

# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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**THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.**  
 BY THE  
**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  
 Farmer, a news, of Lawrences, and nine other country  
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 four lines, or less, (25 words) with Spirit of Kan-  
 sas, 10c per line, per month. No order taken for less than  
 five cents.

Eighteen insane persons were  
 passengers on the west train Wednes-  
 day, enroute for Colorado. They  
 were being taken there for the bene-  
 fit of the climate.

The Farmers' Alliance is steadily  
 gaining in number and promises  
 much good to the farmers of this  
 vicinity. At the next meeting, del-  
 gates to the county alliance are to be  
 elected, and members are requested  
 to be on hand. Meetings on second  
 and fourth Tuesday in each month.

In the Naval Academy at Annapolis  
 the cadets are not allowed to decorate  
 their rooms or add to the furniture  
 provided by the authorities. The  
 quarters of one student are exactly  
 like those of another, and all are fur-  
 nished with Spartan simplicity. The  
 object of the restriction being to pre-  
 vent the jealousy which might arise  
 if the rich cadets were permitted to  
 surround themselves with luxuries  
 beyond the reach of their less fortunate  
 classmates. It would be well if  
 all our great colleges and universities  
 should unite and prevent the present  
 extravagance of young men in college.  
 It is going to be one of the great  
 evils of collegiate education in these  
 days.

John Brown seems to be still gain-  
 ing in notoriety if not in popularity.  
 It is now reported that John Walker  
 writes the speeches for Mr. Brown,  
 who commits them to memory and del-  
 ivers the same to the edification of  
 the party leaders. Miss Spencer's  
 candidacy seems to meet with as little  
 favor as Mr. Brown's. And the pros-  
 pect for Mr. Arnold, as the demo-  
 cratic candidate, is very good unless  
 some independent aspirant should  
 come forth to obscure the merits of  
 all three of the above. The office  
 ought to command the services of a  
 good man.

On Wednesday, twenty-five stu-  
 dents of Haskell institute left for St.  
 Joseph in response to an order from  
 the department of the interior, to at-  
 tend the industrial exposition. They  
 are in charge of Prof. H. B. Pears.  
 The Haskell institute band in charge  
 of Prof. Bunch, are a part of the  
 number, and will give daily concerts.  
 The students have their tools with  
 them and will be engaged in different  
 pursuits, showing their knowledge of  
 the industrial arts as taught at Has-  
 kell. Some of them will construct a  
 wagon there and others will work at  
 different things. A party of Indian  
 girls dressed in dark blue uniform  
 dresses, in charge of Mrs. Fiske, ac-  
 companied the boys.

At Winchester on Saturday night  
 about 11 o'clock a crowd of boys  
 started out to have some fun. One  
 of their number, Willie Ray, left  
 them and went home. Soon after  
 the boys suggested that they visit  
 him and put a "ticktack" on his win-  
 dow to scare him. The joke turned  
 out to be a serious one, and as a re-  
 sult Samuel Low aged fifteen years,  
 and Tom Gardiner aged eighteen  
 years, were fatally shot. Low re-  
 ceived three shots in the face, one  
 lodging in the brain paralyzing the  
 left side of his body. Another shot  
 entered his cheek and another went  
 through his nose. He cannot possi-  
 bly recover. Gardiner was shot  
 six places, the neck, head, mouth,  
 throat and lungs. He may recover.  
 Ray fired a single barrel shot gun at  
 three of the boys. He thought they  
 were burglars. Ed. Lucas received a  
 flesh wound in the arm.

The Jefferson county fair was held  
 this week at Oskaloosa.

It is now expected that the Santa  
 Fe will take a leap forward.

Valley Falls has a new paper, the Re-  
 publican.

Fall rains follow closely after sum-  
 mer rains. It will insure good fall  
 feed for stock.

The heavy shower of rain Tues-  
 day afternoon, beat into the fronts of  
 the stores, wetting the show windows.

There is satisfaction in believing  
 that the best democrats of Shawnee  
 county are indignant at the action of  
 the late county convention, in making  
 such an uncalled for attack upon the  
 churches.

Let the ordinance, which is now on  
 record, be rigidly enforced in regard  
 to the keeping of dogs. There are  
 entirely too many curs in town, and  
 the law says there shall be paid taxes  
 from one to three dollars per head for  
 all dogs.

Several of the old soldiers of this  
 vicinity propose to attend the reunion  
 at Elsworth next month, and take  
 their wives with them. Some of them  
 will go with wagons and camp by the  
 way, making an outing of two weeks  
 or more.

John Boorhees has been promoted  
 to the superintendency of the telephone  
 offices in Colorado Springs, and gives  
 his brother Arthur a position in his  
 office. We wish the boys success and  
 are glad to note the prosperity of our  
 young men.

There is a rumor that B Watkins  
 is making arrangements to connect  
 his Lake Charles (Louisiana) railroad  
 with the Northwestern, and run into  
 Lawrence. Mr. Watkins is said to be  
 in Europe now negotiating the funds  
 for the enterprise. We do not know  
 how much truth is contained in the  
 rumor, but merely give it for what it  
 is worth.

The dressed beef senatorial investi-  
 gation began in Kansas City on Mon-  
 day. Gov. Glick was the first to  
 witness. He testified as to the man-  
 ner the combine affected him when  
 he took stock in Kansas City. He  
 could not get the market price, be-  
 cause the packers interfered. He  
 had then reshipped his stock to Chi-  
 cago, only to find that the packers  
 controlled that end also. Under this  
 influence the price of beef cattle had  
 declined 30 to 40 per cent. An Atchi-  
 son butcher testified that he went to  
 Kansas City to buy sheep, and se-  
 cured an option on a lot, but while  
 he was looking around for bargains,  
 the packers bulldozed the owner into  
 selling the sheep for less than he  
 would have paid. There can be no  
 doubt but the packers have demoral-  
 ized the prices of beef cattle, but it  
 will not be easy to make it appear by  
 direct evidence.

Periodic Headache and Neuralgia; cold  
 hands and feet, and a general derange-  
 ment of the system, including impaired  
 digestion, with torpor of the liver, &c.,  
 are, in certain localities, invariably  
 caused by malaria in the system in quan-  
 tity too small to produce regular chills.  
 Many persons suffer in this way and take  
 purgatives and other medicines to their  
 injury, when a few doses of Shallenber-  
 ger's Antidote for Malaria would cure  
 them at once. Sold by druggists.

The Czar's treatment of Emperor Wil-  
 liam continues to embitter the relations  
 between the two countries. The semi-  
 official papers are permitted or in-  
 structed to speak with notable frankness  
 and severity. The Cologne gazette de-  
 clares that the first line of danger is not Paris,  
 but St. Petersburg. The Hamburg corres-  
 pondence, in an undoubtedly inspired  
 article, says: Germany must accept the  
 fact of the permanent hostility of the  
 czar, persistence in the Russian policy is  
 more dangerous to the peace of Europe  
 than French Chauvinism.

Regarding the controversy over  
 the Haskell Indian institute at Law-  
 rence, Mr. Funston said, "I am most  
 decidedly opposed to having a Massa-  
 chusetts man put in for superintendent.  
 If Kansas is not able to take  
 care of her own offices she might as  
 well become a territory again. Any  
 good Kansas man would be satis-  
 factory to me. When this appoint-  
 ment was to be made, I picked out a  
 half dozen men and told the Indian  
 commissioner that they would be satis-  
 factory to me. I submitted these  
 names to Dr. Dorchester when he  
 came, but he saw fit to select Dr. Coffin—a  
 man who was unknown to me  
 at that time. I found him to be a  
 man of ability and most highly re-  
 spected, and I immediately endorsed  
 him, but Senators Plumb and Ingalls  
 protested against his appointment  
 and he was thrown overboard. Their  
 action has brought on the appoint-  
 ment of this Massachusetts man. I  
 hope it will yet be possible to give  
 the place to a resident of the second  
 district."

The above ridiculous specimen of  
 egotism, we take from the CAPITAL.  
 Congressman Funston seems to as-  
 sume, as Senator Ingalls has assumed,  
 that the United States Indian school  
 at Lawrence, is his especial protegee.  
 It is a new idea that congressmen  
 have the sole right to name the men  
 who shall be appointed to superintend  
 government institutions that may be  
 located in their districts. What  
 would be thought of Representative  
 Morrill if he were to talk in the above  
 style as to the commander of the  
 military post at Leavenworth? And  
 what if Ingalls should kick up such a  
 rumpus in regard to that institution  
 as he has about Haskell Institute?

The miserable truth is that our  
 members of Congress have come to  
 believe that it is their right to attend  
 to everybody else's business except  
 their own; that the control of offices  
 is their exclusive prerogative, and  
 this extravagant and unrepresentative  
 claim they are extending in a man-  
 ner that would do credit to any petty  
 aristocrat in the old country. We  
 sincerely hope the government will  
 vigorously pinch the heads of more  
 of these political beetles who are  
 preying upon everything that comes  
 within their reach. If the reader  
 will carefully study the above extract,  
 he will grow more and more disgusted.  
 "I picked out half a dozen men," that  
 "I" would graciously permit our puny  
 government to take. "I" did this,  
 "I" did that. It is hoped that the  
 end of this political demagogue is  
 not so distant as it seems.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton has written a  
 new and characteristic story called "The  
 Merry Chanters." It will begin in the  
 November Century and run through four  
 numbers. The story takes its name from  
 a vessel which started from a Massachu-  
 setts port on a peculiar cruise. The  
 owners, a young married couple, are on  
 board, and the vessel is commanded  
 and manned by four village captains of un-  
 usual experience. Mr. Dana Gibson will  
 illustrate it. The November Century is  
 also to contain a new story by Mark  
 Twain. During the coming volume The  
 Century is to have an illustrated series of  
 articles on the French Salons of the  
 seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,  
 including pen portraits of many of the  
 leaders and a detailed account of the  
 organization and composition of several  
 historical salons. A great number of in-  
 teresting portraits will be given with the  
 series.

The State Temperance Union is about  
 as defunct in Kansas as the Democratic  
 party.

The sixth annual meeting of the Kan-  
 sas Equal Suffrage association will be  
 held in Wichita, Kansas, October 1, 2 and  
 3.

The machinery in McLouth mill will  
 be taken to a new place in Indian Terri-  
 tory.

North Topeka Postoffice will open  
 on Sunday hereafter, from 9 till 10  
 a. m.

Meriden has another new paper, the  
 Advocate.

Shawnee county democrats, with all  
 their folly in attacking prohibition and  
 the churches, did one thing rational in  
 nominating Judge N. B. Arnold for county  
 clerk. He will run against the colored re-  
 publican Brown.

It is agreeable to note that Queen  
 Victoria is shaking off some of her royal  
 snobbishness. Some years ago when Ex-  
 President Grant was in England, the  
 good Queen did not seem to think he and  
 his family were quite good enough to  
 break bread of the same table with her-  
 self and her family. Now when a young  
 man from Indiana, who never did a thing  
 to make himself known, goes to London,  
 she takes him kindly under her wing and  
 invites him to take tea at her hospitable  
 board. Russell got so much attention by  
 being the son of a president.

We have received No. 1 Vol. 1 of the  
 "Republican" a new paper, published and  
 edited by Geo. Harmon at Valley Falls.  
 This copy is an excellent quarto full of  
 local and general news and good list of  
 advertisements. If the proprietor suc-  
 ceeds in keeping his paper up to the  
 standard of his first number, he will give  
 his reader a paper of which any com-  
 munity may be proud.

Jefferson county has sent several teach-  
 ers this season out to Colorado.

W. C. Butts has resigned, and from  
 Valley Falls postmaster will become sta-  
 tion agent.

An enterprising manager has been try-  
 ing to form a genuine Japanese company  
 to sing "The Mikado," in this country,  
 but he has failed because the Japanese  
 cannot sing. They understand music  
 and can play various instruments but  
 vocal music they have none.

Ozawkie is one of the towns that en-  
 joy two Sundays every week.

Miss Maggie McCrea of Dunavant has  
 gone to Chicago to study medicine.

Winchester has instituted an A. O. U.  
 W. lodge.

John L. Waller has been appointed  
 steward at one of the state institutions.  
 He wanted a foreign mission or some  
 high place as a recognition of his  
 race. It is better for the colored  
 people not to look too high.

### The Best Tree Wash.

Randolph Peters, a prominent and  
 successful nurseryman, has from ex-  
 perience found the following tree  
 wash to be the best:  
 "Take stone lime, slack and prepare  
 it as for an ordinary whitewash, in an  
 old barrel or box. Take enough at a  
 time to make a bucket two-thirds full  
 of the proper consistency for ordinary  
 whitewashing. Now add one pint of  
 gas tar, one pound of whale oil soap  
 dissolved in hot water, (or one pound  
 of potash, or strong lye from wood  
 ashes), then add clay or loam enough  
 to make the bucket full of the wash  
 of proper thickness to be applied with  
 a whitewash brush. If the trees have  
 had the earth ridged up around them,  
 take the earth away from around the  
 collar and apply the wash to the body  
 of the trees from the limbs to the  
 ground or down to the roots.  
 Its advantages are, first, it will de-  
 stroy the bark louse, and give the tree  
 a bright, clean and healthy appear-  
 ance. Second, this wash will drive  
 all borers that may be in the trees  
 and the moth will not deposit eggs  
 on or about the trees the same season  
 the wash is used.

All who grow apple, peach, dwarf  
 pear, quince and ash trees, should use  
 this wash; don't fail to use it because  
 not patented and sold at a high price.  
 I have known cases where peach trees  
 have been badly affected by the borer;  
 they have all left and the trees be-  
 come healthy and vigorous with one  
 application of this wash.

Again, mice and rabbits will not  
 girdle trees where this wash is used.  
 Apply in May for borers and general  
 benefit to the trees, and in late  
 autumn as a preventive against  
 mice and rabbits. Use this wash an-  
 nually. Gas tar applied pure will  
 kill trees."

