to take them, lest she should refuse. And as to widowers, why, a widower always marries again as soon as she can find some one to accept him.

If woman proposed, society would be revolutionized. Mothers, with sons, would be taking the young men to mountain resorts and watering-places, in the hope of marrying them off. They would be looking for eligible young women. They would be using their influence to prevent their sons from smoking and drinking, and gambling, in order that their matrimonial prospects might not be blighted.

And how anxious the mother would be when a young man approached his second season without being engaged; and how agonized would be the maternal heart when he passed thirty and had never received an offer.

How the married men would pity him, and remark on the loss of his teeth, and his multiplying gray hairs—just as now the married women gossip about the "poor old maids" of their acquaintance.

And we greatly wonder what the disappointed man would do as he grew old, and his hopes grew less and less, and his aches and pains doubled, and the neuralgia got into his back, and he had to rub it with a long-handled brush, and lie awake nights with nobody to get up and make ginger poultices for him, and soak him in St. Michael's oil, and pity him, and cosset him, as his next-door neighbor's wife does her husband?

Well, well, we draw a curtain over the scene, and leave the conundrum unanswered.—New York Weekly.

A Child's Love of Nature.

There are many pieces of sheer good-fortune for children of luck in this world. It is well to have been born rich or handsome, or to have the talents which command the prizes of life. But it is perhaps no less happy and supreme a gift to have been born a child of the universe; to have known in early childhood brooks, mountains, and sea; to have felt the companionship of the sky, and in listening to its thunder to have heard deep calling unto deep. There is often an incommunicable and half-unconscious sense of these things in the heart of a child, wholly apart from any training or habit of observation. It is a seed which any soil will quicken; the commonest landscape will be food for it as fine as the Alps. In fact, there is sometimes with the child as with the artist a sort of instinctive selection of the humbler phase. Among the memories of a journey through Switzerland in my childhood, that of a woodland bank at Rosenlan, covered with moss and with tiny pink flowers, remains to me as having afforded at least as keen a pleasure as the glacier itself, and the image of Mount Blanc had no power to efface the delights of the "Spring lot." The power upon us of a scene of thought lies partly in the extent of our intimacy with it.—Atlantic Monthly.

There is no reason in the world why a "baby show" shouldn't be a howling success.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Some editors can't conduct a newspaper without swearing. They conduct blank-it sheets.—Merchant Traveler.

PLAIN BUT ECONOMICAL.

The Pennsylvania Road's Imported Engine Dreadnaught.

The new English locomotive "Dreadnaught," which has just been imported by the Pennsylvania railroad, isn't as symmetrical and pretty as some of the American engines now in use, but she has a decided air of usefulness about her, and there seems but little doubt that she was built for business. The wonderful records ascribed to English engines, and the great amount of puffing that they have received in both that country and America, influenced the officials of the Pennsylvania railroad to purchase one of the most noted of the British machines and bring it to this country for a thorough and practical test.

The Dreadnaught is a duplicate of one of the most famous engines in all Europe. She is a compound engine, and has three cylinders, one low-pressure inside and two high-pressure outside, two pairs of driving wheels, unconnected, and substitutes for the old-time link motion, with eccentrics on the driving axle, a valve motion, in which the connecting rod is the first attachment and source of motion to the valve gear.

The engine is run by an English engineer, and is accompanied by a machinist from the shops at Crewe, whose duty it is to see that it is given all the advantages possible on the road. At 6:52 o'clock one morning, loaded with an unusually heavy train, the Dreadnaught left Johnstown and started merrily off down the mountains toward Pittsburg. The distance, seventy-three miles, was run in the usual time, and little difficulty was experienced except in starting on some of the heavy grades. The engine has been tried on the eastern division of the road, and after a few runs over the middle division will be tried over the Fort Wayne and Panhandle routes. When asked as to the success of the new engine Superintendent Pitcairn said:

"I really can't answer that question very satisfactorily. We have bought the engine over there, and we intend to give it a thorough and practical test over all the roads. The idea is to find out whether English engines really are better than ours. The Dreadnaught so far has been doing all right. She hasn't stalled on any of our heavy grades, so far as I know, and seems to have a good deal of speed. One disadvantage is the slowness with which it gets under way, and that, you know, is an important point with us on this end of the line. I am really unable to predict the final result of the test. It is too early yet. We are after improvements in engines, however, and if we find something better than we are now using we will not be slow to adopt it. The Dreadnaught does not use so much coal as our old engines, there being a saving of something over eight pounds of fuel to the train mile. This, of course, is a consideration, other things being equal."

Difficulty in starting has been found in nearly all the trials of the Dreadnaught so far. This results from the fact that the starting of the train must be done with the high-pressure cylinders—and under some circumstances only one of them would be of any practical use—as the low-pressure cylinder would be inoperative till it received steam from the high pressure ones. Hence, on starting the Dreadnaught, or any similar engine with a heavy train on a grade or a greasy rail, the hind or high-pressure drivers slip, and the engine remains stationary until the high-pressure pistons have performed a stroke or two and have given the low pressure piston a supply of steam. The low-pressure cylinder then lends its aid to start the train, and, both pairs of drivers being now utilized, the engine moves off.

The Dreadnaught, in working order, weighs 95,200 pounds, and her tender (empty) weighs 27,000 pounds. Her outside cylinders are 14x-24 inches, and her inside (low-pressure) cylinder 30x24 inches.

The Dreadnaught has taken a train weighing, with engine and tender, 464,000 pounds, up a grade of 70 feet to the mile, four and one-quarter miles long, at the rate of 33 miles an hour. She has pulled a train weighing 544,000 pounds from Euston to Crewe, 168 miles in 3 hours and 34 minutes, including two stops, or at the rate of 44.3 miles per hour, and without stoppages 46 miles an hour, very fair speed for a train providing accommodations for 350 passengers and their baggage, and hauled by one engine. Outside of England, no train of anything like this weight is run at 40 miles an hour, including stoppages. Her coal consumption is 29 pounds per mile, evaporating 9 1/2 pounds of water to 1 pound of coal. All of these figures have been surpassed in the performance of other engines of the same class.

Spot Cash Terms.

A train in Arizona, says a voracious traveler, was boarded by robbers who went through the luckless passengers. One of them happened to be a Hebrew drummer from New York, who, when his turn came, with fear, and reluctance, fished out \$200. He rapidly took \$4 from the pile and placed it in his vest pocket.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the gentle robber, as he toyed with his revolver.

Hurriedly came the answer: "Mine friend, you surely would not refuse me a 2 per cent discount on a strictly cash transaction like this?" He got the discount.

It is not the pigs in clover that trouble President Harrison so much as the desperate efforts of the hogs to get in the trough.—New York Herald.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Profitable Farm Help.

The amount and value of farm help that can be profitably employed depends on many circumstances. It is probably true that the great majority of farmers do not hire enough, and equally true that they hire more than they can make pay. We are used to considering the low prices of farm products as the chief factor in determining what farmers can do. It is often said that prices are too low to hire much. Yet on land able to yield full crops, and if the farmer be himself a man of energy and push, it is better for him to hire what he needs to keep it properly cultivated than to let such land lie idle, or after planting to be overgrown with weeds.

If the farmer himself be willing and able to work he will get enough out of his employees to make it profitable to hire them. If he be shiftless and inefficient he will probably run ashore quickly whatever be his policy about hiring help.

It should be the farmer's aim to make his land and system of cropping good enough to warrant the largest possible expenditure of labor. If he is a good worker himself he can get more work out of hired help and thus afford to hire more. A diversified system of husbandry enables him to employ more help by the month or year. This is best for both parties, because with greatly diversified crops there is profitable work at all seasons. The ability to devise farm improvements that will pay for themselves is also another important item. On the millions of acres where underdraining is most needed some portion of hired help varying with the capital of its owner should be employed in that work. Three or four crops will pay the expense by their increased yields on well-drained land, and the improvement is for all time. If it needs the extra crops for four years to pay the cost of the drains it is equal to twenty-five per cent. for the money. Not many kinds of business pay equal to that.

Improving the productive capacity of soil in any way is generally so directly profitable that the man who is steadily doing it can well afford to hire more help than can one whose land is all the time growing poorer. It is because most farmers have not enough capital in proportion to their acres to farm as they should that they do not, and cannot afford to hire. If the crop is to yield less than the cost of producing it, the farmer himself is obviously the only man who can at all afford to do it. This means for him a good deal of hard work for little pay, and it is not possible to hire men on these terms.

Market gardeners work small areas of land and employ more help on two or three acres, often on less than one acre than many farmers do on farms of 100 or 200 acres. It is objected that this is gardening. It is, but gardening no less than farming is soil cultivation and governed by the same general rules. In the market garden the employer is obliged to underdrain and manure in the most thorough manner, in order that he may pay for the great amount of help that he is obliged to hire. Now in the country cannot the farmers take this same lesson to themselves in a slightly different shape? The more nearly their land approximates the conditions of that worked by the market gardener, the more help the farmer can, and even must, hire. The farm cannot be worked over into a garden at once. Probably before it is the owner will see the advantage of selling off part of it to be worked under other management. This is a limit to the amount of land that even the best manager can probably work. It is a good deal easier to find that limit than to find the limit of help a man can profitably employ if soil and all conditions are just what they should be.

The chief reason why farmers cannot afford to hire more help is because their land is just rich enough to pay them a poor living for working in, but not good enough to allow anything for extra labor. The first step out of this rut is to begin improving the farm. Cultivate and manure a few acres thoroughly, doing it at first without hiring and by your own labor. That will perhaps give you some profit which can be used to manure and till other acres in the same way. When a farm has been brought up so that the labor of one man, aside from its owner, can be employed and paid for from its produce, the next step is to still further increase its productivity. If the same careful system is continued, each upward step will be easier than the one preceding until the farm is brought to as high a degree as is possible under the circumstances. There is never a loss from rich land if properly managed; but what may be extra fertility for stock and grain farming might not be rich enough for the requirement of the small fruit and vegetable gardener.—American Cultivator.

The Garden.

The farmer who has no garden is a cheat and a failure. He cheats himself and he cheats his family, and that is the worst kind of cheating; he fails to take half the good things he is entitled to; he lives poorly when he might live well; he punishes his stomach and keeps his pocket-book lean; he deprives himself of half the satisfaction he ought to take in seeing his crops grow and feeling that come what will he and his will have plenty to eat, and in the end he probably drives his children away from home and spends his declining years with the dyspepsia. But you say

all farmers have gardens. No they don't. Four hills of cucumbers, two rows of sweet corn and a few lonesome beanstalks are not a garden any more than a broken water-wheel, five hundred bobbins and a loom are a cotton mill; and any quantity of stunted vegetables on worn-out soil, or any amount of weeds on good soil is not a garden any more than a clump of scrub oaks on a barren plain is a forest, or a cat-tail swamp a prairie cornfield. All farmers have so-called gardens but most of them are only so called. They occupy ground that has been tilled for years, perhaps for half a century. It may be rich in fertilizers but it is vastly more so in angle-worms and weed-seed. They are small and perhaps shaded by ancient trees whose fruitfulness ended long ago. They are probably skirted on two or three sides by a dense growth of brambles and artichokes, but the side next the henhouse is open to all comers. They are plowed and planted at odd jobs, when the owner cannot work in the field, and they contain but little more than the usual variety of field crops, potatoes, corn, beans, peas, and perhaps a few cucumbers and beets. They are hoed "once in a while," just enough to keep the weeds thrifty, and they yield—all that could be expected. A real garden bears little resemblance to these. If it is broad and sunny, the soil is clean and deep, it receives the owner's earliest attention in the spring, constant care through the summer and attention late in the fall. It is laid out systematically, thoroughly cultivated, fertilized with intelligent regard to the crops to grow in it and it contains not only field crops, but a great variety of vegetables and several sorts of each variety so planted as to furnish everything fresh and eatable as early and as late as possible, and perhaps yield a large surplus for the market. Such a garden will go further towards supporting a family, add more to their comfort and health and save more store bills than one farmer in twenty has ever dreamed of. With a good garden to go to a good housewife need never be at a loss to know what to get for dinner from the first of July until winter, and from it she can get a better table than any amount of money will provide away from a city market. Such a garden costs a good deal of time and care, and some money, but it comes to much more than it costs, and is, we believe, the best investment a farmer can make. Besides this a fine garden is one of the healthiest and pleasantest places on a farm. The man who does not enjoy owning and seeing one, who cannot get solid comfort and substantial satisfaction in working one, has not only a sluggish soul but a stomach that sadly needs to be refined and educated, especially if he is one of that class who look upon gardening as very small business for able-bodied men, and when the ground is plowed and a few potatoes and a little corn planted, leave the rest to the women and children. Such a farmer deserves to be fed on salt horse and Johnny-cake from December to January. Our advice then is, to all our readers who own land, to make a garden, make it in a good spot, make it big, plant it in not only substantial "garden sauce," but fruits and relishes, a score of things of which you perhaps know nothing but which you can learn about by a little inquiry. Don't be stingy with your fertilizers; don't be afraid of wasting labor; don't worry in well doing, but keep right at it, as if you were cultivating it to supply the table of an epicure to whom money was no object; it will pay you, and show you how little you have known of the blessings that follow the ownership of a farm.—Practical Farmer.

