

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Kansas News Co.,
 Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00.
 Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c.
 The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies.
 Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Breeders and manufacturers' cards, of four lines, or less (25 words) with Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than three months.

Dudes are not allowed in China.

Several more bridges were washed out by the rain Monday night.

No short men need apply for a job of corn husking this year, unless they bring their stalks with them.

The absorbing question of the day and country is, where shall the World's fair be held in 1892?

W. E. Wolverton, a farmer near Lamar, Mo., held his wife off while he took a dose of arsenic. He died. Financial trouble caused the suicide.

Three thousand United States regulars are encamped near Ft. Robinson, Neb. This is the largest gathering of regular soldiers since the war.

Implement men say this has been the best season for the sale of all kinds of farm machinery they have known for years. They had a great deal more difficulty in supplying the demand than they have to get rid of their stock.

A. F. Bowen, a farmer living near Nebraska City, was called to his door Tuesday night and struck down with a slugsnot. His condition is serious. Neighbors captured his assailant, who turned out to be a tin-horn gambler whom Bowen had offended.

Tuesday night Rector Robinet at Tecumseh, Ont., discovered his house on fire and in his excitement threw his three children from a second story window. There was a crowd below and the children escaped injury. Robinet also escaped.

Two proclaimed anarchist were urging the Hungarian miners in Pennsylvania to riot and bloodshed. This explains the recent disturbances by the Huns who refused to obey the laws even after they had won the strike.

We do not have much sympathy with the idea that the Haskell Institute is simply a Kansas institution, and that nobody but a Kansas man can properly be selected as its superintendent. The Indian school is a national institution, and there is nothing inappropriate in selecting a man from any other state to manage it. There is much more sense in asking that a Kansas man be made Chancellor of the University.

The GLOBE DEMOCRAT says: "A gentleman well known in railroad circles is authority for the statement that the Union Pacific, Chicago & Alton and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy roads are now formulating plans for an early advance toward Pueblo. This gentleman says these roads have submitted about as long as they propose or can afford to, a division of the business of Pueblo and the great southwest part of the state by the Missouri Pacific and Santa Fe. Of course these roads get a little of this business, but they want more of it and are coming after it."

The fishing schooner Fannie Chase, of Portland, Me., brought in a rare and unusual cargo, Aug. 6. When just outside the harbor the lookout saw a peculiar substance floating on the water. When brought on board it was found to be a big lump of ambergris. It filled two-thirds of a barrel and is worth \$25,000. The substance has a peculiar penetrating odor, and much resembles wax. It runs as greasy would. It is used in making the finest kinds of perfumes, and retails for about \$30 an ounce. The owners of the vessel will take half the prize, and the crew, numbering 15, will divide the other half.

GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR.

The Kansas News Co., 835 Kansas Avenue North, publishers of city and suburban newspapers, are now proprietors of and are publishing the following weekly papers:
 THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS, an agricultural and home paper of general circulation, established twenty years.
 LECOMPTON NEWS.
 RICHLAND NEWS.
 TOPEKA NEWS.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Select the paper from this list that you prefer, and bring or send this circular to the Kansas News office, 835 Kansas Avenue, North Topeka, with One Dollar, and we will send it to you one year, together with the great Topeka Weekly Capital one year, both postpaid, besides which we will present you with a free copy of Dr. Foote's Health Hints and Family Recipes, or a copy of Scribner's Grain Table, price 25c, with our compliment. If ordered by mail send five cents extra for mailing the book.

We lead, and don't you forget it.
KANSAS NEWS CO.,
 835 Kansas Avenue,
 North Topeka.

The Kansas City, Wyandotte & Northwestern Railroad company expects to have passenger trains running into Lawrence by September 10.

Henry Harlan, a wild bee hunter, was shot and fatally wounded near Clifton City, Mo. A farmer upon whose land Harlan was trespassing is suspected.

Senator Ingalls has it in his own hands to prove that letter a forgery, and Major Hudson and several gentlemen liars. Let him produce the letter or forever hereafter hold his peace.

It has been announced that the Chicago and Alton railway will soon commence running through Pullman sleepers from Denver to Chicago via Topeka over the Kansas division of the Union Pacific.

State Treasurer Hamilton, State House Commissioners Smith and Baldwin, State House Contractor J. J. Cox, and S. B. Thompson, vault contractor, of Chicago, go to Austin, Texas, to-night to examine the furniture and fixtures of the state treasury vault in order to get some pointers that will aid them in furnishing the new treasury vault. They will return Sunday.

Mrs. Bell Ball, who has long held the society editorship of the Kansas City Times, will take a place as teacher in the Haskell Institute at Lawrence this fall.

E. L. Worswick, county clerk of Jefferson county, who has been sick for some time with hemorrhage of the bowels, died Sunday night at his home in Oskaloosa. His funeral took place on Tuesday forenoon at 10 o'clock, and was conducted under the auspices of the A. F. and A. M. lodge of which Mr. Worswick has long been a member.

Around Silver Lake the prospects for a corn crop is far better than for the past ten years. The average is greater and more work has been given in its cultivation and now bids fair for an unprecedented yield, even should we have no rain during next month. We shall have an abundance of corn unless it should be injured by wind or hail storms.

At the Missouri State fair, on Wednesday, Miss May White representing the state of Missouri, and Miss Williams, representing Kansas entered upon a race of twenty miles. In the sixth mile the Missouri girl was thrown from her horse and sustained injuries which rendered her unconscious. The Kansas girl finished the race alone.

It is said that nearly every cigar dealer violates the internal revenue law a hundred times a day. The law requires that cigars must be sold directly from the box, the party buying the cigars selecting them from the box, whereas the dealer almost invariably reaches into a box and lays a handful of cigars upon the showcase. Eugene Schattner, of Wichita, was arrested at Wichita several years ago, on this charge, and although he intended no violation of the law, he was compelled to pay dearly for it.

Disastrous floods have recently occurred in Iceland.

The Missouri State fair opened at Sedalia Tuesday.

Russia has accepted the appointment of Husni Bey as Turkish ambassador to St. Petersburg.

Nine persons at Dubuque, Ia., were poisoned by eating dried beef. Doctors saved them all.

A cyclone lasting thirty minutes did much damage to crops in the neighborhood of Winthrop, Me., Tuesday.

The fresh water pearls recently found in Wisconsin have all been pronounced worthless by Chicago jewelers.

Milt Reynolds says that the Kansas City Times has done more for the University of Kansas than any other paper outside of the state.

Lightning struck the Eiffel tower in Paris Tuesday but did no damage.

WEST BROOK, NORTH CAROLINA, Sept. 6th, 1886

DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, N. Y. Dear Sir—The two boxes of Pills you sent me did everything you said they would. My son was the victim of Malaria, deep-set, by living in Florida two years, and the Antidote has done more than five hundred dollars' worth of other medicines could have done for him. I have had one of my neighbors try the medicine, and it cured him immediately. I now recommend it to every one suffering from Malaria.

Respectfully yours, W. W. MONROE.

Ex-Governor Samuel J. Crawford, against whom it was proposed to institute proceedings for having as attorney of the Creek Indians secured 10 per cent of the proceedings of the sale of about 2,400,000 acres of their lands in Oklahoma, has filed with the secretary of the interior, a sworn statement giving a history of the transaction.

Governor Crawford says that he had previously acted as agent for the Creek Indians and that when the Creeks in December, 1884, learned that bills were pending in congress to vest in the United States title to the Oklahoma lands, they employed him to either defeat this legislation or secure for them just compensation for the lands under an agreement to pay him 10 per cent on what ever he might be able to secure from the government for the lands. After extremely laborious and exacting service, he, in January, 1889, obtained for the Creeks \$2,280,857 for their interest in the lands. The secretary of the interior approved Governor Crawford's contract after amending it so as to make the compensation 6 1/2 per cent. In December, 1888, new delegates of the Creeks appeared in Washington and asked that a new contract allowing 10 per cent be entered into, this payment to be for all past and future services. This contract was approved by the Creek national council.

In February, 1889, Secretary Vilas informed Governor Crawford that he could defeat the measure which was then pending in congress to make application to pay the Creeks for the lands unless he (Crawford) surrendered the contract and looked to the Indians for whatever compensation they deemed just. Governor Crawford says he agreed under protest to this agreement and that since then he has had no control over what compensation the Creeks could give and that they fixed the compensation themselves and without interference.

Professor Willoughby, during a trip to the Alaska coast, visited "Muir's Glacier," and took a shot at it with his camera. He was startled by a most remarkable result. It was the phantom of a great city, with rows of high warehouses, factories with tall chimneys, stately residences, and elegant church spires. Various were the conjectures as to the locality from which the shadow was evolved. Victoria, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco were all suggested, but none met the requirements. At last a French Canadian recognized the Windsor Hotel, the dome of the new Catholic cathedral near the hotel and Notre Dame, with Mount Royal in the distance. The mysterious city was the phantom of Montreal, nearly 4,000 miles away. The professor has had a large number of his pictures struck off, and it is the wonder of the day.

The great harvest of grain in Kansas this year has made the prospects of Baker university very bright. Fully 500 students are expected to enroll at the opening September 30. More professors have been added to the faculty. The library is being greatly increased and more apparatus added to the laboratories. A very successful year is anticipated in the line of improvements. Baldwin is on a boom. Much city property is changing hands; every available residence is being taken. Crops are magnificent. More wheat will be sown this year than usual. This is the banner year for fruit, apples, peaches, grapes, pears and all sorts of fruit are in abundance.

S. S. Convention at Clinton.

The Fourth Township Convention of the Sunday School workers of Douglas county for 1889 was held Sunday at Clinton under the direction of the Executive committee Sunday School association, Rev. W. Stevenson made an address of welcome on "Interest in the Sunday School," responded to by the president. The object is to organize new schools and help weak ones. It teaches the truth of the Bible "Man a sinner and Christ a Savior." An address by Rev. Farwell "Sunday School Work in Clinton Township," came next and left some facts for study. He said there are eighteen million children of school age in the United States, and seven and one-half millions in Sunday school. In Clinton Township 996 population; 332 of school age and 275 in Sunday school.

Mr. Farwell suggests to increase the attendance, first make the Sunday school attractive; second have a committee of visitors; third normal classes. Prof. McDonald gave a sample study of Sunday school lesson—an excellent object lesson—and was most attentively listened to. "Sunday school and the Church" was well and ably presented by D. S. Alford and Mr. Hazen, followed by sample teaching of Sunday school lesson by W. McDonald which more than paid all for their day's time. Question Drawer was answered by Mrs. McDonald, Rev. Farwell and others, a very valuable part of the day's work. Attendance good and great interest shown during all the exercises. Excellent music was a distinguishing feature of the entire day's work.

The people of the Township went into the matter with a whole heartedness to make it a success and are in earnest to make Clinton one of the first townships in the county, for successful work. The ministers and their good wives of Clinton deserve high commendation for their good work.

Douglas county commissioners will meet in Leocompton on Saturday of this week, to arrange with township boards for a very complete system of county bridges. It would be a good thing if other counties would arrange for a better system of better bridges. There is nothing that speaks better for a community than good roads and good bridges.

Edison has been made a count by the King of Italy.
 Randolph Tucker of Virginia who was very sick is now convalescent.

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 To at once establish
 a sale in all parts, by
 placing our machines in
 goods where the people
 can see them, we will send free to one
 person in each locality, the very
 best sewing-machine made
 in the world, with all the attachments.
 We will also send free a complete
 line of our costly and valuable cut
 samples. In return we ask that you
 show what we send, to those who
 may call at your home, and after 30
 months all shall become your own
 property. This grand machine is
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 sure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the
 greatest line of goods of high class ever shown together in America.
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 clining to beauty owing to undeveloped
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 stamps for a descriptive leaflet, and
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 by druggists. L. E. MARSH & CO.,
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PIANOS & ORGANS
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 they excel and outwear all others.
 Sold at low prices on time or for
 cash. Fully warranted. Send for
 illustrated catalogue.
ESTEY & CAMP,
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 MENTION THIS PAPER

TO ADVERTISERS!
 For a check for \$1 we will print and cir-
 culate in One Million issues of leading Ameri-
 can Newspapers and complete the work within ten
 days. This is at the rate of only one cent a line
 a line, for 1,000 circulation! The advertisement
 will appear in but a single issue of any paper, and
 consequently will be placed before a million
 different newspaper purchasers; or Five Million
 Readers. If it is true, as is sometimes stated, that
 every newspaper is looked at by five persons on
 an average, you lines will accommodate about
 25,000,000 persons. Address with copy of adv. and check, or
 send 20 cents for Book of 250 pages.
GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., 10 SPRING ST., NEW YORK.
 We have just issued a new edition of our
 Book called "Newspaper Advertising." It has 250
 pages, and among its contents may be named the
 following lists and Catalogues of Newspapers:
DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK CITY,
 with their Advertising Rates.
DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CITIES HAVING MORE
 THAN 100,000 POPULATION, omitting all but the best.
DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CITIES HAVING FROM
 25,000 TO 100,000 POPULATION, omitting all but the best.
A SMALL LIST OF NEWSPAPERS IN WHICH TO
 advertise every section of the country, being a
 choice selection made up with great care, guided
 by long experience.
ONE NEWSPAPER IN A STATE. The best guide
 for an advertiser to use if he will use but one.
BARGAINS IN ADVERTISING IN DAILY NEWS-
PAPERS IN MANY PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS. A list
 which offers peculiar inducements to some ad-
 vertisers.
LARGEST CIRCULATIONS. A complete list of
 American papers issuing regularly more than
 25,000 copies.
THE BEST LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, cov-
 ering every town of over
 5,000 population and every
 important country seat.
A COMPLETE LIST OF LOCAL
NEWSPAPERS, in which
 advertisements are inserted
 at half price.
500 VILLAGE NEWS
PAPERS, in which ad-
 vertisements are inserted for
 \$2.50 a line and appear in
 the whole lot—one-half of
 all the American Weeklies.
 Book sent to any address for **THIRTY CENTS**

The flood sufferers in West Virginia are in need of the necessities of life.

The Illinois miners have rejected a compromise and the strike will continue.

We have to report a splendid yield of wheat, of excellent quality. Oats are much better than at first supposed as to yield per acre, the generally of rather light weight. The apple crop will be light, but peaches and other fruits are very abundant. Weather is dry and fine for haying. The hay is extensively baled for market. Much wheat will be sown this fall. Much plowing is already done. Potatoes are fine.

