

NEWSPAPER LAWS.
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In sporting circles it is said that foot ball is destined to be the coming sport. The base ball cranks ought to make a success at it. They are noted for kicking.

Now that Connecticut has voted against prohibition it is clear that when the wind is southerly the land of steady habits knows hard cider from applejack.

American workmen may read "Looking Backward" from motives of curiosity, but they are not likely to adopt it as a text-book on industrial economics.

The man who likes his own talk best should be shut up with a phonograph; but such a man is not satisfied unless other people hear him. That is what makes him a nuisance.

WITHIN eighteen months eight persons have been killed by the electric wires in New York city, and yet some people are of the opinion that murderers can not be deprived of life by electricity.

PROFESSOR GARLAND has a story in a recent number of Harper's Weekly entitled "Under The Lion's Paw." It is a Kansas story and has reference to the land question. Kansas has the happy faculty of getting into literature more frequently than any of the sisterhood.

THE Indians of the Five Nations take great interest in news from the surrounding states, as well as within the borders of their own nations. Ten weekly newspapers are published within the territory, and a number of daily newspapers from the states are taken by the Indians.

THE great secret of success in life is this: Do whatever you can do best, regardless of any competition, and when you have decided what you can do best, do it with all your might and with all your energy, not overtaking the system, but devoting the entire business time to one industry.

THE restaurateur who furnished the luncheon to the South American delegates at the white house has had experience with six presidents. He says: "Mr. Harrison is quite liberal. There were four cases of champagne, besides sherry and Chateau Margaux, and three cases of champagne were drunk. There was no limit placed upon anything."

MATRIMONIAL ventures are discouraged by the decision of Land Commissioner Groff that husband and wife cannot "hold down" two homestead claims by living in a house built on the line between two farms. Courtship of neighbors will now have to be prolonged until the expiration of the time fixed by law before the claims may be proved up.

PROF. BEHREND, an English medical authority, who anticipated the discovery of Koch, points out that in the course of a practice of thirty years, largely among Hebrew patients, he has not met a single case of phthisis in the members of that faith, their immunity from its attacks being undoubtedly due to the Jewish method of examining and slaughtering cattle.

THE depredations of the seal pirates in Alaskan waters are becoming so serious that the Alaska Commercial company will not renew its lease of the American seal islands unless the United States guarantees protection from the illicit hunter. The result of the indiscriminate slaughter that is one of the reprehensible features of hunting done on the sly is already evident in a decrease in the average size of seals taken.

It will, perhaps, strike most people as somewhat odd that there is a steady importation to America of Irish jaunting-cars. According to the carriage-makers, a certain number of enthusiastic Irishmen have a yearning after their native form of conveyance at certain periods of their lives, and straightaway send over to Ireland for a car. Once here, however, the cars are usually laid aside after the novelty has worn off.

ONE of the very painful spectacles of life is to see a little child half suffocated in a paroxysm of whooping cough. Here is a way to break up the paroxysm at once, commended as infallible by some learned practitioners in Germany and Switzerland. Put the first and second fingers behind the ascending branch of the lower jawbone and your thumbs upon the chin, and then draw the lower jaw forward and depress the chin by the same movement, and tell the child to draw a full breath.

THE KISS OF DEATH.

A College Professor Invents a Plot for a Thrilling Romance.

Two Headless Corpses Found on a Deserted Ship—The Spirit of One of Them, Invoked at a Seance, Tells the Story of a Remarkable Catastrophe.

"There is nothing so impossible that a novelist can't lead a story up to it," said Prof. Boyesen of Columbia college as he sat in a group of friends at the Author's club.

"That's so," said Edgar Saltus, "but I've found that the best schemes for odd fiction are prostrated by the necessary death of the principals without disclosing the material for a climax."

"I know what you mean," said Editor Gilder of the Century Magazine, "and I wonder why some of you gentlemen don't extend a romance beyond death—say by means of a spiritualistic communication from the actors. Now you, Prof. Smith, you're the scientist, why don't you do it?"

The gentleman thus addressed, says a New York letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer, was Prof. Brainard Garner Smith of Cornell university.

"And I have the start of it in mind now," Prof. Smith replied. "Once, when I was in journalism, I had occasion to go over a pile of old Liverpool newspapers, and thus came upon a remarkable paragraph in the ship news."

Translated out of the language of commerce it was to the effect that the good ship Empress, just arrived from Australia, reported that while rounding the Cape of Good Hope she had been driven southward far out of her course by a storm, and away down in the southern Atlantic had sighted a vessel drifting aimlessly about. The first mate boarded her, and, returning, reported that the derelict was the ship Albatross. That she had been abandoned was plain, for all the boats were gone, and so were the log and the ship's instruments. On the deck close by the companion hatch lay two bodies, or rather skeletons, clad in weather-rotted garments that showed them to have been man and woman. These bodies were headless, but the heads were nowhere to be found on the deserted deck. The mate found on the cabin table an open book, with writing on its pages. A pen lay on the table and a small inkstand, in which the ink had evidently long since dried. The book was evidently a journal or diary, so the mate reported, and he put it in his pocket, meaning to carry it aboard the Empress, but when he was getting down into his small boat the book slipped from his pocket, dropped into the water, and sank. The Albatross was badly water-logged and he thought could not have floated much longer. To this report the editor of the paper added a note saying that the readers would all doubtless remember that the Albatross had sailed from Liverpool several years before, bound for Australia, and it was thought to have gone down with all on board, as no news of her had since been received. That was the substance of the remarkable paragraph. What was almost as remarkable to me, a newspaper man, was that the Liverpool paper had evidently made no effort to learn the owner's name of the Albatross, the name of her captain and crew, or whether or not she carried any passengers. I carefully searched the files to see if there was any further reference to the case. There was none. After the manner of his kind the editor of the paper had, so it seemed, taken it for granted that his intelligent readers would remember all the particulars that they wanted to know.