Farm Notes.

It often does young grain good to harrow it if a heavy rain has fallen, packing the surface soil before the seed has sprouted. The harrow breaks the crust, lets in warm air, and thus keeps the soil moister than it otherwise would be all the season. After the grain is up it will shade the ground so that no second crust will form.

A careless corn planter may easily damage the crop ten times the amount of his wages, either by putting in too little or too much seed, or dropping it one side the right mark, so it will be sure to be cut out by the cultivator. With every hill in its right place and three good plants in it there need be little hand labor used to make the crop.

It is perhaps an indication of the depreciated character of much northern farm help that mules are coming into such favor for doing farm work. At the south they have long superseded horses, which latter are mainly used for road and pleasure purposes. The mule is a rough customer to abuse. He is lively with his heels and enforces somewhat respectful treatment.

The earliness, productiveness and value of the grape crop can be greatly increased by judicious thinning of the clusters. Cut them off as soon as the buds appear, leaving two instead of three or four on a single shoot. The Catawba and possibly other late ripening kinds may be profitably thinned to one cluster on a shoot. This will probably ripen and be worth more than three or four unripe clusters.

It is not alone for the young that milk is healthful, though its nutritive characteristics especially adapt it to promote bodily growth. It is almost equally a specific for brain exhaustion and the student or writer who is fagged out will find a glass of warmed milk to relieve him better than a stimulant. Ice-cold drinks, as indeed all

ice-cold drinks should be avoided, as they are very injurious to digestion.

There may be conditions of temperature and moisture in the soil that will make severe root pruning of corn by deep cultivation, not only not injurious but even beneficial. But the man who cuts off a root takes a chance that it may hurt the plant. If the seed bed for corn has been properly prepared, shallow culture will be all the crop will need. If it has not been, it is rather late after the corn is up to remedy the original mistake.

The old fashioned notion that peas must be bushed in gardens, is growing out of date. The bush only makes a harbor for weeds, and often prevents plowing the ground after the crop is off. The small varieties surely do not need bushing. With the large varieties sow a little more thickly in the rows than if they were to be bushed. They will fall down, smother some of the weeds, turn up and bear nearly as many as if they were bushed.—American Cultivator.

Hints to Housekeepers.

To remove stains from cups and saucers, scour with powdered bath brick and soap.

Wash the hair in cold sage tea; it will keep the hair from falling out.

Tea or coffee stains will come out at once if they are taken immediately and held over a pail while boiling water is poured upon them.

If so unfortunate as to scorch the bosom of a shirt while ironing it, hang in the sun, and it will be drawn out in a few hours.

Carpets will look much brighter after sweeping if wiped off with a damp cloth.

Oilcloths should never be washed in hot soapsuds; they should first be washed clean with cold water, then rubbed dry with a cloth wet in milk. The same treatment applies to a stone or slate hearth.

A few drops of ammonia in a cup of warm rain water, carefully applied with a wet sponge, will remove the spots from paintings and chromos.

An Acrostic.

Great source Divine! Thou Kings of Kings!
Eternal Father! Mighty One!
Our God! To Thee Columbia brings
Respectful thanks for Washington!

Glad hearts we on Thine altars lay,
Ensemble o'er a continent,
While oft, ungrateful, they this day
Are thine for our first president.

Shield us, O Lord, the nation shield!
Hold o'er this land Thy scepter strong!
Incline us to thy ways to yield,
Nor suffer us to foster wrong.

Grant us, O God, a fond desire
To live in peace and unity!
Oh! May we as a nation fear
No power but Thine, no King but Thee!
—Chas. M'Cutcheon.

Starch and Fat as Food.

A Florida correspondent of the Ohio Farmer has taken to lecturing the tiller of the soil on his familiar habit of sending the best of all his products to market, reserving for himself and family only those that had been thoroughly culled over. The correspondent begins with the statement that "if there is anybody in the world who is entitled to a good, square meal three times a day it is the man who labors with hand or brain," and then insists that farmers as a rule are ill-fed and only about half nourished. Their meat is generally salt, which is neither as palatable nor as nourishing as fresh. To digest it requires a much greater effort on the part of the stomach and with much less results. To be sure it lasts much longer than would fresh meat and that is probably one important reason why the farmer uses it. The rule as to meat is the one observed in the selection of fruits and vegetables. The bright and fair go to market, the shriveled and gnarled go on his table. As a result the farmer and his family generally show an anemic condition of the blood. Their ears are nearly the color of amber and are translucent. Instead of feeding his children with the best part of his wheat, he has all his flour bolted, and requires them to eat that, which is almost pure starch, and gives the bran and shorts to his live stock. As the correspondent puts it, he drinks the skim milk and pours the cream out for the cat. The part of the wheat which goes to make red blood, the farmer does not have made up into food for his family, but gives it to his pigs and calves. By his constant diet on potatoes, bolted flour and hog, his food is reduced to starch, and starch and fat. The butcher nor the baker does not treat himself and family as does the farmer. The best cut in his shop the butcher usually sends to his own table, while the product of graham flour is uniformly set before the baker's children. But for the pure air which furnishes the farmer's boy with part of his nourishment he would be as puny as those urban children pent up in dark and ill-ventilated tenements. The mortality among farmer's children would be even greater than among city children were it not for the wholesome influence of pure oxygen, for as a rule, city children are better fed than those reared on farms.—Cincinnati Times.

A Cow with a Tender Heart.

A fine ewe sheep belonging to Elbert Swan of Preston, Conn., was drowned last week in a brook that runs through the farm and the outlook was dark for her two small lambs. But one of Mr. Swan's cows promptly adopted the waifs and she suckles them daily in the distant pasture where they are kept. The cow takes the entire charge of the lambs, as neither cow nor lambs are driven to the home-stand at night.

Indian Burial Rites.

When one is in the dying agony the relatives give vent to their grief in loud wails. The crying continues at intervals until death takes place, and also up to the time of burial. The cry, says a writer in the Journal of American Folk-Lore, has been by some white persons mistaken for a song or chant, but it in no way partakes of that character; it is a genuine expression of anguish and grief. The wail or cry is interspersed with terms which express the relationship between the deceased and the person grieving. The writer has many times heard the cry of Indian men and women, and has seen the tears flow down their cheeks. There is something truly awful in the sound when men and women together lift up their voices in the wail of grief. It is far from being like a song or chant.

When the breath has left the body of the one dying, the nearest relatives, such as parent or child, brothers or sisters, husband or wife, begin with a mad zeal to strip themselves of every ornament and cut their hair, scattering short locks about the fireplace. The older married women who have borne children clip the hair short to the ear, while the young women part with an inch or two. Young men do not sacrifice their locks, but the older women shear theirs short. The older women pull off their leggings and moccasins and wash the flesh off their legs below the knee, lengthwise and crosswise, till the blood flows freely. All the while they wail and call upon the dead. The young men remove their leggings and moccasins and pierce their legs with a sharp knife until the blood runs fast from the wounds. The old men do not scarify themselves.

With every new arrival, whether the person be of near kin or not, the wailing starts afresh. By this long-continued crying, the excitement of grief, and the pain of wounds, the relatives become exhausted before the time for burial arrives, and unable to speak above a whisper. Soon after death the corpse is placed in a sitting position facing the east, and dressed in gala costume, ornaments are put upon the hair and person, and sometimes the face is painted in the same manner as the Hunga in the ceremony of the sacred pipes, this is, if the deceased belonged to one of the gentes owning a sacred pipe. The "Hunga-keunzae," as this mode of painting is called, is done by painting the entire face red with vermilion; then a black line about the breadth of the little finger is marked across the forehead horizontally and down both cheeks to meet a line drawn across the chin, thus forming a square. A center line starts from the one across the forehead and falls along the nose to its point. This black paint is made of charcoal and prepared fat. Men, women and children belonging to the Nenebatan (sacred pipe owners) gentes of the tribe, with a few exceptions, are painted in this manner.

Why Cattle Are Salted.

Why do farmers salt their cattle? Not every farmer, remarks the American Dairyman, knows why he does it, unless it is because the stock like it, and then goes on to say: A moment's thought will show where the advantage lies. As soon as the food enters the stomach, the natural tendency is at once for fermentation to begin, and there arises a contest between this tendency and the digestive powers. And, if these powers are vigorous, and the process of fermentation is checked or intercepted, then no bad results will follow, the food will be digested, and salt will not be needed, though at any time this will assist in the process of digestion. Salt keeps food from decaying until it can be digested and assimilated, and prolongs the time to allow the digestive organs to complete their work; and if food is taken in excess, as often happens when stock is in pasture, salt given freely will be of much advantage. And further, salt is a preventative of worms. When fermentation sets in, the conditions are favorable to the existence of worms in the intestinal canals, and may possibly be engendered by the process. Consequently it should be a rule with stockmen to keep salt before their cattle, or within reach when they need it, and the cattle will obey the demands of nature and supply the want as needed.

Wealth Changes Hands.

Forty years ago you could count the millionaires of New York on the fingers of one hand, and the possessors of half a million and a quarter of a million were few. Next to the Astor estate the greatest of the fortunes were then held by the Stuyvesants and the Rhinelanders, and they were old fortunes for this new country. The families which most pride themselves on their descent are either relatively or actually poor. They have declined in pecuniary importance during the last century, while others, upon whose hereditary claims they look down with contempt, are to-day at the front in the matter of wealth. For the most part the wealth of a hundred years ago has passed out of the family which then possessed it; and even where it remains, with the increase brought about by the growth of the town, it is comparatively small. There has come up a new crop of rich men, beside whom the older seems poor and insignificant as to fortune. The Astors, the Goets, Jay Gould, the Rockefellers, the Moses Taylor estate and many others are at the front in that respect, and the former wealth is cast far into the shade.—New York Sun.

COOLNESS IN DANGER.

"Tell Mother How It Was, Joss." Lord William Lennox in his "Recollections," tells a story of the coolness of the Duke of Wellington. The French, with a fresh force double that of the Duke, were closing in upon his jaded troops, one stormy night in Spain. Wellington completed his preparations and then turning to a scout asked: "How long will it be before they can reach us?"

"Half an hour," was the reply. "Then I can go to sleep," he said, and, wrapping his cloak about him, he dropped where he stood in the muddy trench and in an instant was asleep. He woke when the bugles of the enemy sounded in his ears.

Napoleon, his soldiers were accustomed to declare, not only slept soundly when under fire, but even when riding on horseback.

General Grant also had the same faculty of falling instantly asleep, even in the face of danger.

This singular physical trait is not more a proof of courage than a cause of it; the brain, in these brief moments of sleep, finds new vitality, and wakes ready for the conflict again.