**FREE**  
 Sewing-Machine  
 To all who send for  
 this advertisement  
 we will send you a  
 complete line of our  
 best sewing-machines  
 for your selection.  
 We will also send you  
 a complete set of  
 instructions for the  
 use of the machine.  
 No capital required.  
 Full instructions given.  
 These who wish to see  
 the best sewing-machine  
 in the world, and the  
 best time of year to  
 see it, should see it  
 at once. Address  
 WILBUR H. SMITH, President, Lexington, Ky.

**ESTEY**  
**PIANOS & ORGANS**  
 are the best and cheapest because  
 they excel and outwear all others.  
 Sold at low prices on time or for  
 cash. Fully warranted. Send for  
 illustrated catalogue.  
**ESTEY & CAMP,**  
 916 & 918 Olive St., - ST. LOUIS.  
 MENTION THIS PAPER.

**FREE**  
 Sewing-Machine  
 To all who send for  
 this advertisement  
 we will send you a  
 complete line of our  
 best sewing-machines  
 for your selection.  
 We will also send you  
 a complete set of  
 instructions for the  
 use of the machine.  
 No capital required.  
 Full instructions given.  
 These who wish to see  
 the best sewing-machine  
 in the world, and the  
 best time of year to  
 see it, should see it  
 at once. Address  
 WILBUR H. SMITH, President, Lexington, Ky.

**Commercial College of KY. UNIVERSITY,**  
 Lexington, Ky.  
 Cheapest and Best Business College in the World.  
 Highest Honor and Gold Medal over all other Colleges at the  
 World's Exposition, for System of Book-keeping and General  
 Business Education. 10,000 Graduates in Business. 115-stories  
 employed. Cost of full Business Course, including Tuition,  
 Stationery and Board, about \$20. Short Course, Tuition and  
 Telegraphy specialties. No vacation. Kicker now. Grad-  
 uates successful. Special department for ladies. Nearly 1,000  
 students in attendance the past year. For circulars, address  
 WILBUR H. SMITH, President, Lexington, Ky.

**HOW TO MAKE**  
**WOMAN BEAUTIFUL**  
 Many women with fair faces are de-  
 clined in beauty owing to undeveloped  
 features, flat busts, etc., which can be  
 remedied by using  
**ADIPO-MALENE.**  
 It is impossible to give a full descrip-  
 tion in an advertisement. Write for  
 a descriptive circular, and  
 receive "Beauty" a Magazine, with ten  
 timonials, sealed, by return mail. Sold  
 by druggists. L. E. MARSH & CO.,  
 312 Madison St., Fallada, Pa.

The through sleeper of the "Chicago  
 Nestled Limited" now leaves Topeka  
 via the Union Pacific at 2:52 p. m. arriv-  
 ing in Chicago via the Chicago & Alton  
 at 8 a. m. next morning. The Dining car  
 service on this line is unsurpassed.  
 The time between Topeka and Denver  
 has again been shortened, the fast train  
 leaving Topeka at 1:45 p. m. arriving in  
 Denver 7:45 a. m. next morning. The  
 Union Pacific is the through line and  
 makes the quickest time between Topeka  
 and Beatrice, Lincoln and Omaha Nebras-  
 ka. F. A. LEWIS, City Ticket Agent. 525  
 Kansas avenue.  
 M. B. FULTON, Depot Agent.

Mrs. J. Davison, of 817 Kansas Ave-  
 nue, Topeka, offers her business for  
 sale. Here is a chance for some one  
 to step into a good millinery business  
 and make money. Mrs. Davison's  
 health is such that she is compelled  
 to get out of business. She has built  
 up a good trade, and carried it  
 through the dull season, hoping to be  
 able to continue in it, but is obliged  
 to give it up. Call and see her. 817  
 Kansas Avenue, first door south of  
 Harbaugh's Bakery.

Next week will come the great  
 state fair. Barnum & Co., in their  
 advertisement elsewhere, make an of-  
 fer that will induce many to attend.

A large, illustrated cata-  
 logue of the Lawrence Busi-  
 ness College, containing com-  
 plete information regarding  
 the institution will be mailed  
 to any address Free.  
 Address,  
**E. L. McIlvray, Pres.**  
 Lawrence, Kansas.

### THE STEEPLE AND THE VINE.

The steeple stood so grand and high,  
It challenged the gaze of the passers by.  
"Who so lofty, I say!  
Look ye over the way!"

A gentle voice at its foot made plaint,  
"Give me support, or I fall, I faint;  
I'm only a clinging vine,  
Let me about thee twine."

The steeple barely deigned submit  
To the gentle tendrils clasping it,  
And with superior air  
Sustained the vinelet fair.

Over the stone, so stained and gray,  
The beautiful verdure found its way  
From base to lofty spire,  
Ever reaching higher.

The marvellous growth in its graceful lines  
Wreathes and drapes and waves and twines,  
Clasping with loving arms,  
Giving its many charms.

Till even the haughty granite smiles  
Beneath the tender, winking wiles,  
Seeing itself adorned  
By the humble vinelet scorned.

"This is my pride of all, I own;  
It is sweeter not to be alone;  
Grace can add to ruggedness,  
And love alone can bless."

-J. A. K., in Boston Transcript.

### AN ANGEL.

Of course I was an old maid, any body in Maple Ridge could have told you that, and a good many would have said I was several years older than the old family Bible affirmed.

I felt all my three and thirty years, and knew that the dark little face that looked back at me so soberly from the cracked mirror showed them beyond question. But, what of that! I had other things to think of than that I was an old maid—many others.

There was poor Susie, our pet, the youngest of us all, who would marry handsome, reckless Noll Dasher, who, after a wild life of only a few years, ended it in a drunkard's grave, and left poor Susie and her two babies to me.

Nor was that all, for Fred, our eldest, the pride of our old father and mother's hearts, must marry too—which was well enough, only after one brief year in his city office he, too, grew sick and died—but oh, so peacefully, so nobly!

"You'll care for my wife and baby, Mary?" he said, looking at me so pleadingly, and I answered: "Yes, Fred, always."

So it wasn't much wonder I looked old, since only my little dress-making shop stood between us all and starvation.

Father and mother had become so feeble they could only sit on the side of the chimney and talk of their trials and sorrows.

Susie took upon herself the care of the large household, and I've shed many a secret tear at night thinking how wan and white she was growing, our beautiful little Susie.

What did Fred's wife do? I—that's a sore subject: no one ever said anything, but I have seen Susie shut her lips in a strange way when "the lady" swept into our simple meals and never offered to soil her white hands even to wash her own dishes or clothes.

"She's never been taught to work, I suppose," I thought; "poor thing!"

And I bent lower over my sewing and sat up a little later.

Things had gone on in this way for nearly a year, until one night when it was growing very late, Susie came in and shut the door of my shop carefully.

"What is it, my dear?" I said cheerfully, for there was a look on her face that troubled me.

"Mary," she said, sinking down at my side and laying her pretty golden head on my knee, "my poor Mary!" and then she began to sob so pitifully.

"What is it, my darling; tell me, won't you?"

"Oh, Mary, so good, so unselfish. I can't bear it. You are working yourself to death for me and mine. I've thought and thought and planned, and there's only one way."

"I don't understand—how hot your cheeks are. You're going to be sick."

"I'm going to die. Don't look so startled. I'm very wicked and foolish, but I can't see you kill yourself nor my precious children starve. I'm only—only going to get married," desperately.

"Then I felt her whole body shudder."

"Yes, darling, but who?"

"I'm going to marry Mr. Caleb Lef-fingwell."

"Susie! You are mad!"

"No; he proposed to-night as I left the store, and I accepted him, that's all; why don't you congratulate me?"

"Because I can't, for I know—oh, my darling! I know you don't love him!"

"Love! I loved once and got a sweet reward. Yes, I'm in love with the old miser's money; that's honest."

"Hush! Never mind, sleep on it, pet. We'll talk about it to-morrow; I must finish this dress now."

"Mary, do stop and rest, you unselfish housekeeper! Your burden shall be lightened. I'm not half as miserable as you fancy."

But I knew how much she suffered, and I sighed, for things had come to a very bad state. What with poor father down with the rheumatism and Susie's children suffering for shoes, and none of us too warmly clad, unless it was "the lady"—that is what Susie had called Fred's wife to me more than once; but I could only sigh and remember that they were her old gowns.

Nevertheless it did seem hard that she and her baby should have the one spare room and a fire, and coal so dear. But la, me, I had promised. Such a rosebud as that little cooing baby was! If I'd had time I'd have cuddled it by the hour, and, strange to say, the mother had called it "Mary." She never said it was for me, and I often wondered, but never asked her—for somehow all

us simple folks were a bit afraid of "the lady."

It was a dull rainy evening in February when poor Susie came to me with her pitiful story of sacrifice she had resolved to make. I remember very particularly, because Mrs. Great-house was to have a party on the 25th, the next night, and I was hurried with her gown.

She came in quite early for it, but the rich silk was all finished. I trembled a mite as she scanned it so closely, but she found no fault whatever, and paid me the \$5 for it promptly. Her last words were:

"You are looking far from well, Mary. Tom would hardly recognize his old sweetheart if he could see you now. You need rest, my dear; do take some."

That she passed out.

"Good advice, excellent," said Susie in a hard voice, and I was glad she had not noticed what Mrs. Greathouse said about her brother.

"I wish you had charged her fifteen instead of five, Mary. The dress was worth it."

"Yes, I know," I answered, dearly; "but even that would not have paid all the bills." And for the first time in Susie's presence I broke down and cried.

Even as I wept softly and Susie tried to comfort me, somebody entered the little shop, and, bending over Susie and me, dropped a letter in my lap—a great, big, funny-looking affair.

"A letter! Oh, Mary! who would send you a letter?" said Susie.

"The lady" paused a moment in the shadow of the room, and I tore off the envelope, and there fell into my lap a great lot of bank bills.

"Money!" cried Susie, "money! Who—what does it mean? Oh, here's a note! Listen:

"DEAR MARY: Accept a little present from a loving FRIEND."

That was all; we looked at each other stupidly.

"Who could have sent it? Oh, Susie, it's a mistake!" I gasped.

"No, it is not; the letter is sent to you and is for you. I find it is just \$100. I am so glad!"

I kept the money. I needed it sorely, and they all said it really was mine; but I felt uneasy all the time, and wondered and wondered, for we hadn't a rich relation in the world. But even that hundred dollars would not last forever, and by and by I saw Susie looking over her old things and trying to make up her mind that the time had come when she could tell her betrothed husband that she was ready. Poor, poor little Susie!

"I've set the day at last," she said. "It's to be next Tuesday." Then she began to sob.

Once more "the lady" entered and dropped in my lap another letter and a book.

This letter was not so bulky, but when I opened it I found it contained two bills of a hundred dollars each.

"What—who?" I began vaguely as before, when once more "the lady" bent over Susie and I, and winding her white arms around our necks, fell into a violent fit of weeping.

"Oh, my sisters!" she sobbed, when she could speak. "Do you think me blind as well as heartless? Do you think you are to do all the work and me none? Dear, patient fingers!" and to our astonishment she kissed first my needle-pricked hand and then Susie's chapped and toil-marked.

"There's the book," she continued; "read it when you can. I began it when my husband was first taken ill. I fancied I could get it done in time to help him, but I couldn't. Yet he knows—he must know, how glad I am to be able to help those so dear to him."

"Florence," I said, in wonder, "what are you talking about?"

"Why, my book; it is there in your lap, as well as the money for it—a portion of it. I always scribbled more or less, but in a careless way, until saw the great need, and then I found I could write even better than I dared hope. I never told, because I wanted to surprise you. Susie, little sister, don't dream of that distasteful marriage. I was so afraid it wouldn't come in time to save you. And Mary, gentle one, I've something for you even better than gold. I—forgive me! I found out all about your sad lover in the west, and I sent a little bird with a message of your faithfulness, your noble life, and the answer came (Oh, the west is not very far away): 'I'm coming!'"

I wondered why Susie, with such a face of peace and joy as I had not seen her wear for years, should look startled and step back, while "the lady"—oh, such a lady—stood between me and the door.

Suddenly she bent and kissed my hot cheek, and deftly snatching the comb that held my curls so very primly—as I deemed most becoming—a staid old maid—she fled with Susie into the next room and closed the door.

I knew then why she had held herself so persistently before me, for, standing on the threshold of the outside door stood a tall man, tanned and bearded.

I could not speak. I would have fled, too, but I could not move.

The tall man smiled and approached me, took me in his arms and whispered:

"Is it my own little Mary?"

And somehow in his sheltering arms I found my tongue and answered boldly:

"Yes, Tom."

### A SNAKE CHARMER.

He Has Been Bitten Forty-Nine Times—His Remedy for Snake-Bite.

"I have been bitten forty-nine times by rattlesnakes," said Col. Ironmonger of this city to a Fresno (Cal.) Republican reporter.

"Yes, sir, forty-nine times, either while catching them, handling them, or performing before the public with them. I am known as the great serpent charmer, or tamer. I have handled thousands of venomous serpents, and twenty-three years ago I performed in the Bella Union theatre as a snake-charmer, when it was managed by Mrs. Tetlow and son.

"I have often heard that if a rattlesnake bites a person, the sore, even if healed, will break out again every twelve months. That is not so. If you are once cured you are cured forever. I have often read in the newspapers of snakes charming little children, and of children feeding them without being bitten. That is all nonsense.

"No venomous snake will eat dead food; it must be live food that he catches himself, and he will not take food while caged up, not even the most inviting morsel. They can live a remarkably long time without food. I once saw a rattlesnake in Marysville, in a cage, that had not taken food for eleven years. I have kept many of them from five to eleven years without food. They will, however, drink water. I suppose to keep their poison replenished.

"Rattles are epicureans. They will crawl out of their dens in the spring, and if they catch a quail, a young rabbit, or a squirrel during the summer they are satisfied. If not, they will take their drink of water in the fall and go to their dens and wait until next spring for their breakfast."

"What remedies do you use for snake bites?" was asked.