A few weeks after that I went into northern Vermont to report the Benton murder trial, which was attracting much more than local attention. I was pleased to find that the prosecuting attorney was an old classmate of mine, but not pleased to find that he had become a spiritualist. I mentioned the headless body to him, and, as a joke, asked him to conjure up the two spirits in a seance, so as to solve the mystery. Well, we tried to—

"And failed, of course," interposed Edgar Fawcett.

A quizzical expression came into Prof. Smith's face and he said: "Oh, no; we got the whole story through a medium. The bodies were those of Arthur Hartley and Helen Rankins," and he looked defiantly around the circle for a contradiction.

"It was Hartley whose communication we got through the Vermont medium, and this is what he said:

"Helen and I were passengers on board the Albatross. My Uncle John promised me a fortune. He was confident that an explosive of his invention would work such wonders in Australian mines that within ten years we could go back to England rich beyond the dreams of avarice. One day Uncle John got into a hot discussion with Capt. Raymond about the efficacy of the wonderful explosive compound. The captain seemed doubtful. Uncle John was for the instant angry.

"I'll show you, then," he said, and he rushed into the cabin where his boxes were stored and came out shortly with two tin cans, each holding something less than a pint. He unscrewed the top of one, disclosing a brownish powder. 'Take care!' said the captain, who seemed needlessly cautious and almost fearful.

"Why, I thought you said it was useless," said Uncle John, with a laugh; "and yet you are afraid of it. Look here." He lighted a match and held it close to the powder. A dark smoke arose that instantly extinguished the little flame and floated off, leaving a queer smell behind. That was all.

"Perfectly harmless, captain," continued Uncle John, who had now recovered his usual good-nature. "Perfectly harmless—unless you wet it. Then look out!"

"The cook made a sort of dumpling for dinner and a great lot of it remained. Uncle John took a mass of this dough, for it was little else, squeezed it until it was dry, and moulded it into a ball. 'Come with me,' he said, 'and Arthur, bring a plate of that dough with you.' He took the cans and followed him to the deck. There he carefully covered the ball of dough with the powder and going to the rail threw it as far as he could out over the placid sea. As the ball struck the water there was a loud explosion and the spray was thrown high into the air. The crew, who had been hanging over the port rail forward, turned and rushed over to see what was up. Uncle John made another ball and threw it with like result.

"Oh, honny torpeters," growled one of the men, and they turned back to their places. Uncle John now evidently anxious to give us thorough proof of the value of his compound was for throwing more balls, when the boatswain, rolling aft, touched his hat, and said to the captain:

"Please, sur, there's a big shark as has showed his fin off the port bow, and if so be that the doctor'll wait a bit with his torpeters we'll show 'im some fun a catchin' of it."

"All right, bo'sun," said the captain, and we went over to the port rail. "There he is," said the captain, pointing to a sharp, black thing that, rising just above the water, was cutting quietly through it. "That is his fin, and there's a big shark under it or I'm much mistaken."

"The men fell back and looked eagerly. The cook handed up a big chunk of meat. 'Wipe it as dry as you can,' said Uncle John, 'and tie it firmly to the rope.' When this was done he sprinkled the powder from the can carefully over the meat, then he carried it cautiously to the rail. The shark was cruising back and forth. Uncle John lowered the meat slowly into the water right in front of the monster. He saw the bait and darted at it, and then there was a tremendous report and the spray flew into our faces as we leaned over the rail. The next moment we saw the big fish floating motionless on the water.

"Blessed if 'e 'asn't blowed 'is 'ead clear off," said the boatswain.

"It was so. That terrible compound of Uncle John's had needed only the impact of the shark's teeth to explode it with deadly effect."

"Oh, it's only a fish story," Edgar Fawcett interrupted when Prof. Smith, who is an expert elocutionist, had spoken thus far in the assumed character of the dead man.

"It is a lovely story," Prof. Smith went on with no lapse from his impersonation of the thesaurically speaking spirit of Hartley. "Our vessel was plundered and abandoned by a mutinous crew. Only Helen, whom I madly loved but who had never yet confessed she loved me, was left alone on board with me. Days of famishing and fever ensued. One afternoon Helen was lying motionless in the shadow of the companion hatch. I threw myself down by her side. She put out her hand and grasped mine and a flush crossed her face. I was too weak to speak, and thus hand in hand we lay for I don't know how long. Gradually I lost consciousness, perhaps in sleep. At all events my spirit was not free. The frail body still had strength enough to retain it. I was aroused by something dropping on my face. As consciousness came back I saw that the sky had become overcast; that a cool breeze was blowing and that a gentle rain was falling. Helen was sitting erect, and with parted lips drinking in the grateful rain-laden-air. I tried to rise, but could not. She was much stronger than I and at my direction went below and brought blankets and clothes, which she spread on the deck that they might catch the falling drops. She seemed quite vigorous, and already I felt my own strength coming back. Soon she was able to squeeze water from a blanket into a little can which stood by the mast. We were in too great agony of thirst to think of small matters of neatness. She offered the can to me.