We understand that a certain firm has written to parties here in regard to establishing a canning factory at this point. Let every judgment possible be held out to them; for we know of no better place for a canning factory, or a place that has better natural facilities.

We hear some of the farmers say the potato crop is considerably damaged on account of the ground keeping so wet.

KENTUCKY COLLEGE FUN.

Diplomas Within and Death Without the Hall of Learning.

THE PULPIT AND PISTOLS

In Bourbon Land—Commencement Day a Time for the Settlement of Old Grudges. Some Very Lively Scrimmages in Which One Man Is Killed.

Just where the verdant undulations of the blue grass district of Kentucky breaks against the low outermost ridges of the Cumberland mountains stands a pretty little village clustered about a college and preparatory schools, where I have just witnessed the most extraordinary commencement day that America can show.

This is the only collegiate institution in Kentucky where young ladies take an equal course with the men, and where the colored people are admitted to every privilege of the college without any distinction or separation so far as student life is concerned. There is



EAST KENTUCKY EDITOR AND SCHOOL COMMISSIONER.

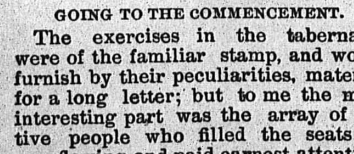
no other place in the state where young colored people of both sexes can get anything higher than the education of the common school, and they form half of the whole number of students. Yet it is so good a school, and so cheap, that young white men and women are attracted to it from all over the state, and the dreadful things which were promised when this co-education of the races began have never materialized. So much to give a hint of the character of the little college whose unique commencement day happened on June 18.

The people began to come before I got up in the morning and by 8 o'clock were streaming along all the converging roads and concentrating upon the grove-shaded campus.

These early arrivals were mostly on horseback—companies of young chaps, swearing and whooping whenever they felt like it; young men more sober in appearance (and in fact) because their sweethearts sat behind them, perched on a folded blanket and holding on to the waist of the gallant cavaliers; scores of women and girls of every age, riding singly, their light-colored muslin dresses protected from the splashing mud by long riding-skirts of rusty waterproof stuff and their faces hidden in capacious sun-bonnets or else capped by astonishing head-gear.

Interspersed among the equestrians were wheeled vehicles of every sort—old town omnibuses, stylish rigs of visitors from the blue grass town, antique buggies and carryalls, farm carts and wagons, home-patched, if not home-made. These wagons had no cross-seats, but instead would be set full of splint-bottom chairs. I saw one steer harnessed, horse-fashion, into a rude cart; but it did not need such extravagances to make any of the fixtures irresistibly comic. Yet one could plainly see that these folks were doing their best to be genteel and to worship at the shrines of etiquette and fashion according to the light they had.

By the time the college commencement was to begin there were probably 4,000 people on the grounds, and I don't know how many horses and mules. There was also a good many whisky bottles which were drawn upon with increasing rapidity as the more seriously minded made their way toward the tabernacle and left a large average of "toughs" in the remainder of the merry concourse.



GOING TO THE COMMENCEMENT.

The exercises in the tabernacle were of the familiar stamp, and would furnish by their peculiarities, material for a long letter; but to me the most interesting part was the array of native people who filled the seats to overflowing and paid earnest attention.

These were, to all intents and purposes, the same as those that came over these hills and settled (only a few miles away) with Daniel Boone, and they ask only the schooling in which they now seem so much interested to develop such strength as the Clays, the Blackburns and other Kentuckians, after they had such advantages in the lower country.

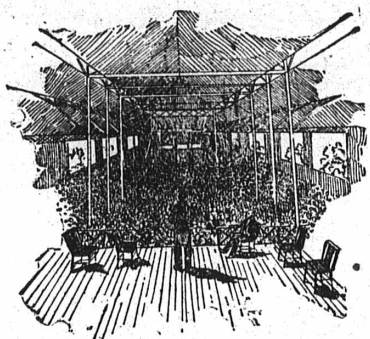
Tiring of it after two or three hours I stole out into the sunshine to find a

much more lively scene under the great oaks. Three or four booths for the use of eatables, mild drinkables and sweetmeats, had been erected and were now surrounded by scores of customers of all colors, sexes and sizes, laughing, singing and howling, munching ginger bread and candy and treating one another to lemonade and peanuts in true holiday style. Here and there family groups had spread on the ground the luncheon they had brought from home, adding to the homely fare some luxury bought at the booth. The splint-bottomed chairs were brought from the wagons and given to old ladies, who sat contentedly and smoked their pipes while the gingham-gowned daughters did the work.

A crowd of men in the road outside the campus attracted my attention and I was just in time to see a fight stopped by a deputy sheriff, of which forty or fifty had been specially sworn in for the occasion. A white and colored lad were in fierce altercation. The white had a pistol in his hand and the negro clutched the handle of one concealed in his hip pocket. The sheriff arrested the white man and was disarming him, when the negro drew the pistol as if to use it. In an instant a rather small, quiet-looking deputy, whom I should have said might be a chapel sexton, seized him by the collar, tripped him off his feet with a dexterous kick and thrust a long 28 revolver in his face before the darkey had time to know what was happening.

Amused at this prompt dealing, which reminded me of old days in Cheyenne, I strolled back into the campus and headed toward the brow of the ridge, where another crowd was thickening up, but I was halted for a moment on the way and perhaps it was fortunate for me that I was. With ostrich-like innocence a "country couple" had seated themselves in a vacant buggy and opened a great umbrella in front to ward off the evil eye of observation, but had quite forgotten to drop the curtain at their back, where their love-making was completely expressed. I could take only a furtive glance and hide my interest. Nobody else paid the least attention; it wasn't etiquette, and the code of propriety is as strong in the mountains as out of them, strong enough to make a chalk mark on the floor when a crowd are sleeping together in one room, as often happens, divide the men from the women like a wall of steel. Public demonstration of affection when the mood is on is to be no more repressed or taken notice of among these primitive people than is public neglect of your lady if you happen to be interested in something else.

I had turned from their rhyming of kisses and blisses, when, suddenly, directly ahead of me a hundred yards or so, there began the loud barking of revolvers. It was in the thickest of the crowd, and how many were shoot-



IN THE TABERNACLE.

ing, or what at, it was impossible to say. Smoke and flame were jetting in every direction for a few seconds like an exploding handful of firecrackers. There was a vision of horses leaping frantically and tugging at their halters; of women and children in flight; of noble Kentuckians scuttling behind trees with indecent haste and of a figure dancing about amid the smoke, waving his arms and flourishing a pistol. Then, with a rush, as when water returns to a cavity where some great stone has made a plunge, the whole crowd, men, women and children, black and white, old and young, high-toned and low-keyed, made a rush to the spot where a negro lay gasping his last breath, a bystander was writhing with a smashed knee and a young ruffian, whisky influenced, and bleeding from a terrible blow in the face, dealt by his victim with his pistol butt before he fell, was quietly submitting to be handcuffed. Scores of men, pistol in hand, stood by; and one fellow "turned loose" a few careless shots and yelled "kill them all!" It was supposed he meant the "niggers," yet anyone knew that this was not a race squabble at all, but an old quarrel between two fellows from the same town, over a horse trade, which had been re-opened here. It is known that more than once tough characters have made a regular appointment with their feuded enemies to meet them at this commencement and settle the row vi et armis. In this case the darkey had drawn his pistol, but was leaving the spot, when the white boy, who unarmed, borrowed a revolver, ran after the negro and shot him in the back, after which "the engagement became general," as war reports say, oblivious of the fact that several hundred persons were standing close by and that the most moral and peace-loving orations and prayers were going on just the other side of a half-inch board wall.

Five minutes after the arrest the crowd had dispersed, the booth trade and picknicking went on and a lot of us ate a jolly little lunch in a school-house, while the surgeon attended to the knee-wounded man, who lay stretched under the window outside, his head in his girl's lap and his arte-

ries emptying their blood on the matted oak leaves.

After 2 o'clock the country people, some of whom had come more than fifty miles, began to climb into their big wagons and to remount their patient horses.

Half a dozen young savages would gather at the corner of the road and taking a last drink, would jam their flapping broadbrims down upon their long hair, and lashing their nags, clatter away yelling like mad. It was not a shout, nor a scream nor a hurrah. It was the shrill shriek that has passed into history and often it would be accented by a pistol fusillade—ball cartridge let go in almost any direction.

A large number of visitors, however, had come by rail, divided into two classes by the direction. Those from the north were from towns, and mainly from one of the large bluegrass centers formerly distinguished by its ku klux performances, and I shouldn't wonder if they had a livelier time than did we in the south-bound train, which penetrated the mountains.

It was not long after starting before the fun began. Everybody was more or less wild with tanglefoot and anxious to make a noise. Crack! went a pistol shot somewhere forward. Cr-r-r-ack! rattled a whole volley from the next car. Bang! answered a big gun in the coach behind us. A burly fellow took his arm from his girl's waist, drew out of his trousers pocket a heavy "bull-dog" that carried a half-ounce ball, and, reaching across his lady love's lap emptied the pistol with rattling rapidity out of the window.

Across the aisle a boy not more than 16 produced a still longer and bigger pistol, and attempted to do the same, but the girl objected and a struggle ensued for the possession of the cocked and loaded weapon, which, thanks to that providence which watches over fools and "falls," did not go off. By this time nearly every young man in the car had a revolver in his hand or sticking half out of his pocket, and just at this juncture we ran into a tunnel. From half the men on each platform, from half the windows in each car, burst the noise and flame of these heavy guns, pulled as fast as fingers could work. The tunnel was only a few inches off—bullets were more likely to glance than not. The car was lighted only by flashes of powder and the shooters yelled like demons, while the shrill laughter of many a woman's voice struck the noise in sharp staccato.

It was a lively experience and it only ended as the train gradually emptied itself with parting salvos of pocket artillery and farewell yells of riotous mirth.

It is not worth while to mention names or specify localities; but neither really matters, for just such scenes are enacted whenever a crowd of eastern Kentuckians, patrician or plebeian, get together, whether it be a political canvass or a college commencement. ERNEST INGERSOLL.

Jack the Ripper Again.

Jack the Ripper is again at work in London and the detectives are as much at a loss as ever to find any clue likely to lead them to the identification or arrest of the monster. The best detective talent in the three kingdoms has been employed in an effort to run him down, but to no avail. If he is a madman he is one of the shrewdest that the police have ever had to deal with.

It seems a little strange that the Scotland Yard detectives, who are so quick to trace crimes of a political nature and to capture political prisoners, should be so slow in checking the career of this murderer. But perhaps this is accounted for on the theory that it is an easy matter for a British detective to manufacture a political crime to order or to swear away the liberty of a political offender.

The good old times when the Sleuth and Hawkeshaw and Detective Bucket of fiction used to enthral our minds with admiration have passed away forever. It is plain to us now that detectives are but ordinary men; indeed to most of us they appear to be very ordinary men, and perhaps that accounts for their failure in the old world or in this to accomplish anything but very ordinary undertakings.—Chicago Times.

Time to Reform the Calendar.

An ingenious Yankee, with an eye to adjusting himself to his environment, has moved a reorganization of the calendar. Winter, he contends, should begin on January 1 and include March; spring should commence with April and include June; July, August and September should constitute summer, and the fall, beginning with October, should not end until after Christmas. His new calendar would play the mischief with traditions, but it would come nearer to actual experience than does the present antiquated European article. The precession of the equinoxes is too slow altogether for the American climate. Facts are on the side of reform, and if the weather does not speedily repent and bring forth fruits more meet for repentance than rank grass and dropical potatoes, the newly-established department of agriculture will be called on to revise the calendar.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Unpaid Money Orders.

Since the establishment of the money order system funds to the amount of \$1,700,000 have accumulated for which orders were issued, but never presented for payment. The postal authorities are now taking steps to return money not called for to its rightful owners, but over \$1,000,000 yet remains unclaimed.

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

One of the Most Interesting of the Sights of the Eternal City.

One of the most interesting sights in Rome, says a letter from the Italian capital is the vatican library. It is said to contain 23,580 manuscripts, a large proportion of which are oriental and Greek. It practically dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the most important collections were embodied in it. The visitor on first entering the vatican finds himself in a brightly, not to say gaudily, painted room, on the floor of which, dotted at intervals, are brightly painted cupboards. In these cupboards—safe, commodious, dry receptacles—the great mass of manuscripts which form the glory of the library are stored. Every here and there among the cupboards are various works of art, gifts to different popes, and glass-covered cases and tables, such as are to be found in other libraries, contain such illuminated manuscripts and other treasures as are best suited for exhibition.

The cases and tables are carefully covered up with wooden shutters. Among the treasures in the cases are not only the famous Terence, several famous Virgils, the Palatine Virgil among them, and many other manuscripts of the classics, but also the world-famous manuscript of the Greek bible, the well-known but little studied Codex-Vaticanus.

This famous manuscript has hitherto been so jealously guarded that even professed scholars have found it difficult to obtain more than a passing glimpse of it. More liberal counsels have now, however, come to prevail. One other treasure also to be found in the same case is the palimpsest copy, discovered by Cardinal Mai, of Cicero's oration, "De Republica." The most interesting feature in this interesting fragment is the complete success with which the ancient underlying writing has been recovered. It is hardly possible to believe that the clear, well-defined letters before you have been covered up with other writing for perhaps 1,000 years.

The great hall which forms the main building of the library terminates in a series of corridors of enormous length. On the floor of these are arranged the various presents given to the present pope last year on the attainment of his jubilee. All along the wall are vases filled with countless and almost inestimable treasures. In one is a collection of articles gathered from the catacombs and early christian tombs; in another a collection of chalices and patens and other early church plate; after this a wonderful series of specimens of the early Florentine painters, from Cimabue downward, arranged chronologically; opposite these again is a small collection of the most lovely paintings, some of them early christian paintings from the catacombs; others heathen works found from time to time in the neighborhood of Rome.

There is another series of most interesting rooms—the Borgia rooms, as they are called, built for Alexander VI. These rooms are now devoted to printed books, which, as in an ordinary library, are here arranged on shelves along the wall. The ceilings are most beautifully painted by Pinturicchio. The pictures seem singularly beautiful, particularly the series representing scenes from the Savior's life.

A Horse's Ear for Music.