"I put an ounce of ammonia into a two-ounce vial. Then I add a dozen or so leaves of the mistletoe. The leaves soon dissolve, and the liquid becomes of a reddish color. Put eighteen or twenty drops of this liquid into a tumbler half full of water, and drink it as soon as you can after being bitten. Then drink a pint of whisky. After that you must wait fifteen or twenty minutes, and if you feel no signs of inebriation repeat the dose; but the moment you feel the effects of the whisky, drink no more, but you may take another dose of the ammoniated liquid.

"Some people when bitten by a snake keep pouring down whisky until they get thoroughly drunk, but in such cases the remedy is worse than the disease. Those who know me say that I am poison-proof, but that is not true, while at the same time a snake bite that would kill some men would injure me very little. Harmless snakes are all gourmands and want to be swallowing all the time."

"Do you believe that snakes can fascinate or charm other animals?" asked the reporter.

"That is an error," was the reply. "No serpent has that faculty. Every animal has its own instinctive way of taking its prey—by stealth, agility, brute force, or strength. My experience during the last forty years confirms my belief. I have often heard birds making a great noise in a swamp, and I used to say: 'There's a snake charming a bird.' I would go down there to see what was going on, and sure enough there would be a black snake going along slowly from one branch of a tree to another. There would be a catbird or some other kind of a bird flying around the snake, greatly excited, while the snake moved along slowly toward a nest to rob it of its young."

"The maternal instinct of the mother bird makes her forget the danger in a great measure. So she flies around and over the snake and flutters along just ahead of him, trying to lead him in an opposite direction, but all to no purpose, and as he comes near the nest she becomes more desperate."

"She pecks at his eyes, beats him with her wings, and like a flash he grabs her, for he would as soon have her as the young, because she is a larger mouthful, if not so delicious."

"She was not spellbound; she had all the use of her muscles and could leave him at her will."

"At the Sacramento state fair some twenty years ago I was bitten by a rattler in the bowels, and he left his fangs behind. I performed in the tent until 9 o'clock at night. In closing up I felt around my person and pulled all of the snakes out of my bosom, as I thought, but I overlooked one. I went around the town to see the sights, playing a game or two, and started for my hotel."

"It was called the Oro then, but the name is changed now. Then I threw myself across the bed, and the first thing I knew I was bitten. I was smothering him. I grabbed him by the head through my shirt, and gave him a twist. Hence I broke his fangs. I held him up to the moonlight, and found him to be a favorite of mine."

"I had no remedies with me, and the drug-stores were shut up at that hour. At last I found a doctor named Logan, who gave me a bottle of whisky and twenty-five drops of ammonia, and I was soon all right, but the fangs remained in me. I began to grow sick at last, and the wound had to be opened and the fangs extracted. It was three months after I was bitten that the network of fat that covers the

bowels began to inflame, and it came near killing me.

"I have not said anything about tarantulas, scorpions, and centipeds, but they are all in my line. I have been stung by all of them, and I used the same remedy."

### Suggestions for Sickrooms.

A large, sunny room should be selected for the invalid; if without a carpet so much the better. Sunshine as a disinfectant is worth bushels of chloride of lime.

The bed linen should be changed at least once in three days; the blankets once a week, those that have been removed being hung in the open air for a few hours, then thoroughly aired in a warm room.

The room should be kept thoroughly ventilated and at a temperature not lower than 68° nor higher than 70°. If the patient is kept warm air may be freely admitted without the least danger.

The carpet of the sickroom should be lightly brushed once a day with a wetted broom. The furniture and wood work should be wiped with a damp cloth. Dry dusters and feather brushes are worse than useless.

The cross sheet should invariably be kept free from crumbs and wrinkles, as these are a frequent cause of bed sores. Whenever the least redness shows on the patient's body the skin must be at once bathed with alcohol, thoroughly dried, and dusted with powdered oxide of zinc.

A sheet folded once lengthwise, laid across the bed, with the upper edge just touching the pillows and the ends tightly tucked under the mattresses, will be found to add greatly to the patient's comfort. It does not wrinkle like a single sheet, and crumbs may be readily brushed off it.

The nurse's dress should invariably be neat, tasteful and pretty. Slippers or boots of felt should be worn. To be continually smoothing the bed, pestering the patient with sympathy and saying a dozen times an hour, "How do you feel now?" is enough to drive a sick man wild.

Meals for invalids should look as tempting as possible. The tray should be covered with the whitest napkin, and the silver, glass and china should shine with cleanliness. The patient should not be disgusted by a display of too much food, and should not be consulted beforehand as to what he will eat or drink.

In bathing the invalid never uncover too large a surface at once. Pin a blanket round the shoulders, fastening it behind, and remove the night-dress under that. Put the hand under the blanket and sponge the skin, a small portion at a time. A woman's hair should be combed every day if she is able to bear the fatigue. If it has become tangled a little sweet oil will loosen it.

Household troubles should be kept far from the sick room. Above all, an invalid or an apparent convalescent should be saved from his friends. One garrulous acquaintance may in half an hour undo the good of a week of tender nursing. In long illnesses a small bed-table will be found indispensable. Every cup, glass, spoon and utensil used should be taken out of the room and washed as speedily as possible. As to walking on tiptoe and whispering, nothing can disturb a sick person more.

### A Religious Fraud.

An extraordinary religious fraud is reported from Croatia. The whole population was wrought up to a great pitch of excitement by the announcement that the Virgin had appeared in the forest. A shrine was built at once of boughs and branches and in its centre a hole was dug into the ground, looking into which the Virgin was said to be visible to all true believers, who forthwith laid down their offerings round the sacred spot. Some unbelieving Thomases, who maintained that they saw absolutely nothing in the black hole, were maltreated by the fanatic multitude as evil-doers; one man was killed, another had his leg broken, and many went home with bleeding faces and sore backs. On some days a crowd of 10,000 human beings knelt in the forest and left its offering, which promptly disappeared. But the day of reckoning came. Five peasants and a peasant woman, the latter in the act of sending up the "holy spirit" in the form of a turtle dove, were arrested for putting the play on the scene and have already confessed that for two years past they have been making preparations for this swindle.

### A Faithful Dog.

One day last week a Boston policeman saw a man lying at full length on the sidewalk. He was intoxicated and unconscious. Over his body, however, a large and handsome Newfoundland dog stood guard. No one could approach his prostrate master without the animal emitting a savage growl and assuming a most formidable attitude. It was fully twenty minutes before the officer could call the dog off and ring for the patrol wagon. Both were taken to the station and put in the same cell. There the man was permitted to sleep off his drunk, while the dog allowed no one to go near the door or attempt to enter the cell.

### The Paris Exhibition.

The tickets of admission to the Paris exhibition used to July 31 number 10,022,000, as against 5,119,000 during the corresponding period in 1878. The highest number of admissions in a day has been 298,000.

### THE BIRCH TREE.

And the Various Substances That Are Derived from It.

A casual glance at the surroundings of any lumber country, notably along the creeks and ravines, reveals the fact, says the New York Lumber Trade Journal, that at least some birch twigs have withstood the onslaught of country pedagogue, who from time remote have been identified with the legend of birch-oil and elbow-grease as an accelerator to the sluggish school-boy as he stumbles along over the obstacles on the side of science hill. Many twigs remain, and outside their legendary historic value suggested in the foregoing the twigs and bark of the common birch (*Betula alba*) have really an intrinsic value not second to many of the most valuable plants.

Even the leaves and young shoots secrete a resinous substance having an acid reaction which under the long-legged names of the pharmacist is sold as a medical preparation for as high as \$16 per fluid ounce. The inner bark secretes a bitterish alkaloid not unlike cinchona in its nature, and is used largely as an adulterant for quinine in many parts of Europe. The so-called "cinchona mixture" has been found by analysts to consist in many instances of the alkaloid found in the inner bark of the humble birch tree.

The outer bark subjected to dry distillation yields a peculiar empyreumatic oil, having the peculiar odor of Russia leather, and the secret of preparing skins, and that, too, of the very poorest quality that have perished on those barren, desolate plains, is the only obstacle thus far to prevent American artisans competing with Russia and Austria in the leather goods.

It is not necessary, however, to go into chemical technicalities and details in order to arrive at a profitable solution of the uses of birch twigs and birch bark when the larger timber is being cut away and hauled to the saw-mill or the turning-lathe. The oil of wintergreen (*Oloum gaultheria*), so useful, fragrant, and expensive, is nearly always adulterated with birch oil, much of it even is birch oil pure and simple, but is sold as wintergreen oil and is wintergreen oil to all intents and purposes, having, when properly prepared and refined, the same properties—viz., specific gravity, 1.173; boiling point, 412 degrees, and mixes readily with alcohol, chloroform, etc.

The appliances necessary for the preparation of this oil are neither intricate nor costly, being simply a large tub supplied with a coil and steam connection. Of course we are not expected to go into all the details of manufacture. Only brief outlines can be given.

The birch limbs, twigs, bark, and even the leaves, if a mere commercial oil is to be made, are gathered and placed in this large tub, containing the coil for steam-heating, and as fast as the mass accumulates it is kept covered with water, and the tub, being supplied with a tight-fitting lid, or manhole, should be opened as little as possible. After becoming nearly full steam is turned on and the batch kept about blood-warm for twenty-four hours. This will dissolve nearly all the oil and resinous matters, which, being precipitated, causes the mass to assume a very sticky consistency. Steam may now be turned on and the mass brought to boil for a moment or two. With a wooden connection with a small barrel or keg the tank is made tight and brought to a boil; the steam, having previously dissolved the oils, etc., will now vaporize them and will condense in the last-named keg. After a few hours the job is done, the keg is bunged or corked up, and is ready for shipment as commercial wintergreen oil, though made from birch refuse continually in the way.

### Bathing in Cold Water.

Concerning bathing of the body, I think our sanitarians are very extravagant, and they have done a great public mischief by setting the great towns to plunder the rivers of their supplies from the head streams.

Even the prophet Mahomed, a great fanatic of cleanliness, regarded friction with sand as compensatory for washing.

If any one supposes that the limbs and trunk of the body cannot be kept as perfectly clean by dry rubbing as by any amount of washing, I say he has something to learn.

All the hardy barbarians of the north have, at all times, been reproached by southern people for their neglect in washing.

The old Romans did not—as a nation—betake themselves to baths till the era of effeminacy set in.

The Scythians of Herodotus were reported not to wash; but in cold weather, at distant intervals, to cover their bodies with a hot, spicy paste. It dried on them, and dropped off when cold, leaving the flesh clean.

Northern races know that cold water takes the strength out of them, and they do not volunteer to touch it. Their practice has more weight with me than recent theories.—T. W. Newman, M. D., in St. Louis Magazine.

### Table Etiquette.

Traveler (in Western restaurant)—  
"There's a hair in this soup."  
Waiter (imperiously)—"Well, ye might know better than to lean y'r head so far over w'en ye eat."—New York Weekly.

### Jews in Warsaw.

There are no fewer than 151,000 Jews in Warsaw, the whole population of which is but 440,000.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Small Farms Best.

It is most natural that in this country, where large tracts of fertile land can be cheaply secured, the tendency should be to buying more land than can be successfully cultivated. We have improved agricultural implements more than any other country in the world. If it were possible anywhere for men single-handed to till large numbers of acres, it would be possible here. After a fashion men do run over and skim over large farms, but every year it is becoming more certain that this method of farming must give way to the painstaking and careful cultivation that is found in the older parts of this country and in Europe. We must make the land richer, as they do in the Old World, grow larger crops per acre, and make more profits from a smaller investment of land, capital and labor.

Does this imply a return to the conditions of the thickly settled portions of Europe, where peasant farmers working land they do not own bring only a bare subsistence from the soil? By no means. In a few respects conditions will be the same; but there will be enormous differences. In the farming of the future more account will be made of the richness of land than of the acreage under nominal tillage. It is evident to any one who studies current events that the wholesale method of farming no longer pays. Men have got into it through the fact that land for cultivation for a time tends to increase in value. This rise in land has made many rich, and as it is the easiest of all ways to make money, thousands have bought lands they did not need, hoping to profit by their increase in value.

Of late years, especially in the older parts of the country, farm lands have been on the decline. The reason is not far to seek. Decreasing fertility has brought many sections below profitable productive capacity. Under a system of farming that meant a continual decrease in fertility, farm lands soon change from the very best to the very worst forms of security. Land cannot run away. But for farming purposes fertility is all that makes land valuable. Fertility is as volatile as ammonia.

A change to smaller farms, with thorough tillage and increasing fertility, is the effectual remedy for this evil. But if the farm be reduced in size to the Old World standard, will not the American farmer become like the European, merely a peasant, a serf or a boor? We do not believe this danger exists. Conditions here are not so exact for hundreds of years yet as what they are in Europe. The land in France is doubtless too much divided for the public good. There is yet land enough here for comfortable sized farms for all willing to work them. It is not and never can be here difficult to buy land. The trouble is the question whether it is worth buying and worth cultivating.

Yet with Yankee energy, skill and tact it is easier here to restore poor land to fertility than it is anywhere else in the world. Of the scarcest mineral plant food, phosphate, this country has enormous supplies in South Carolina rock. Fertility is going to waste on every side, and only needs that men put forth their hand to stay it. With smaller areas under individual ownership we shall use as much labor-saving machinery as ever, but it will be by co-operation among farmers in each neighborhood, who will combine to purchase and work it. This will surely be better than individual ownership of large areas that do not pay for cultivation, and where each farmer is obliged to purchase more tools than he can afford, with a result of decreasing the fertility and therefore the productive capacity of his land with each returning season.—American Cultivator.