"Drink yourself, Helen," I said.

"No," she answered, with a smile. "No, you need it most." And kneeling by my side she slipped her arm under my head and with her other hand held the water to my lips.

"I drank eagerly. The draft was life to me. Never had water such strength-giving power. I hardly noticed that it left such a queer taste upon my lips. I sat erect. Helen, with her arm still around my neck, drank what remained in the can. Then she looked me full in the face. There was a new expression in the lovely eyes. A deep flush was on her brow as she spoke. 'Arthur,' she said, and there was a tremor in the rich, deep voice. 'Arthur, I love you! Oh, I love you! My darling, my noble, faithful darling! Oh, Arthur, Arthur!'

"She threw herself upon my breast with burning face and streaming eyes. The blood leaped through my veins. She raised her sweet face and our lips met for the first time. There was an awful crash and our freed spirits took their happy flight together. We had drunk from the can that had contained Uncle John's explosive. A little of the powder had clung to the can, floated on the water, and adhered to our lips when we drank. The impact of that first ecstatic kiss had exploded the compound and our heads were blown from our shoulders. That's all."

And Prof. Smith smiled, as one does when one is thoroughly satisfied.

ALCOHOL IN DISGUISE.

Dangerous Fortification of Wines and Liquors.

An analysis of absinthe just given by a medical journal, though of wide general interest, deals chiefly with the physiological effects of various herbal components of the liqueur. These include absinthium—which is, of course, wormwood—and the essences of two varieties of aniseed, of coriander, fennel, peppermint, angelica, hyssop, and melisse; most of which are, *inter alia*, very powerful excitants of the nerve centres. It is probable that either of them may become specifically injurious under particular conditions of mind or body; and it is certain that their habitual use in combination must tend to general disturbance of the nervous system, more or less dangerous according to the quantity consumed. But, while admitting the value of the information thus given respecting these powerful essences, it should not be forgotten that alcohol, and probably alcohol of a very degraded kind, is their common "vehicle." Doubtless its various compounds give a special direction to the intoxication produced absinthe; but, the alcohol lacking, their effects would not be classed under the head of "drunkenness."

To be intoxicated with absinthe, therefore, is to be intoxicated with alcohol; admittedly, with specific manifestations. This idea may be usefully expanded in other directions.

The class of compounds known as "tonics" or "bitters" are, perhaps, chiefly used in America, says the St. James Gazette of London, though their consumption among ourselves is quite sufficient to give cogency to an analytical report lately issued by the Massachusetts State Board of Health. Of forty-seven samples examined, forty-six contained an alcoholic average of more than 20 per cent. One compound described as a purely vegetable extract, "a stimulus to the body without intoxicating," disclosed over 41 per cent. of alcohol. Certain "sulphur bitters," advertised to contain no alcohol, really contained no sulphur, but more than 20 per cent. of alcohol; while the "stomach bitters" of two others showed severally 43 and 43 per cent. Nearly the whole of these deleterious stuffs are sold as "non-alcoholic," while several of them are recommended as "soothing inducements to temperance," in doses of a wine glassful three "or more" times a day.

The "fortification" of wines has led by easy descent to their absolute fabrication. Many cheap so-called wines—making special appeal to the poorer class of invalids, in the form of "Justicious sherry" and "strengthening port"—are but clever chemical combinations, with, of course, the all-pervading alcoholic base. For it may be taken as an axiom that, though "wines" may be made without grapes, it cannot be made without alcohol. Probably the Spanish "health wines" are among the chief offenders in this sort; and to such a point has their falsification been carried that, no long time since, the ministry of public works in Madrid ordered twenty chemical laboratories to be erected in as many of the chief wine-producing districts of Spain.

The example in the several classes mentioned—no doubt with the classes themselves—might be greatly extended. But enough has been adduced for our purpose. We see that these commodities could not exist without alcohol—not the alcohol naturally developed in their preparation, but that applied to conceal its character. What description of alcohol, therefore, is this likely to be? It has been remarked that the drunkenness of fifty years ago was "good-maturedness" itself compared with the too-often brutal and frenzied outbreaks of to-day; and the distinction is a truly scientific one. Too well we know the horrible stuff that is accepted with unfortunate good faith by the lower orders of dram drinkers. But if the concoctors of "cheap spirits" are able to disguise the distasteful and injurious products of crude distillation and to offer their patrons the gin, whiskey, or brandy of their desires, as such, with how much greater facility can they proceed with the masterful favors indicated (with a hundred others) form a part of the disguise? Brandy, labelled "Cognac," is daily produced from potato and beet root. It would be interesting to know with what kind of alcohol "warp" the epicure is occasionally favored whose "wool" is composed of many of the dominating essential oils and syrups of the pharmacopoeia.