The following story is told by Fred Grant. In his last year at West Point, he held the position of captain of artillery. One day the visiting officer, who happened to be his father, General Grant, held an inspection and drill. After the cadets had assembled on the parade ground, it was decided to give the commands by bugle call. The officers would then deliver them by word of mouth to the men. Fred Grant had a notoriously bad ear for music. He had never been able to master a single tune, and worse still, he had no idea of time. When the announcement of the mode of giving the orders was made, he rushed up to a comrade and said: "Great goodness! What shall I do? I can't tell the difference between the 'charge' and the 'retreat'."

His friend advised him to change his horse for Mазeppa, a horse of one of the sergeants. She would carry him through. He hastily did so, and watched every movement of his animal during the ensuing evolutions. When the bugle sounded "forward," the knowing animal advanced and the command was accordingly given to the men. When the call of "halt" came, Mазeppa stood like a rock, and the proper order was issued by the officer. In this way, the horse, by its ear for music, told its rider the orders of the day, and carried him safely through the complicated movements of the drill.

Kindness to Children.

It is said that several gentlemen of New York, among them Mr. George H. Vanderbilt, have purchased fine mountain lands in North Carolina, along the banks of the Swannanoa river, where they propose building a large industrial institute for poor white children who may wish to learn to make a living. The children will be taught how to use machinery and how to work in wood and metal; indeed they may become proficient in any trade. This school and the lives of the children taught there will be one of the grandest monuments that can be built.

A man was arrested the other day for stealing an umbrella and tried to get off by saying that he was laying something by for a rainy day.—Boston Post.

A GORILLA'S BRIDE.

The Remarkable Adventure of an African Woman in the Congo Region.

"The natives of Africa are cowards in war," an Indianapolis News man was informed by Carl Steckleman, the explorer, who started to-day for New York, preparatory to going to the Congo region. "They prefer to take prisoners and comparatively few of their enemies are killed outright. They are afraid to strike for fear they will receive a more damaging blow in return. They make slaves of their prisoners and the captives have a sorry time."

"Of all enemies they dread the gorilla most. And he is a foe that no man dare despise. He will fight at sight. Numbers do not deter him. He is so human and so desperate in his defense and attack that the Africans have long learned that to fight with a gorilla is to fight to the death. This dreadful animal keeps to the woods, as it is necessary for him to grasp hold of the boughs as he walks on his hind legs. A man is therefore comparatively safe if he is on the prairie."

"There are some extraordinary things told of the gorilla. I will relate one of them. I had always heard it said that the male gorilla would not harm a woman. This is the common belief in some tribes. One day we came to a village in which one hut had been built apart from the rest. We inquired for the reason of this, and found that it had been dedicated to a witch. This witch was greatly revered. She had been the wife of a gorilla. The woman had lived in a village in a house which stood on the edge of the forest. A great tree overhung her shanty. In the village all the trees had been cut down as a precaution against the gorillas. One night one of these animals came out of the forest, got up into the big tree which overhung the woman's house, climbed down onto the roof, threw the roof off, swung down into the hut, seized the woman, climbed up through the hole in the roof up into the tree, and went away into the woods, carrying the woman with him. His great strength made this an easy thing for him to do. He could hold her in one arm and with his two hind legs and his one free forearm make his way up and down trees or through the woods. The woman was gone for many days. The people saw that her house roof had been torn off. They looked carefully around the house and saw that there were no tracks whatever. They then knew that the dread enemy had carried her off. One day she came back. She told a wonderful story. The gorilla had carried her for miles into the woods and finally climbed a great tree and deposited her in his home. There he treated her very kindly, brought her food and drink, but would not permit her to leave. After watching her carefully for many days he finally left her, probably intending to return in a short time, convinced that she would remain. The woman came down to the ground, and after wandering in the forest for several days made her way back to the village. The people at first were about to kill her, but they finally concluded that she was possessed of extraordinary powers. They therefore built her a house for herself, supplied her with every comfort, and looked up to her as a sacred person."

A Hero.

In cases of great disaster many persons so distinguish themselves that the ordinary mortal becomes a hero, and such is sometimes the case with our dumb friends. Romeo, for instance, a beautiful water spaniel, is the pet of Mrs. C. F. Kress, who lived on Washington street in ill-fated Johnstown. Romeo had all his life been petted and loved; he now deserves the title of hero, if ever a dog did deserve it. On that day when the waters came rushing down upon the people, Mrs. Kress was visiting her sister, and Romeo was with her. The first place of refuge was the roof; from this they were dashed, and Mrs. Kress was thrown into the surging waters. No human being dared to endeavor to save her, but Romeo, forgetting his own danger, caught his mistress' dress as she rose to the surface, and grasping her firmly dragged her to a house that still defied the waves. This refuge, also, was only temporary. A great wave struck the building and again the woman and the dog were at the mercy of the water. Again the dog came to the rescue; catching her garments he swam with the strength that comes with terror. Holding the heavy burden, struggling against the waves and debris, the brave dog reached Alma Hall, where he and Mrs. Kress were pulled out of the water. She lay like dead, and the faithful dog thinking his work had been all in vain, howled frantically over her until she was restored, when he became quieted, then laid down at her feet as though he had done a deed that the bravest men would shrink from. And this is how the dog Romeo came to be called a hero.

A Scandal.

"To drink like a horse" is an expression without truth or elegance, as is also "gone to the dogs," both of them casting a slur on two of the noblest of the animal world. To "drink like a horse" would be, as a rule, to drink in moderation, while a dog of even average respectability would deny the aspersion of being compared to a man, according to common parlance, had "gone to the dogs."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24.

Farmers' and Laborers' Union.

The AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST says: What promises to be a successful coalition of the principal new agricultural organizations in the West and South is now under way. The representatives of these organizations convened at Meridian, Miss., in December last, and perfected a plan of co-operation and consolidation. They established a new national organization with the above name, adopting by-laws and constitution, and electing officers for the ensuing year. This new constitution has already been ratified by several of the State organizations, and it is safe to say, that before the next annual meeting of the new Farmers' and Laborers' Union of America, the consolidation will have been accepted by more than the three-fourths majority required. The next meeting is to be held at St. Louis, Mo., on the first Tuesday in December, 1889. The President of the temporary organization is Evan Jones, of Dublin, Texas. The members of the contributing organizations are claimed to number one and one-half million farmers, exclusive of women and children. These organizations embrace the following:

National Farmers' Alliance and Co-operative Union of America—President, C. W. McCune, of Washington, D. C.; Secretary, E. B. Warren, Dallas, Texas.

National Agricultural Wheel—President, Isaac McCracken, Ozona, Ark.; Secretary, A. E. Gardner, Dresden, Tenn.

National Farmers' Alliance of the Northwest—President, J. Burrows, Filley, Neb.; Secretary, August Post, Moulton, Iowa.

Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association—President, F. G. Blood, Marion, Ill.; Secretary, A. M. Palmer, Marion, Ill.

Under the new constitution these different organizations are to be merged into the Farmers' and Laborers' Union of America, with local, county and State organizations subordinate to the National. The State bodies are to be governed by the National order, but the new constitution guarantees State rights and retains about the same relation between the National and State organizations as exists between the respective States and the Federal Government. President Jones, who is also President of the Farmers' State Alliance of Texas, says: "We are not organized for the purpose of antagonizing any legitimate business, profession or calling. We realize the fact that in the general make-up of the running machinery of our government there are three distinct partners—Land, Labor and Capital, and that either one is essential to the prosperity of the others. In other words, Labor, co-operating with Land, assists nature in bringing forth and perfecting the products of Mother Earth, and then by distributing these products, creates wealth. Capital in turn pays labor for its services. Hence, if there is a just distribution of the wealth created from the earth, all three of these partners will prosper. If there is an unjust or unequal distribution, one—either Land, Labor or Capital—will grow rich and powerful, while the others will become poor and weak. The members of this organization realize the fact that the agriculturists are not getting their just share of the wealth they create, and hence are organized not to oppress any one, but through a well defined system of organization, education and co-operation, to regain control of their produce, so that we may be able to obtain legitimate prices for both produce and labor."

It will be seen that the scheme of organization is representative, and in many respects similar to the Grange or Patrons of Husbandry, except that not the same prominence nor equality is given to women, while the social features which have made the Grange so successful are not equally emphasized in the new Union. It is a less expensive organization than the Grange, the admission fee as well as the regular annual dues being lower. But there are essentially the same restrictions as to admitting members. The Union, however, goes further than the Grange, and admits laboring men as well as farmers, the Grange being confined solely to farmers and their families. The various organizations of which the Farmers' and Laborers' Union of America is composed, have already done a vast amount of good during their brief existence and rapid growth, although they have suffered in many respects from the same mistakes that characterized the mushroom growth of the Patrons of Husbandry in the early days of that organization.

The deep water convention will be held in Topeka, Oct. 1. At that time Topeka will sail in and do its best.

Children's Gardens.

The London Horticultural Journal makes a suggestion that should meet the favorable consideration of every one who is thoughtful for his children's real welfare. It says:

"We regard this subject of the children's garden as having a great bearing upon the question of Horticultural in the future. Too often the children grow up to regard the garden as a playground only; what we wish to see, is, in every home in the country, a small plot set apart for the children. Let them have a few yards each for their very own, let them cultivate flowers, fruit or vegetables, as their wish may be; give them seeds or plants to start with, and instructions as needed, and either give them market value for what they possess, as their crops perfect, or allow them to sell as they like. It is idle to say that it will make them 'love gain, etc.;" we say that it is the right way to make them make the best use of the land, and to teach them what the soil is capable of by generous cultivation. Children, as a rule, are fond of flowers and we have seen children spend days in their cultivation, gaining both instruction and amusement, getting instilled into their minds a love of the beautiful which in after years has borne good fruit; more than this, children cannot be idle, and the hours they would otherwise spend in play, or very possibly mischief, may be much better spent in gaining a love and knowledge of Horticulture in a plot of their own. Give them a primer on botany, and a small pocket lens, and you will be going in the best direction to make careful men and women of the future. We have a great faith in the future of the cultivation of the land, and we hold that the giving to the children a small garden, will do much to cause a great demand for such in future generations."

This is good suggestion. What children may learn by having a garden of their own will possibly prove of immense value to them. The tastes they form by this intimate association with nature, have also great and good influence in the formation of their character; a thing, by the way, which most people seriously neglect.

The shooting of Judge Terry was in every sense justifiable. He was shot down like a dog, just as he deserved to be. There is no sense in the plea that Terry was a brave man. If he had courage it was that of a brute, and not that of manhood. Such courage should never be held up as a virtue. Moral courage he had none. He was a savage, a desperado, and nothing more. He had repeatedly threatened the life of United States Justice Field whenever he returned to California, and the authorities expected trouble. It was not imagined that a meeting would occur at a railway station, as it did. The meeting was accidental. But Terry got up from a table and went deliberately to Justice Field, a representative of the highest court in the land, and slapped him in the face, and was instantly shot down by Deputy Marshal Nagle, who accompanied the venerable Justice. It was not simply the man who was assaulted; it was the dignity of the Supreme Court, because Justice Field had done his duty in committing Terry for contempt of court, instead of allowing him to bully the United States court as he was wont to do the Justices of the Peace in the rural districts of California. An assassin who attacks one of the highest and best representatives of the government, is entitled to very little consideration. If Guiteau had failed to kill President Garfield, and been himself shot down, there would have been few to say he was not served right. There are a few, and but a few, who condemn the prompt action of Deputy Nagle.

Lawrence Business College.

Before us lies the twentieth annual catalogue of the Lawrence Business College, one of the finest we ever saw. This institution was established in 1869 and incorporated last year with a capital stock of twenty thousand dollars. Its faculty list is surprisingly large, and is made up of the best class of teachers to be found in our country; men and women of scholastic attainments, of long experience in the work, and of those who have made a practical study of the business world. Its large faculty enables it to give a complete business training; just such a training as is needed by every young man and woman to grapple with the realities of life. In Shorthand, this institution offers facilities unsurpassed to the student seeking to enter the remunerative work of the reporter. Its classes in this branch have outnumbered those of any other school west of the Mississippi.

This enterprising school has also realized that there are many young men and young women who cannot attend any other school to good advantage; the work of the public schools being arranged for the child, and that of the literary schools for those who have both time and means at their command. The English course of this institution is well adapted to the class above referred to, including, as it does, most thorough work in all the branches of study most needed in practical life.

Of the many other excellent things of which the catalogue gives information, we have not space to speak, but would advise all interested to procure a copy for themselves, by addressing

E. L. McILROY, Pres.,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Farm and Garden.

So far the use of the Bordeaux mixture has been done with success as a remedy for grape rot, but if the application is not made at the proper times, and the work well done, the use of the mixture will not give satisfaction. The frequent rains will cause the mixture to be applied often, or the rot will not be wholly prevented.

Do not attempt to save the seeds of pumpkins, melons or squash unless the vines for that purpose are grown at a distance from all other varieties of the same family. The pollen of such plants is carried quite a distance by the winds and also by insects. Two or more varieties will fertilize the blossoms of each.

A dozen cucumber vines will produce an enormous crop of pickles if looked over daily and the small cucumbers picked off. They grow so rapidly that a delay of one day will sometimes render them too large for use. If picked over carefully the vines will continue to bear until frost.

A small amount of crude carbolic acid (about a tablespoonful in a gallon of soapuds) poured in the sink-hole will destroy foul odor and also prevent the propagation of flies, as the acid destroys the maggots. The soapuds assist in preserving the ammonia of the sink.

The coleus bed will thicken and thrive better if frequently cut back and trimmed. The cuttings can be used for new beds. Simply stick the ends of the cuttings in the ground, keep them moderately moist, and they will take root and grow in a few days.

Ensilage and the silo are not beyond the ability of small farmers. The supposition that ensilage can only be used on large farms is erroneous. It costs very little to construct a silo, while ensilage is more easily grown and prepared than corn-fodder.

All insects are not enemies. Some of them are the best friends the farmers have. Spiders, wasps, dragon flies and other insects prey upon insects that are injurious. There are also other numerous parasites that greatly assist in destroying insects.

Trees for the garden should be well cut back. For the field they should be cut back in a manner to allow of horse cultivation when the trees begin to bear. Cutting back the peach the first two years makes the tree very stocky and compact.

The strawberry can be grown on small plots that will not afford room for a tree, and as it produces fruit in one year from the time the plants are set out, it is one of the most valuable fruit for the family that can be grown.

The largest, best flavored and earliest vegetables should be retained for seed if the seed is to be home-grown. The smooth solid tomatoes, and the earliest should be laid aside for seed before using any portion of the crop.

A toad is a valuable assistant to the farmers in keeping down insects, but it sometimes destroys ichneumon flies and carnivorous beetles, which are friends to the farmer.