### Grain Feed in Summer.

The general impression is that dairy stock needs only the grass of the pasture in summer. Of course a good deal depends on the quality of the pasture. Some afford much richer feed than others. But it stands to reason that some dry food in summer, for animals as well as men, is not only relishable but conducive to health. Many by experiment have found that it pays to feed meal in summer. Col. F. D. Curtis, of Charlton, N. Y., says he has found that giving his cows an extra feed of wheat bran in summer increases the quantity of milk and makes a better quality of butter. He feeds at night four quarts of bran with one quart of cotton-seed meal. He puts his butter up in three to ten pound packages, and delivers it to special customers in Schoenectady, for 30 cents a pound the year round. That he has extra cows, appears from the yield—7 pounds of butter from 100 pounds of milk. He used to be satisfied with 6 to 6½ pounds, but now succeeds in getting 7 by not mixing sweet and sour cream and taking extra care in ripening his cream for the churn. But this question of feeding grain in summer is one that each dairyman must decide for himself. Some appear to find it profitable; but in most if not all cases, we note that they have superior cows. It might not pay to feed grain or much of anything else to poor cows. A little experimenting ought to settle the question—and it is not a very wide-awake man, in these days who does not experiment. Mr. W. H. Gilbert, of Richland, N. Y., feeds shorts in summer. Then beginning in September to feed 4 to 5 pounds of cotton-seed meal and wheat bran mixed, he says, "I can bring my dairy to give me a pound of butter for every 12 pounds of

milk." His cows, it will be seen, must be extra, and readily respond to good feed and treatment. In winter, he feeds about 5 pounds of hay, and 35 pounds of corn ensilage, with 5 to 7 pounds of cotton-seed meal and shorts. This is strong feed, but he finds it pays.—Practical Farmer.

### Farm Notes.

Unless fence corners are carefully cleared out after haying and harvest, they soon become unmanageable by ordinary means. This work is much more apt to be neglected since the horse mower and reaper have dissuaded farmers from the habit of swinging the scythe. That is still a handy implement to have around for cutting weeds in places where without it they must be left to go to seed.

Hogs that are not kept for breeding should always be in condition for killing. Their food need not while growing be of distinctly fattening character, but if well fed with nutritious food, bone and sinew, a good pig will lay on fat enough to furnish good pork at any time. They should always have plenty of not very rich food. This will improve their digestion, while either underfeeding or stuffing with fattening grain, like corn, will ruin digestion and make the pig stunted in growth.

For some reason the first few tomatoes that ripen of some varieties are apt to rot as they turn red. Pluck them off and throw them away, or better still burn them, to prevent the spread of the infection. It seems probable that in such cases the plant has born fruit before it had drawn on the soil for the proper portion of nutrition to perfect its fruit, or while all that its roots furnish was needed to perfect its own growth. This is the only theory we can suggest for explanation of facts well known to all gardeners.

In preparing wheat ground at this season there is usually some moisture in the soil when first turned up. But if the furrow is left rough, the large surface exposed to the air causes it to dry out very quickly. It is very important to save in the soil all the moisture possible. To this end good wheat farmers keep a drag in the lot, and a little before turning it time at night they hitch on to that and brush down what has been returned during the day. The good effect of this practice in fitting a mellow, moist seedbed for the grain is almost incalculable.

The increase of insect enemies and diseases among cultivated fruits make them much more difficult to grow than formerly. Nobody, however, need be discouraged by this. There is nothing uncertain about fruit growing, except the price, and when the large proportion of unskillful fruit planters are driven from the business the price will be always a paying one. By understanding how to destroy insects the crop can be made at least as certain as hay or grain of any kind, and by making fruit crops certain every year, they can be sold at comparatively low prices with good profit. Where insect depredations are prevented, and the quality of fruit will be improved, and this is what is needed to enlarge the demand.

After the crops are harvested, how shall they be marketed? Here is the economy of good teams, good wagons capable of hauling large loads, and good roads. With all these, the expense of hauling grain to market need not be half what it usually is. Western farmers have learned a lesson of farm economy in this matter. Many large grain growers own elevators on the railroads, where they store their grain, and it is easily and cheaply transferred to cars for shipment when sold. When the western farmer draws his grain with teams he usually puts on much heavier loads than are common in the east. Western farm horses are heavier than those of average eastern farmers. It costs no more for a driver to haul a large load to market than a small one.—American Cultivator.

### The Household.

**WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.**—One and a half cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, the yolks of four eggs, half a cup of milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in jelly-cake tins.

**COCOANUT FILLING FOR CAKE.**—One pound of pulverized sugar, the whites of the four eggs, one grated cocoanut. Mix all together and spread between the layers, on the top and around the sides. Keep some of the cocoanut to sprinkle on top of the cake.

**DRIED APPLE PUDDING.**—Boil dried apples until nearly done; save a teacup of the juice of the apples for a sauce; chop them and mix with soaked bread and boil in a bag; make a sauce of melted butter, sugar and flour, with enough apple juice to give it flavor; spice with nutmeg.

**LEMON JELLY.**—Make a rich lemonade, using about four lemons to a pint of water, also enough sugar to make it sweet. Strain carefully through a cloth and then add one-half box gelatine; after having dissolved it in a little water, strain again several times; then put in molds and place on ice to become solid.

**CHICKEN SOUP.**—Take all the bones of a chicken, crack them, and add the dark meat; cover well with water, and stew for three or four hours. Flavor the broth with some thinly cut lemon peel; salt to taste, and add a little sage tied in a piece of muslin. All fat must be removed.

**MINCED VEAL.**—Take an earthen dish and put in a layer of bread crumbs; over this place pieces of butter, then a layer of minced cold veal, with salt and pepper; then more crumbs, butter, veal, salt and pepper. When the dish is full, with a layer of crumbs for the top, pour over it an egg, beaten well, and mixed in half a cup of milk. Bake until brown.

### ROBERT AND HIS PONY.

Once upon a time there was an honest young fellow named Robert, who lived all alone in a little house in the middle of a forest. His mother had died when he was a mere child; his father died a few years later, and at his last hour he had said to him: "My dear son, if I had not been the victim of a cruel sorceress you should have inherited a handsome fortune; but now I can only leave you this house and my pony, a good beast; treat him well."

This pony was, in fact; a remarkable animal, very intelligent and very handsome. Robert had no other means of living except his work in the forest. He gathered dry branches for firewood, and heath to make brooms. He tied them in bundles, and placing them upon the pony's back he went to the city to sell them. There he bought food and garments for himself, and oats for his faithful beast.

One day, after having sold his bundles, he was preparing to return to his home, when an elegant lady approached him and said:

"Is that your pony?"

"Yes,"

"He is a fine-looking beast. Will you lend him to me for half an hour? I wish to go and look at one of my farms, and I will give you a shilling for him."

Robert had never parted with his brave little horse, and he hesitated to confide it to the beautiful unknown. But a shilling was more than he made in a week.

"Very well," he said, "I will lend you my pony, but only on condition that you treat him gently, and that you will not beat him. He has never been beaten."

"Have no fear," replied the beautiful lady. She seated herself upon the pony and rode off.

"Who is that woman?" Robert asked.

"What! you do not know her? That is Mistress Hippoharry, who lives in the great house you see down there. She is very rich."

"I hope," he replied, "that she will treat my pony well."

He was very uneasy, and impatiently awaited the rich lady's return. At last she appeared. She tossed him a shilling, and hastily departed. Robert had no time to thank her, and he certainly would not have done so had she remained, for he saw that his pony was panting and was covered with mud, and on his skin he could see the marks left by a whip. Robert wiped him carefully, caressed him and led him to his stable.

A few days later he once met Mme. Hippoharry, who called him to lend her his pony again.

"No," he replied; "you shall never have him again."

"I will give you two shillings, she said.

"No," he said, "not for your entire fortune."

"Ah!" she cried, looking at him angrily, "you will repent this."

Suddenly, as he was entering the forest, five men threw themselves upon him, bound him and carried him off with the pony to the great house where Madam Hippoharry lived.

There he was obliged to break stones to repair a road in the park, and his dear little pony was delivered to the cruel lady, who beat him and drove him almost to death.

Alone, defenseless, closely watched by his vigilant guards, poor Robert had to submit to his lot. But often he could not restrain a groan. One day, as he was moaning over his cruel fate, he heard a little flutelike voice, which said: "I pity you, I pity you."

The same voice repeated: "I pity you, Robert, I pity you."

He looked again, and saw on a bush a robin redbreast, who nodded his head at him.

"Is it you," said Robert; "is it you, my beautiful bird, who spoke to me?"

"Yes," replied the bird, making a little bow and wagging his tail. "Can I be of any assistance to you?"

"I am very much obliged to you, but I fear that you can do nothing for me."

"Do you think so? Well, tell me what you desire."

"I wish to regain possession of my pony."

"If I restore him to you will you do for me what I ask you to?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"Well, listen to me. When the dinner-bell rings, instead of returning to the kitchen, conceal yourself among the bushes near the stable, and you will see what will happen."

Robert did as the bird told him. The robin redbreast flew to the stable where the pony was shut up.

A servant was there, who, on coming out, ought to carefully close the door, by his mistress's order. But while he was finishing his work he did not notice that the active bird had piled some bits of wood around the hinges of this door, which would prevent his closing it tightly, and when the man came out the robin redbreast flew to the pony and began to tear the rope by which he was tied to his stall. But the task was a difficult one. Notwithstanding all its efforts the bird could not break the rope. Suddenly he heard a shrill little voice, which said: "Do you want me to help you?"

The bird looked and saw a mouse on the hay.

"Thank you, my little friend, I should like some assistance."

"Will you render me a service?"

"Very willingly."

The mouse began to gnaw the rope, and in a moment it broke.

The pony, feeling itself free, rushed out of the stable, followed by the bird. "Stop, stop!" cried the mouse, who could not go so fast; "you promised to render me a service." The robin redbreast did not hear him. Robert leaped upon the pony, which departed at full gallop.

"Stop, stop," cried the bird. "You promised to do what I asked you to." But Robert did not hear. He thought only of reaching his home in the woods. Arriving there, he took the pony's head in his arms and stroked it affectionately.

"You would not listen to me," said the robin redbreast, which had flown after him; "now you must return to the great house."

"But why?"

"To punish the wicked woman who has treated you so cruelly, and prevent her retaking the pony."

"First, pull out the longest feather in my tail."

"What an idea! Certainly not. I am afraid I should hurt you."

"I beg you to, and recollect that you promised to do what I asked you."

Robert obeyed. He pulled out the feather, and this feather transformed itself into a shining steel sword with a gold handle. At the same moment, in the place of the bird, appeared a handsome page, who bowed politely to Robert and said: "I thank you, I am delivered from a cruel enchantment, and I will serve you faithfully as I served your father. It was this Hippoharry, this frightful sorceress, who, with her magic ring, changed me into a robin redbreast. She also transformed one of my companions, by her sorceries she also robbed your father of all his property."

"But," said Robert, "if I attempt to regain my inheritance, she may change me into a frog or spider."

"Fear nothing. Her magic ring cannot resist your sword."

Robert and the page went back to the house of the sorceress, and in spite of the servants who endeavored to prevent them, they entered the room where she was dining.

"Ah, wretch!" she cried at the sight of Robert, "you dare to come here? You shall be punished!" and brandishing her magic ring, she repeated: "You shall be punished, you shall be changed into a vile insect!"

But Robert struck the ring with his sword. Immediately it turned black and broke into a thousand pieces. The sorceress uttered a frightful cry, leaped out of the window and fled across the fields. All her servants, partners in her evil deeds, disappeared at the same time.

"Victory!" cried Robert.

"You have forgotten me," murmured a little voice.

"Ah!" said the page, "it's the mouse who helped me to break the pony's rope."

"What do you want, little one?" asked Robert.

"I wish to retake my real form."

"And what is it necessary to do?"

"You must cut off my tail."

"All right, off it comes then," said Robert.

As soon as the tail was cut off, in the place of a mouse appeared a young and vigorous youth.

"Ah!" cried the page, "it is the groom who was in your father's service at the same time as myself."

"Very well," replied Robert, "he shall take care of the pony."

Robert regained all the property of which his father had been deprived. He had a kind and generous heart, and all the people, far and near, blessed him for his generosity.

### More Uniform Than Brains.

In England we do not do quite so much upon uniforms as they do in France, says the St. James's Gazette, and little incidents of this kind are therefore not very likely to occur on this side of the channel. Still a very well-known English cabinet minister—it is needless to say that he was a Gladstonian—did once get into difficulties, not through going about in muff, but through wearing too much uniform.

We will not mention the gentleman's name, for he is still extant and it might hurt his dignified Gladstonian feelings. This distinguished politician—not even his friends ever thought he was a statesman—was once upon a time first lord of the admiralty. Full of the importance of his office he determined to wear the gorgeous uniform of lord high admiral, whose representative he was. The first time, he had official business with the fleet the right honorable gentleman put on his uniform and went aboard one of her majesty's ships. The minister who liked to look upon himself as lord high admiral had his flag run up and the vessel started. In a few minutes one of the officers came up and politely touched his hat to the first lord. "If you please, sir, what are your orders?" he asked. "Orders! what orders?"

"As your flag is flying you are in command." "But I don't understand at all."

"Well, sir, you are in command, and in a few minutes we shall run into the queen's yacht. Will you give me my orders?" The unlucky first lord became crimson with vexation; and the lord high admiral's pennant was promptly hauled down.

### Selling Cows by the Quart.

They get at the real value of a cow in Sussex county, New Jersey, by selling her at so much a quart. The scheme is pronounced by dairymen as the most equitable yet proposed in the sale of milk cows. The purchaser pays \$2.50 per quart. Thus if she gives twenty quarts daily she is worth \$50. The purchaser keeps the cow on trial for a week.

### MAN IN HIS CRUDITY.

Charles H. Ham, Lecturer on "The Inventive Genius" at the Princess Opera-House.

"Whether we accept one or the other of the theories of the origin of the human race, it is agreed that the first man stood naked upon the earth and wanted nothing," said Charles H. Ham at the Princess opera-house last evening.

His lecture, "The Inventive Genius," was delivered to an appreciative audience composed of members and friends of the Chicago Secular union. Mr. Ham began at the beginning, picturing man in his crude and savage state and following him through the various stages of his development and progress up to the present time. His first idea of architecture resulted in the construction of a dug-out, then a hut, and his inventive genius grew as his necessities broadened until architecture became an art, and the elegant mansions of to-day are a witness to the high degree of perfection to which it has grown.

Man in his first estate was a wanderer, a hunter, with flint-pointed arrows killing animals for food. He took a long step forward when the thought of domesticating the animals, and when the thought was put into practice there became shepherds and shepherds' associations, which developed into tribes and communities.