High Smelling Stuff.

Most people take it for granted that because musk is sold in what is called a pod, therefore it is a vegetable product. But the truth is that it is entirely an animal product, being a substance found in a two of three inch sac in the body of the little musk deer of Asia. The sac, when tied up and dried, goes by the name of a pod among the hunters who bring it into market. Probably there are few things subject to such adulteration, as one quart of pure musk will scent thousands of parts of some other powder mingled with it, and, as the pods sell from \$15 to \$20 apiece, the adulteration has its profit.

Running Away from Temptations.

First citizen: "There comes Long-jaw; let's go across the street and turn down the alley before he sees us."

Second citizen: "Why, I thought you were great friends?"

First citizen: "So we are now, but he has a new story about his 4-year-old boy." (Exeunt omnes, on the dead run.)

Brooklyn Eagle.

HE HAD PERMUTED.

How Red Tape is Measured in Military Life.

Busy men, accustomed to do business in a brisk common-sense fashion, find official red tape so vexatious that it is no wonder they invent stories to make it ridiculous, says the Youth's Companion. The French have one of these, which is perhaps as good as any. When Napoleon III. was emperor, so the narrative runs, he sat one day at Longchamps, sleepily reviewing his army. Regiment after regiment passed, but nothing seemed to stir the emperor from his lethargy. At last, however, as a regiment of dragoons rode by he suddenly fixed his attention upon the front rank.

"What is that lancer doing there among the dragoons?" he asked his chief of staff.

The chief of staff looked at the lancer, and galloped away to the division commander, while the emperor sank back into his customary impassiveness.

"The emperor demands to know why that lancer is among the dragoons?"

The general looked shocked, and called sharply to the colonel of the regiment:

"Colonel, what have you got that lancer among your men for?"

The colonel was dumfounded, and appealed to the commandant of the squadron:

"What's that lancer doing here?"

"I don't know, sir," exclaimed the commandant of the squadron; and he called the captain.

"Look here, captain, why have you got that rascally lancer in your company?"

The captain pleaded ignorance.

"I'll ask the lieutenant," he said.

By this time the inquiries began to be garnished with oaths and abuse. The lieutenant, apparently surprised beyond expression at the presence of the lancer, hurled questions and imprecations all at once at the head of the orderly sergeant.

"What in the world is that lancer here for?"

Then the orderly sergeant rode up to the lancer himself, as if he were about to cut him through to his saddle.

"You villain! What are you doing here among the dragoons? The emperor is after you. You'll be shot at the very least."

"But, sergeant," the soldier stammered, "you know I've permutated, sir!"

"Permutated in the army means transfer, by authority, from one corps to another."

"Permutated, eh?" said the sergeant. "Well, that won't help you now."

The orderly sergeant went to the lieutenant with the report that the man had permutated; the lieutenant told the captain, and the captain the commandant of the squadron, and the commandant of the squadron the colonel, and the colonel the general, and the general the chief of staff came to the emperor.

"Sire," he began, "the lancer has permutated."

"What lancer?"

"The lancer whom your majesty noted among the dragoons."

"Oh, yes! He's permutated, eh?" said the emperor, sleepily. "Well, he looked like a good man. Lethim have a medal!"

A Literary Curiosity.

The menu of the farewell banquet to the members of the oriental congress at Stockholm ought to take a permanent place in collections of literary curiosities. The initial "sup" or nip of schnapps which always begins a Scandinavian dinner was recorded with a song in the Kaisers tongue. The soup was described in Getziani and a song in Chinese. Prof. Max Muller wrote a song in Sanscrit praising the salmon. The filet de boeuf was mentioned by a verse in Malay and by another in Japanese. Artichaut au beurre was treated in Coptic; cateau a la Victoria in hieroglyphics; the ices in Himyaritic; the cheeses in Bichare. The menu concluded according to the Swedish custom with "Thanks for dinner" written in Persian.

The Hand I Love.

That hand of thine! that hand of thine! Reproach me not that still I pine And long my loving grasp to twine Around that darling hand of thine.

Fair ones there were all around that night, And as of two I caught a sight, I held my pile—I thought I might—I held a full, you, four, that night.

The Middle of the Train Rest.

That was a keen observer who exclaimed as he clambered out of a wreck that he would not ride hereafter at either end of a railroad train. The middle cars are always the safest. They do not receive a destructive blow from either a front or rear collision; if the engine leaves the track they usually remain in place and they are never snapped off, as the rear cars sometimes are. Almost the only case in which the middle cars suffer is when they are thrown off the track by the breaking of a coupling or of some part of the running gear, and that is as likely to happen to one part of the train as another.—Phila. Eng.

A Wicked National Waste.

The prairie chicken will follow the buffalo and the Indian and disappear forever from the face of the earth. The eager sportsman has decreed it, and the game laws are of no avail. We have got to be content with beef and canned oysters.—N. Y. World

FACTS FOR THE FARM.

Instructive and Interesting Miscellany for Rural Readers.

Will Cross-Breeding Pay?—Agriculture in Schools—Bees on the Farm—Hints to Housekeepers—Skill in the Dairy Always Made Good Butter and Cheese.