A story is told of a famous English Admiral, Sir Sydney Smith, whose ship, the Antelope, in a terrible storm in the North Sea, was driven among the rocks. Sir Sydney summoned his officers to the cabin.

"Gentlemen, you know our condition. We are driving on to the breakers. I acknowledge that I can do nothing more. If any of you can make a suggestion, now is the time."

There was unbroken silence. "Then there is nothing to be done but to await our fate." He touched the bell. "Pierre, bring up the coffee."

A story came from Switzerland a year ago of a mountain-guide, whose name was not preserved. He, with two others, was leading a party over one of the most precipitous passes of the Higher Alps. The men, as is usual, were tied to each other by a long rope.

As they scaled the wall of ice they slipped on the edge of a frightful chasm. This man was at the end of the rope. Without his weight there was a chance for the others to regain their footing; with it, there was none.

He cast a glance down at the dark abyss, filled with fathomless snows, then drew his knife from his belt, saying quietly to the man next him:

"Tell mother how it was, Joss." He cut the rope and fell, never to be seen of mortal man again.—Youth's Companion.

How Lord Clive Won His Wife.

About the middle of the last century a young cadet named Maskeleyne went to India, where he became acquainted with Lord Clive. The acquaintance ripened into intimate friendship, and led to constant association. There hung up in Maskeleyne's room several portraits, among others a miniature which attracted Clive's attention.

One day after the English mail had arrived, Clive asked Maskeleyne if he had received any English letters, adding:

"We have been very much misunderstood at home, and much censured in English circles."

Maskeleyne replied that he had, and read to his friend a letter he then held in his hand. A day or two afterwards Clive came back to have the letter read to him again.

"Who is the writer?" inquired Clive.

"My sister," was the reply, "my sister, whose miniature hangs there." "Is it a faithful representation?" further asked Clive.

"It is," replied Maskeleyne, "of her face and form, but it is unequal to represent the excellence of her mind and character."

"Well, Maskeleyne," said Clive, taking him by the hand, "you know me well, and can speak of me as I really am. Do you think that girl could be induced to come to India and marry me?—the present state of affairs I dare not hope to be able to go to England."

Maskeleyne, wrote home, and so recommended Clive's suit that the lady acquiesced, went to India, and in 1783 was married at Madras to Clive, then rising to the highest distinction.—Yankee Blade.

Where Most Men Fail.

How few men there are who can successfully lay and light a fire. There are many who are able to lay it and light it, but the results are usually painful to the patient housewife. She may send her husband to the kitchen in the morning to start the fire, feeling confident that she can steal a half hour more of that comfortable doze which comes only with the dawn, but it is an even bet that the smell of burning wood will reach her nostrils sooner or later, and that she will be obliged wearily to don her garments and grope her way down-stairs to the rescue of her well-meaning but unsuccessful other half, who, with his lungs full of the odor of burnt wood and the smoky tears running down his cheeks, is usually found engaged in vainly endeavoring to put life into three sparks with his breath. The only men who are successful in starting fires are the professional fire builders employed in the hotels, and when the ordinary man becomes a hotel guest and reposes in a warm couch on a cold morning and sees how easily the hotel fireman does the work he realizes what a veritable chump he is himself.—Chicago Herald.

THE WEEKLY NEWS.

SEND ORDERS FOR ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING TO THIS OFFICE.

The corn crop in Illinois has been seriously damaged by heavy rains and the overflow of the river bottoms.

In some counties farmer's banks have been established under the management of the alliance. Where circumstances are favorable this is a good idea.

The clothing trade is demoralized. Purchasers who are now arranging for their fall and winter stock, are unwilling to meet the advance upon last years prices that jobbers and manufacturers demand.

The stock of old wool in the country has been pretty well cleaned out while the new crop is late in getting in and is in good demand. Our farmers are producing none too much wool, and will not do so.

F. W. Willard has entered upon his duties as sheriff of Leavenworth county, by appointment of Gov. Humphrey. Deputy Murphy will continue to act in the same capacity as before until called by the people to be sheriff, an event that is not improbable.

With its issue for last Sunday the Leavenworth Times again passed into the management of Col. D. R. Anthony. The change was very perceptible. Leavenworth, however, is not so profitable a newspaper town as it once was, but Col. Anthony will make the most of it.

Douglas county politicians are to some extent, bitter that the general superintendent of Indian school Dorchester, has recommended one W. V. Coffin to succeed Col. Larnard in Haskell institute. A half dozen local aspirants were willing to accept it. Mr. Coffin has had experience in a western Indian school.

In Leavenworth county, says the Times, party lines will be closely drawn this year. Probably this will be the case in nearly all the other counties in the state. Not only in this state but throughout the country, the republicans will insist upon rigid organization until after another presidential campaign.

D. W. Boutwell has recovered a judgment for \$2,100 damages against the city of Topeka on a charge for false arrest and cruel treatment at the hands of its officials about a year ago. Boutwell is the man who did such noble service early in the war. He refused to give names of his boarders subject to poll tax, was arrested and ill treated.

Kansas has multiplied its farms during the last five years and greatly increased its farm population but the number of sheep has decreased nearly two thirds and instead of the flocks numbering over 1,200,000, we now have but little over 400,000. This indicates no doubt a mistaken policy, but it does not follow that less energy has been expended or less profit realized. Efforts have been made in other directions. Still we believe that one year with another, and in the long run, it will be better not to allow sheep husbandry to go into a permanent decline.

Kansas has harvested the greatest wheat crop ever raised, estimated at 40,000,000 bushels, worth \$30,000,000. It is not the largest in proportion to population, as the crop in 1882 was 36,000,000 valued at \$24,000,000. Many acres of Kansas farms will be paid for this year by the wheat grown on them, but the oats and rye have also been abundant. While the corn promises to come out as grandly as the smaller grains. Unlike the wheat product the corn will probably show an increase more in proportion to the increased population of the state. Besides this there has grown up diversified farm interests that are much more desirable than when all attention was turned to wheat. Then a failure in wheat was a failure in everything, while now a failure in the wheat crop would not be so very serious a matter.

The farm mortgage business is one that every farmer should discountenance. It will be better for farmers to go slower and keep out of debt. Especially in these days of trusts and combinations it is the only safe way. The farmers of the west have taken to their bosoms loan and farm mortgage associations, paying immense commissions, until they have grown into corporations of such magnitude that they hold the very farmers who have made them powerful, completely at their mercy. In this they are joined by other corporate powers until the profits of the producing classes are squeezed from them as fast as they are earned. The farmer is said to be the most independent man in the world, but it is only when he keeps out of debt. The owner of a mortgaged farm is a slave, or if he is not one today there is no telling how soon he may be.

The agricultural Wheel doesn't do much rattling as it rolls, and yet it has been going at a tremendous pace.

In Ohio there are dairy and food commissioners, whose business it is to look after adulterations in food and dairy products. Recently these commissioners endeavored to put a stop to the manufacture of artificial vinegar, made in imitation of cider vinegar, the same being made of malt and corn meal at the cost of two cents a gallon. This vinegar is colored in imitation of cider vinegar and sold for cider vinegar.

A Vermont flockmaster declares that the best method of doctoring sheep for foot rot is to wet the foot of every animal in the flock, sound or lame, thoroughly with kerosene or coal oil, and put what sulphur you can take in the thumb and fingers between the hoofs of each foot. Keep the sheep in a dry place for twelve hours. Repeat this operation in about two weeks, and you will have no more trouble.

Those whose diet consists of meat and bread would find it greatly to their advantage to consume more fruit. These persons, in consequence of drinking large quantities of water, are particularly liable to kidney and bladder troubles. Calcareous deposits in the system come mostly by means of the water we drink and he who drinks water to excess is most liable to such deposits. Human life begins in a gelatinous state and ends in a bony condition. With age the bones grow harder by earthly deposits of phosphates and lime. Imperfect circulation sometimes exists as a result of this hardening process, which extends in later life even to the arteries. Fruit, through its juices and acid, is a protection from this condition and despite the fear of some people not half so liable to engender diarrhoea and bowel troubles as meats. Fruit that is ripe will harm no one. The accumulation of mineral matter in the system to excess can in no way be better prevented than by a liberal use of ripe fruits. These statements are founded on physiological research and appear reasonable on the surface regardless of their backings. Let us use more fruit rather than less. Give it a large place in the garden.—Popular Gardening.

Whatever may be said of the market east for scrub horses there is no doubt but that there is a demand, both at home and abroad, for heavy draft horses. There is more than double, yes, more than treble, the common horses in use than there are good ones, and more than double bought and sold every day. Still, if we count the difference in the price of a pair of common horses and a good draft team, we will find that the latter is in demand at a figure much above the difference in the cost of production. Outside of the original investment in good mares, and a heavy stallion of high standing, the cost of production is not so very much larger than the cost of the common scrub. Large horses, of course, eat a little more than the small ones and require a little care, but they are generally kind, easily broken and don't know anything but to pull, and with the exception of the fleet roadster, the well-mated carriage horse is the most salable animal produced. Then, the great beauty of the draft horse is in the fact that, like a beef steer, he almost sells by weight. There is, at least, but little training necessary to fit him for service, and where a man has but little idea of how to handle or train a horse he can do but little better than to grow the heavy class.—Rocky Mountain Husbandman.

The current number of The Eclectic comes to us with various taking and timely articles—"The Prototypes of Thackeray's Characters" throws light on matters interesting to all of the great novelist's readers. The artist-author, W. W. Story, contributes a very suggestive discussion of art problems in his "Conversation in a Studio." "The Poet of Portugal" is a paper on Camoens, the national poet of Portugal and the author of "The Lusiad." The Countess of Jersey tells us about the every day life Hindostan in a bright and entertaining way. Lord Justice Fry discusses the value of imitation, one of the main primitive instincts, as a force in civilization. Professor Huxley has another powerful paper on "Agnosticism." E. Strachan Morgan discusses "The Roman Family," and the conditions of social life in Latin times; Senora Bazan tells about "The Women of Spain." W. T. Stead has a readable article on Boulevard under the title of "Madame France and her Brav' General." Apropos of the centenary of the French Revolution, there is a striking contribution from Blackwood's. Other interesting articles are "In Tippee Tib's Country" and "The Spiritual Future of the World." There are several short articles and poems of interest. As this number begins a new volume it is a favorable time for new subscription.

Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, \$1. Eclectic and any \$1. Magazine, \$5.

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

The July ATLANTIC contains a short sketch called "Going to Shrewsbury," by Sarah Orne Jewett, which naturally commends itself to the summer reader. Another paper, called "A Mountain-Side Ramble," will appeal to the same class. The magazine opens with an article by Miss Preston, giving an account of the last days of Cicero, one of a series which she has been contributing to the ATLANTIC. Prof. N. S. Shaler, who is a person to speak with authority writes about "The Problem of Discipline in Higher Education," which will be read by student and teacher with equal interest. Mr. H. L. Nelson has an article on the "Speaker's Power," not a consideration of the power of oratory, but the power of the Speaker of the house of Representatives. Mr. W. H. Downes has an interesting paper on the "Old Masters" which may be seen in New York, and it is surprising to find how large a representation can be seen there. Mr. James's "Tragic Muse" is steadily gaining in interest. The two specially literary articles of the magazine are "John Evelyn's Youth," an account of the early days of that worthy, full of anecdote, written by Mary Davies Steele. The other article is "Books that have hindered me," by Agnes Repplier. So much has been written about books that have helped various people that Miss Repplier has decided to write about the books that did not help her; among these she mentions "Sandford and Merton," Milton's "Areopagitica," and the "Heir of Redclyffe." The number closes with a knowing article on "Trotting Races," by H. C. Merwin; by some criticisms of recent American Fiction and other books, and by the usual departments. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Of the highest importance and interest are the chapters of the Lincoln Life in the July Century. The circumstances attending Lincoln's renomination are here set forth in the most authoritative manner, and other chapters deal with the Wade-Davis Manifesto and Horace Greeley's Peace Mission. A thrilling episode is described in Kennan's Siberian paper for the same month. The title is "The Free Command at the Mines of Kara," and a description is given of Kennan's night visit to the political exiles at the college of Miss Armfeldt. An extremely timely contribution is Mr. Charles Barnard's long and profusely illustrated article on "Inland Navigation of the United States." "Woman in Early Ireland" is the illustrated paper in Mr. de Kay's Irish series. Bishop John F. Hurst in his article, "The Temperance Question in India," gives results of a recent visit to that country. The "Open Letter" Department is particularly full. Besides Mr. Mabie's paper are several letters brought out by the life of Lincoln, and others on "Industrial Education of the Negro," the "Secretary of Continental Congress," "Imperial Federation," "One Reason of the Inefficiency of Woman's Work," "The Decline of the Editorial," "Confiscation No Remedy," and "General Sheridan and his Troops."