The beginning of commerce was described by the lecturer in the rude methods of the trade between the tribes, and followed from century to century in its improvement and growth. The discovery of the uses of wool, the art of spinning and weaving it into cloth and of coloring it, and of the perfection of the machinery by which labor was reduced in the manufacture of woolen goods were told in detail. The different modes of agriculture in the different ages, and how the inventive genius of the present century supplied the reaper and mower and brought about the present advanced modes of tilling the soil, sowing the seed, and gathering in the products were enumerated in order.

The history of cotton and cotton fabrics was similarly dealt with. The cotton-gin was invented in 1792. The growth of cotton manufacture in the United States has kept pace with that of England. The progress of shipbuilding, the invention of the steamboat, and the appearance of the various appliances and machinery for navigation were brought in as evidences of the inventive genius of man.

Iron and its uses constituted one of the greatest discoveries of any age, and the lecturer went through the category of what the inventive genius had done with iron, from the manufacture of a nail to the invention of a Corliss engine and the railways, locomotives, and steel vessels. The invention of movable types and the printing-press and the development of the modern newspapers were dilated upon, and were followed by an eloquent tribute to the power of the press.

In conclusion, Mr. Ham referred briefly to the conflict between capital and labor, which, he said, would never be settled except by the immutable laws of justice, and education would bring that settlement about.—Chicago Times.

### A Warning for the Bathing Season.

A writer in one of our contemporaries, in summing up the causes for so many bathing accidents, concludes that most of them are mainly or entirely personal, and so far preventable. Chief among these, we need hardly say, is cramp. To a large extent this is practically identical with fatigue, for it is not the fresh and vigorous muscle which most readily passes into spasm. It is that which is wearied with over-action, in which effete products are in excess, nutrition consequently impaired, all molecular changes languid; where, finally, the movement of contraction, once initiated, gives way but slowly, and tends to linger and become tetanic. The numbing influence of cold is another well known obstacle to muscular activity, and for this reason it is not as a rule advisable to remain more than a few minutes in the water. Malnutrition of muscles is a factor which ought not to be forgotten. It supplies a reason why bathing very soon after a meal is not advisable. Much of the blood required for muscular exertion being then diverted to the digestive organs. So likewise must it impose a check upon the rashness of those, adult and youth alike, who after a period of town life, with little physical exercise, find themselves at the coast, and insist on trying whether with jaded energies they cannot safely accomplish feats of swimming. Yet one more caution. This is that every bather should know the state of tide, the currents, and the ground. Unless he is thus careful, he may find himself at any time confronted by unexpected dangers, the end of which it is impossible to foresee. It may seem ridiculous to urge that only those who really can swim should bathe in deep water, yet neglect of even this precaution is by no means uncommon.—Scientific American.

### A Bad Worse than Soloman.

A Pennsylvania paper tells of a man who was gored by an angry bull and severely injured "while passing through a cow pasture with a red flannel shirt on." We have been telling the farmers of this country for years that if this foolish and expensive decoration of cow pastures in bright colored flannel shirts wasn't stopped, somebody would get hurt. Now see what we told you.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.



## Western Farm News.

An old and reliable English cook-book gives the following recipe as an oil-cloth restorer: Melt one-half of an ounce of beeswax in a saucer of turpentine. Rub the surface all over with it and rub with a dry cloth.

The Winnebago Indians in Nebraska are developing praiseworthy industry. They have just broken up 500 acres of land on their reservation and planted flax upon it. Previously they had planted 100 acres of garden vegetables and 2,000 acres of corn.

Good HOUSEKEEPING gives a rule for making camphor ice for chapped hands: Take one and one-half ounces of spermaceti tallow, four teaspoonfuls of oil of sweet almonds and three-fourths of an ounce of gum camphor pulverized fine. Put on back of stove until dissolved, stirring constantly, using just enough heat to melt the ingredients together.

If the "chemical dehorners"—now undergoing experiment—prove successful, says THE BREEDER'S GAZETTE, the problem is satisfactorily solved for those who desire to maintain polled stocks, so far as the "rising generations" are concerned: for they certainly offer obvious advantages over the use of gouge, knife, or saw.

In certain localities on the Canadian border of Maine the fisheries dispute is overshadowed by the international question, Can boys of Maine pick blueberries in Canada? An instance has occurred in which several Maine boys who crossed the boundary line to gather berries in New Brunswick were ordered back by the Dominion officers of customs.

Rye sown in September will make during the autumn enough grazing to be profitable. This grazing has an extra value because it comes when other green feed is very scarce. The rye may be grazed during the winter when not buried by snow, and pasturing on it may begin early in the spring and continue until the last of May, when the ground can be broken and put in corn.

In a recent address on New England Agriculture, at Hanover, N. H., Mr. A. W. Cheever, of Massachusetts, said there should be a co-operative dairy factory in every town where grass and corn will grow; and after securing a skilful workman, it should have all the milk and cream he can handle. Wherever well-managed factories are established, and the farmers crowd their barns with cows, there the husbandmen are satisfied with their business, and have "an abiding faith in New England agriculture." Farmers in other sections than New England should give the matter of co-operative dairying attention.

Writes a farmer: There is no earthly reason why farmers should not combine for the purchase of needed supplies. On the contrary, there is every reason why they should. Combination is the power which is stirring the manufacturing, mercantile and financial world to its foundations. The class which does not combine will get left. There are many things that can be bought to advantage by a combination of farmers, and then divided, which it would not be feasible for one farmer to undertake to purchase. The Grange has been a great educator in this direction, and if all farmers were united in this way, instead of a minority of them, there would be a strife among dealers to secure their trade. Before the Grange agitation a man could not buy goods at wholesale rates unless he were a dealer; now any man with the cash can do so.

The more the money of the country gets into a few hands, the more valuable they wish to make money, and the cheaper they wish to make every thing else. On this subject the National Economist says: "Capitalism says: 'Fill the land with cheap workers. Let them come until wages are merely nominal. Money will become dearer: a thousand dollars will buy five thousand dollars' worth of luxury. Just as wages decrease so does the power of money multiply.' This is a fact that not farmers only, but every other class of people in the country ought to reflect upon. Laborers at all trades, manufacturers and business men are interested in seeing that there is more money and cheaper money, and higher prices for other products. As the farmers have less capital in money than any other class, they are more interested in getting an increase per capita of currency; the manufacturer and merchant who wants to sell more goods, and at better profits, is interested in the same thing. The theory is true and experience has proved it, that the more money there is the more business there is. The restriction of the currency beyond a certain limit, means destruction of business. Give us more money and general prosperity. We have everything now but the money. Nature has smiled upon us; we have abundant crops and yet the farmer cannot get his nose from the grindstone.

Lamp chimneys should never be washed in soapsuds or clear water. If a cloth wet with alcohol was used for this purpose, or, what is much cheaper and always at hand, kerosene oil, there would be a perceptible falling off in the manufacture and sale of lamp chimneys. It is really surprising how seldom chimneys will break, and what a fine polish will be given them by cleansing in kerosene or alcohol.

It costs about two and a half cents a week to feed a hen, says a correspondent of the New England Farmer, and it costs that amount whether she lays four or five eggs in the time or stands around doing nothing. Obviously, if she lays four or five (or better still six) eggs, she pays a good profit for her keeping. If a hen lays two eggs a week, one paying for her food and the other being profit, obviously, if she lays four eggs in a week one pays for the food and there are three for profit."

The total value of Kansas crops this season is estimated at \$100,000,000. The yield of wheat is put at 40,000,000 bushels, and of corn 300,000,000 bushels. Hay is the best crop the state ever produced. Potatoes double crop of last year. Oats, rye, barley, buckwheat, all biggest crops in years. No doubt these estimates are liberal, but the crops are enormous. The important question is, What are the farmers getting for them? Will the entire gross proceeds of all the crops in Kansas, big as they are, pay the taxes and interest on mortgages? We doubt it. Kansas and most of the other states are fairly burdened with the products of nature and it would seem as the people were fairly reveling in prosperity. Yet they are so poor, that many of them are being sold out of house and home.

Generally spring planting is better than fall planting of orchard trees; but always the ground should be prepared in the fall, and the plowing should be done quite early in the fall before the birds leave, for one object of plowing is to get rid of larvae, worms and insects, secreted in the ground, and upon which the birds will feast if brought to the surface by the plow. The ground, plowed in the fall and stirred at times with the harrow, will be fairly well cleaned by the birds, and the job will be finished in the spring when the ground is stirred again. This getting the ground rid of larvae, insects, eggs, etc., is a matter of no small importance, and it can not be accomplished unless the pests, some inches below the surface, where they may safely pass the winter, are brought to the surface. There the frost can better work for their destruction while the birds are away. There are other advantages in fall plowing the ground. When the ground is plowed in the fall it can be got in a condition more favorable the next spring than is possible when the plowing is deferred till spring. This is largely due to the chemical and mechanical changes made by air, moisture, frost, etc., and which are much greater in plowed than in unplowed ground. The plowing should be thorough—deep, and every inch of ground turned. While it is bad policy to set the plow much deeper than the soil extends, it is to be hoped that the ground selected for the orchard has a deep soil, not only that the plow may be set deep, but also that the trees may be able to make a good growth and yield of fruit. It is a mistake to select the poorest, rockiest spot on the farm for the orchard. Fruits must be fed as well as grains, and when they are given scanty supplies of food they can not yield much. Much harm has been done by the ill advised recommendation which has appeared in some agricultural journals, to put the poor, worn, gullied spots of the farm in fruits. "These spots are about as good as any for fruits; can be made to yield good crops, and in fruits will pay much better than in grains," it is usually said. But, any ground not capable of growing good crops of corn or wheat, is not fit for orchard.

### Do Cows Need Exercise?

The Hon. Hiram Smith, Dairy Commissioner for Wisconsin, recently made the statement that cows do not need exercise. It has long been conceded that ruminants require but little exercise, and Mr. Smith claims that in the case of cows sufficient is furnished in the elaboration of milk. The best stockmen in Ontario claim that cattle may be tied up in the fall and not turned out until spring, and the very best results obtained, and have yet to hear of evil results from such a course. The writer has for some years pursued this course with one or two cows with very satisfactory results, and would not hesitate to repeat the experiment on fifty, if necessary. This removes the most serious objection to the soiling system, and there is little doubt that, before another decade, soiling will be adopted by many who now sneer at the idea of taking feed to the cattle instead of taking the cattle to the feed.

## Horticultural Department.

B. F. SMITH, Editor.

A large portion of the "currant jelly" sold to hotel-keepers and bakers, is said to be manufactured from gluten and acids, colored to resemble somewhat the genuine article. As it can be bought for about four cents a pound, and "answers the purpose" as well as the more costly genuine jelly, the latter is not in great demand.

Borers may be deterred to a great extent from entering peach trees, if the earth is scraped away from the collar of the tree, and a few shovelfuls of coal ashes applied close to the tree. It prevents the moth of the borer from laying her eggs in the bark. This is an unquestionable fact.

Lawns, says the Country Gentleman, should be cut frequently, but not so short as to deprive the grass plants of their leaves and vigor. As a general rule, the grass should never be sheared nearer than two inches of the ground. A longer growth than is necessary during the Summer should be permitted after the middle of Autumn to serve as Winter protection.

A Nebraska paper declares that the great need of the West is more stock to consume the grain surplus. That is true, but as it further avers the stock must be of higher grade than the average which now exists in the West. With cattle at present prices, even with extreme low prices of corn, there is no money in anything except the best quality. In dairies and in good sheep, say of the middle woolled variety, which are profitable for both wool and mutton, and in strictly first-class beef cattle, there is a fair profit. In eight-month pigs that will weigh 200 to 250 pounds, and two-year-old steers that run from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds, there is good profit. But there is nothing in scrubs. Better to sell corn even at 15 cents than to feed such.

"If the farmers were as money-wise as other classes are, all creamery shares would be owned by the men who own the cows that furnish the milk to run them." This is the bed-rock principle on which to build a creamery, writes that veteran cheese-maker, T. D. Curtis. Then, if no dividend is declared, each stockholder has had the advantages of the creamery in disposing of his milk, just the same as any farm-building on his own land. The dividend is of no real consideration. A creamery has recently been started in Thayer, Kansas, on this basis. The owners of the cows behind it own the creamery, and all are interested in making it a success. The shares were \$50 each, and only one patron, holds, or did hold a short time since, more than one share—and he held only two. It might be well to have each own stock in accordance with the number of his cows. This creamery, already furnished with supplies to run it for three months or so, cost \$2,700. It started with 70 patrons and \$800 surplus capital. They did not have it built on somebody else's estimate. They consulted builders and dealers in dairy supplies before giving orders and making a contract for building. The result is a fine creamery, well worth the money paid for it, and starting on a sure foundation.

A Canadian correspondent of the AMERICAN CULTIVATOR describes the following ingenious method of cleansing and preserving horse blankets: "I take my blankets after they get through using them in the Spring, and nail them on the eaves of the barn or shed, whichever is the most convenient. Take some leather buttons and put them on the heads of the nails, so as to prevent the blanket from being torn. I fasten them with butt end down, and lining side out. The drop from the eaves will wash them, and the motion caused by the action of the wind will remove all the hairs that usually stick on blankets, that are hard to remove in any other way. I will warrant that in a few weeks, when taken down, they will be nice and clean and free from hairs. I have by this treatment used blankets anywhere from ten to fifteen years. When you want them repaired you can take them to the house and tell the good wife: 'Here are some blankets that I want you to mend. You need not be afraid of them, they are nice and clean.' It does not take any longer to hang them up as above described, than it does to throw them down and leave them until wanted next Fall, and find them rotten or perhaps eaten by the rats."

### Deafness Can't be Cured

by local application as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining on the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness, (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

## To the State Fair and Return FREE OF CHARGE!

This is the twentieth anniversary of our business career in Topeka. The occasion of our interesting State Fair, to be held here Sept. 16th to Sept. 21st inclusive, will mark one of the most promising harvests that the state of Kansas has ever known.