Skill in the Dairy.
One who has had little experience in dairying is apt to think by reading the effusions of certain writers that success can only be attained by using the most recently invented dairy apparatus. The fact is that good butter and cheese were made before the patent office was thought of. Skill will make butter, and gilded at that, with almost any kind of apparatus. The real merit of apparatus is labor saving and uniformity of product, along with getting about all there is to be had out of milk. With old ways, the product could not be made of uniform quality, as the conditions of manufacture could not be governed, nor was it possible to get the open pan, or dash churn, to do complete work. Our grandmothers granulated butter, but they did not stop at that point, but gathered it in the buttermilk, and in the operation gathered more buttermilk with the mass than any after working could get out. The chief improvements in butter making are certainly, dispatch, uniformity, economy of labor, and recovery of very nearly all the fats in the milk. One might add co-operation, a plan where two persons perform all the hard labor of making a half town-ship, with resulting increase of quality, and greater uniformity and a higher average price.

Cross Breeding—Will it Pay?
This is a question asked us by a subscriber in relation to sheep. In this particular connection we have had considerable experience, both in the western country and in the east. Our experiments of direct cross breeding have produced very satisfactory results when using the merino, but when the cross never came up to our anticipation, and in fact, was inferior to either parent, all points considered. It was impossible to get a uniform bunch of lambs and hold them so until they grew up. The fleeces possessed more irregularity in quality even, than the carcasses, and would not sell in with a nice lot of merino wool, or combing wool, but was always thrown out and cut in price.

Harrowing Grass Land.
Grass is of the same order of plants as wheat, and it is therefore only natural that what helps the grain should benefit it also. Old pastures that have run down so that the grass is thin may be greatly helped by harrowing just as fall rains begin, sowing timothy seed, and with it a dressing of 200 pounds of phosphate. Not only will the grass next season be more abundant, but stock will eat it more closely, showing that it is richer in nutrition than that grown before being fertilized. Grass grown by the aid of fresh barnyard manure may be rank and offensive, while that grown with bone or any mineral fertilizer is palatable to stock, especially to milk cows, which use much bone material in making good milk.

Crossing According to Similarity.
When making a cross it is much better to use breeds for the purpose that bear a resemblance to a certain extent to each other. A cross of a single comb breed with a rose comb breed does not result as favorably as the crossing of two breeds that have single combs or two with rose combs. It is well known that the single comb Brown Leghorn will, if mated with a Partridge Cochon, produce better offspring than if mated with the Brahma. The Cochon has a single comb and the Brahma a pea comb. The plumage of the Brown Leghorn and Partridge Cochon is also somewhat similar, and in all kinds of crosses the rule that breeds should be mated that are similar in many respects holds good as giving the best results.

Agriculture in the Schools.
This is a subject that is now being agitated to some extent in various localities, and one that will continue to trouble the minds of our American people until it becomes a part of the every day work in the common schools of this great agricultural America. The progress of agricultural education in the United States, since 1863, has been great, when we consider that it has been confined to the agricultural colleges and a few individually endowed schools and colleges. There can be no question of the great benefit derived from this source in building up our agricultural industries to their present high and creditable standing.

Clover in the South.
The South is not naturally a grazing country, especially on lands long run with tobacco or cotton. Some of these have been so long cultivated that it is hard to get a clover catch on them. This has given rise to the idea that the climate of the South is not suitable for clover. But on land moderately fertile and well prepared, clover seed catches and makes a large growth. A few crops of clover plowed under will restore these worn-out soils better than forty or fifty years of growing up a pine barrens.

Laying In Winter.
It is not natural for birds to lay in winter, but our domesticated fowls have been made by judicious selection, and adaptation to conditions and circumstances, to lay in winter, but domestication will not influence the fowls except only under certain conditions. The first essential in the winter season is warmth. Warm quarters which protect from winds, and nutritious food, will enable our domestic hens to lay in the winter, but any departure from these conditions will result in failure.

Turnips Among Potatoes.
In our experience the late crop of white turnips generally does better among potatoes than among corn. So soon as potato tops die the turnips have all the soil from which to draw, and they are rather benefited by the stirring of the soil required in digging potatoes by hand. If a horse potato digger is used, no turnips can be grown, as the digger necessarily upturns the entire soil, including turnips or whatever else may be growing on it.

Corn Fed Horses.
A farmer's daughter writes: "About the poorest horses I ever saw had been wintered exclusively on corn, their hair was rough and dead-looking, their bones almost protruded through the skin, and their whole appearance was miserable to a degree. They would have been in better condition if they had had no corn all winter, but a variety of other foods that would repair the wastes of the system and renew the flesh upon their bones."

Bee Notes.
Some kind of a movable comb hive is indispensable for the modern bee keeper. This hive must combine cheapness of construction with facility in the management of the bees. A large number of the most practical apiarists have adopted some form of the Langstroth hive. With these hives, a full knowledge of the condition of the bees can be obtained at any time. The best hives in use can be made by any one, as they are free from patents.