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Our Stock is of the BEST and always Complete.

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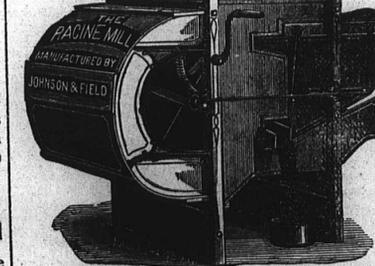
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MANUFACTURERS OF "THE RACINE" FARM AND WAREHOUSE FANNING MILLS

DUSTLESS GRAIN SEPARATORS AND LAND ROLLERS.



These Mills and Separators have long been used by the Farmers, prominent Millers, Grain and Seed Dealers throughout the United States, who highly recommend them as being the BEST MACHINES ever made for cleaning and grading Wheat, Barley, Oats, Corn and Seeds of every description. They do the work more thoroughly, have greater capacity, built stronger and heavier and better finished than any other Mills. Six different sizes, two for Farm Use, four for Warehouse, Elevator and Millers use. The Land Rollers are the BEST and CHEAPEST for the money. ALL MACHINES WARRANTED. Write for Circulars and Prices before buying. We can vouch for the reliability of this firm.—Enoch.

The July Wide Awake has many strong, timely features, notably two especially American. Miss Seward's "Fourth of July at Robert College"—the American college in Constantinople, a seed bed of American ideas in Europe; the other Mrs. Burton Harrison's "The Republican Court," in which she gives portraits and charming little biographies of eighteen of the prominent young society women who were in General Washington's circle of friends. Mrs. Washington herself leading the train. These portraits are from the celebrated Baltimore porcelains—an heirloom which ex-Mayor Hodges of that city has "founded" for his descendants. There is a thrilling story of "The Child-Knight of Bonifera," by Madame Cramer Bernhard, a niece of General Grant. There are also many other bright things in verse and picture, and plenty of original anecdotes and entertaining "short talks" in "Men and Things." Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Jefferson county had more celebrations than any other county in the state. It was true to its name.

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 \$200.00 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. E. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main Street, Richmond, Va. N. B.—Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for reply. E. F. J. & Co.

All kinds of plants and cut flowers cheap, at Chris Warren 819 Kan. Avenue.

Western Farm News.

Chicago received 300,000 pounds more wool last week than in the corresponding week last year.

To remove grease from garments, dissolve a teaspoonful of salt in four tablespoonfuls of alcohol, shake well and apply with a sponge.

The dry goods markets are dull, this being the season when the wholesale trade is slow. The indications are that the fall trade will be good.

A mustard plaster that will draw but not blister: Mix the mustard with the white of an egg, or melted lard, spread on a thin cloth and cover with a piece of gauze or thin muslin. This can be worn for days without fear of taking cold.

Twenty drops of carbolic acid evaporated from a hot shovel will go far to banish flies from a room, while a bit of camphor gum, the size of a walnut, held over a lamp till it is consumed, will do the same for the festive mosquito.

Vinegar is better than ice for the keeping of fish. By putting a little vinegar on the fish it will keep perfectly well even in hot weather. When throwing pickles into cold vinegar, a small bag of mustard prevents mold.

The simplest way to fumigate a room is to heat an iron shovel very hot and then pour vinegar upon it, drop by drop. The steam arising from this is a disinfectant. Doors or windows should be open that it may escape.

Have you suffered long by reason of Malaria, tried everything, and finally come to the conclusion that "all men are liars?" Send one dollar to Dr. A. T. Shallenger, Rochester, Pa., and get a bottle of his Antidote for Malaria. If not cured in a week, say so and the money will be immediately returned to you.

The strawberry will be reasonably satisfactory on most any kind of soil. If a soil will grow good corn it will grow strawberries. The soil should be rich. Set out the plants, keep the ground clean and keep off the runners, and you will get strawberries in all probability. Set out the old Concord grape on good, rich well drained soil, and let it take care of itself. We are talking for the benefit of those who think it too much trouble. It must always be understood that the best results will depend upon good care.

Hints on Killing Weeds.

Plants cannot live indefinitely deprived of their leaves. Hence preventing their appearance above the surface will kill them sooner or later.

Plants have greater need for their leaves, and can be more easily killed in the growing season than when partially dormant.

Avoid the introduction of weeds in manure or litter or from weedy surroundings. Some gardeners use no stable manure on grounds they desire to keep especially clean, relying on commercial fertilizers and the plowing under of green crops.

After a summer crop has ripened, instead of allowing the land to grow up to weeds, it is often well to sow rye or some other crop to cover the ground and keep them down.

Give every part of the farm good cultivation every few years, either with a hood crop or if necessary, with a fallow.

It is often stated that cutting weeds while in flower will kill them. This is only reliable with biennials, and with them only when done so late that much of the seed will grow.

If the ground is kept well occupied with other crops, weeds will give much less trouble. Keep meadows and roadsides well seeded and plow land cultivated, except when shaded by crops.—Agricultural Report.

To Tell the Age of Cattle.

A heifer has no rings in her horns until she is two years of age, and one is added each year thereafter. You can therefore tell the age of a cow with tolerable accuracy by counting the rings on her horns and adding two to the number. The bull has no rings, as a rule, until he is five years old. To tell his age after that period, add five to the number of rings. The best way to tell the age is by the teeth, which is of course the only way with polled cattle. What are called the milk teeth gradually disappear in front. At the end of three years, the second pair of permanent teeth are well grown, at four years the third pair, and at five the fourth and last pair have appeared, and at this time the central pair are full size. At seven years a dark line caused by the wearing of the teeth appears on all of them, and on the central pair a circular mark. At eight years this circular mark appears on all of them, and at nine years the central pair begins to shrink, and the third at eleven. After this period the age can only be determined by the degree of shrinkage generally. At fifteen years the teeth are nearly all gone.—O. J. Farmer.

\$100 REWARD. \$100.

The readers of the weekly NEWS will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars, or any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

What Becomes of the Horses?

Frequently one hears fears expressed, that the breeding of horses is being carried to such an excess that there must be an immense over-production, and that the business cannot much longer be conducted at a profit. When one stops to consider the multitude of colts maturing all over the country, these fears seem well grounded, unless we go below the surface and note where they go and what becomes of them. The horses of New York city represent a cash value of \$12,000,000. The average life is but four years, so that in this brief time about one hundred thousand go in and out of work there. The other large cities make proportionately heavy demands on the breeding sections. The annual death rate in New York exceeds 14,000, while immense numbers become permanently disabled. The only excess to be found there is of the inferior class. Here as everywhere else, the dull meted, poorly constructed, imperfect horse is a drug. The great demand is for stylish driving and coach horses, of size and substance. The period of service is about three years, when they begin to fall in the scale of being. An increasing demand is felt for well bred horses meeting the requirements, and these are eagerly seized upon by agents representing the large centres. Instead of worrying about what is to become of the surplus, and borrowing trouble about the possibilities of over-production, attention should be turned in another direction, and time given to more pleasant occupations. There is and will be a healthy demand for stock meeting the fancies of purchasers.

What is to become of the poor colts is a serious question, which should be carefully noticed and heeded. Time should be given for a careful debate of the prospects of the future, for the colts bred from unsound, undersized, imperfect mares. Here is cause for worry, but the excess of this class has been in spite of the appeals of the agricultural press. While stimulating breeding, no publication has urged the use of poorly constructed, defective mares, because there can be no success with such. Failure and nothing less is the certain end. The cry, of what is to become of the colts? comes very largely from the men who are using this class. Mares which have been carefully bred, are sound and intelligent, will give colts that the great trade centres are seeking for continually and cannot find.—Maine Farmer.

What a Woman can do.

There are lots of things that a woman can do that a man can not.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick 50 pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is as cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each others heads before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base ball pitcher.

She can say "No" and stick to it for a time. She may also say "No," in such a low voice that it means "Yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband 75 years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterwards tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you some faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do it well.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy for 24 hours and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.—Ex.

Mahogany furniture should be washed with warm water and soap; an application of beeswax and sweet oil upon a soft cloth, and polished with chamois, gives a rich finish.

Mildew is easily removed by rubbing common yellow soap on the article, and then a little salt and starch on that. Rub all well on the article, and put it in the sunshine.

When the rubber rollers of your wringer become sticky, as they very often do after wringing flannel, rub with kerosene and wipe dry, and they will be nice and smooth.

GEESSE IN HARNESSES.

How an Inventive Alabama Farmer Weeded His Cotton Fields.

A gentleman who has just returned from the central part of Alabama told the following wonderful story, which gives a new departure for farmers in the South, and which, if it is found to be successful, will be as novel as it will be profitable and labor saving. He said:

When I was in Alabama, between porter's Gap and Millerville, I came to a country place where a man was driving ten or twelve geese from a branch to a cotton patch.

"For Heaven's sake," said I, "what is it you have on the necks of those geese?"

"Those are gourds full of water. I drive the geese into that cotton patch and keep them there all day weeding out the cotton. There is no water in the cotton patch, and I have to give them water in this way to keep them there. Those geese will weed out more cotton in a day than two people would. They will eat the grass and weeds, but they won't touch the cotton."

"But how do they get the water out of the gourds under their necks?"

"They drink out of each other's gourd. Each gourd has an opening in the side, so that another goose can put his bill into the gourd and drink. If you will stay here long enough you will see it for yourself."

I waited there half a day to see that performance, and finally I saw it. The geese did just as the man said they would. When a goose got thirsty he walked up to his neighbor and coolly drank out of the gourd on his neck.

When asked if he had yet made a crop with the help of the geese he replied that he made a small crop last year but only had a limited number of geese, as he was only experimenting. This year he has over a hundred geese in harness, and they have succeeded in keeping his crop cleaned out so far. He has 100 acres under cultivation, and says that he will make the best crop he has ever made.

When asked how he came to think of using the geese as farm hands, he replied that two years ago he had a small patch of cotton near his house. In this patch the geese raised about his yard were allowed to run. He noticed that the cotton had little or no grass and no weeds at all, and began to watch the geese. He found that they literally ate every weed and every blade of grass, but they did not touch the cotton. Finding how valuable they were for this purpose he resolved to try them on a larger scale, and is delighted with his experiment. His neighbors have paid close attention to the matter, and next year they will each of them start a large number of geese in harness in their cotton crops. If the farmer's experiment is as successful as he thinks it will be, it is only a question of a few years until the whole cotton crop of Alabama will be weeded out by the ordinary farm goose.

Signs of Portent.

Fan—Oh, Lil, when is your friend's marriage coming off? Do tell her to have pity on her friends and let it be soon, so we shall hear about something else.

Lil—You won't have much longer to wait. She and Tom have quarrelled every day for a week, and I believe that's the last stage of necessary preparation.—Judge.

An Unpleasant Way of Putting It.

Customer (having finished his dinner): "Er—about what is the customary tip waiter?" Waiter: "It varies somewhat, sah, 'cordin' to the gemmen hisself. De meanest man what ever come into de place, sah, giv me 10 cents."—Epoch.

Advertising That Doesn't Pay.

"It's all humbug to talk to me of the benefits of advertising," said the sour-looking man. "I spent \$175 last year in advertising, and I was closed out by the sheriff in January. The money was wasted, sir, every cent. Advertising is no good."