As an expression of our appreciation for patronage already enjoyed, and also to INTRODUCE to OUR NEIGHBORING CITIES, THE NEW SYSTEM OF LOW PRICES introduced by us LAST FALL, we make this liberal

### TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OFFERING!

To anyone visiting the State Fair at Topeka, and who will purchase of us DRY GOODS, CARPETS OR CLOTHING amounting to NOT LESS than \$10. we will

### REFUND IN CASH

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Railroad Ticket to and from Topeka,

—AS WELL AS THE—

### Cost of Admission Ticket to Fair Grounds

This offer will apply to any person residing

### NOT OVER 50 MILES

From the City of Topeka, and will not hold good unless the Purchaser will

Show his or her return railroad Ticket.

Visit the Great Fair free of expense. Make your

Fall Purchases at a CONSIDERABLE

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YOU WILL NOT SOON AGAIN HAVE SUCH A TREAT.

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TOPEKA, KANSAS.

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MENTION THIS PAPER.

### Harvest Excursions via the Union Pacific Railway.

The Union Pacific R'y 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.

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The WEBER, STARR & Co., and other first class pianos,

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Take them altogether, what book is there so instructive and so comforting, so suitable as a daily companion and without so entertaining, as the books of the Old Testament? There are those who underestimate the value of these books, and speak of it as if it were a thing of the past. It is as much a thing of the present, this very day as it was thousand of years ago, when it was first put to record. If we speak of the venerable and blessed book in exalted terms we find ourself in good company. That wonderful 119th Psalm was written wholly in its praise; and when our Lord Jesus Christ said, "Search the Scriptures" not one line of the New Testament had been written.

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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 20th 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.

For curing dandruff, a weak solution of borax water is effectual, prepared by putting cold water on borax; also sulphur water is excellent, made by pouring a pint of boiling water on a tablespoonful of dry sulphur. Use either one every day or two and dandruff will disappear.

**NEWSPAPER LAWS.**  
Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the payment of the paper. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Mrs. JOHN MORRISSEY, widow of the late pugilist and statesman, is now in almost abject poverty. She is hemming collars and cuffs for a Troy manufacturer.

PRESIDENT CARNOT of France is very fond of Americans and is cultivating sedulously the society of our countrymen now in Paris. At his receptions more Americans are to be found than in any drawing-room in Europe.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is last heard from the Gilbert islands in the South seas. He is on board his schooner Equator, and has picked up not only his health but much good material for a book. He announces his intention of visiting the Ellis group of islands, which have the attraction for him that the natives are still addicted to cannibalism.

DEBORAH POWERS, the senior partner in the bank of D. Powers & Sons, Lansingburg, N. Y., is the oldest banker in the country, being 99 years of age. She is in full possession of her faculties, and her business shrewdness is as remarkable as it was a generation back. She established and maintains "The Deborah Powers Home for Old Ladies" in Lansingburg. She has been engaged in the banking business over a dozen years.

BISHOP KEANE, the rector of the Catholic university which will be opened at Washington in the coming autumn, did not display any marked ability at school. He was very fond of cakes and candy, but won few prizes and none of the first order. His studious tastes developed when he went to college to prepare for the priesthood, which he did at the age of 20, after a brief experience as a clerk in a book store.

The duke of Fife is only the third duke, not of royal blood, who has been created during Victoria's long reign, excluding the dukedom of Inverness, which was conferred upon Lady Cecilia Inverness and is now extinct. The other two dukes created by the queen are Abercorn and Westminster. Fife is the sixth duke of this century. It may be added that most of the dukedoms are painfully modern in comparison with other ranks of the peerage.

Miss BOLE, the pretty girl blacksmith who is said to be making quite a pile of money in Frisco, has already a rival in Alida Wilder, a tall and not unattractive brunet, who makes creditable horse-shoes in a little shop under an elm tree in the suburbs of Brooklyn. Miss Wilder is 26 years old, and has dark, oriental looking eyes, and short, curly, dark hair. Her form is slender but well knit, and she has been accustomed to help her father in the smithy ever since she was a child.

The pedestal for the Gen. Robert E. Lee monument to be erected in Richmond, Va., is rapidly approaching completion. The bronze equestrian statue, by the sculptor Mercie, is now being cast in Paris. It is expected that the monument can be unveiled in the latter part of November. The program for the ceremonies includes a military parade, a reunion of Confederate veterans, and an address by Col. Richard Anderson. There is much dissatisfaction because the pedestal is built of granite quarried in Maine. It is asserted that it should be of Virginia granite.

The prince of Wales is short, stout, and bald. He is a very friendly and sociable man and enjoys a holiday like a jolly school-boy. He will be known in history as the "Good-Natured Prince." The story goes that the prince called upon Tennyson at his home on the Isle of Wight and was denied admittance, the poet having given strict orders to his servants to admit no strangers into the house, and they did not recognize the future king of England in the portly gentleman wearing a very negligé morning suit. The prince retired good-humoredly from the door of the churlish poet.

The long and proper boast of the Hohenzollerns that their blood is freer from the effects of intermarriage than that of any other royal family will not be so true fifty years hence. Another member of the family is to marry his cousin. The engagement of the crown prince of Roumania, prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, to Princess Henrietta Maria, daughter of the count of Flanders and Princess Louise of Hohenzollern will be announced in the near future. The bride is 19 years of age. Her father is a brother of the king of the Belgians and her mother the aunt of Roumania's future ruler.

## WHAT KIND OF MEAT?

The Sort of Books That Statesmen Feed On.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S TASTES.

Hoar and Sumner—Judges Bradley as an Inventor—John Hay's Library—Senators Edmunds and Sherman—Blaine—Supreme Court Judges—Ladies.

Special Correspondence: WASHINGTON, D. C.—"What do our supreme judges and cabinet ministers and congressmen read?" I asked one of our best known booksellers, one day this week.

"They don't read anything!" he exclaimed with a sniff of disgust, pushing his fingers through his gray hair.

"To be more accurate and more explicit," he explained, "our law makers do not read broadly, as the statesmen of former generations did. They read narrowly and confine their reading to certain limited lanes—finances, wages, interests, heavy ordnance, patents, or what not."



PROF. SIMON NEWCOMB.

The misguided cynic only meant that the day of brilliant smatterers is past, and that our statesmen, like our workmen, are now specialists; they read at a mark, instead of firing pigeon-shot into the air, which, fact on a whole, is a compliment to them. In this age of encyclopedic knowledge and of universal machinery no one man can either do much or know much, and he is wisest who confines himself to limited spaces. Ever since Moses, men of one idea have moved the world.

There are far more books in Washington than in any other city of its size in the world—the great congressional library being flanked by twenty other public libraries in the departments, aggregating pretty nearly a million books in all.

The largest private library, I guess, is George Bancroft's, numbering some 12,000 volumes. He has a copy of "Don Juan" which Lord Byron gave him with an autographic note pasted in it, and he has poems which Wordsworth gave him. He is an old man and reads no more.

Mrs. Cleveland stirred up the book stores here with her passion for good books. She entertained her callers by deftly turning the conversation upon books and ascertaining what there was worth reading that she had missed. I once mentioned "Lorna Doon" to her, and with her permission sent it to the white house. The next time I saw her was at a crowded diplomatic reception, but she found time to say: "Thanks; it is one of the great books of the world." Later my wife called her attention to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and sent the book to her. Mrs. Cleveland returned it the next day with a note in which she said: "You know from your own experience how much I have enjoyed the reading of it. I finished it five minutes ago with tears very near in my eyes for the sweet, marly little heir to the earldom of Dorncourt."

Judge Hoar is probably the best scholar at all points there is in the senate. He is a great reader, a good Greek, Latin and French scholar, and an extensively informed man in every direction. In thoroughness he is the equal of that omnivorous reader, his predecessor, Charles Sumner. Sumner was more universally accomplished, having made a study of French, Italian and German literature, of engraving and the fine arts; but it must be added that Hoar is far more accurate than Sumner, who was careless in citations and whose speeches abounded in errors of fact. The senior senator from Massachusetts has a large and very select library, especially strong in history and biography.

The private library that stands next to Bancroft's numerically is, I think, that of Judge Bradley, of the supreme court. His books run to law, history, mechanics, high mathematics and rare old tomes. He has the famous first folio of Shakespeare, a number of editions of his works, and everything of importance ever written about the great poet. He is always grubbing around bookstores for ancient calendars; he knows all the occult system of notation; and he frequently indulges in abstruse mathematics. Moreover, he has inventive genius and has patented a "perpetual calendar" telling the day for any year for any century. He is the right bower of the court, so to speak, whenever any case is up involving machinery or trigonometry.

Congressman Hitt of Illinois who, before he married a fortune, was Lincoln's phonographer, has a fine library here. He possesses scholarly acquisitions and a culture and taste quite exceptional in the house. He is fond of rare and handsome editions in tree calf and old illuminated volumes. He probably reads more French and German books, especially novels, than any other member of either house, not excepting his intimate friend Phelps.

Hitt finds a rival in John Hay, as a snapper-up of luxurious editions, nothing being too sumptuous for the poet. Hay's library is worth a visit for it is the handsomest in Washington, quite fitted for his superb mansion opposite the White house. It is on the ground floor and its ceiling is heavily paneled in old oak with circular disks which sparkle under the soft light of chandeliers as if sprayed with gold dust. The books are in low cases all around the walls, forming a rich and decorative base for the choice paintings above and a harmonious frame for the great, carved oaken desk in the middle of the room. Hay delights in rare editions of Don Quixote and Thackeray, of Omar Khayyam and the Vedas, and the Zend Avesta, and Elihu Vedder's grotesqueries, and books written and painted on vellum. He is a good French and German scholar, reading and speaking both, as does Mrs. Hay, and by the way there is scarcely a noted dwelling in Washington in which French novels are not read. It is a greater reproach here and a greater inconvenience, too, not to be able to read and speak French, than in any other American city. Every Washington society woman is supposed to speak French, as every educated man and woman in London is. Secretaries Bayard, Whitney and Endicott all read French novels in their little leisure, and Robert Lincoln's great familiarity with French will help him to scintillate on both sides of the channel. Sam Cox, congressman, diplomat, author, traveler, brought a load of French books when he returned to this city from the east, filled with Oriental poetry.

One of the most discriminating readers of the senate is Cash K. Davis of Minnesota. He is a good Latin scholar and doesn't permit his knowledge to rust; he is well acquainted with the French and German languages and literatures; is an expert on Shakespeare and has more comprehensive knowledge of the literature of the Napoleonic wars than any other congressman, perhaps than any other American. He buys all rare books of Napoleonic literature that he hears of. His book, "The Law in Shakespeare," has been widely read.

Prof. Simon Newcomb one of the country's most renowned scientists, has his library in his wife's great parlor, his desk occupying a large bay window. Few literary workers could avoid being out of place in such elegant surroundings, but Prof. Newcomb keeps his desk marvelously neat. His library is largely of mathematics and political economy, and "A Plain Man's View of the Labor Question," one of the twenty books he has written, is an admirably clear treatise and has a very large circulation.

Prof. Lester F. Ward, who stands at the head of the paleontologists of the country, replied to my question, "What do you read?" by saying, "I read nothing but what my work requires me to read. I never read novels or poetry. Before taking the time to read any book I thoroughly canvass the necessity for it, get the opinions of others who have read it, and satisfy myself that it is indispensable. And I never permit myself to read a translation. If I conclude to read a book written in a tongue unknown to me I go and study the language for the purpose."

Major J. W. Powell, director of the geological survey, in answer to a question as to his favorite novels, said: "Here are the dozen preferred: 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'A Man Made of Money,' 'Douglas Jerrold,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'David Copperfield,' 'The Three Guardsmen,' 'Les Miserables' (if you could cut out Hugo's preaching this book would be grand), 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Cloister and Hearth,' 'A Strange Story,' 'Lorna Doon' and 'Middlemarch.' Neither Thackeray nor Wilkie Collins ever had a masterpiece, I think. George Sand repels me with her wildest philosophy."



JUDGE GRAY.

Major Powell enjoys poetry even better than prose fictions, but he is punctilious in the matter of art in rhyme and rhythm in which respects Whitier, Longfellow, Burns and Wadsworth often "cause the judicious to grieve." He is intolerant of Walt Whitman and says, "When I want exclamatory emotional frenzy I prefer to go straight to the Indians."

Thurman is a great reader of French romance, but he is not content with taking Hugo in course, but he wants to

go back to the habits and romances before Rabelais and the Lorraines. His daughter, Mrs. Cowles, who lives at Richmond, just out of Brooklyn, speaks French elegantly.

Henry Cabot Lodge has a good many fine books at home, it is said; to Washington he brings only an obvious acquaintance with them. He keeps up his studies even in the midst of his work on the elections committee, and he always reveals the possession of a fine literary tastes and even skill—the art of putting things.

Senator Berry's loss of a leg in the army made a great reader and student of him. His tendencies are toward novel reading and he especially likes translation, Hugo and Balzac prominently.

Senator Edmunds has a well stocked library in his big house on Connecticut avenue and he constantly replenishes it. The library where he reads and writes has a spacious copper bay-window, ornamented with nails, the heads of which are as big as trade dollars. He knows French and German, and it is alleged that he, too, reads French novels when he has time.

Senator Sherman has a finely stocked library of standard books, but he practices the theory of Gladstone: "Never read a book till it is a year old." He buys all rare and valuable books on finance and informs himself of their contents. He knows the history of prices, and has a theory of his own about what creates values.

Judge Lamar lost his fine library during the war, but he is rebuilding it with immense industry and discrimination. He possesses a keen, quick and penetrating intellect, well stored with classic traditions. He still reads his Greek, with confidential doubts as to certain quantities, but if he has not the attic taste of Edward Everett, who wanted to read his Virgil through "at least once a year, he has a perception that would enable him to choose an author better worth reading.

Judge Gray, also of the supreme court, has a Massachusetts love of luxury, and he is found in the amiable emulation for the possession of handsomely printed and bound books. When the edition de luxe is in the market it finds in Judge Gray an admirer. He reads French "with avidity," and it is reported that he has drawn from the congressional library a thousand French novels of the better class in the last five years.

Secretary Blaine possesses about everything that is considered essential in the way of books; but it is said that he personally buys little nowadays but works of history and politics.