The kind of bees you get is of less importance to the average bee keeper than is that of having a movable frame hive, as these bees can be changed at any time by changing the queens. One thing, however, is important, that they be strong colonies and no other should be tolerated. All the profits of the apiary come from strong colonies. Weak colonies rarely do more than to build up in good condition for wintering, and as they may die before another year, all will see that they might lose even their "start" by purchasing weak colonies to start an apiary with.

Which are the best bees? is a question often asked. I prefer the Italians for the following reasons: They are less likely to sting when handled. The queens are more easily found, seldom or never hiding; and the bees always remain quiet on the combs while the bees of some other varieties, especially the black, will stampede or run off the combs like a "flock of sheep through a pair of bars." The Italians are nearly moth proof, protect their stores more successfully from robber bees, and gather more honey in a poor season. The black bees will store as much honey in a good season, but are unpleasant to handle.

The best time to handle bees is during the middle of the day, when the old bees are out gathering honey. There are then fewer bees in the way and the young bees are not so inclined to be cross as the older ones. If possible avoid opening hives when robber bees are troublesome during the middle of the day, for nothing makes bees so cross as to get them to robbing.

Farm Proverbs.
Before you enlarge production, cheapen its cost.
The moon is never right while the seed-bed is cloddy.

Country roads are too often paved with good intentions.
No man ever reaped foul wheat from clean ground and clean seed.
When prices are low is just the time to improve your farm animals.

A cross may be better than a full blood for feeding, but never for breeding.
Fortune's favorites are the men whose thoughts make way for their actions.

If there were more drains on the farm there would be fewer druggists in the village.
Make easy and short the way to the butcher of the animal that has learned to brake fences.

There is some sentiment about having an ice house on the farm, but there is at least as much financial wisdom.

Pay cash, if you will have to borrow the money to do it. The banker will charge you less than the merchant for credit.

Good farming consists as much in overcoming adverse circumstances as in improving fully favorable opportunities.

On an average, the man with the fewest clods in the field in the fall has the most wheat in the field the next summer.

Let the hogs clean up the waste apples and peaches under the trees, and there will be fewer waste fruits next year. There will also be better hogs this year.

You cannot increase your products without increasing your expenses; but production increases at a faster rate than expenses increase. Herein is the greater profit of good farming.

Hints to Housekeepers.
If ribbons need renewing wash them in cool suds, cover with a cool cloth and iron when damp.

A small piece of paper or linen moistened with turpentine, and put into the wardrobe or drawers for a single day two or three times a year, is a preventive against moths.

An excellent way of cooking eggs is to break them into boiling milk without beating; cook slowly, stirring now and then. When done soft pour into a dish and add a little pepper, salt and butter.

When you boil a cabbage tie a small piece of dry bread in a bag and put it in the kettle. French cooks say that all the unpleasant odor which makes a house smell like an old drain will be absorbed by the bread.

Do not scrape the inside of frying pans, as after this operation any preparation fried is liable to catch or burn to the pan. If the pan has black inside rub it with a hard crust of bread and wash in hot water mixed with a little soda.

A dish of charcoal placed in your meat larder will keep the article sweet and wholesome almost as well as ice. Charcoal is a great disinfectant. If occasionally used for cleaning the teeth it will sweeten the breath when everything else fails to do so.

The physician is frequently asked by lady patients for something that will remove "moth" and freckles. A writer in the Pham. Zeit. says that a wash consisting of lactic acid and glycerine will do the work, and is harmless when applied to the skin.

To give bedclothing and underclothing a thorough sunning and airing is the next best thing to washing them. It also weatens them. A second suit of underclothing should be on hand for afternoon wear, and what is taken off should be thoroughly aired and dried before hanging in the closet.

Hang-nail is an injury to the flesh besides the nail, due to a slight tear. A little tongue of flesh is turned up, and by being repeatedly struck or rubbed, presently becomes inflamed and a source of annoyance. Generally it yields readily if the part be carefully cleaned, dried, and a piece of adhesive plaster. The plaster should be removed daily and a fresh one substituted until the cure is complete.

A piece of sponge fastened to a stick or wire is a good thing with which to clean lamp chimneys. It is a good plan to be rather particular about the care of lamps. Clean them often, rub the burners when dim or gummy; sometimes boiling a short time in soap suds is good for them when the wicks will not move freely. Always fill every day and in the day-time. Never light a nearly empty lamp, as the space is filled with explosive gas. Neither is it best to blow down a chimney when nearly empty of oil and turned up high.

Her Complaint.
In declaring his love he is zealous, and I like it, I really must say, but whenever he shows himself jealous, Irown and turn coldly away.

A man has no right to expect that a girl shall think only of him; and I don't like to have him suspect that I am not always proper and prim.

Now I do like to flirt in a mild way, if the flirt is only discreet, and I don't at all fancy the wild way he talks when he gets in a heat.

To be sure in his suit he is zealous, he adores me—he said so to-night; but I do wish he wouldn't be jealous—At least till I give him the right.—Somerville Journal.

"Little Phil."
Gen Sheridan, in his latter days, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, was rather peppy, and oftentimes it required considerable diplomacy to deal with him. When in his moods his language was frequently of a sulphurous nature. The "boys" around the office were in the habit of discovering, if possible, in advance the temperature of the general's private office before doing business with him unless the exigencies of the case demanded it. One day a well-known correspondent chanced to be in the office when Sheridan was delivering in his breezy way a criticism on a chromo which some proud publisher had sent to him, representing the general riding down the line after the disaster at Cedar Creek, with a regimental flag in his right hand and followed by an enormous staff.