Sweet corn and lima beans should be plentiful in this latitude now. Pick the lima beans from near the top, leaving the bottom pods on a few vines to dry for seed.

Amber cane and evergreen sweet corn were not injured by heavy frosts at the Dakota Experiment station. This is remarkable, as both are semi-tropical plants.

It is worth thrown away to kill out weeds in the fields and allow them to go to seed in the fence corners. As a rule, the garden at this season is the hobbed of weeds.

Buckwheat, seeded down now, will kill out the weeds. When it begins to blossom plow it under and seed down to ry.

Kansas farmers will do something this year toward getting out of debt. It will be well if they then resolve to keep out. The speculations of some of the eastern papers on Kansas investments affords interesting reading. It is feared that such investments may not be so profitable as heretofore. Hence, it is intimated that farmers will be able to make future loans to an advantage in order to improve and stock up their farms. No doubt they will be, and at reduced rates of interest. The rates that farmers have been paying have been enormous, and the readiness of loaners to make reduction now proves it. Then the commissions that borrowers have paid to money scalpers, who have set themselves as "investment brokers" have enriched a lot of sharpers in every town in the state, at the expense of the farmers, who have been their victims. It will be well if the farmers of Kansas take advantage of this successful year to get out of debt and then keep out. It will be better to go a little slower, and nine times in ten to get along without borrowing, unless money can be had without paying commissions, and at the very reasonable rate of interest that now prevails, when there is no gouging going on—say three or four per cent.

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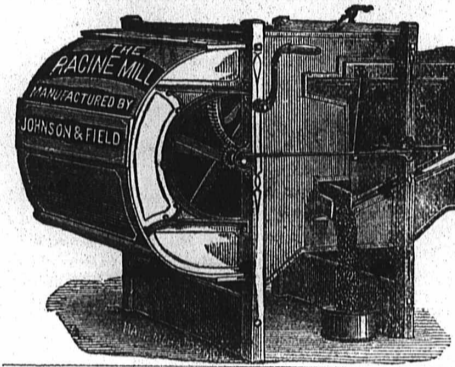
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The City of One Hundred Days.

One of the most extraordinary spectacles in the history of the world was ten thousand people standing on an imaginary line and waiting for the signal to cross into the promised land of Oklahoma. The scenes which followed the firing of the signal gun, the mad rush across the country with teams and on horseback, the raising of tents in the just selected city of Guthrie, and the gradual growth from day to day, formed a series of striking pictures. These were photographed and described, by Mr. Hamilton C. Wicks, for The Cosmopolitan Magazine, and his work appears in the September number.

The old-time hog was a shell, notable on account of the absence of thick meat and for the presence of a great cavity within the body, that is, an undue proportion of viscera as compared with meat. The hog of the past lost this objectionable feature when the improvement got well under way, and of late years has, as a rule, been grown into shape to yield profit, when properly bred and suitably fed. The modern hog possesses a quality not known of in the earlier years, namely, that of early maturity. This has of late years, as in the case of steers, been proven to be an important element of profit. Tardiness in maturing was a leading element in lessening the profit sought to be made in growing swine.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for September 1889.

Fine portraits of "the American Duchess" (formerly Mrs. Hammersly, of New York) and the Duke of Marlborough, given in connection with an illustrated article on the famous palace and park of Blenheim, are conspicuous among the pictorial features of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for September. Colonel R. J. Hinton, one of the hydrographic experts in the Western States and Territories, describes interestingly, with the aid of the artist and photographer, the processes of "Making the Desert Bloom." An uncommonly attractive out-door paper is Miss Elizabeth Taylor's "Up the Nepigon." Dr. L. B. Fletcher gives a comprehensive account of "Electric Railways and Electric Motors." "Count de Benyowsky's Adventures," "Carmen Silya, Poetess and Queen," "Para and the Amazon Delta," "Fantastic Gardening" and "Mme. Tussaud" are among the other illustrated articles; and this number of the favorite magazine is unusually strong in short stories and poems.

G. A. R.

The National Encampment of the G. A. R. will be held this year at Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 26th to 31st. Agents of the Union Pacific Railway will sell tickets to Milwaukee and return at the lowest one way first class fare in Nebraska and Kansas August 21th to 25th inclusive; in Colorado and Wyoming August 20 to 24th inclusive; limited to return leaving Milwaukee August 27th to September 5th, final limit September 10th. For those who desired to return later than Sept. 30th on application to the joint agent of terminal lines at Milwaukee, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming should be well represented at this encampment and all should go via "The Overland Route." For further information apply to any agent of this Company or E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.

A BIG HOLIDAY PARADE.

A Grand Outpouring of Arenic, Zoologic, Hippodrome and Frontier Attractions.

After a series of enormous successes in the principal eastern cities, including surpassingly splendid engagements in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, the combined Forepaugh and Wild West Shows will pitch their huge tents in Topeka, August 29. The inaugural features will be the "grand and gorgeous" street parade, unfolding to public view all the vast, sensational, picturesque and historical processional resources of the big dual show. The parade will start from the exhibition grounds at 10 A. M., and traverse the principal thoroughfares of the city.

The first section of the pageant will consist of the mammoth menagerie, with caged and led animals; a half score of tableau cars, including the colossal chariots "Neptune" and "St. George," and will be headed by unvanquished famous military band of thirty pieces.

The second section will introduce the WORLD-RENOWNED PARIS HIPPODROME, with its daring and dashing male and female riders, charioteers, racing cars, mettlesome steeds, historically correct armor, costumes and other paraphernalia. Another feature of this department of the parade is a glittering cavalcade of medieval knights, accoutred precisely as were the valiant Crusaders of the Middle Ages. Prof. W. S. Stokes' San Francisco Military Band will lead this contingent of the procession.

The third section will be composed of the novel attractions of the Great National Wild West Exhibition. It will be led by Bugle Bill's Cowboy Brass Band, following which will appear the old Deadwood Stage Coach, driven by "Big Tom" Reynolds, a former knight of the Overland Mail Company. Next in line will be an imposing delegation of "plains" Indians, prominent among whom will be Lone Feather, fighting chief of the Ogallala Sioux, accompanied by twenty picked braves, all of whom were actual participants in the MASSACRE OF GEN. CUSTER AND COMMAND.

Dr. W. F. Carver and Pawnee Bill, the crack shots of the world; together with a hundred scouts, cowboys, Mexican vaqueros and United States cavalry-men—among the latter being Sergeant Charles C. Wagner, sole survivor of Custer's forces at Little Big Horn—will ride picturesquely attired in the Wild West pageant. All the scouts, cowboys, soldiers and Sioux Indians will be seen later, under the hippodrome pavilion, in a grand, masterly and soul-stirring portrayal of Custer's Last Rally, which is conceded by eminent military authorities to be the most life-like battle scene ever given at a public exhibition.

The fourth section will present the circus celebrities, Adam Forepaugh, Jr., and his notable array of reason-gifted animal actors; Mardi Gras sensations; special features, including Oriental pageants illustrative of Cleopatra journeying to meet Marc Antony, and Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi. Following these gorgeous displays will come

HUNDREDS OF HANDSOME HORSES, brass bands galore, richly robed processionists, thirty ponderous elephants, museum wonders, etc. Vast crowds will undoubtedly be attracted by the parade of the great combat. Nothing in the show world has heretofore been seen that could approach in magnitude and merit the Forepaugh and Wild West Exhibition of this season.

Western Farm News.

Up to date the flying machine is very similar in its effects to an infernal machine.

The eyes of the whole world are now on Kansas. No wonder she blushes and looks so rosy.

A good imitation of frosted glass may be produced by applying to the glass a saturated solution of alum in water. It may be colored by the addition of aniline dyes. The coloring is not very permanent, however.

Senator Ingalls ought to publish that letter. If he tells the truth that would make Major Hudson a liar, and secure the \$1000 offered by the Democrats for the benefit of the Atchison's Orphans' Home. That would be worth something.

To make cherry stain, mix together by stirring one quart of spirits of turpentine, one pint of japan, one pound of Venetian red, ground in oil, and two ounces of dry-burned umber. Apply with a brush and wipe off with a cloth. Finish with one coat of shellac and two coats of varnish.

This demon of waste is the fiend that is eating out the profits of our farmers. Keeping unprofitable cows, feeding weather-beaten fodder, and doing everything in the most expensive manner, and then wasting their breath calling themselves practical. The yearly waste of labor, land and fodder that is going on among the farmers, could, if corrected, pay all their taxes four time over.

It is best to plow for wheat in July, or early in August at the latest. When wheat or oats stubble is to be put in wheat, the plowing can be done at the time recommended, by taking advantage of every opportunity to expedite the work of getting the shocks out of the way. When corn ground is put in wheat, plowing is not necessary. Loosening the surface with cultivators or disc harrows will give better results than breaking up the ground with the plow, at least when your corn fields are kept as they ought to be.

It is said that Missouri is being flooded with little trotting stallions of high and low degree—principally low—and a great many farmers are inveigled into breeding to them, by the apparently plausible arguments of their owners, according to the JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE. This is worse than foolish. What farmer has time to train a colt and find out whether it is a flyer or not, or who has the money to pay \$25 per month to have the colt trained? The tendency in Kansas is toward better breeds of all kinds of stock.

A correspondent of the New York TIMES tells how he had fresh pie-plant pies during the winter: "Last Fall I took up a quantity of rhubarb roots, and instead of throwing them away as I intended at first, I dug them up with plenty of soil, packing them in half barrels and put them into the cellar. In a short time they sprouted and made large shoots, which served for pies and tarts through the winter in a very acceptable manner. Of course the roots were exhausted by this growth and of no further use, but it was no more trouble to throw them away than in the Fall, and there was a good deal gained by keeping them over. Old rhubarb roots are greatly improved by taking them up and replanting. Each root may be broken up into several pieces, and this work may be done now better than in the Spring."

A writer in one of our exchanges well says:

"I would like to say a word in addition to what has been said about the reasons why boys leave the farm. A great deal of the blame is charged to the boys, while a great deal of it should be laid at the door of the parents. Among the farmers of this country there seems to be a disposition to growl loud and long, at what they term 'hard times'. From one year's end to the other you can hear the farmer send up his plaintive cry about the scarcity of money, high taxes, cut-throat prices and the galling chains of monopolists. It is my opinion that these grievances, are, to a certain extent, imaginary. But whether real or fancied, they have the effect of turning the boy's mind to other vocations for a livelihood.

How can he be expected to 'stick to the farm' when his own father has been pointing out the manifold terrors which hedge the farmers about. Abject poverty is his lot. Grinding starvation is his portion. The wolf stands at the door with hungry jaws. What a picture! Is it calculated to induce the farmer's son to succeed him in the business, while there are other fields more promising? Not much. Then give them the other side of the picture. Hush growing at imaginary grievances. In other words don't frighten the boys off the farm."

The Leavenworth TIMES thinks the teachers of Kansas are no more fitted to select the chancellor of the State University than a lot of pot-house politicians. Well, we think otherwise.

It is a pity that Kansas City cannot realize how much it owes to Kansas. Kansas City is our offspring, and it is quite a place for Kansas to lay that wayward child across its checkered apron and apply a well hardened palm to its brainiest parts.

Ramabai now has nine pupils in her school. Her assistant, Miss Demmon, has established a sewing class. This would mean very little here; in India it means a revolution in the customs of centuries. Ramabai lately accepted an invitation to lecture before a conference at Poonah, another innovation, as no woman had ever been invited to address such a body. Her subject was "America and American women."

Locating a crime of any kind by the usual detective methods is contemptible at best. But the running of joints, great or small, the selling of liquor, directly or indirectly, is just as contemptible. A man who keeps within the law in its very best sense, will never be caught by any of the wiles of a detective. If he is willing to accommodate "a friend" by violation of the law he is served right if he gets taken in.

Recent experiments to ascertain within what limits the ear can distinguish the difference in the pitch of two sounds show that the smallest difference perceptible by untrained or only slightly trained ears appears to be from one-sixth to one-fortieth of a semi-tone. It is said that a peculiarity that seems to apply alike to trained and untrained ears is that they detect upward difference more easily than downward.

Farmers are advised not to go into politics. They have lots of such advice, and they seem willing to take. A score of farmers' organizations have been started, the Grange the Wheel the Alliance, and so on. The first thing taught is that politics is kept out. At the same time scarcely an evil for which they seek a remedy can be reached except through political action. If there is need of any farmer's organization, not mostly social, it is one where politics can enter. In fact it should be largely political and from a farmers' stand point. As it is farmers are now jumping jacks for political demagogues.

Superintendent Buck, of the Kansas Silk Culture Station, is much encouraged by the interest manifested by Kansas people in silk production. Some papers are disposed, however, to discourage the whole thing. This is wrong. We cannot guess the possibilities of silk culture in America, and even if it is found profitable for but a limited class, it may prove a god-send to them. It is possible, even under unfavorable circumstances for some time and labor to be profitably invested in this way, that might otherwise go to waste. There is a big demand for silk in America; and if we can beat India and Egypt on the cotton, we may learn to beat China in silk.

When the small boy does well we think it right to give him a word of praise. Men, even old and wise men, are often no less encouraged and made glad by a kindly recognition of their efforts to do good. The agricultural and live stock papers generally are commending the action of Hon. J. M. Rusk in providing for the frequent issue of Bulletins giving briefly, in plain words, the more useful and practical parts of the larger and more scientifically written reports of the Department of Agriculture. In order that these documents may have a wide circulation, and reach the parties more likely to appreciate them, the Hon. Secretary of Agriculture has arranged for securing lists of the leading stock growers in each county. As a rule the live stock men pay most attention to one particular class of animals, to horses or cattle or sheep or swine. The design is to group them according to the class in which they are most interested, selecting so far as possible one man for each class in each township or at least in different parts of the county. Much valuable information gathered by the Department of Agriculture will thus be promptly placed in the hands of those especially interested in the matter presented in each particular report, and the several editions will circulate almost entirely among those to whom they will be of great value. A good scheme, this, of which the farmers and live stock breeders will most heartily approve.

The second annual convention and tournament of the Kansas State Volunteer Firemen's Association will be held at Ottawa, September 17, 18 and 19. Further information can be obtained from A. P. Elder, chief engineer of the Ottawa Fire department, or C. S. Davis, secretary, Junction City, Kansas. Send a postal asking for 80-page hand-book.

Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, Editor.