"What papers did you advertise in?" inquired a sympathetic bystander.

"What papers? Thunder! I didn't use any papers. I had my advertisements painted on fence boards."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Quite Posted.

"We passed a derelict last night," said the talkative passenger at breakfast.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Parvenue, and then whispering to her daughter, whose seat was next beside her, she said: "There Jennie remember that 'derelict' is French for 'ice-berg' when we get to Paris!"—Ocean.

Why we sell Cheaper and Better Goods than other Clothiers.

Our ability to buy cheap and our willingness to sell at the lowest living prices, fills our store from day to day with both old and new customers. The straightforward manner in which our business is conducted, the cheerfulness with which we exchange goods or refund money, and the enormous assortment of goods we show, makes our store a desirable and homelike place to trade. We work with untiring energy to buy clothing cheap so as to sell it cheap. Ours is a store where manufacturers cost cuts no figure. Why, we can show you to-day 100 lines of suits that we are selling for a good deal less than manufacturers' cost. The reason we can sell you better goods cheaper than a good many stores is because we are not tied to any one manufacturer, but have them all to select from. We are very careful of the make, fit and quality of our clothes, and don't buy poor fitting stuff nor trash at any price.

Branch Stores

Junction City,

AND

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Kansas.

CRAINS & URBANSKY, The Boston Square Dealing Clothiers.

738 Mass. Street. LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

C. W. SMITH,

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FURNITURE DEALER & UNDERTAKER.

Telephone 123.

Best Stock of

A Large Stock of

Fine and Medium Furniture In the City!

Wood and Cloth Covered Collins and Caskets

Always on hand.

Embalming a Speciality.

LOWEST PRICES.

Goods delivered anywhere in the city Free of Charge. Call and see me when in want of any goods in my line, at 308 and 310 Mass Street.

I have an elegant new hearse, and having two can attend to all calls. For night or Sunday work call at residence, 1004 Kentucky street.

Great Clearance Sale

Dry Goods & Millinery.

1-4 off of Dry Goods and Millinery from now till July 4.

DRY GOODS AT COST.

Lawns 3 1-2c per yard.
Shirting 3c per yard.
French Chambray 8c per yard.
Alpaca 8c per yard.
Good Mohair only 8c per yard.
\$5 lace curtains, only \$2.

Calico from 3c to 8c per yd.
Challies, 6 cents per yard.
Linen Chambray 12 1-2c per yard.
Turkey red table cloths 25c and 40c, according to width.
Toweling from 5c to 15c, worth from 12c to 25c.

Come before the 4th of July and we can save you an immense amount of money. Don't forget about the ticket. If you don't think we are going to save you money, come and be convinced.

We are here to wait on you.

YOURS VERY RESPECTFULLY,

H. M. ALLDAFFER MERCHANTILE CO.,

CRAWFORD'S FLATS.

214 East 5th Ave. Topeka.

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 133.

Cultivation in a dry time is most injurious to weeds and beneficial to crops.

For Sale.

Some full blood Berkshire pigs, or sow and pigs, all registered stock.

Chris Warren,

319 Kan. Avenue.

The longest river in the world is the Mississippi, reckoning from the source of the Missouri being 4300 miles, or equal to the combined length of about thirty-three millions of asterbrook's mammoth falcon pens and pen holders.

Send your orders for plants and cut flowers to Chris Warren, 319 Kan. Ave., Topeka, Kan. All mail orders filled promptly.

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 cost. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them unsealed for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

TIMOTHY SMITH, watchmaker, is doing business in Belfast, Me., in the shop that was occupied by his father and grandfather, whose first names were also Timothy. The sign which hangs over the door is the same one his granddad bought.

CONTRACTOR JOHN SNAITH, who put up the papier-mache ceiling in the New York assembly chamber and who "lay low" during the squall of legislative investigation, has returned to Albany. Snaith claims that the state owes him \$40,000.

ANOTHER old servant of Queen Victoria has just died. She was Miss Hildyard, and was at one time governess to the princess royal and the prince of Wales. She remained in the queen's service nearly twenty years, and then became a Sister of St. Katherine.

The study of Gustave Eiffel, engineer and architect of the big tower at Paris, is a regular curiosity shop. In it are to be seen any number of queer inventions and outlandish relics. He has a Buddhist shrine that is over 500 years old and a sixteenth century figure of St. John.

HERE is a marriage notice clipped from a Cleveland paper: "In Guilford, Medina county, O., on the 2d inst., by S. Wilson, Esq., Samuel D. Curtis to Miss Sallie Murphy, after a tedious courtship of fifteen years, which was borne with Christian fortitude and patience."

GEN. SHERMAN refuses to give permission to several ambitious writers who are desirous of preparing a sketch of the life of his late wife. "In my conclusion," says Gen. Sherman, "I am joined by my children, who, with me, are cognizant of their mother's wish in this respect."

OLD Christ church, Alexandria, of which one George Washington was some time a vestryman, had twice a woman sexton. In 1776 Susannah Edwards seated the congregation, "each according to his dignity." From 1810 to 1821 a Mrs. Cook held sway, and it is said would lock the people in their pews and patrol the aisles in a most martial manner.

JUSTICE MILLER, who intends to retire from the supreme bench in the fall, is 73 years old and has been a member of the court since 1862. He is a man of huge and portly frame and has a round, jolly face, innocent of beard. He began his life as a doctor, but was attracted to the law, and his shrewd, hard sense quickly won for him a leading place at the bar of the state of Iowa.

A DISTINGUISHED lawyer of Brooklyn says: "Not long ago I was talking with Mr. Blaine about Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, whom we both very greatly admire for his wonderful talents. I made the remark that it was my belief that Colonel Ingersoll would ultimately renounce his agnosticism. Mr. Blaine said: 'I think so too, and I shouldn't be surprised to see him some day in the pulpit.'"

The country residence at Bay Port, N. Y., of William R. Foster, Jr., the counsel for the produce exchange who defrauded the institution out of \$193,000, was, with its contents, sold at auction last week. It was fitted up like a palace. In the cellar was \$14,000 worth of rare old wines, while costly oil paintings and rich draperies filled the house. A steam yacht which cost \$32,000 was among the effects.

The court of Leo XIII. is said to comprise 1,160 persons. There are 20 valets, 120 house prelates, 170 privy chamberlains, 6 chamberlains, 200 extra-honorary chamberlains, 130 supernumerary chamberlains, 80 officers of the noble guard and 60 guardsmen, 14 officers of the Swiss guard and palace guard, 7 honorary chaplains, 20 private secretaries, 10 stewards and masters of the horse, and 60 door-keepers.

As society sees more and more of Sir Julian Pauncefote, the New British minister, says a Washington letter, it has more and more occasion to congratulate itself upon a really valuable acquisition to its circles. In private life Sir Julian is found to be an interesting man. He is a good talker, and is not a bad raconteur. He can stand upon his dignity with a grand air, but as a rule he is courteous to affability and kindness. He is seen to the best advantage after dinner, when the strains of music are heard in the drawing room. He is a technical musician of high quality for an amateur.

JAY GOULD'S SONS.

Two Young Lieutenants Who Are Bused With Enterprises of Great Pith and Moment.

It may easily be that the son of a famous man in New York has a bleak time of it, says the Sun of that city. He is apt to be overshadowed by his father's prominence. Jay Gould believes this.

Anybody who talks to Mr. Gould can not but be impressed with his marked philosophic temperament. It has been said that he loses his composure about once in every six years. On these occasions some of his closest friends believe that he is imprudent even to recklessness. The rest of the time he is a keen and calm observer of everything and everybody around him. These casual observations on some of Mr. Gould's characteristics, and they have been spoken of many times in Wall street, will go along with the remark of an old campaigner in the street.

"Either Jay Gould loves his sons George and Edwin to the point of indiscretion," said he, "or he has weighed them up in his keen way, and thinks there's lots of sand in them."

The old campaigner meant that Mr. Gould believed that his sons had the financial acumen to justify him in pushing them to the front in the management of great corporations and financial enterprises with which his own name is so prominently associated.

George Gould is now practically a veteran. Pages have been written about this young man of 30, who for a number of years has been his father's right hand man in the management of the Western Union, Missouri Pacific, and other great corporations. George Gould is practically in command of the Western Union building. His father seldom visits the building. He has a wire from it to his home on Fifth avenue and in Irvington, and as his eldest son is a proficient pounder of the key he is in direct and confidential communication with his father. George Gould receives all his father's visitors, and in other ways some of the rays of his father's prominence gild him.

So much has been heard recently of Edwin Gould that he can very properly be considered a factor in the Gould fame. Very few speak of him as Edwin Gould. He is Eddie Gould to nearly everybody, and in Wall street he has inherited the title of "Kid Gould," which was bestowed on his brother George when he was first heard of.

This young man is 23 years old. He was born in the old home of the Goulds in Union square. He has a voice and a vote in the management of \$300,000,000 of railroad, telegraph, and cable capital. He is at the Western Union building with his brother George every day. He is a director in the Western Union Telegraph company and its cable companies and a member of the executive committee of the St. Louis, Arkansas & Texas Railroad company, president of the coal companies of the Missouri Pacific railroad company, and president of the Pacific railroad of Nebraska. At directors' meetings his boyish face contrasts with those of such veterans as J. Pierpont Morgan, Samuel Sloan, Russell Sage, Sidney Dillon, and Cyrus W. Field.

He is more like his father than George. He resembles him in voice and ways. George Gould can be easily recognized by his olive skin and raven hair and mustache. Young Eddie Gould's skin is even darker and his hair and mustache blacker than George's. He has a diffident air and speaks very slowly and in the low tones which are so remarked with his father. In manners he is very much beyond his years. He acts like a young old man. One would think in talking with him that he never thought of fun or was interested in the amusements of young men. He occasionally smiles, but it isn't the hearty expression of youthful jollity. In fact, in many ways he is an eminently serious young man.

But he is just the young man that would interest some of our fair country girls. He likes the theater and opera. He has the same enthusiastic zest for the theater that the average city young man begins life at 15 with. Young Gould would make a fine beau for the little country maidens who go to the theater every night in the month and have a smothered regret that there were any Sundays to keep them at home.

He can telegraph any number of messages, but he says he is not an expert receiver. In business hours he is all business, but in the afternoons he dashes through the park and out on the roads beyond on a dark-gray Kentucky horse with a white tail. He is a member of Troop A of the first dragons, the first cavalry troop to be admitted to the national guard of the state. All the hesitation in young Gould's manner departs when he talks of this cavalry troop. He is earnestly interested in its success, and frankly said the other day that if he had a hobby in the world it was this troop. He believes that in time it will surpass the famous Seventh in the proficiency and precision of its drills and dress parades. He is convinced that the time is approaching when interest in these troops will supplant the furore which the Seventh and other famous infantry troops excite.

Young Gould is a member of the New York Athletic club, and when at Columbia rowed in the freshman crew at New London. "But we got licked," he laconically said, in speaking of the occasion. Before going to Columbia young Gould went to the New York school of languages, but he says he

wasn't interested enough to learn to speak the languages taught at the school. When he went to Columbia he only staid three years. He quit the college two years before because, as he says, he became interested in stock speculations on the Consolidated stock and petroleum exchange. He was a familiar figure on that exchange even before he left college, and occasionally he cut quite a dash with his speculations. He smiled when he recalled the stories circulated at the time that he always copped his father's tips. "Were those stories true?" he repeated, and he replied: "I wouldn't want to say anything about that." But his speculations began to attract a tention, and he relinquished them to take the place in his father's office. He inferentially expressed the idea, though, that the Western Union building was near enough to Wall street to suit any reasonable person. If young Gould has a fancy for stock speculation he impresses one with quiet indications of shrewdness and a cool determination in their management.

Protecting Trees from Rabbits.