"Now, just look," said Sheridan, "and see how blank ridiculous that man has made me appear. Here I am represented as riding down the line with a flag in my hand and a whole regiment of cavalry as my escort. Why, blank, blank, blank, I am made to appear like a blank fool. Now, the truth is I rode down the line with 'Tony' Forsyth; that was all there was to it. No flag, no escort except Forsyth."

The next day a verbatim account of Sheridan's conversation, adjectives and all, appeared in print. He was furious. "I wouldn't have cared so much about it except that—makes me swear so. People will think I am in the habit of swearing. Why, blank, blank, blank, you know that isn't so!"

A Big Difference.
Mrs. Newhand: "What! Twenty cents a pound for mackerel? Why, the man across the street only asks 16 cents!" Fishmonger: "Very good, madam; but you must remember that my fish are all hand-caught in nets; it makes a difference, you know." Mrs. Newhand: "Of course—how stupid of me! You may give me that large one there."—Puck.

AN EMPRESS IN THE KITCHEN.
She Looks After It, Superintends Everything, and It is a Wonderful Place.

The Empress of Austria is the best royal housekeeper in Europe, says the New York Sun. She is as thoroughly acquainted with the details of the imperial Austrian kitchen as her husband is with the details of the imperial Austrian government. She superintends the household affairs of the big palace at Austin capital with the greatest care. She receives personally, reads and acts upon reports from cooks, butlers, keepers of the plate, and keepers of the linen. Cooking devices which have become inconvenient or antiquated are abolished only at her command. New methods of preparing or preserving food are adopted only at her suggestion. Changes in the personnel of the establishment are made for the most part only in obedience to her orders. Consequently a person can eat, drink, sleep, and be served better in her house than in any other in Europe.

The kitchen in which the food for the bluest blood of Austria is cooked is a huge room with all the arrangements at each end for preparing fish, fowl, and beast for the table. Fifty chickens can be cooked at once on one of the big whirling spits. Against the side walls from floor to ceiling stand scores upon scores of chafing dishes. In these dishes, all of which are self-warming, the meats are carried to the carrying-room, whence they are returned to the kitchen ready to be served. The boiling, and baking, and frying, and carrying, and cutting occupy a small regiment of servants. Twenty-five male cooks in white clothes dress, spit, season, and stuff the meats. As many female cooks prepare the vegetables, the puddings, and the salads. A dozen or more boys hurry the birds, fish, and joints from the kitchen to the carving-room, where long lines of carvers slice and joint everything laid before them.

The kitchen utensils fill a big room opening into the kitchen. This room is the ideal of German housewives. The high walls are covered with pans, kettles, griddles, and covers, which shine as only German hands and German muscle could make them shine. There are soup tureens in which a big boy might be drowned, kettles in which twins could play house, and pans which would hold half a dozen little Hanses or Gretchens. In short, about every culinary utensil on the walls is of the heroic size, suggestive rather of the Missouri barbecue than of the feasts of crowned heads and diplomats at one of the first of courts.

For days before the great court festivals the whole Austrian court kitchen staff, from the "head court cooking master" down to the youngest scullion, work like mad. The chiefs hold repeated consultations in their council chamber, often debating hour after hour with all the earnestness of a parliament or congress concerning the best methods of preparing fowls, sauces, cakes, and soups. The menu, as selected by the chiefs, is submitted to the master of the provision department, so that he may immediately order from the city whatever the cellars of the castle lack.

The Austrian court dinners are famous on the continent. The delicacies which result from the protracted meetings in the council chamber of the chiefs are often so fine that favored guests not infrequently observe the old German fashion of taking a choice bit home to their friends in the name of the empress and with her best wishes. All that remains of a court feast or dinner is sent to the Viennese hospitals. On the days just after the banquet the empress is very busy looking over the reports and inventories of the frau head keeper of the napkins, the fraulin head keeper of the tablecloths, and the herr head guardian of the imperial china, and a dozen other like functionaries with jointed titles. She reviews all these communications with conscientious care, and orders with strict attention to minute details the replacement of all that has been lost, broken, or defaced.

Pretty Girls in the Treasury Department.

Some of the prettiest women in the country are right here in the Treasury department, says the Washington Star. A great many of them are Washingtonians, but as a class, they represent the beauty of the whole country. They are blondes and brunettes, short and tall and medium; some plump, some queenly, some of lithe and willowy form—they are fairly the types of the several great cities and about all the states of the union. In that one building, covering four blocks, is to be found more beauty than a hunt through many large cities might discover. A large portion of the female clerks are young, or at least on the minus side of old maidhood. Office life is not promotive of longevity, and many of the elderly women have died off or reached an age beyond business.

Those who have come into the department within the past four or five years are mostly young women, who have just passed through the normal schools and have entered the government service through the civil service examination. They are a bright lot of young women. In many cases it is, perhaps, that they are the prettiest girls of the family, which inspires them with an ambition beyond the drudgery of housework or the trials of a school-marm and induces them to strive for the more agreeable work and better pay under the civil service. And this may account for there being such a preponderance of good looks.