Do you intend to make any use of the suckers that grow on your plants? Probably not. In some cases, with some varieties of plants, suckers are used for propagation. But usually no use is made of them. Then why let them grow?

No one need be told that if a plant runs to vine, it is at the expense of the fruit. There is just so much vital force in a vine. It will go somewhere. If it has a chance to go into the vine it often goes there instead of in the fruit. If it is not allowed to go into the vine it will go into the fruit.

Some fruit is just as bad as scrub stock. The world has been making progress all along the line, and progress means something better than we have had. It is admitted that we have made improvement in our cattle, swine, horses, sheep and poultry. It is admitted that we have better methods than we formerly had. Well, friend, fruit has not been neglected in this onward march.

The Germantown TELEGRAPH says: "To grow good crops of blackberries, the soil should be good and especially deep, for the roots run down wonderfully when possible for them to do so; and, as the growing fruit requires its greatest nourishment in the usually dry month of August, it is an advantage to have deep soil for the roots to draw a supply from. A deep, sandy soil will generally grow the best crop of berries, while a clay soil tends to produce rust. Good cultivation, good soil and a judicious use of manure, make stout and vigorous canes, with a crop of berries in increased ratio."

The demand all over the country and abroad for breakfast bacon has given swine a send-off they could not have received from any other source, simply because there was no other avenue not occupied by hog meat. To insure character and stability to this branch of pork-eating, it was necessary that the product be sufficiently thick, and especially tender, when cooked and served. These qualities could only be present in the young improved hog; hence from all points of view, early maturity and tendency to fatten at any age, have proved to be agencies through which the modern hog has been a source of profit; this, for the same reason that money loaned on short time pays a better profit than when put out for a long period, the interest only coming annually. A more important reason than this is the fact that with swine suitably bred, we secure an animal at ten months equal in weight to the hog of a few years ago when at the age of twenty months or over.

Atchison Champion: It is said that Colonel Sam Walker, of Lawrence, is dying. The names of John Brown and Gen. Jim Lane are inseparably associated with the historic struggle for the possession of Kansas. But the real fighting leader of the free state cause, was Capt. Sam Walker. Lane was a politician and an orator. He could speak for himself, and he always did, taking good care to keep Jim Lane to the fore. John had the ear of all the noted abolitionists of the east—the men who talked to a continent—and his subsequent invasion of Harper's Ferry gave him a world-wide fame. But Capt. Sam Walker could not make a speech, and had no one to speak for him. He was simply a fighter—a man of cool judgment, steady nerve and unflinching courage. So, whenever any of the "border wars" were on, you will notice, in reading Kansas history, that Captain Sam Walker has always "present for duty." He wasn't making any particular noise, indulging in any bluster, nor making any speeches—but Captain Sam Walker's company was armed, and if there was any fighting, generally doing the most of it.

Applications of liquid manure may be made to plants throughout the growing season with wonderful results. It should be applied often, in a weak state.

A man who came to Rawlins county in 1880 with only \$3 and one suit of clothes, now has 480 acres of land, 6 houses and thirty town lots, but he still has only one suit of clothes. The last thing a Kansas man does is to put on style.

The trans-Missouri freight association has issued a circular relative to the Kansas State Fair, which provides for free transportation of goods to the fair as follows: The freight will be waybilled at owner's risk of damage, and regular rates will be charged to the fair, excepting on shipments of fruit, grain or vegetables, the freight charges will be refunded upon presentation of a certificate from the secretary that such shipments have been placed upon exhibition.

On return of freight, no change of ownership having occurred, and with proper evidence from the secretary of its exhibition, it will be returned free at owner's risk. Shipments of race horses are not included, and full tariff rates will be charged. All property must be returned within ten days after the fair, otherwise full tariff rates will be charged.



E. E. ROUDEBUSH,
BUSINESS MANAGER.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Send at once for Journal and Catalogue.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

Patrons of Husbandry.

This is the dull season of the year at our National Capital and in the legislative halls of the various States of the Union; but it should not be a dull season out among those upon whose actions now depends so much in our country. We are apt to find fault with our Legislatures and with Congress, with our Representatives and our Senators; but whose fault is it that they do not represent us? It is really the fault of the people themselves and as farmers are in the majority they are most to blame. The people are the first cause in our Republic. If the spring is not clear, and pure, and strong, how can the stream be healthful? If the foundation stones be not well laid, how can the superstructure ever stand? The people are now making legislators, Representatives and Senators. In the "caucus," the "primary," is the beginning. Careful attention here, and all's well. Indifference, neglect here, permitting wire pullers and the agents of corporations, monopolies, and others of their class to get in their work, and the convention is not "of the people," the candidates are not "of the people," the Legislature is not "of the people," and it does not elect a U. S. Senator "of the people" or "for the people," and our legislation is not "for the people." Think on these things, fellow-farmers, and help make good Legislators, Congressmen and Senators; then will we have "a government of the people, for the people, and by the people." Now is the appointed time.

The position of the Grange in politics is often misunderstood, often misrepresented. As an organization of farmers it does not propose to organize a Grange party, or to use its influence to build up any one party. Even the discussion of partisan politics is prohibited in its meetings. Yet its principles "underlie all true politics." Through its great educational advantages it is making the farmer a better citizen. It makes better Democrats, better Republicans, better men in all parties. It is pointing out to the farmer his true course of action, that he is not only the balance of power, but the power itself, in all parties, and that it is his right, his duty, to use that power in his own party for the good of his class and the good of his country.

The Grange is educating the American farmer to so understand his rights and duties as a citizen that he can and will, stand up in the caucus, or primary meeting, or in the convention of his own party, and demand justice, equality, "a fair field and no favors," but at the same time not to be a blind partisan, blind captive to a "machine," nor "like dumb, driven cattle," to be used under the party lash to advance men or measures right, or wrong. The Grange believes there are growing evils in our country to be checked, reform legislation to be obtained, and it is teaching the American farmer that it is his duty to help in the great patriotic work to do it inside his own party if he can, outside if he must.

As educated by the Grange, the farmer who insists upon a better class of candidates in his own party is doing his work towards having a better class of candidates in all parties. He is taught in the Grange to see that none but faithful, competent, honest men are nominated for all positions of trust, men who will unflinchingly stand by our industrial interests.

Farmers are coming to understand that all the evils of unjust laws, unequal taxation, the growing power of corporations, "trusts" and the forms of monopoly under which they are laboring are the results of legislation, and that the same means used to bring about these evils must be used to correct them, viz: legislation. From want of a proper interest in legislation, others have made Legislatures and Congresses and they in turn have made the laws, granted the privileges that enable them to place

Established in 1879.

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Don't Miss The Opportunity To visit Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, or Hailey, Idaho.

A Grand Excursion to the above named points will leave August 29th via the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," and for this occasion the exceedingly low rate of \$30.00 to Ogden and Salt Lake City and return and \$35.00 to Hailey, Idaho, and return, has been made from Missouri River terminals.

This excursion affords our patrons a magnificent opportunity to visit Garfield Beach on Great Salt Lake, the finest bathing resort in the world, and also visit Hailey Hot Springs famous for their medicinal properties. Tickets good for medicinal properties. Tickets good for thirty days.

For further particulars address, E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A. Omaha, Neb.

Harvest Excursions via the Union Pacific Railway.

The Union Pacific Ry takes pleasure in announcing that it will run Harvest Excursions to Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana on the following dates:—August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th and October 8th. For these occasions a great reduction in rates has been made, thus giving you a splendid opportunity to visit nearly every place in the great west. Do not miss it. It affords the business men, stock raisers, mining prospector and farmer an unequalled chance to see the unlimited resources of the western country. For tickets, rates pamphlets, etc., apply to your nearest ticket agent.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. E. H. Van Hosen, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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the burdens now bearing so unequally and unfairly upon the great producing classes of our land. Our sins are those of omission, neglect of duty. The grange points out the evil and the remedy. Will farmers all soon see the light? Now is the appointed time.

A LITTLE FLIRTATION.

Everybody wondered why pretty Mrs. Lightfoot, with all the alluring possibilities of Newport, Lenox and Bar Harbor in full view, should have chosen to bury such charms as hers in that out-of-the-way, dreary nook, Boretton-by-the-Sea. In truth, it was a trifle perplexing that a widow, young, handsome and in the period of mitigated grief—just beginning to take notice—to whom the air of Bellevue avenue or Frenchman's Bay was as the breath of life, should calmly elect herself a denizen of a little, lazy seaside village too far away for the man of business, but not far enough nor fair enough for the man of leisure, and whose male contingent exhibited, therefore, an unlovely blending of the cradle and the grave.

Still, there she was, the one gray figure amid a throng of health-hunters, listening with sympathetic grace to lurid details of symptoms, aches and agues, kaleidoscopic in variety and picturesque in detail as a patent medicine puff, the very air raw with suggestions of the Geneva Cross with ambulance trimmings.

Yes, her world marvelled greatly at such a butterfly turned grub, yet apparently smiling at the change; but that world has never yet been capable of getting inside of a smile. Had it been able, what an elaborately withered sarcophagus it would have discovered at the back of this one. For our dear little Lightfoot was, in truth, a gilded picture of misery and an image of inwardly growing despair. She herself was on a health-hunt, like all the others at Boretton, except that the weakly object of her solicitude and nursing care was her bank account, not her rosy, bright-eyed self.

The fact is, early in the Spring visions of pretty toilets, with which to delight Newport, ensnare Bar Harbor and thrill Lenox, had so absorbed her very being that, regardless of last Winter's output, she had held high carnival at the modist's, which resulted in an accumulation of purple and fine linen fit for a royal progress, and a warning note from her trustees to the depressing effect that next quarter's income was so forestalled that she would have to make it convenient to camp for the Summer in one of her large trunks, with a small one by way of kitchen annex.

The note brought Mrs. Lightfoot's tearful attention the stern, iron-cast fact that it is impossible to spend two thousand dollars a month out of an income of six thousand a year, without speedily stranding on the weather shore of Cape Hard-up, and being buffeted by waves of bills payable.

Imagine such a thunderbolt launched upon a pretty head brimfull of Summer conquests! Imagine all those new gowns changed to sackcloth at one swoop of that musty trustee's pen! Think of that brilliant campaign, from Rhode Island's shores to Maine and the Berkshire Hills, turned into a Moscow retreat like that of a stranded theatrical troupe! So it was, however. Early in July the census of Boretton-by-the-Sea was increased two souls by the arrival of Mrs. Sylvia Lightfoot and maid, and the number of its habitable structures was nearly doubled by the advent of their luggage. On arriving at the station, Maria, the maid aforesaid, sniffed a stern disapproval of Boretton and all its surroundings. She had been Sylvia's nurse from the day that, as a baby, she uttered her first indignant protest at being brought in to this world without her consent being first asked and given. From nurse she had developed into general proprietor of the orphan city, which office she filled with all the tyranny of affection, grimly resigning it when her charge married, and resuming it like an heir restored to its own, when death removed "the obstacle," as, in her heart of hearts, she called the husband.

The first day at Boretton fulfilled Maria's impressions. There were showers without and tears within, alternating with that joy of woman's life, unpacking—which, however, in Sylvia's case, was lessened by the discovery that her jewels, instead of being sent to the safe deposit, as intended, had been packed and brought down in her luggage. Here was a deep destroyer! With those jewels in the cottage, phantom burglars in black masks would hover through her dream, and diamonds would be the trump to mar her slumbers by its steady blast. A solemn council with Maria resulted in the present deposit of the gems in the latter's trunk, a relic, in which one might expect to find a mummy's last will and testament, but never the jewels of a modern belle.

A Capital hiding place it proved, and as day after day passed, Sylvia finally settled into a condition of languid security regarding her treasure, giving it no attention, more than an occasional hasty visit of inspection, which always ended in a weary sigh that Boretton had no Casino balls whereat to display their radiance.

So the drowsy season dragged into August, only to find Sylvia hopelessly at odds with self, world, everything, turning the days into a very Winter of discontent, without so little as a shadowy prospect of even one presentable son of York to make them glorious Summer to her. When lo! just as the last leaf was dropping from her flower of resignation, there came to Boretton a man. Not a post-dated dyspeptic, but a real man, and a handsome one, too, as Mrs. Lightfoot mentally noted when first he appeared on the beach, strolling by her in fannels redolent of Cook and Poole, tall, dark, with just a shade of sadness

in the brown eyes that for a moment glanced towards her and then turned seaward.

Dame Chance, good soul, found her fondest mission that day in bringing Sylvia face to face with the interesting stranger, and adding fresh fuel to the morning's spark of curiosity. She was alighting from her afternoon drive behind pony Jingo, when the all-observant Maria remarked that her driving-coat had dropped out of the cart, where she had stowed it on starting, and was now "somewhere 'tween here and nowhere."

That coat was one of the combination of causes that had buried Sylvia in Boretton, and she did not beam at the thought of a garment that had cost her so dear on the shoulders of some rural Cynthia Jane at the next county fair. So Jingo's protesting steps were urged along the back track, while hedge, ditch and road were dissected by Maria's sharp glances. A fruitless drive of more than a mile brought them to a corner, the turn of which revealed the stranger of the morning, advancing with the lost wrap in hand.

"I had the good fortune to find your coat on the road beyond. May I have the pleasure of restoring it?"

It was a charming smooth voice and the manner "all of sweet accord." For the first time in her life Sylvia found her wits at fault as she stammered:

"You—you are very, very kind; but how did you know it to be mine?"

"I knew it must be; you wore it at the beach to-day."

Then, with a profound salute, he struck across fields toward the village.

Sylvia nervously turned Jingo's head homeward, rousing that eagerly stable-loving beast to an ambitious trot, with which her thoughts kept pace, until the pony, with a joyous frisk, was led to the stable, and then they raced on their own account in the direction of a pair of brown eyes all the rest of the evening.

Next day, in the usual gathering on the beach, appeared "The Mystery," as Maria had already dubbed the stranger; but this time he was neither alone nor unknown, for with him strolled that buzzing social blue-bottle, Major Dashell. Every one knows the major, and he—well, the sacred Four Hundred limit is too pent-up for his world. He knows everybody from New York to Yokohama and from Campobello to the upper Nile. True, his acquaintance is rarely more than superficial, for, nod to the major, and you are his life-life-long friend; but then a man who knows so many, who spreads so small a supply of the butter of friendship over so vast a surface of social bread, can't be expected to know any one very well.