A nurseryman recommends the following remedies: A teaspoonful of tincture of assafetida in half a bucketful of liquid clay, mud or muck of any kind, applied with a brush to the stem and branches of young trees will preserve them from the attacks of rabbits without injury to the trees. Two or three applications during the winter will be sufficient. A mixture of lime water and cow manure made pretty strong forms an excellent anti rabbit composition. There should be plenty of the latter ingredient, both to make it adhere properly and because, if the lime be in excess, the mixture dries white upon the trees and is unsightly, whereas if properly mixed it dries just the right shade of greenish gray. When tar is objectionable on account of its injuring the young trees, a simple mixture of soot and cow manure made thin enough to be put on with a brush will help to ward off the attacks of rabbits during the ordinary seasons. A mixture of equal proportions of sulphur, soot and lime, made up into a thick cream with liquid cow manure, is also very effectual in cases where a strongly smelling remedy is not objected to. Where appearance is of no consequence Stockholm tar is recommended. Gas tar should never be applied to young trees, especially if the bark be already stripped from them. The stem should be tarred from the ground to about twenty inches in height. If the trees be planted for ornament the following plan is preferable if the extra expense be no objection. Instead of applying to the tree itself, stick three or four stakes around each plant at the distance of 9 inches or a foot from it; then tie a piece of fresh tared line round the stakes at a distance of 9 inches from the ground. The tar should be mixed with an equal portion of manure of about the same consistency as the tar or it may injure some of the trees. A strip of larad paper tied round the stem is also of service where the rabbits are not very numerous. Strong subjects may be daubed with a mixture of equal parts of gas tar, cow manure and water made into a thick paint. If there be any marks of old bites they should be carefully painted over. Among miscellaneous remedies are the following: Place a thin layer of woods or refuse round the stems, and fasten it with a tough reed or tie of straw. Rub the bark with something distasteful to them, such as strong smelling grease. The application of a pint of buttermilk and soot when snow falls and again in March is said to be an excellent remedy. Wire netting or tying sticks or cornstocks round the necks of plants are effectual remedies in severe seasons where the rabbits are numerous.—Exchange.

Fly Time.

The flies come with the flowers,
When all the earth is fair,
To poison summer's hours—
(Slap!—missed him, I declare!)

They buzz around one's face,
They tickle brow and eye,
They're found in every place—
(Slap! bang! whack! Darn that fly.)

(Wait till he comes again.)
The flies as all will own,
Make saintly men profane—
(Now, then—slap! No, he's gone.)
—Boston courier.

A School of Devil-Fish.

Old ocean pilots and sea-going people who watched the school of devil-fish that played about the pilot-boats and the tug Cynthia, before the boats got off in a recent regatta at Charleston, S. C., says that such a sight is very rare in the life of a mariner. They played about the craft for fully half an hour, and were principally young devil-fish from four feet long to six feet, and they looked like great bats. Some of them had shed their tails, while others had caudal appendages fully a yard in length. As many as twenty of these hideous-looking marine curiosities were seen at one time, and one was shot by one of the crew of Neoa, and after lashing the waters of the sound into a foam it sank out of sight.

The Telephone.

The Electrical Review figures out that if all the telephone wires in this country were stretched in a continuous line they would reach seven times around the earth, and that if the messages transmitted every day were sent through one set of instruments it would, allowing two minutes for each message, require nearly ten years to transmit them all.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH INDIANS

A Courageous Act at the Time of the Cheyenne War.

In 1874 the Cheyenne Indians resident in the Indian Territory became restive and undertook predatory expeditions, which aroused a like blood-thirsty feeling in other tribes. A general Indian war resulted, one of the incidents of which, set down in Uncle Sam's "Medal of Honor," speaks nobly for the personal heroism of our soldiers. During a skirmish in Texas the white men had sought shelter in a buffalo wallow on the top of a knoll. At that moment it was discovered that one of their number named Smith was wounded, and had fallen outside of the shelter. Unless he could be brought in he would certainly be butchered, but any attempt at bringing him in looked like certain death.

It was a hero's opportunity, and the hero was there. A scout named Chapman laid aside his rifle, sprang out of the wallow, and, running to Smith, tried to lift him. He thus tells his own story of what followed: "Smith was not a very large man, but I declare he seemed to weigh a ton. Finally I lay down, and got his chest across my back, and his arms around my neck. It was as much as I could do to stagger under him, for he couldn't help himself one bit. By the time I had gone 20 or 30 yards about fifteen Indians came for me at the full speed of their ponies. They all knew me and yelled 'Anos! Anos! We have got you now!' I pulled my pistol, but I could not hold Smith on my back with one hand, so I lethim drop. The boys in the buffalo wallow opened fire on the red skins just at the right time and I fired with my pistol. There was a tumbling of ponies and a scattering of Indians, and in a minute they were gone.

"I got Smith up again and made for the wallow, but before I could reach it another gang came for me. I had only one or two shots in my pistol, so I didn't fight, but ran for it. When I was within about 20 yards of the wallow a little old scoundrel rode almost onto me and fired. I fell, with Smith on top of me, but as I didn't feel any pain I thought I had stepped in a hole. The Indians couldn't stay around there long, for the boys made it red-hot, so I jumped up, picked up Smith and got safe into the wallow. 'Anos,' said one, 'you're badly hurt.' 'No, I am not,' said I. 'Why, look at your leg,' he said.

"Sure enough, the leg was shot off just above the ankle joint. I had been walking on the bone, dragging the foot behind me, and in the excitement I never knew it."—Philadelphia Press.

Bar Out the Vicious.

The watchful officials at Castle Garden are to be commended for their prompt action in the case of the recent importation of ex-convicts from Great Britain. The prudential spirit which has for several years past prompted bold utterance of opinion in favor of restriction of immigration has been awakened by the coming to our shores of just such vicious elements as British ex-convicts and ticket-of-leave men. There is abundant room in the United States for honest men bent upon home-building, but we have sufficient of the criminal class, and can offer no welcome to the riff-raff and the off-scourings of foreign countries and cities.

Prison reform has become a very knotty problem, owing to the clamor of labor against the employment of convicts upon articles which may be offered in honest labor. When it is thoroughly analyzed, the question will be found to be simply one of selections as to the manner of taxing the honest for the support of those who are kept in dross for the good of society in general. The cost of keeping the vicious where they can cause no injury to the innocent and the honest must, in some way, come out of the tax-payer's pocket.

This troublesome question is so closely linked with that of immigration privilege that reason, and nature's first law—that of self-preservation—should dictate sleepless watchfulness at New York, Boston and other great seaports, against the importation of convicts and other vicious and irresponsible characters.—Wisconsin, Milwaukee.

A Singular Mistake.

A Hartford lady tells this true relation concerning her ancestor, who was a direct descendant of John Eliot, the great missionary and scholar. This lady lived in New Haven and had occasion to send to Boston for a number of kegs of nails. New Haven at that time (about 1765) not producing these necessities. In due time the kegs arrived, and on opening them it was discovered that one was filled with Spanish dollars. The family wrote to the Boston merchant telling him that one of the kegs held something more valuable than nails. He replied that he had bought them for nails and his responsibility therewith ended. Well, they were kept among the family treasures for many years untouched and unclaimed, until the death of the head of the house, who in her will ordered that they be melted and cast into a communion service for the New Haven church, which was done, and it is still probably in use.—Hartford Courant.

"I have just made a hit," remarked the actor who had just stepped on an orange peel.—Merchant Traveler.

WINGED MISSILES.

The Shah of Persia is visiting Russia. English shoemakers are agitating for eight hours' work.

Drunkenness has been made a statutory crime in Minnesota.

Illinois will erect a \$50,000 monument to Gen. John A. Logan.

The Cuban sugar crop this year will be about 150,000 tons short.

Woman Suffrage has been defeated in the Michigan legislature.

An Anarchist Republican conspiracy has been discovered in Spain.

Christians are being massacred by Turks on the Montenegrin frontier.

Denmark spends \$55,000 yearly for the maintenance of dairy schools.

The coal miners of Indiana are on a strike against a large reduction in their pay.

The monitor Puritan has been towed to the Brooklyn navy yard to be finished.

It is estimated that not less than 75,000 pies are consumed daily in New York city.

Italy has a debt of \$4,362,800,000 the largest of any nation in the civilized world, calling for \$190,000,000 interest annually.

The Connecticut man who hit upon the device of putting copper tips on the toes of children's shoes has realized a fortune of \$1,000,000 from his idea.

"Spuds" in California for potatoes. Spuds are such a drug on the market in Oregon that farmers are dumping many sacks of them into the Columbia.

The expected visit of the shah of Persia to England recalls the fact that no Persian monarch ever had gray hair. Gray hair is by universal custom prohibited in Persia and is never seen.

From May 6, 1789 to May 6, 1889, 3,287,093 pianos were made in this country. The number of organs made during the same period is beyond calculation.

Charitable people in London have raised \$4,500 with which to pay the first cost and maintain for a year an ambulance system modeled after that of New York.

Two Oil City policemen and divers other persons shot a stray dog the other evening, and the next morning the dog was able to eat a pound and a half of beefsteak.

A new industry in Philadelphia is that of leasing paintings and other works of art for private receptions. It shows that the love of art is progressing in a curious manner.

Ten and three-quarters miles is the range that the French have obtained for the forty-three-ton gun, thirty-five feet long, with an 800-weight projectile and 425 pounds of powder.

"I hereby offer \$800 for the arrest and conviction of the scoundrel who hit my dog with a rock," is an advertisement in a Trenton paper to which Henry Armstrong signs his name.

The shah of Persia has granted to Baron Ruter the privilege of establishing "the Imperial Bank of Persia" with a capital of \$20,000,000, and to have the exclusive right to issue notes.

The greatest snuff-taking country in the world is France, though it shows a decline in the habit. In 1869 the consumption was 18,000,000 pounds, or seven ounces per head. Now it is five ounces.

The newest thing in London household economy is a female butler—a maiden dressed in a lively of blue, green, gold or scarlet, as taste may prefer. The effect alleged is "more quiet and equal style."

Miss Rosa Evangeline Angel is the sweet name of a newly fledged Cincinnati poetess, of whom a local admirer says: "She has caught the subtle charm of melody and has learned how to weave her thought into the sweetest of music."

An old church in Cahokia, Ill., that was built in 1684 of cedar logs, was torn down a few days ago to make way for a more modern building. There were only two churches in America—at St. Augustine and Santa Fe—that were older.

The rapid strides that are being taken in the improvements in heavy guns has recently been exemplified near Hartford, where, in the course of a series of experiments, the Maxim automatic gun of 0.45 caliber fired 384 rounds in twenty-seven seconds.

New York City has already spent \$10,799.36 in removing the dead wires and old poles of the telegraph and telephone companies of the metropolis from the streets. It is now proposed by legislative enactments to make the derelict corporations pay the costs of removal.

The nickels of the patriotic school children of Kansas, aggregating \$1,000, and coming from 20,000 children in sixty-three counties and 208 schools, the same being contributed to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, are to be used to rebuild the old servants' quarters attached to the historic mansion of the Potomac.

The average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upward of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance has 18,000 beats or vibrations per hour, 12,000,000 in thirty days, 157,680,000 in one year. It travels 1 48-100 inches with each vibration, which is equal to 9 1/2 miles in twenty-four hours, 292 1/2 miles in thirty days, or 3,588 1/2 miles in one year.

There is so long a list of applicants for admission to the London Athenaeum Club, that the last man elected has been waiting for sixteen years, and fifteen years is the average time that a man remains on the list there, unless it is so distinguished that it is taken up out of its order. Three or four years is said to be a moderate time to wait for a chance of admission into many other clubs in London.

William H. Burgess, who lives at Alexandria, Va., assisted in 1836 in building Washington's new tomb at Mount Vernon. He says: "I was a lad then, but I remember that in removing the bodies of George and Martha to their present tomb we decided to open the coffin. I looked in and saw Gen. Washington's face. The body was well preserved and the features were intact. There was nothing to indicate the time he had been dead. A minute after exposure to the air there was a collapse and nothing was recognizable. The face looked like his pictures."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

I had a caller the other afternoon when Mr. Bowser came home, and after she had gone he asked:
"How long was Mrs. Blank here?"
"About half an hour."
"And you talked about fashions, I suppose?"
"Yes, mostly; what should we talk about?"
"Mrs. Bowser, did it ever occur to you that there was anything in life beyond millinery, and dress goods and dress-makers?"
"How?"