SENATOR DAVIS.

The ladies of the present cabinet circle seem quite able to hold their own in society, but of their bookish tendencies little is yet known in Washington. Mrs. Windom, living with her family in the elegant mansion of Prof. Gardner Hubbard, finds herself surrounded with an immense library, containing some of the rarest of antique volumes. Here, with every side of the house open to the day, she will spend the summer and defy the dog star. She is a woman of a vigorous mind and keen intellectual tastes, and she keeps up with the current thought of the literary world.

The wife of Gen. Noble, secretary of the interior, has given Washington a glimpse of her only at the two or three receptions of the spring. It found her agreeable and prepossessing; but she is said to be also scholarly, and to have a well defined ambition to know something of the world's best books. In St. Louis the Noble household has been a sort of intellectual and literary center, where thoughtful people of congenial tastes meet to consider the latest utterance concerning science, art, philosophy or imaginative literature. Mrs. Noble has no children, but will be accompanied in Washington by two brilliant sisters, one of whom has published a book and the other of whom is the wife of one of our wealthy citizens.

W. A. CROFFUT.

"The Sublime Forte." Many years ago, when the first Dutch ambassador was sent to the porte, he visited the sultan. "What does the dog want?" asked the sultan. This was translated in a speech full of ornate oriental compliments, and the ambassador replied in the same strain. "Let the dog feed," answered the sultan, "and when the dog is fed, kick the dog out!" The ambassador was delighted with the sultan's compliments. The sultan felt that he had held his own, and the treaty was signed next day.

Squeers—"Why did you marry that Miss Dovey? Not for her money, as she has none." Nickleby—"No; I took her at her face value."—Lawrence American.

## WINGED MISSILES.

Corn and potatoes will be a light crop in South Jersey.

The table glass ware manufacturers are preparing to form a trust.

Farmers' Unions, with 1,500,000 members, talk of amalgamating.

Heavy rains in the city of Mexico have caused considerable damage.

The tobacco crop of York county, Pa., promises to be very large and fine.

Dr. Nansen, the explorer, says that the ice in Greenland is 6,000 feet thick.

The Spanish government will adopt submarine torpedo vessels for the navy.

Crop reports from Austro-Hungary indicate about three-fourths of an average yield.

A canal scheme to irrigate 5,000,000 acres of arid land in North Dakota has been projected.

The work of rebuilding the burned city of Spokane Falls, W. T., has commenced.

A runaway train on the Duluth and Iron Range railroad attained a speed of 110 miles an hour.

The wheat crop of Minnesota and the Dakotas will be between 85,000,000 and 90,000,000 bushels.

An experimental electric motor at Baltimore, Md., has successfully made 2 miles a minute on a circular track of 2 miles.

A scheme to import negroes from the United States into Mexico is receiving no encouragement from the Mexican people.

In 1886 five-eighths of the people owned their homes, and only three-eighths were the prey of landlordism. In 1886 only three-eighths owned their own homes and five-eighths were reduced to the rank of tenants.

Almost the hardness of the diamond is said to be given by German workmen to steel-engraving tools. The tools are made white hot, plunged repeatedly into sealing wax until cold, and then just touched with oil of turpentine.

The big four-masted schooner John Paull, lately launched at Bath, Me., is a marine wonder in her way. She went from Bath to Norfolk, Va., loaded there with 2,450 tons of coal, and reached Providence, all in eleven days, which is steamer time.

The Paull is 210 feet long, forty-four feet wide and twenty-one feet depth of hold. All hoisting is done by steam, even to the clewing up of the big topsails. She is wire-rigged, and spreads 7,000 yards of canvas.

The pearl oyster, containing the pearl, and whose shell is lined with the brilliantly tinted mother-of-pearl used in so many ways, is found chiefly about the southern coasts of Asia. An uncomfortably sharp substance entering the shell is covered by the mantle, thus forming a pearl. This habit has been utilized to force the oyster to produce pearls, sometimes the form of a cross being placed in the shell to be converted into a beautiful ornament. They are taken from the bed of the sea by divers.

An amusing marriage took place in Ellerton, Ga., the other day. A couple came into the court house to be married. A new justice was called in. He had no form, and improvised a ceremony. He first ordered the couple to join hands, and then, after hesitating a while, he asked the groom these questions: "Will you stick to this woman through thick and thin, up and down, right and left, hot or cold, wet or dry, and have no other wife but her? If you will you can have her for a wife." Similar questions having been propounded to the woman, and affirmative answers having been given, he pronounced them husband and wife.

A beautiful live white owl is on exhibition at a music store in Louisville. It was sent by L. J. Smith, of Niagara Falls, and belongs to a very rare species. It was captured by a young hunter in the woods near Quebec. It was found in a hollow tree, and was secured with a net. The habitation of the bird is in the extreme north, so Mr. Smith wrote them when he sent the owl, and only extremely cold weather drives it as far south as Quebec. So far as known only seven of the birds have been captured or killed in Canada during the last three years. The one on exhibition is a perfect specimen. It is snow white, and about the size and shape of the common large owl.

Very few consumers of wheaten products are aware of the fact that crackers are the oldest form of bread. Fragments of unfermented cakes were discovered in the Swiss lake dwellings, which belong to the neolithic age of the world. Although this rude form of bread was early discarded for the fermented variety, yet in this, as in many other matters, it was found convenient to return to a discarded and apparently valueless process. This unfermented cakes were found to possess merits for special purposes. They would keep good for a great length of time, and thus afforded wholesome and nutritious food in a portable and convenient form. The simplicity of their making and baking was also a point in their favor.

Along the shores of the Oneida Lake there is an Indian grave, where at times a weird and supernatural light makes its appearance. It is described as a ball of fire about the size of a large orange, and always to and fro in the air about twenty feet from the ground, continuing its irregular movements within a space about one hundred feet square. People have attempted to go near enough to solve the mystery, but it would suddenly disappear before reaching it. A very peculiar story is told by the neighbors near the spot. They claim that many years ago the locality was part of an Indian reservation. A man by the name of Belknap frequently dreamed that there was a crook in the Indian cemetery containing immense treasures, and that if he went there at the hour when graveyards yawn he could secure it. These dreams were repeated so often that they had a strong effect, and he went there with pick and shovel according to instructions, but he failed to turn round three times when he found the crook, as the dream directed. He went to pick it up, but was stunned by a flash of lightning, and the crook disappeared. Since that time the spot has been haunted by the mysterious light.

## A NIGHT IN WHITECHAPEL.

A Journalist Visits the Wickedest Spot in the World.

### THE RESORT OF THIEVES.

Prize Fighters and Low Women—An Ap-  
paling Saturday Night—Drunken  
Women and Children—A  
Graphic Picture.

Special Correspondence.

English romancists have had no more fruitful topic than crime and criminals, and for many years the Seven Dials and Petticoat lane have been the localities where the villains of fiction were supposed to have their habitation. No novel was complete without reference to the crooks of the localities named. The Seven Dials was indeed a thug's paradise, and Petticoat lane a place where murderers, thieves, prize fighters, scarlet women and robbers held high carnival. But time has changed all this. The two sections of London above referred to are bad



IN THE GROGGERY.

enough in all conscience, but Whitechapel has completely eclipsed them and to-day the East End of London has no rival in the world as the hot-bed of sin, misery and squalor. Denver, the Black hills country and the mining camps of the far west, and Australia, never in the middle of their sin could hold a candle to Whitechapel. It is a new Sodom and Gomorrah and stands alone among the big cities as the wickedest spot in the world. New York and Chicago are wicked enough, but they are as suckling babes to Whitechapel. Paris is a city of gilt-edged sin. It is below the surface, and is done with an art that may somewhat palliate its enormity. Berlin, Vienna, Brussels and Liverpool may well hang their heads in shame, but none of them can in the slightest degree approach Whitechapel. The scenes nightly enacted there, the drunken orgies, the filthy talk, the bestiality of it all is appalling in the extreme, and cannot be depicted in cold type.

The recent unequalled performance of the skillful carver who hid his talent under the anonymity of Jack the Ripper, has brought Whitechapel square to the front, and the dashing American tourist bent on taking in London town first inquires the route to Whitechapel. There are many ways of seeing it. If you go in a hansom in daylight, and simply drive along the Mile road there is little to be seen that cannot be duplicated in the city proper or in Liverpool, Berlin, Vienna, San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago or New York. If you go on top of one of the four horse buggies, as many persons do, you come away with a confused idea of dirty children, drunken women, a glare of yellow lights, and the sickening odor of decayed fish and vegetables. If you would see it at its worst, go on a Saturday night and remain until Sunday morning. Walk from any point beyond the Bank of England through the crooked streets and alleys, with only here and there a light, and you will see Whitechapel at its worst and at a time when you will remember it to your dying day.

It was my good fortune to fall in with a Scotland yard detective, who, for a consideration, agreed to accompany me. He was a typical English detective, a looker-on more than a worker, brave as a lion, a man known to most of the wretched gang who make up the London crooks, and who had won the blue ribbon of his bureau for personal bravery and acuteness.



A STREET SCENE.

"Put on the oldest and shabbiest clothing you have," he advised me, "and leave at home your jewelry, your valuables and all your money, but enough to carry you through, and meet me at the Three Nuns tavern at 11 o'clock. Don't take any firearms. It might be well, however, to carry a good, keen-edged knife. A London

crook is afraid of a knife. You will not have to use it, but if we should get into a tight corner the sight of it will make the rascals fly."

It was a beautiful night, a trifle warm but fairly comfortable. A big, glorious harvest moon hung in the sky like a ball of molten fire. Myriad stars looked down from a perfect sky. The streets were thronged with humanity. The doors of the Three Nuns tavern swung to and fro, a thirsty crowd surging in and a drunken mob elbowing its way out. A dozen or more bartenders were on duty. They were collarless, wore their shirtsleeves rolled up to their elbows, and now and then wiped their sweaty faces with a greasy, beer-soaked rag that they also used for wiping the mugs and counter. In the crowd were longshoremen, blue jackets, children who had never known childhood, teamsters, clerks, women young and old, and children from babes in arms to young men and women. Everybody was drinking. The men smoked and swore. The women shouted coarse epithets at their husbands, brothers, or fathers. The girls stood at the bar in a brazen style, while the men kissed and hugged them with perfect freedom. Where some peculiarly atrocious thing was done or some unusually filthy suggestion made the girls smiled a half tipsy smile, while the men leered at them. Or, perhaps, one woman not quite so drunk as her neighbors, took umbrage at the liberties, and spat in her companion's face or dashed a mug of foaming beer over him. This was always the signal for a wild guffaw that could be heard across the street and attracted more visitors. A policeman pushed open the door, playfully chuckled a girl under the chin, took her mug of beer from her, drank it himself and continued his round. Over in another corner a drunken mother was holding a pewter mug of beer to the lips of a dirty-faced 2-year-old child, who boasted of only one garment to cover his nakedness, and who probably never wore shoes or stockings. The little fellow was as tipsy as a lord in the hunting season, and by reason of his queer grimaces and the way he had of staggering for a step or two, then falling, afforded infinite amusement to those sober enough to enjoy it. Seated in an old chair was a young woman, hatless, shoeless, stockingless, with hair streaming down her back and her eyes almost burned out from the use of liquor, drinking gin by the glass while a young dock rat hovered over her, and trying to be witty as the poor creature rolled into the sawdust on the floor at his feet hopelessly drunk. What there was going on in the crowded rooms in the rear of the tavern I did not care to investigate. But from the bawdy songs and shouts I judged the occupants were enjoying high jinks. As I passed out a couple of brawny-armed bartenders were rudely shoving the drunken men and women into the streets.



WHITECHAPEL MAIDENS.

A breath of fresh air was welcome indeed. We passed along a few doors to another place, where a big sign in gold letters, "Gin Palace," told that its proprietor was at any rate candid. A peep through the door revealed scenes somewhat like those which we had witnessed in the "Three Nuns." Along a block or two we moved and a neighboring clock chimed 12. The electric light and the ill-smelling petroleum lamps made the street as light as day. Here is an old clothes store and next to it a gin place, then a cheap restaurant, where "stinking" fish are frying in the window and going off like hot cakes at a penny each. They are still hot, and are wrapped in dirty newspapers for purchasers, who sneak away in some dark ally to devour them. The odor was paralyzing. Now and then we came upon big fine looking stores and sometimes a group of innocent looking factory girls, in smart red jerseys, eager for a frolic. But these were rare. Unless appearances are deceptive the maiden tributes is still paid in Whitechapel, for the stamp of sin and degradation seemed to be set on half the women encountered. Hucksters thronged the streets and shouted their wares in stentorian tones. There are Punch and Judy shows, places to try your skill in shooting machines for inflating your lungs, and all sorts of places for the sale of penny gimcracks. The men smoke their pipes as they move along, now and then singing and shouting. The women join in with them and high above the shout is often heard a paralyzing oath. So it goes on block after block. As we come full upon a crowd of young ruffians on a corner they see my companion, the detective, and in a twinkling, like scared rats, have scattered and hidden themselves. They knew the detective's face, and when one gave the alarm the others knew better than to tarry.

"I had one of them up on suspicion of being 'Jack the Ripper,'" the de-

fective sententiously remarks, "and I guess they thought it would be safer to run."

How shall I describe the thieves, foot-pads and murderers, who call Whitechapel their home? They are a low-lived, brazen, dirty, filthy set, who would murder for a shilling or attempt to crack the Bank of England for a pound. They swarmed the streets, nodding familiarly to the police, fought among themselves, danced, sang, swore, drank, in fact did as they pleased, and the police looked on and smiled, for he it known that the London bobby never interferes unless some one makes a complaint. Even on the Strand, in Piccadilly Circus, in Oxford street, in the Haymarket, or wherever the crowd of brazen women congregate to accost passers by, the police take no cognizance of them unless the person accosted complains. And in Whitechapel they are particularly free to do as they please.