He was evidently boxing the compass of Boretton's habitues for the benefit of "The Mystery," whose eyes wandered from face to face as each was discussed, until they rested upon Sylvia, snugly propped up on her lounge of sand under a bright-hued umbrella, and entirely conscious that she was worth looking at more than once. Immediately the major's reminiscences were broken by a few words from his companion. He halted, smiled approvingly and approached the pretty picture.

"Mrs. Lightfoot, yesterday a happy chance gave my friend, Mr. Faunt, the honor of meeting you. May I be the happier chance that gives him the pleasure to-day?"

A few moments later Sylvia's umbrella sheltered the major and his charge. The episode of the coat was renewed with fuller details, and when the bathing hour had passed those two very agreeable men accompanied that one fair woman to her cottage, leaving her with a lively impression that Boretton-by-the-Sea was, like some oysters, dull to sight and taste, but holding a goodly pearl to reward the patient seeker.

Mr. Faunt had arrived from England only the previous week for a shooting trip to the west, but finding his arrival a trifle in advance of the season, had yielded to the major's blandishments by running down to Boretton for a few days.

The few days passed without a sign of intended departure by the young Englishman. Indeed, when with Sylvia, which was the larger part of the time, the word "depart" seemed to be stricken from his dictionary. Western game apparently had no attractions compared with its eastern rival, and the prairies of Minnesota sank into gloomy oblivion in the presence of the sand hillocks of Long Island, set off by a certain fair widow with a gay umbrella in the foreground.

As for Sylvia, a season without at least one mild affair was to her no season at all, but this one began to exhale odors of orange blossoms, and to open vistas toward which her coy steps were not easily led. She was one in whom an adorer seeking wedlock was quite sure to find only a sympathizing sister, but also was she one who dearly loved an opportunity to pour sisterly consolation upon the heart which she had scientifically turned inside out for that express purpose. So she calmly awaited the evidently approaching moment when the young Englishman should attempt to enroll her among her majesty's subjects, with full intent to invite him instead to serve as her adopted brother.

It was a very pretty game of fence at first. Mr. Faunt had evidently seen women before. He was calmly clever, exasperatingly so, Sylvia thought. He wasted no time in talking platitudes about her eyes, or discussing the thousand and one personal charms that women are supposed to cherish as their baby's rattle. She had long ago been surfeited with that sort of Huyterisms

but never before had she been posed as a genius "with a woman's soul and the confiding heart of a guileless child." It remained for this appreciative foreigner to discover what she had long felt to be her mission, and to persuade her that an intellect such as hers, buried at Boretton, was a boon denied to the world. So Sylvia listened, and then laughingly opened that "confiding heart" by telling him of the arctic necessity that had stranded such mental charms, with the addition of a Newport outfit, jewels and all, on a Long Island beach, including in her confidence the tale of Maria's trunk transformed into a sincere and capable safe deposit company.

He listened with affectionate concern to the story of the clammy-hearted trustee, and with admiring interest to that of the ingenious hiding of the jewels. It recalled to him an occurrence to some family treasures at home, which he related with mother and sister and the "old place in Kent, which he hoped Mrs. Lightfoot would some day honor with a visit." Soon the day for his fraternal enlistment was evidently approaching. His calmness gave way to symptoms which Sylvia thought she knew only too well; the game of fence was now all one-sided. One August evening, unless all sight failed, he was ready to surrender at discretion. They were seated by the great elm in front of her cottage, and at last he began to talk of eyes, and her eyes, too, when Maria cut his best verse in too by appearing to ask leave to visit a neighbor, which was granted with an emphasis that sent her fairly spinning into the darkness down the road. Then, just as the thoughts of the soon-to-be brother were resuming their flow, a slight shiver from Sylvia sent him into the cottage for her wrap, which manlike, he found only after a ransacking search of the whole house.

Once more comfortably settled by the great tree, his story was evidently just reaching a nervous beginning, for he was strangely disturbed, when Major Dashell loomed at the gate. He had come to stay and he did stay, late. Again was the day of adoption postponed. The two men departed together, leaving Mrs. Lightfoot in a condition of grim disapproval of maids and majors who went about at night to visit neighbors. However, to-morrow is better than today when today is yesterday, and a game delayed is not lost. But again did Sylvia's wits fail to work. "Mr. Faunt," so Major Dashell told her on the beach the following morning, "had been suddenly called to town for a short time."

Time had rheumatic wings that day. Sylvia began to hate the poor Englishman for thus evading the sentimental rack that she had so carefully prepared for him. As a man of honor he should have remained to be sat upon at once, and not kept a lady waiting so indefinitely. Woe to him when he did return! Not even a sister should he find.

However, as the day wore on, the old routine, broken of late by the absent one, reasserted itself. Gowns were taken out, tearfully inspected and put back. Maria's trunk was visited for the first time since a week, and the case containing her necklace—pride of her eyes—drawn from its hiding-place and opened—empty! With a great gasp she stood tearing at the satin lining, almost hoping that sight had left her and that her benumbed hands would find the treasure. Then, sinking beside the trunk, she drew forth the other cases. All empty! All gone! All gone! All gone!!!

Two weeks later a package by mail was delivered to Sylvia. It contained one of her bracelets and the following note:

"My Dear Mrs. Lightfoot—I am a reformer and a philanthropist. When you fully realize this, you will smile at your loss for you are—and I have often told you—a woman of sound sense and deep sympathies. In olden times, there was a gentleman in my profession who claimed the right to give comforts to the poor. I dear lady, am poor, and you, knowing this, will surely be comforted by the assurance that the proceeds of your jewels shall be devoted to philanthropy that begins and ends with one's self. While it is perhaps true that a philanthropy that begins and ends with one's self is open to criticism, it is more than offset by the fact that, as a reformer, I took your tinkets for your benefit; because by depriving you of them I lessen your ability to indulge in love of display, which, it grieves me here to say, is a blemish upon your otherwise perfect character. Thus, as a reformer, am I the humble means of bringing you to perfection's door. When you realize this, you will be grateful to me. Besides, you do not need these jewels; no one lovely self, otherwise I would return to you more than the enclosed seed-pearl bracelet. It is tasteful, simple, and probably inherited from some frugal ancestor. Will you kindly accept and wear it as a souvenir, if any be needed, of—
"Your devoted GEORGE FAUNT."
—Clara Stephens, in Once a Week.

The Kaiser's Great Activity.

What cause is there in all his wild domain in which the German emperor does not take a "special" and a personal interest. He patronizes music and he protects art and science; he is a country squire with the men of many acres, and he is the first soldier in the land. Just now he is directing his special attention toward the cyclists and the brewers. The former are to have their races at Berlin in the course of next week and William II. has already promised to be present, adding that he would be glad if more officers in the army would take to the sport. A thousand brewers' assistants meanwhile are to-day, by special permission, going in procession, dressed in fancy costumes and preceded by carriages and outriders, to the imperial palace at Berlin to bring an ovation to the ruler whose eye looks with favor upon German beer.—Pall Mall Gazette.

TERROR OF TRUSTS.

The Rev. F. J. Brobst Describes Them as Rapacious Thieves and Remorseless Robbers.

"Terror of Trusts" is what the Rev. F. J. Brobst talked about last night at the Westminster church, says the Chicago Times.

"The organizers of trusts," said the reverend gentleman, "are sagacious thieves and remorseless highway robbers entrenched behind the certain technicalities where the law can not reach them; relentless, bloodthirsty, devilish, with their hideous tentacles clasped about helpless humanity, sucking its life-blood drop by drop."

"When we visit the central mart of this great metropolis of the west and study the system by which it is managed we are charmed, and when we try to comprehend its wonderful details and its possibilities we are thrilled. The entire globe is ransacked in search of the good things of life and for the benefit of man. Our hearts are thrilled when we consider the vast amount of business energy necessary to do this, but the thrill escapes and our sensibilities are jarred when we see a desire on the part of a few to own the earth and reap the profits accruing therefrom. We are grieved and alarmed when we see this spirit of injustice that has taken possession of trade."

"At first the terror of trusts appeared on the horizon of trade in a small cloud no larger than a man's hand, but it grew and assumed proportions until now we crouch like little chickens in the presence of danger. And the terror has grown from a speck until we are appalled. This awful shadow is rising, growing larger all the time, and it has taken the name of trust."

"Trust! Oh, what beautiful sentiment is embodied in that little word. Trust in the Lord and you will be saved. That is one meaning of the word. The other signifies an attempt on the part of the rich men of the period to get control of the necessities of life and like the highway robber or the footpad they say to the poor: 'Your money or your life.'

"Look at the sugar trust. It already controls \$14,000,000, and has put the price up 150 per cent. They are robbers who say, 'Your money or your life,' so far as sugar is concerned. The milling trust has done the same thing with flour, stealing the very staff of life from the mouths of the poor. We are amazed at the growth of the terror. It includes zinc, iron, steel, lead, flour, copper, jewelry, oatmeal, tinned, cattle, cotton-bagging, sugar, cotton-seed oil, whisky, petroleum, patent leather, castor oil, coffins, and school books."

"Of all the outrageous, inhuman actions of the terror the school-book trust is the worst. The heartless robbers were not content with a profit that would satisfy a Shylock. No they bear down upon the children of the poor, squeezing from the puny bodies the last drop of blood left by other remorseless trusts. They were not satisfied with a profit of 200 per cent over and above the original cost, but said to the poor children: 'Your money or no education.'

"Trusts are trampling out the commandment, 'thou shalt not steal.' Some time ago the oat-meal people formed a combine and jumped the price of their product from \$3.50 to \$5.60 per barrel. Justice is supposed to lurk in the business office and the counting-room, but the organizers of trusts have kicked justice out and installed the presiding genius of robbery."

The twine trust secured control of the flax fields and the mills so that it could get its hands into the pockets of 60,000,000 people and steal their money. That is all right in the eyes of the law, but a man who takes a jimmy and cracks a safe is sent to prison."

Another act of the ghouls was in the formation of a trust controlling the market in undertakers' supplies. We go to the grave with our beloved dead and return home harassed by the feeling that our dead has been robbed. In this and the school-book trusts the rapacity of pirates on the high seas does not compare with the awful criminality of the trusts."

But the effect of the trust sometimes strikes the other way, as in the case of the official in France who was deeply interested in the copper trust. When the combine was broken he went out and killed himself. There is over \$1,000,000,000 locked up in trusts in this country. What will be the effect on coming generations when they realize that the moneyed men of the country are robbers. Is it any wonder that we have socialists and anarchists? The terror is a menace to the destinies of 60,000,000 people and their descendants. It is God's ordained law of trade that there shall be competition. The bible says that 'if thou sell to or buy ought from thy neighbor thou shalt not oppress him.'

"The trust's evil effects are felt even in the politics of the country. Lobbyists are on the increase, millionaires are augmented, and all for the purpose of furthering the interests of a criminal combination. There is a dark future coming for our country which needs no prophet to predict it."

A Gloomy Outlook.
Old Friend—"Got a star for next season?"

Theatrical Manager (gloomily)—
"No; all the babies are engaged, and the woman who killed that Chicago broker won't go on the stage."—New York Weekly.

WINGED MISSILES.

Los Angeles county, California, owes \$40 for each person in it.

The commissioners of the Yosemite valley have ordered the demolition of miles of fences and many unsightly buildings, leaving more space open for campers and tourists.

When the spire at the First Baptist church at Waldeboro, Me., was taken down, a few days ago, a chunk of spruce gum, covered by a copper cent, was found stuck to the top of the vane.

A Kentucky man who was dying alone left his will in lead pencil on the head of a whisky barrel, and it is held to be valid. The only thing he left, however, was a gallon of whisky in the barrel.

The end-gate of a wagon came out at Leavenworth the other day, spilling 400 beer bottles on the ground, and when the crowd which rushed to pick them up found that they were empty it looked for a moment as if they would lynch the driver.

Brooklyn at present is becoming overcrowded with young dentists who are trying each one to beat the other in building up immense practices. A few years ago the Brooklynite had to pay \$1 to have a tooth extracted, but now the rates have been so cut, owing to the spring graduations of the dental colleges, that the price has been changed to 15 cents a tooth, or two for 25 cents.

"The May trade returns show the effect of the exhibition," says the Paris correspondent of the London Times. The imports of articles of food amounted to 127,000,000 francs, against 47,000,000 francs in May, 1888; those of raw material to 193,000,000 francs, against 159,000,000 francs; and those of manufactured goods to 51,000,000 francs, against 43,000,000 francs. The exports also show a considerable increase."

The old elm tree, withered and dead in the top from old age, which stands at the entrance to the south approach to the state capitol at Harrisburg was spared from destruction years ago at the request of General Cameron, who had taken a liking to it and had asked that it should be left untouched during his lifetime. He was so earnest in pleading for the tree that his wishes were respected.

A novel scheme to raise the sunken British warship the Sultan is now being considered by the admiralty. Mr. Whiteside Smith proposes to raise the ship at an estimate cost of about £1,500 by making the deck sound and then blowing the water out of the leaks. Hydrogen is the agent to be employed, and can be produced in sufficient quantities on barges on the spot by the action of sulphuric acid upon zinc.

Another unbreakable substitute for glass, a French invention, consists in immersing wire in a heated state in a thin paste formed of soluble glass, gelatine and glycerine, or glucose, in proportions varying according to the use for which the material is designed. When nearly dry, the sheets are dipped in a concentrated solution of chrome alum or bichromate of potash. Any desiring coloring matter may be incorporated with the gelatine, and copal or other protective varnish applied to the surface.

Mrs. Pelicia Grundy Porter, who died at Nashville, Tenn., a few days ago, was one of the notable women of the South. She was a daughter of the late Felix Grundy, Van Buren's Attorney General, and before the war was a leader in the brilliant society of the national capital. In the days of the war Mrs. Porter busied herself in establishing hospitals for the sick and wounded soldiers, and spent a great portion of her large fortune in this work. During the last quarter of a century her time has been devoted to charities.

The other afternoon during the thunder storm a bolt of lightning struck the kitchen of S. S. Waterhouse, near Orlando, Fla., and demolished a leg of the table at which Mrs. Waterhouse was sitting and leaning upon, but strange to say she was only slightly shocked. Two negro girls, who were in the kitchen, also escaped without injury. The bolt then went across the open hallway and into the dwelling, ran across the baseboards, tearing pieces of the building off and scattering it in divers directions and injuring the framework.