"How! Why select some subject of sense—art, science, mineralogy, the labor question, or self-government, and discuss it with calmness and justice, and learn something worth remembering for half an hour. You women-folks might as well have been born with a pumpkin on your shoulders in place of a head."

I made no reply to this, but determined to catch Mr. Bowser in his own trap before the week was out. Fortune favored me. It was only two days before a neighbor called over as he was at work in the back yard, and for two long hours they sat down on a ladder and discussed the question whether a back gate should open inwards or outwards, and the advantage offered by either situation. Mr. Bowser contended for the gate opening outwards, and the neighbor for the opposite, and the discussion resulted in Mr. Bowser getting red clear back of the ears and jumping up to exclaim:

"Well, let's drop the subject right here. There can be cranks on allay gates as well as on politics and religion."

"And there can be lunatics outside of the asylums," hotly replied the neighbor.

"Don't call me a lunatic!"
"And don't you call me a crank!"
"Go home and hang your old gate to the moon!"

"I'll hang it according to the rules of common sense, and don't you forget it."

When Mr. Bowser came in to wash his hands I observed:

"Mr. Bowser, did it ever occur to you that there was anything in life beyond hanging a back gate?"

He replied with a "Humph!" of disgust.

"Select some subject of sense, Mr. Bowser—art, science, mineralogy—the labor question or self-government, and discuss it with calmness and judgment and learn something worth remembering for half an hour!"

He looked around in a desperate, helpless way, and put on his hat and went off without a word in reply. I wasn't going to let him off on that, however. When he came home that evening I had Mrs. Orford over to supper, and as soon as we were seated at the table I queried:

"Doesn't it strike you that Germany's policy on the Samoan question is one of conciliation instead of aggression?"

"It certainly does," she replied, "but there may be a hidden motive behind this seeming submission. Trace the record of the man back as far as you will, and his policy has been either aggression or strategy."

Mr. Bowser looked from one to the other of us in astonishment.

"I notice," said I, as I passed the biscuits, "that the Spanish colonial policy is working toward a radical change. Incited by the example of other and stronger nations, it is about to extend its arms and enfold new possessions."

The stare Mr. Bowser favored me with made my flesh creep.

"I do so hope you can come down to the next meeting of the Woman's Scientific, Political and Literary Club," said Mrs. Orford, as she toyed with her strawberries. "Those gatherings are very, very interesting. At our last meeting we discussed the 'Drift Period,' and at the one next week, we shall discuss 'Two Proposed Amendments to the Constitution of the United States.'"

"Oh, I'd like to go over so much, and I think I can promise you I will be there. Can Mr. Bowser come, too?"

"Well, hardly. Men take such little interest in such things that they are obstructions."

And Mr. Bowser sat there, turning red and pale by turns, until his chair grew so hot that he had to pretend a headache and get excused. I anticipated an awful tragedy, but Mr. Bowser contented himself with saying:

"Now that that shallow-pated, long-nosed old man's gone to bed, I've regained his assurance after a couple of days, however. I was talking to our 2-year-old baby, and talking as all mothers talk, when Mr. Bowser flung down his paper and exclaimed:

"Mrs. Bowser, you make me tired talking to that young man that way! No wonder so many children grow up to be sap-headed!"

"How shall I talk?"

"Talk sense—the same as you would to an adult. He's old enough to understand, and I believe he will appreciate it."

"Very well; I'll try."

"Thank you. It's more than I expected you'd do."

The trial came that night. We had scarcely got to bed when baby awoke and began to whine. He had got cold and was feverish.

"Now, Harry," I began, "snug down and try to go to sleep. It's nothing serious, and I object to being kept awake."

He howled more lustily.

"My son," I continued, "this exhibition of ingratitude astonishes me, and I insist that you change your course of conduct at once, or leave my house. Fillial respect, if nothing—"

"What in thunder and blazes are you talking about?" roared Mr. Bowser, as he sat up in bed.

"I'm talking sense to baby."

"Not by a jug-full you ain't!"

"Then you try it."

"I'll try it by wringing his neck if he doesn't shut up steam!" He's howling out of spite!

"Then warn him that you may be compelled to inflict due chastisement, but do it calmly and grammatically."

"I'll try it!"

That's what Mr. Bowser said as he jumped out of bed and disappeared into the spare room, and that was the last I saw of him until morning.—Detroit Free Press.

The Duelists' Doctor.

A considerable number of gray-headed Parsians last week escorted to his last home a man who enjoyed a brief celebrity some twenty years ago. This was Dr. L'Etendart, surgeon in ordinary to the duelists who at that time—they were few—shed their mutual blood on the turf on the Island of Croissy. Surgeon to duelists—this title is not as a rule one of any great mark, for the function is one not often exercised by a distinguished member of the faculty. Unless at the request of an intimate friend, the higher lights of medical profession are rarely to be seen on the ground. Thus recourse must be had to some fifth rate practitioner, hard up for the hundred francs which is the gerdon for an application of two or three strips of lint on a "pinked" arm, and the solemn declaration: "I pronounce the wound serious enough to constitute practical disablement." Such surgeons as these are picked up anywhere. Sometimes, if the duel is fought at daybreak, they are aroused from their slumbers on the sofa of some squalid gambling house, where they are sleeping off the griefs of losing 10 francs at baccarat. Dr. L'Etendart was not one of these irregulars. The circumstances which commended him to duelists was simply the fact that he was so lucky as to have a private fortune and was therefore not greedy for fees; for in those days our fighting men were not rolling in gold and often had put just enough to pay for the traditional landau, and L'Etendart, who was the kindest soul living, resigned himself for five or six years to the gratuitous drudgery of testifying to scratches. He soon became famous among the pugnacious sets of Parisians, who earned the name of "Mousquetaires de Bougival." And by degrees he learned to like the mission. Nay, though the most peaceable of men, he would get so excited by the clique of steel that one fine day, being somewhat roused by one of the seconds, he proposed to draw the sword on his own account. The foes were reconciled, on the ground that there would be no doctor present and the end was a breakfast party at Dr. L'Etendart's expense.—Paris Illustré.

Light Dazzles the Fish.

The whitening is a handsome fish, ranges in size, as caught here, from 8 to 12 inches in length, and weighs from a quarter to a half pound and over. There are but few scales on him, which are easily removed, and the expert cleans him with great rapidity. The flesh is white and sweet, and the backbone is the only one in the fish, and, that removed when cooked, the flesh is very fine eating. The methods of taking the fish vary according to the localities, though in each case a lantern is used both to attract the fish and see them. Perhaps the most artistic way of catching the fish is with a small steel spear fastened to a handle four feet long. The spear has five or six prongs, each with a small barb, and the shank is weighted with lead to give force to the blow. The fisherman, wearing a pair of hip rubber boots, wades along the shore some eight or ten feet from the edge of the beach, lantern in his left hand and spear ready for work. The whitening attracted by the light swims on the surface near him, and by a very rapid stroke is secured and tossed to shore, to be picked up by the second fisherman, who, with lantern and basket, carries off the spoils. The man with the basket secures not a few fish, for, attracted by his lantern or driven by the one who is wading, they swim ashore or jump out on the beach. A second method—and one perhaps, equally good—is very often employed and that is to use a short-handled net instead of a spear. In this case the wader drives his fish toward the shore and either scoops him up when he gets in shallow water or rushes him up on the beach and picks him up. This method secures the fish unharmed, but it takes longer and so a large catch is not the result. Another method, and one employed by those who are not possessed of a net or a spear, is to use an iron toothed rake, wade near the beach and, as the fish are tolled in by the lantern light, they are raked ashore and picked up.—Providence Journal.

Safety Assured.

Mr. Winks (solemnly)—"A noted physician says that deadly bacteria lurk in bank-notes, and many diseases, especially small-pox, are spread that way."

Mrs. Winks—"Mercy on us! Give me all you have, right off. I've been vaccinated, you know."—New York Weekly.

AN IMPERIAL RECEPTION.

Description of a Court Ball at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg.

The Vicomte Eugene Melchior de Vogue, describing Russian high life in Harper's Magazine, writes among other things: In the morning, the sergeants of the imperial household have gone through the town with their lists to the houses of the elect, who have been convoked for that evening. An invitation to the court is an order given on the very day of the fete. According to received etiquette, it liberates from all anterior engagements with private persons; it liberates even from duties toward the dead, for mourning does not dispense one from the obligation to appear at a court ceremony, and it must be laid aside when one enters the palace. A woman is not allowed to present herself in black before the sovereign, unless she is wearing mourning for one of the sovereign's relatives. Dinner has been taken hastily, for the ball opens at nine o'clock, and you must be there well before the hour in the salons, where you wait for the arrival of the emperor. Hundreds of carriages fall in line and deposit at the different entrances of the Winter Palace shapely bundles of furs, and then return to take their position on the square. The coachmen, who pass a part of the night standing in the snow, gather around large fires lighted in grates, which are placed there for these occasions. It is a picturesque bivouac. They look like eifs assembled in the darkness of this field of ice to guard the enchanted palace where a magician is calling up the sweetest visions in a mirage of spring.

The doors close behind the bundles of fur and immediately after they have entered the vestibule they are metamorphosed by a touch of the magician's wand. The fairy spectacle begins. The heavy cloaks fall from bare shoulders, and beautiful butterflies issue from these chrysalides in the midst of the rare flowers that cover the marble steps, and in the mid-June atmosphere. A cortege reminding one of the Arabian Nights mounts the stair-cases; trains of lace sweep over the porphyry steps; diamonds and gems shine in the glow of the lusters; there is a brilliant array of many-colored uniforms; sabers and spurs clank over the floors. The guests defile between pickets of the Chevalier Guards, chosen from amongst the handsomest men in the regiment—giants in armor, who stand as motionless as statues. The company assembles in the white room, in the Salle de Trone.

Here in the front rank are considerable personages, the old "portrait ladies," so called because they wear in their corsage in a frame of brilliants a miniature of the empress; severe guardians of ancient etiquette, living chronicles of the court, they teach the traditions to the swarm of young women over whom they kept watch, namely, the maids of honor, who may be recognized by the monogram in diamonds of the reigning Empress, which they wear buckled with a knot of blue ribbon on the shoulder. The celebrated beauties of Petersburg are all there. They cross the room with a picturesque indolence and piliancy in their walk and bearing. There is something languid in their manner, as though their looks and words were absently following a long dream that leads them to the extreme limits of their exterminable fatherland. Amongst the men who press around them we remark first of all some aged people and high dignitaries, old servitors who have grown white in the service of the court ever since the reign of Nicholas; aids-de-camp of his Majesty, Ministers, Ambassadors and Chamberlains with the golden key on their backs; and all these worthy bosoms are bedecked with grand cordons and constellated with decorations which do not leave a square inch of surface free on their breasts. Then come the young officers, most of them belong to the two crack regiments of the Chevalier Guards and the Horse Guards. They carry in their hands a heavy helmet surmounted with a silver eagle with open wings. Here besides them are lancers in red jackets, Grodno Hussars in green, Cossaks draped in their long tunics belted with cartridge cases in nielle silver. The Hussars of the Guard look peculiarly elegant in their short white dolmans embroidered with gold and bordered with sable fur, which hang loosely over their shoulders. In this crowd the pages of the Empress moved about discreetly, and finally the servitors of the palace, the runners, with their hats with long plumes of the time of Catherine, and negroes dressed in rich Oriental costume. The gloomy note of the black dress-coat is banished from this brilliant symphony of color. One single swallow-tail may be seen—that of the honorable Minister of the United States.