Hour after hour we walk through the streets. The glorious harvest moon is melting away. In the east the first gray signs of dawn are visible. From a hallway where half a dozen persons are stretched on the floor asleep comes the moaning of a woman. In her arms she holds the cold form of a 3-month-old babe. Its life went out with the tide, and her shrieks are pitiful to hear. How long the babe had been dead no one could tell, nor whether it died from natural causes, a fall or suffocation. We know not. And the mother can tell nothing. She, like all her companions, laid down in her drunken stupor to sleep, and when she awoke her lifeless child lay at her side.

It is 7 o'clock as we emerge into the Mile road and start toward the city proper. The streets are still crowded. The fish vendors are preparing their stale fish for their customers' breakfast, or perhaps a kidney pudding for a penny, or fried eels and mashed potatoes for a like sum. The odor of stale beer, putrid vegetables and fish pervades everything. The old clo' men are standing in their doorways and urge us to enter and buy a real good suit of clothing for four shillings. The gin palaces have many occupants and a new set of bartenders began work at 7 o'clock. Every hallway and stoop, and even the wagons in the streets have their occupants sleeping the sleep of the drunkard. Here and there the degraded and lost women couch in windows, and with many honeyed words and gestures bid us enter. The milkmen's wagons are rattling through the streets. Newsboys are crying out the Sunday papers. St. Paul's church bells are pealing out the glad tidings that another Sabbath has come, and as we pass by the Three Nuns, tired of head and feet, we see the lights still burning, a score of men standing at the bar and the drunken mother with her baby boy lies snoring soundly in an adjoining alley. The little fellow has lost his only garment and is as naked as when born. As we step over him a childlike smile illumines his face and the dimple in his sickly cheek was moving.

Who can tell what stirred his boyish brain and made him smile this glorious morning? DAVID WECHSLER.

Princess Louise Elevated by Her Marriage.  
An Englishman who is particularly well informed on the state affairs of his country said to a New York Graphic man: "There has been a deal of talk about the Princess Louise of Wales descending to marry Lord Fife, or rather his grace the duke of Fife, and most people would be a good deal surprised to learn that she is in some very real, legal ways elevated by the union. I'll explain. As the daughter of the prince of Wales, supposing she had committed a crime—begging her pardon for the supposition—she would have been tried by the ordinary courts; there would have been no other way. She is not the queen's daughter; she is, or rather was, no one that the law took account of as anybody in particular. Now, however, she is a duchess, a peer of the realm, and can only be tried by the house of lords. See?"

Two Lilies.  
Upon the water of the lake  
In shore where gentle ripples break,  
The pure water lily lies,  
And looks up to the sunlit skies.  
It faces wave and wind and sun,  
Yet to it these no harm has done;  
For still the lily day and night  
Is clad in robes of purest white.  
Of, as the languorous afternoon  
Broods o'er the broad and still lagoon,  
A little maid from yonder town  
To the lake's margin wanders down.  
The little maiden with delight  
Looks on the lily clothed in white;  
She wonders that a thing so fair  
Should lie upon the waters there.  
You lily has a spotless gown;  
But, fairer lily of the town,  
Though waves of sin about thee roll,  
Thou hast a white and spotless soul.  
Exchange.

A Bird's Nest in a Letter-Box.  
In a letter-box at the farm of White Park, Castle Douglas, says the Pall Mall Gazette, there was to have been seen, a week or so ago, a tomtit's nest, containing five young birds. Though when building the nest the material was frequently removed, the mother bird in its perseverance gained its way, the nest was built, and five eggs safely hatched. During the incubation letters were frequently found right over the little dame, and at other times it managed to push some of the letters out at the aperture by which the postman had put them in. If Mr. McAdam happened to open the box himself it would raise its wings and hiss as if angry at the intrusion. When his niece went, which was generally the case, it was quite pleased, and allowed her to stroke its plumage.

## CATTLE RAISING IN MONTANA.

Railroads Taking the Place of Trails and Cowboys.

The romance has gone from the cattle industry in Montana. The business is, in all its features, from capitalist to cowboy, severely and sternly practical. In reducing the business to a rigid system the stockmen of Montana have classified themselves into "steermen" and "she-stockmen." The steermen are increasing. They are those who realizing that this is rather a grazing country than a breeding country are getting out of stock raising as fast as they can make the change. They furnish the market for the women of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. They are ready to buy all of the 2-year-old steers the southwestern breeder can supply, and they pay cash. They turn these young steers upon the Montana ranges, graze them there two years and then market them for beef. Montana-Texans sold in Chicago the other day averaged 1,150 pounds and brought \$3.60 per 100. On the same day, Texans of the same age, which had matured in their native state, averaged between 900 and 1,000 and sold for \$2.75 in the market. Montana maturity means 200 pounds in weight and from 50 cents to \$1 per 100 increase in price for quality. In that margin is found the explanation of the close relationship which is developing between the southwestern and northern stockmen.

Perhaps some one wonders how the 150,000 or more southwestern steers reach the northern ranges, whether the transfer isn't pretty expensive and what is to be done when the country settles up between the sections, thus obliterating the trail. Well, the cowmen have virtually discounted the trail obstructions. Steers, if they are young and only on the way from one range to another, now travel by rail. The southwestern breeders began by driving their young steers north. Then they discovered that by saving time and getting them on the northern ranges they could put them into the winter in better form and with less danger of losses. Some herds still come by the old way, weeks on the trail. But the more popular method now is to drive to the railroad in the Panhandle of Texas, put the steers aboard the cars there, bring them north the whole length of Colorado, and almost to the center of Wyoming, to a place called Wendover. There they are taken from the cars because it is the northern terminus of the railroad and driven 150 miles north to Montana. But it is only the question of a year or two when the needs of this transfer between the southern and northern ranges will prompt the building of one or more lines of road northward through Wyoming into Montana, and the train loads of young Texans will come all the way through by rail, reaching these incomparable ranges in time for May grass.

But the item of expense? A 2-year old steer now makes the entire trip from Texas or New Mexico to Central Montana for less than \$3. Add to that the cost of keeping him two years in Montana at \$2 a year, and estimate the risk of the winter on his life. Subtract that aggregate from 200 pounds of additional weight, and the fifty cents to \$1 a hundred for extra quality, the result of his northern grazing. You have the margin, which is the sure profit on grazing Texans and New Mexicans in Montana. The steermen have already figured it out, and are putting the profits in their pockets. They have occupied the ranges about up to the limit.—Miles City correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The World We Live In.  
Jay Gould has a son clerically inclined. If he means business, religion won't be free much longer.

The bloom of youth will fade away, the brightness of the eye will grow dim with age, but a miserable corn will never pass away.

In Ceylon the marriage ceremony is performed by tying the couple together by the thumbs. In this glorious star-spangled country they are more frequently put together by the ears.

In Cincinnati a neatly dressed and apparently well-to-do man, twenty-seven years old, committed suicide a few nights ago, by taking strychnine. A local paper says, "Cause unknown; he was married." That may have been the cause.

Every modern choir has a leader, but for all that, the person who pounds the ivories is the one who organ-izes it.

A worthy temperance advocate who was engaged in getting up facts for a new lecture, visited a penitentiary to learn the experience of the convicts. Addressing the first prisoner he came to a burly burglar, he said, "My friend, did gin have anything to do with bringing you here?" "Yes, it had all to do with it." "How so?" "Why, the judge and jury who tried me were all drunk."—St. Louis Magazine.

### Work of Electricity.

There are now in the United States more than 5,650 central electric stations for light and power. There are 210,000 arc lights and 2,600,000 incandescent lamps. There were fifty-nine electric railways in operation in March last, and eighty-six roads in process of construction. The increase of capital in electrical investments during 1888 was nearly \$70,000,000. These are very significant figures, and they point unmistakably to the course of future inventions and discoveries.—Scientific American.

## A SUBSTITUTE FOR GLASS.

An English Invention Which Permits the Passage of Light.

It is impossible to conceive of anything that could supercede glass in the matter of transparency, but in respect of brittleness and rigidity it is very far from being a perfect material, says the Pall Mall Gazette. A substitute is now proposed, which if it lacks from transparency is free from the defects mentioned. To describe it briefly it is fine wire netting covered with a prepared varnish which permits the light to pass through as freely as glass of the variety known as cathedral. It is almost as flexible as a sheet of canvas and is absolutely air-tight and water-tight. Dr. Ford, the inventor, has been working at the problem for years, and after experimenting with many products he found that he could, by passing the wire netting through a series of baths of linseed oil chemically prepared, produce a material with the properties of amber. It is at once tough and elastic, and can not be broken even by a very considerable weight falling upon it.

The London company that is working the patent displayed in the Royal aquarium recently a number of productions in which the new material is utilized, but perhaps the most striking of all was the roofing of the aquarium itself. Unless one's attention was directed to the roof of the building it would never strike the visitor that the dome was not covered with glass, but with the new transparent material. In their last report the directors of the aquarium state that the change has effected a saving of over £200 a year in glass and labor, that there is now no danger of falling glass and that the insurance rate has been reduced by 25 per cent. The material is made in sheets 10 feet by 4 feet, and by the use of varnish on the overlapping edges they are practically connected into one great covering. It is unaffected by heat up to 230 degrees and is a non-conductor. The initial cost is perhaps greater than cheap glass, but the new material compares favorably with the dearer qualities, and its durability must, of course, be taken into consideration. A coarser material, termed carbolite, is being utilized for the roofs and walls of soldiers' huts, and we are informed that the government has given orders for its use. Experiments are being made in garden forcing houses, and if the exclusion of the sun's rays is no drawback then the gain in durability will be very great.

### TRUE TO HER PROMISE.

A Dying Woman Recovers Just to Spite Her Husband.

The chuckling and other symptoms of satisfaction led the Oxford county man to tell another story, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

"A woman up our way was very sick," said he. "She grew worse and worse and the doctor finally gave her up. She had fought a good fight for life, but at last made up her mind that she was going to die, and said her parting words to her friends. Last of all she had a talk with her husband.

"John," said she, 'I'm going to leave you forever.'

"Yes, Mirandy," said he, dropping a tear.

"I ain't like some women, John. I want you to be happy and have a companion through life."

"Yes, Mirandy."

"Yes, I want you to marry again, and I've been thinking that one of Mr. Smith's girls would make you an excellent wife."

"Yes, Mirandy, I've been thinking of that same thing myself."

"You have, eh? you brute! You better wait till I'm gone before you pick out another wife! Oh, you wretch! Fixing your heart on another woman before your first wife's under ground! But you shan't have her! I'm going to get well just to spite you and Ann Smith."

"The woman was true to her promise. To everybody's astonishment she recovered and lived to attend her husband's funeral."

### What Steam Has Done.

A very interesting calculation has recently been made by the Statistical Bureau in Berlin. Four fifths of the power machines at present in activity in the world have been erected during the past twenty-five years. The country which possesses the highest amount of horse-power is the United States, with 7,500,000-horse power; then follow England, with 7,000,000; Germany, with 4,500,000; France, with 3,000,000 and Austro-Hungary, with 1,500,000. These figures do not include locomotives, of which there are 105,000 at work, with a total horse power of 3,000,000. Thus the total horse power is 46,000,000. A steam "horse power" is equivalent to three actual horses' strength, and each living horse represents the strength of seven men. Thus the total horse power of the entire world represents the work of 1,000,000,000 men, or more than twice the total working population of the earth. Steam has thus tripled the entire human work power of the earth.—London Tablet.

### A Success.

A Man of Family—"That burglar-alarm is a grand success, wouldn't part with it for a mint of money. It went off at one o'clock this morning."

Dealer—Eh? Did you catch a burglar trying to get in?"

"No; but I caught my daughter's young man trying to get out."—New York Weekly.

THE FORUM FOR SEPTEMBER.

With the September number of the Forum...

The leading article in this number is an appeal to the American people by Thomas Hughes...

There are two articles on Social Science. The first is "Remedy for Social Ills," by Washington Gleason...

The Rev. Dr. J. R. Kendrick writes of the conflict between Catholicism and our public schools...

While the Grange has always declared that it had no part in the schemes of Anarchist, Communist or agrarian to seize upon and distribute the wealth of the world...

Two famous explorers of the present day began life in a state of abject penury. Stanley, the finder of Livingston, lived in a workhouse until he was thirteen years old...

The Agricultural industries of the country are confronted by great combinations of corporate and individual interests under the indefinite and irresponsible name of trusts...

THOMAS JEFFERSON MAYALL.

How a Poor Boy from Maine became a Recognized Leader Among Inventors.

Thomas Jefferson Mayall, who died at his home on Summer avenue, Reading, on Saturday evening...

He had not a friend or acquaintance in this city. After much suffering and hunger he obtained employment at Roxbury in a paper-mill at \$2 per week...

None too soon have the farmers in this great National organization taken hold of this important work. Here is genuine work for all true Patrons and patriots.

The gayer life at Newport are strikingly illustrated in the picture called "The Hunt Ball," in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for September 14th...

He was one of the most prolific inventors of rubber goods and articles, and had taken out over two hundred patents in this country and over seventy in England...

An Unfair Advantage. "Say, Bill," shouted a boy to his friend at his elbow, "lem me see them skates! They're bully! How'd you get 'em?"...

A Bad Break. He stole softly up-stairs, and in the dim light began to rock the cradle and croon.

What's the matter John? "What's the matter John?" asked his wife, sleepily. "The baby wash (hic) nest'ling in' dear," replied John, "and I got up to quiet him."

Every day of the state fair next week will be a big day.

The man who sells tiles is not necessarily a hatter.

The rain which fell during the greater part of Monday, in this vicinity, was general and extensive all over Kansas...

Farmers in the Grange are considering this question of "trusts" that contains so much danger to our material interests...

"Resolved by this National Grange, That we do condemn the said 'trusts' as being unjust and dangerous to the rights and liberties of the American people and the freedom of American institutions."

"Resolved, that we earnestly request our National Congress to give this matter their earliest possible attention, by enacting a law that will protect the people from the encroachment of said combinations and trusts."

None too soon have the farmers in this great National organization taken hold of this important work. Here is genuine work for all true Patrons and patriots.

"THE HUNT BALL." The gayer life at Newport are strikingly illustrated in the picture called "The Hunt Ball," in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for September 14th...

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