Farmer Nicholas Griswold, of Random Township, Pennsylvania, owns a mongrel dog that has learned to climb a ladder. No one ever taught him how, but there was a cozy hiding place in a mow of hay, where the boys wouldn't be apt to look for him, and the only way to get to it was up a slanting ladder. How he learned it Farmer Griswold doesn't know, for it is a difficult thing for a dog to do, but he did learn it, and when he got tired of playing with the boys or when anybody whipped him or treated him in a shabby way he slunk off to the barn, climbed up the ladder and hid himself in the hay-mow.

Much scientific interest, if not commercial value, attaches to the recent production of chemical sugar in the laboratory of the University of Wurzburg. Glycerine was used as the starting point in the experiments. After decomposition and treatment with various re-agents, a colorless syrup was obtained, which, unlike saccharine, appears to be a genuine sugar, acting in every respect like ordinary natural sugar, except in being incapable of rotating a beam of polarized light. The discoverers, Fisher and Tafel, are now continuing their experiments with a view of giving the lacking optical activity to the new product, which they have named sacrose.

It has been supposed that birds become accustomed to the presence of telegraph wires and are careful to avoid them in flying, but it would seem that either this is a mistake or that the birds on the Scotch and English moors are less intelligent than their fellows. Systematic observation there along a line of telegraph wires has shown that great destruction of bird life goes on throughout the year and that at certain seasons the roadside is literally strewn with the remains of unfortunate grouse, black game, partridge, snipe and other birds. Every morning at dawn marauding bands of rooks come from the lowland woods to feast on the dead and dying, and the farmers in the region declare that more grouse are killed annually by the telegraph wires than by all the sportsmen.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Wet Weather Haying.

Much hay has been and is likely to be cut this year during wet weather. It enormously increases the labor of curing, besides diminishing the value of the product. Just the portion of nutrition that a soaking rain washes out of cut clover or grass is what is easily digested and most valuable for feeding. The liquid wash contains much of the soluble sweet and gluten in the green herbage. So it is not merely prejudice that stock cherish against stained hay. The fibre is there, like the bones of an animal after its flesh has wasted away, but what gives greatest value to it is gone.

If a few hours of dry weather follow cutting, hay may be got in cock and cured almost without regard to weather. We think even that in a wet time it may be got up in small cocks when first cut, and with a cap to exclude rain, left to sweat itself dry. The hay will in such case be stained from heating of the juices of the grass; but the bulk in one place is not large enough to have the heating become dangerous or destructive to the tissues. So long as rain does not touch the hay, its juices, though excluded, are not washed away. The hay will be damp when drawn to the barn, but after once heating it will be really much dryer than it seems. There is some preservative influence in the juices of rich, well-matured herbage. It is this that checks the violence of fermentation in silos caused by the admission of a small amount of air. If too much air is admitted nothing can save the siloed herbage from rotting down. But we believe that sometimes the succulent juice of rich herbage preserve themselves, where a poorer, sappy herbage must be entirely spoiled.

A rank growth of green clover on rich soil is the hardest crop a farmer can handle if the haying time be wet. It is full of moisture to begin with, and each rank makes it worse. The drops of warm water gathering in their descent through the air, cause a more violent fermentation than could originate in the juices of the plant itself. This is one of the important advantages of growing timothy with clover. It diminishes the rankness of clover growth and its smaller stems and narrower leaves are much more quickly dried out. Clover and timothy will not pack so closely as will clover alone, and if the timothy has become partly dried it will allow the circulation of air through it, and so preserve the clover placed in the same mow. Some of last year's straw, if saved dry, is excellent for mixing with green hay when the latter is put up too damp.—American Cultivator.

Fall Plowing.

As soon as the small grain is harvested the plow should be set to work, says an Iowa correspondent of the Practical Farmer. It is important that the plowing should be done as early as possible, in order that as much time be given before winter for the action of the soil as possible. The plowing should be deep and well done—that is, the furrows should be narrow, that the soil may be broken up and the surface well mixed with that portion that has been turned up from a distance beneath the surface. If the furrows are cut wide the soil will merely be turned over and will soon become as compact as ever.

As soon as the ground is plowed oats should be sown as thickly as is done in the spring for a crop. If the plowing and sowing are done early in the season, there will be sufficient time for the oats to make a heavy growth, which will supply a very large amount of fertilizing material to the soil. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the amount of manure that may be produced in this way, and that, too, of the very best quality, being entirely free from the objections to barnyard manure.

Another important advantage in growing oats and fall plowing is that it protects the soil from the severe winds which carry away an amount of free soil of the best quality from the surface, that will in a few years tend to impoverish the soil to a great extent. The oats will partially decay through the winter, and will readily be turned under in making the ground ready for the crop, and will very soon be converted into plant food after being turned under in the spring. The spring plowing need not be more than about six inches deep. The fall plowing should be about one foot deep, some soils a little less while other soils may be a little more, but generally one foot is about the right depth. The action of the elements of the upturned soil, during the fall and winter, will make it fruitful and prepare it for yielding a bountiful harvest to the faithful and patient tiller of the soil.

A deep rich soil is at all times and all places highly appreciated, and when it can be had by deep plowing, as it can be done, we should most certainly avail ourselves of this ready means of securing it.

Farm Notes.

Now is the season for thinning fruit. It should be done early, so that none of the growth may be wasted, but all be concentrated in what is left on the trees or vines. It is the formation of seed that is most exhaustive. Develop less seed, and the tree can perfect a much greater amount of what to man is the more valuable portion of the fruit.

None of the grains excepting perhaps wheat contain more of albuminoids and phosphates than do oats.

This grain is therefore especially valuable as feed for growing stock of all kinds, from chickens up to pigs, calves and colts. After a time young animals will cloy if fed on Indian corn. It does not contain the nutriment they need for growth. But a change to oatmeal will bring them in growing condition again.

A fair crop of beets may be grown if sown in July. There is less delay in growing than if sown earlier in the season, and the beets push forward more rapidly. Such late-grown beets are more succulent and tender for table use than the earlier sowing, and this may make up for some deficiency in size; the late beets are also better keepers in winter. Early-sown beets often become stringy or pithy towards fall as a preparation for seeding next season.

The largest branch is originally only a bud. If any one has imagination or foresight enough to see to what a bud will grow, it is more easily destroyed in its bud state than in any other. Look over your orchard now, imagine what the bud which now seems so insignificant will grow to in a few years, and pinch off those that will certainly crowd each other in a few years. In this way a great deal of needless labor may be saved.

Prof. Roberts tells one side of the story in the statement on an average one ton of water passing through barnyard manure takes away sixty cents of fertilizing material. But if not kept somewhat moist, rich barnyard manure will waste even more by such violent fermentation that it burns away all its ammonia and leaves only the ash. In piled-up heaps of manure in summer there is usually more danger of waste by burning than by washing. Do not put manure under the eaves, but leave it exposed, if you wish cover with a layer of earth, and the loss will not be serious.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Wash silk hose in warm borax water, but never iron them.

Old tablecloths worn thin make excellent dish towels.

Leather chair seats may be revived by rubbing them with well-beaten white of egg.

Really good butter is sometimes spoiled by the use of inferior salt.

Soft tissue paper is the best for polishing mirrors. This may also be used for polishing or drying window-glass.

If the odor of cabbage is wanted to the sitting-room or parlor, it can be destroyed by boiling a little vinegar in a cup, which can be poured over the cabbage before it is served, if liked, or put in a pinch of soda or lump of charcoal with the salt.

For burns and scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and being always at hand can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the sweet oil and cotton which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain.

Cuffs laundered at home fail to please because they were ironed out flat, and when the buttons are put in they blister and wrinkle. This can be avoided if the laundress irons the cuff until it is perfectly dry, then takes the broad end of the flatiron, and pressing very hard on the edge, places it at one end of the cuff and slowly goes over its whole length. The cuff will roll as the iron leaves it. This is so simple an operation that one can succeed the first time it is tried.

Life's a Dance.

"Fools may pine, and sots may swill,
Cynics gibe and prophets rail,
Moralists may scourge and drill,
Preachers prose, and faint hearts quail.

Let them whine, or threat, or wail!
Till the touch of Circumstance
Down to darkness sink the scale—
Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance.

"What if skies be wan and chill!
What if winds be harsh and stilet
Presently the East will thrill,
And the sad and sunken sail,
Bellying with a kindly gale.

Bear you onward, while your chance
Sends you back the hopeful mail,
Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance!

"Idle shot or coming bill,
Hapless love or broken ball,
Gulp it never chew your fill!
And if Burgundy should fail,
Try a pot of humble ale!

Over all is heaven's expanse,
Gold exists among the shale,
Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance.

"Every Jack must have his Jill,
(Even Johnson had his Thrale!)
Forward, couples—with a will!
This, the world, is not a jail,
Hear the music, sprit and whet!
Hands across, retire, advance!
Though the doomsman's on your trail,
Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance.

ENVY.

"Boys and girls, at slug and snail,
And their kindred look askance,
Pay your footing on the nail,
Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance.

An Awkward Way.

There is nothing more grand than the fierce rush of the rocket, nothing more graceful than its quiet sailing when the force is almost spent, nothing more brilliant than the burst of stars which end its short though brilliant career. But in Cleveland last year a man went home carrying a stick which had fallen from a spent rocket. He carried it in an uncomfortable fashion. It had entered between his head and protruded between his chin and his neck. He lived and is now a well man, but it is not safe to wager anyone else could do it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What are your charges, doctor?"
"Three dollars a visit." "Well, we don't want you to come on a visit, but just to stay ten or fifteen minutes."—Puck.

SACRIFICES TO THE DEVIL.

Some Hints Which It Carried Out May Go Far to Make Home Happy.

Somebody ought to write a book on sacrifices to the devil, for there is scarcely a home where an altar has not been built that daily sacrifice may be offered to the princes, potentates, and powers of darkness.

It is surprising to observe in how many different forms and in how many different names these sacrifices are offered and how little appreciation the vast majority of persons seem to have of the nature, purpose, or extent of these sacrifices.

The ennuied men and women whose bodies are housed and whose souls are restlessly wandering in highways and byways of hope, despair, reminiscence, or mere endurance are "heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor," simply because of the sacrifices to the devil that are made in their homes.

That which ought to be spent for love, joy, and the illumining of heart and home is spent in ill-humor, chronic fault-finding, foolish sensuality, love of display, or some other sacrifice to the evil at once costly and unsatisfactory.

The woman who has a bright thought, a tender story, or a pretty sentiment which she is longing to share with her husband finds often that he can not appreciate, can not respond, can not even listen, simply because he is too tired to talk, too cross to smile, too much absorbed in the business he should leave behind him for the one or two hours he spends with his wife even to listen to what she is saying.

He has been in the world all day and she has been alone. She has anticipated his home-coming as a respite from her loneliness. She tries to be at her brightest and tenderest and sweetest; but he has a sacrifice to offer to his love of money or love of ease or love of power, and he has nothing left for the poor little god of love that has taken his wife's heart captive—not so much because of any special attraction on his part as because of her own abundant nature full and overflowing with native tenderness.

To indolence, worry, or work beyond his strength the husband has sacrificed all the finer forces of his nature and has nothing left over for that soul communion which is his wife's dream of heaven.

Sometimes it is not the husband who makes these sacrifices to the devil. It is the wife who makes them. She is absorbed in clothes, in "the neighbors," in petty gossip or commonplace comment on subjects that make life unending monotony.

He tells a story and she doesn't see the point.

He ventures a bonnet and she wonders "where the laugh comes in."

He brings to her a thought that is dearer to him than even he knows, and she interrupts him to "wonder if that isn't Mrs. Smith across the street with a new bonnet on and her husband not able to pay his debts."

He tries reading to her, but she yawns so dismally that he soon loses hope of interesting her in this way and retires into himself a gloomy and dissatisfied man who, after a time, carries in his face the lonely and despairing look which in their homes all their substance is vested in sacrifices to the devil.

It is wonderful to notice how many women are pale, care-worn and uninteresting, not because they might not be well, merry-hearted, and clear-headed—if only their forces were turned in the right direction—but because they have lost sight of the essentials of life and are madly chasing non-essentials and so have not rest to gain health, nor leisure for mental improvement, nor force to make their presence a brightness and a benediction.

They have "no time to read," but they have time to gossip, time for stupid dawdling, time to study the fashions and plan how to seem richer than their neighbors.

They are too busy to follow any line of thought or listen to any rational conversation, but they waste themselves in a thousand pretenses supposed to add to their "social position," but in reality adding to nothing but their own folly and fatigue.

They will spend a day and count its loss a gain if they can achieve "an effect" in their toilet, yet one hour of a day spent in thinking about wiser methods of living would seem to them "most visionary." They will tell you that they "could enjoy that sort of thing," that they are weary, "weary of victuals and clothes," yet if you offer them but one leaf from the tree of knowledge they consider it an eccentricity on your part and a waste of time on theirs.

So they become narrowed to a pretty round of small observances supposed to be "a mark of good society," but in reality merely an indication of mental imbecility. Their "formal calls" have brought them merely other formal calls.

Their high teas or kettledrums, receptions or luncheons have been so many sacrifices of time, strength, money, temper, an opportunity for which they have gained the patronage of their superiors, the envy of their equals, and the undying hatred of their inferiors.

They invite not these whom they love nor those whom they could enjoy, but those to whom they are "under obligations," or those from whom they hope to receive other invitations.

The lust of the eye and the pride of

the life have been gratified, but the sacrifice has been to evil and not to good.

It has not been to build up any sweet and restful influence. It has tended only to harden the heart, glorify the senses, and make harder the struggle to make "the coat of Have cover the back of Want."

But to ask people to reason about what they shall do with their lives and how they shall avoid the monotony that makes them miserable is perhaps asking too much. It is less difficult for chaotic minds to act from impulse than to be guided by reason, hence that they do not get the full benefit of their opportunities for happiness is not surprising. The only wonder is that so many wretched people manage to live respectably and so few commit suicide.—Garth Godfrey, in Chicago Times.

What Next?

It is every day more difficult to say where the syndicate business will end. It has controlled coal and coin, whisky and sugar and almost everything else that ministers to human necessities. Now, by all accounts, it has got itself into the laws.

It is about a month since the supreme court of California rendered its decision in the somewhat noted "Jessup will" case. It then affirmed the decision of Judge Coffey of the superior court, by which the large estate of Gershom P. Jessup was awarded to his son, Richard Page Jessup, and taken away from the deceased's brothers and sisters. The boy was born out of wedlock, but his paternity is undisputed. Equally so is the fact that the father had maintained, protected and educated his son. The question was whether these acts amounted to such an adoption as was contemplated by the civil code, and made the child legitimate for all purposes, and from his birth. Both courts decided, upon careful consideration, that the conduct of the father had operated to give the child the rights of legitimacy, and that once given they could not be recalled. The decision had, so far as we know, the general approbation of the bar. Certainly it gave great satisfaction to the public, which was much interested in the unhappy story of Josie Landis.