Nine o'clock. The doors of the private apartments of the Winter Palace open. Immediately there is a deadly silence. A voice announces: "The Emperor." The Tsar advances, followed by all the members of his family, each one in the rank assigned to him by his degree of relationship. If you wish to comprehend at a glance the social secret of this empire, turn your back to the door through which the sovereign enters and look at this entrance by reflection—if I may so express myself—on the faces of those present. At the same moment all these physiognomies put on, as it were, the same uniform, the same solemn expression, at once grave and smiling. The whole vital force of these men and women is concentrated

in their eyes, which seek those of the master. We have never contemplated this spectacle without having been reminded of the first appearance of the rays of the sun on the crests of mountains at the instant when it rises. You have no need to look behind you to know that the sun has risen; you are informed of it by this quivering light on the opposite summits. In the same way, when you are a little accustomed to the court, you have only to look at the faces of the courtiers to be able to see, without possibility of mistake, that the emperor is about to come, or that the emperor is coming, or that the emperor has come. And his coming is in reality a rising of the sun which brings favor and dispenses life to all these persons.

The first bars of the polonaise immediately re-echo through the rooms. It is not a dance, but a cadenced march, the traditional promenade which opens the ball. The Grand Marshal and the Grand Mistress take the head of the same procession. Generally this venerable couple represent between them pretty nearly two complete centuries. Grand Duchesses, the Empress to one of the foreign ambassadors, and other couples form in their suite and proceed around the room. After this obligatory ceremony the sovereign goes to chat with the diplomatic corps or with his grand dignitaries, and the quadrills and waltzes begin; but the ball does not become really animated until the mazurka, that dashing military and par excellence national dance. The cavalier marks the rhythm of the music by striking the floor with the heel of his spurred boot; he raises his partner in his arms like a trembling bird, dashes across the room in three bounds, deposits his prey at the other end, and falls on his knee before.

What Shall We Call It?

There is need of a new word or phrase that shall be distinctively expressive of modern progress. The expression, "this age of steam and electricity," has become stale and hackneyed. For all practical purposes of description it is at least half a century behind the times and should be retired with the phrase it superseded, "the age of canals and stage coaches." The flying carpet and magic mirror, of the Arabian tales, were realized, Dr. Holmes says, in the modern railroad coach and photographic camera; but the wonderful advances since these inventions find no prototypes in even Oriental imagination and almost distance the wild dreams of theosophy. Here, for instance is Mr. Edison, the magician of Menlo Park, working on a "far sight machine" by means of which, he predicts, "one person can distinguish a face of a friend 500 miles distant." Next comes a learned scientist from the University of Pennsylvania, like another Dr. Faust from his diabolical laboratory, with mechanical contrivances which, it is claimed, "measure the time in hundredths of a second which is required to see the different colors, and they let you know exactly how long it takes you to smell a rose that is just under your nose, to taste a beefsteak that is in your mouth, to feel a thing that is under your hand hear a street band that has begun to play."

And stranger still an Italian, who seems to combine the qualities of a mechanic, metaphysician and magician all in one, has constructed a machine which "registers in pounds and ounces the amount of brain power expended in mental effort, and tells you just how much a dream weighs or how many pounds of brain cells you consumed in reading a book, or writing a poem, or listening to a sermon." These are clearly in the line of patent senses that shall do for the nose, taste, sensation, and even the natural functions of the intellect what the telescope does for the eye and the telephone for the ear. Will the coming man smell with a Lick noscope and think with a Zallinski dynamite thinker, or something of that sort? To call the era which gives us these wonders of mechanical invention, this artificial expansion of pia mater and production of brain power by machinery, "the age of steam and electricity," is absurd.—Cincinnati Times.

The Law of Compensation.

The sun delights to spend its rays Upon some ugly spot, To make a rainbow of a haze, Or gold a chimney pot.

The monarch ocean condescends To kiss a muddy shore; And oft a pretty nostril lends Its beauty to a snore.

I know that all this isn't news, But it may help you when You wonder pretty women choose To marry ugly men.

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A New Scheme.

First Crook—"I'm fixed for life now. Ye know about a year ago I thought I'd reform, so I got a job as janitor of a big book publishing house. Well, while there, I got acquainted with all the literary people."

Second Crook—"What good does that do ye?"

"Why, most o' these women that writes passion novels is real ladies and they writes under assumed names, and now I'm goin' around blackmailin' 'em."—New York Weekly.

"I think, Miss Blossom," remarked young Mr. Gilley, "that I shall have to go and call on your friend, Miss Posey, some evening." "Yes, do. I am sure she would be delighted to have you go," responded Miss Blossom, in her sweetest tone, but a lingering smile led him to believe that her construction of the sentence was somewhat peculiar.—Minneapolis Tribune.

VAGARIES OF ETIQUET.

Social Customs in Various Countries of the Old World.

In Sweden if you address the poorest person on the street you must lift your hat, says Frank H. Stauffer in the Detroit Free Press. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To enter a reading-room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady is a grave and objectionable familiarity. "Never touch the person; it is sacred," is one of their proverbs.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed. Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor and they rarely accompany him to the door. A gentleman does not offer to shake a Spanish lady's hand. For him to give a lady (even his wife) his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety. If a Spaniard says, when you retire after a visit: "This house is entirely at your disposal whenever you may please to favor it," he wishes you to know that he regards you as one of the family—uno de nosotros (one of us), as they express it. If the words are not spoken you can conclude that you are not welcome to call again.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left, and not the right, is considered the position of honor.

No Turk will enter a sitting-room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight-fitting shoes, with goloshes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away. In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs kept very clean in Moslem houses and used to kneel upon while saying prayers. In China grief is associated with a white dress, in Ethiopia with brown, in Turkey with violet, in Egypt with yellow.

Etiquet requires, in Chinese conversation, that each should compliment the other and depreciate himself and all his belongings. It is affirmed that the following is not an exaggeration: "What is your honorable name?" "My insignificant appellation is Chang." "My contemptible but is at Luchan." "How many are your illustrious children?" "My vile, worthless brats are five." "How is the health of your distinguished spouse?" "My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well." The salutations of a people to some extent indicate their national character. "May God strengthen your morning," brings to the foreground the Arab's faith in destiny. The oriental "May thy shadows never grow less," shows the honor placed in obesity. The French "How do you carry yourself?" indicates the regard for forms. The German's habit of generalization is seen in "How goes it?" and the Englishman's practical mind in "How are you?"

He Lives Over a Volcano.

The Czar of all the Russias has evidently accustomed himself to the uncertainty of life over a mine of social dynamite. His order to Durnovo, his new minister of the interior, directing him to continue the iron-heeled policy of the deceased Tolstol, seems to afford evidence either of nerve, callousness or bull-dog purpose to do or to die in doing.

There is certainly little indication in Russia of the acceptability to the intelligent people of Russia of the present tyrannical rule; and it is among this comparatively small class of the Czar's people that opposition to his methods of government is continually being fomented. The uneducated Russian does not know that he is being despoiled of privilege and right.

Right upon the heels of the Czar's order to Durnovo comes the announcement of a change in the place for the entertainment of the Shah of Persia because of Nihilistic threats. Instead of a royal reception at St. Petersburg, the Potentate will be taken to the palace at Gatchina and there entertained. The Shah; if he is informed of this change, and the reason therefor, will not enjoy the festivities of his honor. In Persia the dynamite conspirator is an unknown enemy, and life is not so bitterly spiced for the Shah as it is for the Czar.

The present Alexander made a great mistake when he took the throne, in not aggruating a more liberal policy. He has left for a successor the opportunity to be nobly generous that was his when he assumed the crown. The world is advancing, and Russia must advance with it. Brains will never yield to brute force, and until more liberties are granted the Russian people the Czar's life will continue to be a target for radical liberators.—Wisconsin Wilwaukee.

She—"Grandmamma is 83 years old, and she danced a minuet here to-night." He (just from the theater)—"Why, she is almost old enough to appear in the ballet."—Life.

AUCTION SALE

At 429 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

The 10c Store has been Removed to the Topeka Auction House

And will be closed out to the highest bidder regardless of cost. This is a fine line of useful house furnishing articles, just what everybody needs. This opportunity of getting these goods at your own price should not be overlooked.

THE SALE IS NOW IN PROGRESS,
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This house has also just received a Consignment of Clothing, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods, to be closed out for the benefit of creditors. No reserve. Everything must go. Show cases and store fixtures at 526 Kansas Avenue for sale.

Call Early and Get the Best Selections.

Haskell Institute.
The buildings stand near the center of the grounds, consisting of 500 acres, 280 of which were donated by the city of Lawrence for that purpose. The 220 acres cost the government \$40,000 and the erection of the buildings \$125,000 more. Most of the ground is under cultivation. Several acres are sown to clover, fifty to oats, 125 to corn, fifteen acres are in potatoes and ten acres in garden. This ground supplies the institution with vegetables and provides for the cattle, hogs and horses that belong to the institution.

About all the work done at the institution is done by the pupils, and it is really surprising how well they do it. The boys and girls are neatly clad in garments made by pupils in the tailor and dress-making departments. The greater part of their food is grown and prepared by the pupils, and much of the work on the buildings is done by them.

The foreman in the tailoring department is Harvey White Shields, a fullblood Cheyenne. He is quiet and modest in bearing, a graduate of Carlisle and for a time was a student at Hanover, Ind., and wears a handsome class pin of that institution. The work done under his supervision compares favorably with that done in the average tailor shop.

In the dressmaking department there was a merry hum of feminine voices mingled with the buzz of eleven sewing machines, and the hand dressmaker, Miss Anna Fisher, was found surrounded by some twenty young Indian girls, each busy with her sewing. The special work upon which they were employed was their graduating dresses. They were of white lawn, striped, checked and bared, and cut to fit the trim neat figures of the dark hued wearers, who were quite as much interested in the "set" as any white maiden. There were many pretty faces among these girls, and a coquettish bow of scarlet or yellow ribbon tied round the Gretchen braids of glossy black hair or knotted under a rounded chin, was worn with as much grace as ever a white sister displayed.

The wagon and blacksmith shops of stone and brick were planned and constructed by the Indian boys; they even quarried the rock to supply the material. Here they make large numbers of wagons yearly and do all their own smithy work as well. The government buys these wagons for its own use and but a few weeks ago two and one half carloads of wagons

were shipped from Haskell institute to Dakota Indians. They do all their own shoemaking, and good substantial work it is, too, under the foremanship of J. S. Cannon.

In the harness shop, of which George R. Dove is foreman, some handsome work is done, and a good many sets of harness, made entirely by Indian boys, were waiting an order from the government to be sent into Indian territory to be distributed among the Indians. One bridle of fair leather was a fine piece of workmanship, the hardiwork of a Shawnee Indian boy of 14.

The farm and garden are tended by boys who are agriculturally inclined. Besides these industries, there is a bakeshop, where Indian youths make all the bread for the institution, and they also learn carpenter work, masonry and painting. The children are closely observed and if they develop talent or taste for any particular line of work they are put at that particular thing; if not, they are experimented with until they display some pertence.

—We see it stated that one man grew sorghum for fodder, and did not like it at all. But the weight of evidence is against him. It makes good fodder and is a capital forage for cows.

—When farmers in those sections where clover will thrive give more attention to it, they will consult their own interests. It has no superior among hay producing plants, for the dairy, and every kind of stock—including swine—will do well upon it. Hogs will eat dry clover hay with a great relish, and if it is steamed or cooked, so much the better. People who have never fed swine upon it would be astonished at the result of feeding it.

—The time will sometime come in the history of this country when farms will be smaller and our methods less loose. Perhaps the average farmer will own eighty acres, perhaps less. Then he will turn to soil- ing. In view of these probabilities does it not look reasonable that if we should sell off part of our land, put the money received at interest and adopt closer methods now, we should be gainers? If better methods that would enable us to make more money off of eighty acres than we now make off of a hundred and sixty, and we could have the cash for the eighty acres in our hand, the argument as to the quantity of land and methods would seem to be pretty much all on one side.

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