In the Blythe case there is also a child born out of wedlock and claiming legitimacy by parental adoption. The decision in the Jessup matter bears strongly in her favor and in fact settles the law on many hitherto disputed points. The unfortunate attorney for the Jessup family has found, it is said, new allies whose interests are opposed to the little girl Florence Blythe, and a syndicate of lawyers has been formed with the object of obtaining a rehearing in the supreme court upon the facts and the law. The syndicate will be behind the lawyer as "friends of the court." If we understand the term, it applies to one who, having no interest in a cause in hearing or in the questions of which it is to dispose, adds his learning to that of court and counsel, to the end that a correct judgment may be pronounced. Yet here a "combine" of attorneys, deeply interested, as speculators, in the estate of a dead man, gets behind an attorney who has lost his case, and, as a syndicate, unites its influence with the court to obtain two decisions in one.

The story may not be true, but it is well vouched for.

We fervently trust that when the "friends of the court" in Jessup's case present themselves they will be politely shown the door by the bailiff, their combined learning consigned to the waste basket of the Clerk's office, and that Richard Page Jessup may not be syndicated out of his hard-won but deserved victory.—San Francisco Daily Report.

Eating Raw Fish in Japan.

A correspondent who dined in Japan describes vividly the sensation produced by eating raw fish: "The whole fish was there, his head and shining blue eyes, his tail and fins, but at a touch the shape came apart and lay in thin slices upon the bones, a miracle of the chef's art. I took a chopstickful. The first taste of caviars and onions is an event in a lifetime; the unknown olive and pungent garlic have made episodes in every career, but to close the jaws on a slice of cold, raw fish and have the clammy, rubber-like flesh quiver and slip under the teeth has a horror peculiarly its own. The sense of its being something lately dead, something corpse, is sickening. One slice filled me almost to overflowing and I confined myself to the garnish."

Woman and Snake.

Mrs. Baker of Richford, Vt., went into her dining-room the other day and discovered a snake coiled snugly under the table. She naturally objected to a boarder of that sort, and securing a kettle of boiling water proceeded to persuade the snake to leave. When she approached, his snakeship rebelled against the hot-water treatment and made ready to spring upon her. But Mrs. Baker, noting the snake's open mouth, gave him a generous dose of the kettle's contents and scalded him to death.

Liberty of the Press in France.

The liberty of the press has received its first severe attack since 1876 in France. A newspaper manager has just been sent to prison for a month for presuming to criticize the procureur-general. In order to secure a conviction the procureur had to take the case away from a jury and give it to a simple police court. By this proceeding he virtually holds the press at his disposition.

THE SHAH AT HOME.

His Palace at Teheran and Its Curious Museum of Priceless Gems and Cheap—John Wares.

Want of judgment and barbaric taste may be seen in the decorations and whole interior arrangements of the shah's palace at Teheran, says an article in the Cosmopolitan. The furniture is partly very fine and costly, partly very rough and shabby; the wall-papers are gaudy as a rule; of the rugs and carpets some are the choicest products of the Persian looms, others are cheap English or French fabrics, with a generous display of scarlet, sky-blue, or bright green in the floral patterns. The andaroun, the part allotted to the extensive female branch of the royal family, is in poorer taste and is more meagrely furnished than that serving the shah alone. Some of the state and ceremonial halls are very fine and elegant. One of the odd features about the palace is the fact that three small rooms in it have their walls entirely covered with pictures cut out of the English, French and German illustrated journals which at some time or other came into the hands of his majesty.

The shah has a museum in his palace and it is said to be a curious place. It contains jewelry and treasures of different kinds worth a fabulous amount. The so-called peacock throne, carried off from Delhi 150 years ago, is alone valued at many millions. In this museum you may also see vases of agate in gold and lapis lazuli, said also to be worth millions, and alongside of them empty perfume bottles of European make, with gaudy labels that can be had at 4 cents apiece. You will see pricey mosaics and exquisitely painted cups and cans and vases which were presented by some European potentate, and side by side with them you will notice horrible daubs, veritable 10-cent chromos, picked up no one knows how or where. You will perceive glass cases filled with huge heaps of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, turquoises, garnets, topazes, beryls of all sizes and kinds, cut and uncut; and cheek by jowl with these your eyes will see cheap music-boxes, jew's-harps, squeaky hand-organs. The shah must also be in a condition to "bull" the market on pearls, for here is, for instance, a big glass case, 24 inches long by 18 inches wide and high, which is more than half filled with beautiful pearls (mostly from the Persian gulf fisheries) of all sizes and degrees of loveliness. The crown jewels are in a little box and it is always locked, and for which the shah himself forever, waking or sleeping, carries the keys. The contents of this box and of the several vaults where he keeps his piles on piles of bright, shining, unused money he never allows others to view, although the museum may be visited once a year by the European diplomatists and the friends that they vouch for.

Nasr-ed-Deen, like many other potentates, is fond of money, and is supposed to possess a colossal fortune. He pays small salaries to his servants and dignitaries if the money comes out of his own pocket—that is, out of the legitimate revenues of the country—but he pays at least promptly and fairly what he agrees to pay. After deducting what he deems right for army, administration, and household purposes, he puts the balance away every year into his private treasury. Once the money—which must always be coin—has been dumped into his vaults, no power on earth can induce the shah to give the slightest portion of it back again or to touch it for any purpose whatever. When he is compelled to borrow money from the Armenians he pays usurious interest sooner than go to his strong-box and take from its illimitable treasures the smallest sum.

When a youth the shah and his mother were much neglected, and had to undergo many humiliations. As he was very awkward in his manners and gait, and spoke in a timid, hesitating way, he drew several years ago one of the innumerable caricatures that with him form a source of unending amusement, and showed the sketch to his courtiers. "Who is this?" he asked of his minions. None dared to speak. "That was I as I felt and looked at that time," he said. "Many a time did we lack food, my mother and I," he continued, drawing a deep sigh. "Where, then, were you fellows, now so lavish in your protestations?"

This is very likely true, as the shah was held in great detestation by his father, who was anxious that the second son should come to the throne. Nasr-ed-Deen was, however, at 14 made governor of Azerbeidjin, that north-western province whose capital is Tabriz. But fortune does not seem to have smiled on him even in that position. There his father's ill-will followed him, and many a time, because his salary was not sent regularly, the young prince and his mother were deprived of even the necessities of life. Once, after waiting impatiently for the wherewithal to keep the pot boiling, a tax-collector sent what purported to be the revenues of a certain district. They consisted, however, only in kind, and one lot, a number of fine rugs, had to be sold at a great loss to an Armenian dealer to furnish the next day's dinner.

Carpet-Bugs.

Buffalo moths and carpet-bugs are making housewives weary along the Hudson river. The havoc wrought by these pests during the last few weeks has been extensive. In Rensselaer county and elsewhere the carpet-bugs are said to be so voracious that they actually, in instances, have eaten off the cords by which mirrors and pictures were suspended.

To Settle Alaska.

Senator Platt of Connecticut, Chairman of the Committee on Territories, and who is now making his special examination into the condition of Alaska, is promoting an Icelandic movement, intended to settle the fertile and heavily wooded region of the Yukon River with a large colony from Iceland. The idea is ultimately to take over to the Territory the whole population of the island, one of the most thrifty, sturdy and intelligent in the world. There are on the island about 75,000 souls. The area of cultivable land is yearly growing less, owing to the increase of volcanic matter scattered over the plains and valleys. The people of Iceland are said to be anxious to remove to some cold country where the soil and other advantages are superior to those to be found in their present possession. On the Yukon they will find these. Wood is abundant and cereals can be raised, as the summers are longer than those in Iceland. The population of Iceland, which once numbered 100,000 dropped to 40,000, but has since risen to nearly 75,000. An Icelandic minister is operating with Senator Platt in the undertaking. No other particulars are now available. The consent of the Althing, or Icelandic Assembly, and the approbation of the Danish Government will have to be obtained, probably, if the movement as contemplated, becomes general one.

Hot Milk as a Stimulant.

Mrs. Hayes always declared that a perfectly adequate substitute for liquor when needed as a stimulant could be found in hot milk and after any cold or wetting she gave this in place of wine or whiskey which others would have considered necessary. This is, by the way, a custom of Mrs. Cleveland's also, who discovered after the fatigues of the many long and wearisome receptions she was obliged to go through, standing for hours on her feet and shaking hands with hundreds of people, that nothing would restore her so quickly as a cupful of boiling milk in little sips as hot as it could be taken. The Washington girls caught the idea from her and finding how quickly it helped them after a hard day of calls and social duties they began to substitute it for the various malt preparations they had been in the habit of taking, or the hot wine and water which their maids usually administered when they came in too tired to dress for their next engagement.

The September St. Louis Magazine has a rich table of contents. "Cupid vs. the Cynic" is an extraordinarily good story; the article on Anniston, Alabama, is historically valuable; "The Health and Life Papers" are full of practical advice by leading physicians. Editor A. N. DeMont's departments, "Literary Chats," "Light Moods," "The Round Table," and "Literary Topics" are bright, caustic, and interesting. The illustrations are of the first grade of art. Price only 15 cents. Specimen copy 6 cents. We will furnish the St. Louis (regular price \$1.50) for one year and our paper for only \$1.50.

The salmon fishery of Alaska is extending rapidly. In 1883 the number of cases packed was 36,000; last year it was 430, 293, and this year it will be over 1,000,000. Besides this the seal and mining industries are developing at a surprising rate, and the income of the Government from Alaska is a more than satisfactory return for the outlay.

The survey party recently sent out by the United States Government to definitely determine and establish the Alaska boundary are not at work. The Interior Department is thinking of sending an expedition to assist the United States geodetic survey party in the establishment of the boundary, but nothing has as yet been definitely settled.

A good natured family horse kicked a fourteen-year-old boy to death a few days ago. The boy was riding the animal which threw the rider and then kicked him. For years that horse had been as gentle as a kitten. It is not probable that the animal was vicious. It is probable that it was only playful, but it happened to be fatal playfulness. There is one lesson that every man or boy who handles a horse should learn, however gentle the animal may be, and that is to be constantly on guard. The beast does not reason or if it does it is very imperfect reasoning. Usually a gentle horse will continue to have a good disposition. But the animal may engage in play, and, lacking reason, and full of strength, its play may be very dangerous. It is the one objection to ponies that they are playful, and you do not know at what moment their play may prove disastrous to the little boy or girl who is riding it. Some people act with horses just as some people act in a thunder storm. They seem to think it a deplorable exhibition of cowardice to seek the safest place. Carefulness and watchfulness are not cowardice. The man who gets into the safest place in a thunder storm is not necessarily a coward. He simply recognizes that these are elements in a rage that he is utterly helpless to control, and that he had better do all in his power to keep out of their way. A man will be careful in handling even a gentle horse, when he recognizes the fact that there are much safer places than behind the heels of the gentlest horse in the world, he is not a coward, but is showing good, hard sense. We always make it a practice to pass the heels of any horse with the utmost care. We are not willing to be made a victim of the animal's viciousness or spirit of frolic.

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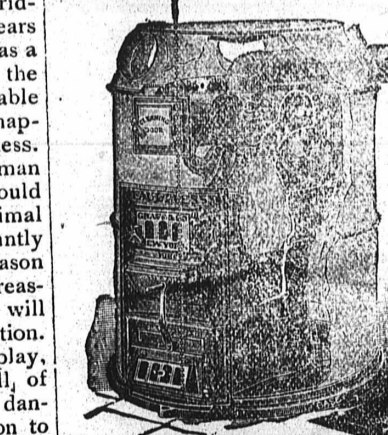
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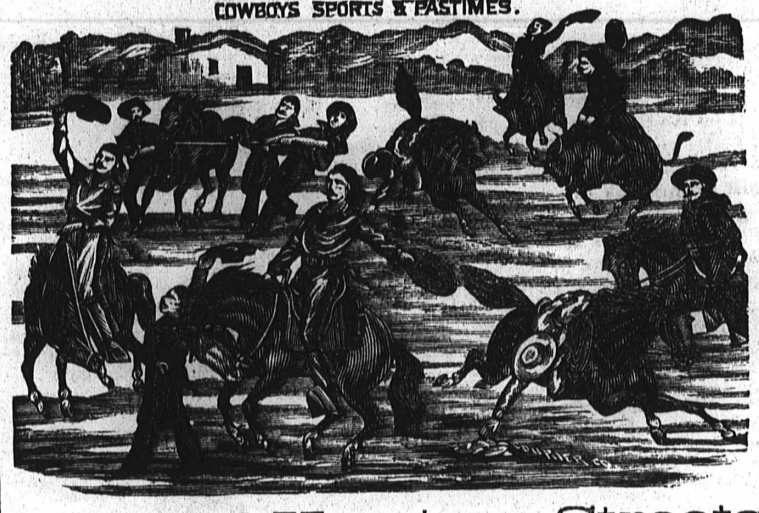
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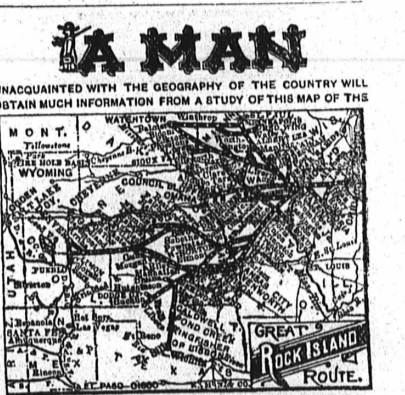
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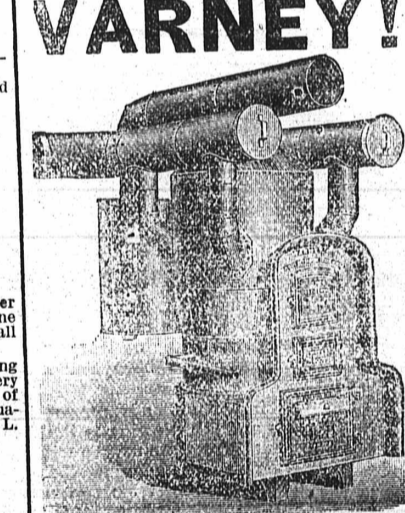
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