LUNA AND LUNACY.
The Influences of Various Seasons on Minds Diseased.

The old idea that luna and lunacy have an intimate relation appears to be not wholly without foundation, says the Pall Mall Gazette. This, at any rate, is demonstrated by the commissioners in lunacy for Scotland: That the seasons have a distinct influence on asylum statistics. The tables of admissions during the years 1880-7 show that there are two well-marked periods—one in which the number rises considerably above the average, and the other in which it falls considerably below. The average monthly number for the eight years was 1,699. During the three months of May, June, and July the number was 628 above what it would have been if the average number had been admitted. On the other hand, during the months of October, November, December and January the number was 462 below what it would have been if the average number had been admitted. The table shows further that this rise and this fall are preceded by a gradual fall, the rise taking place during February, March, and April, and the fall taking place during July, August and September.

"The special frequency," the commissioners say, "with which asylum treatment is resorted to during the period from the middle of April to the middle of July corresponds with what has been observed by asylum physicians—that there is a tendency to an exacerbation of the mental disorder of patients in asylums during the early part of summer; and it is interesting to notice also that the statistics of suicide in the general population show that this occurs most frequently during the same period."

The greatest number of recoveries take place during June, July, and August, and they are fewest during the months of November, January, and February. The regularity in the rise and fall of the numbers is twice interrupted by a fall in April, and the fall is interrupted by a rise in December. "It is considered probable that these interruptions are due to some causes which recur regularly at these periods, because they are well marked in character; and it is suggested that the December rise is occasioned, in part at least, by the annual statutory revision of the condition of patients in asylums during that month. This revision is made by medical officers of asylums with a view to determining whether they can properly give the certificate of the necessity for further detention in the asylum, which is annually required to legalize the continued residence of all patients who have been three years in an asylum. The occurrence of the large number of recoveries during the months of June, July, and August is probably due to the large number of admissions during May, June, and July, as more than 48 per cent of all the recoveries which take place during the first year of residence occur within three months of the date of admission."

MR. MAGUIRE IS HERE.
A Large Piece of Information Almost "Misoverlooked."

Cornelius Maguire of Eddyville, Iowa, made a desperate attempt to break into print Friday morning, and only desisted when told that his name would be published in full.

Mr. Maguire, who is a large, red man with iron-gray hair, is road-master of the Iowa Central road. Last week he was attending a four days' convention of railroad foremen in the city, and on Friday morning he dropped into the office to have an understanding with the editor.

"For the last fifteen years," said Mr. Maguire, who was told to state his grievance to the snake editor, "I have been a regular subscriber to your weekly paper and I want a square deal. Here we have been sitting in convention for four days and you have neglected to give us any notice. All the other papers grasped at the opportunity last night and I want to know why you folks didn't come to time."

"What were the names of those papers?"

"Well, there was the Chicago Daily and a couple of others," replied the aggrieved Mr. Maguire, making a tremendous effort to recall the names. A careful inspection of the files failed to disclose any mention of the convention, a fact which greatly astonished the railroad man.

"That's funny," he said, seating himself in the editor's richly upholstered chair, "and it's probably a misoverlook on the part of the press. But you people are away behind the times. Down in St. Louis last year we had five reporters at the convention, and they put my name in all the papers, marked copies of which I sent home. But if you want some points now I can give 'em to you," said the obliging Mr. Maguire.

On being assured that any little courtesy on his part would be properly appreciated, Mr. Maguire proceeded:

"Well, you might mention that C. Maguire and daughter of Eddyville, Iowa, are visiting in the city, and that they paid The Times a visit in its office. That is all, I guess. Say, you might lend me your city directory, 'he remarked, as his eye fell on the book. "I want to take it around to the hotel and look up the addresses of some relatives I've got living in this town. No! Can't spare it? All right; don't want to see 'em very bad, anyhow." And Mr. Maguire, having received a satisfactory square deal, took his departure.—Chicago Times.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

The bootlers are always on the side of the open-mouthed politicians.

It is said that Mrs. Langtry secured her fine complexion by rubbing her cheeks with veal. Fred Gebhart was the calf, probably, who furnished it.

Topeka has already developed two if not three candidates for the republican state ticket next year. Topeka is like the darkey's thumb,—always on hand.

It is said that President Harrison has a very high opinion of Grover Cleveland's administration. There is no real doubt but the Cleveland administration will stand high in history.

"The statement that the Chicago & Alton has been absorbed by the Union Pacific is a lie made out of whole cloth," said Vice President McMullen of the Chicago & Alton to a reporter.

There should be a united and continued effort to improve and beautify your town. An organization for this purpose is a good thing. A little help all around will fill a town with shade trees, sidewalks, &c.

There was no principle at stake in the late election, except, perhaps, the right of the people to be independent. If they will so far free themselves from party tyranny, as to carry that issue into the next campaign, also, it will be well.

An American traveler just from Europe is authority for the statement that there are many very handsome public buildings in London. This will tax the credulity of some who have not imagined such a thing to be possible.

The Missouri Pacific Railway company is preparing to go into the elevator business and fight the United Elevator company, the recently organized St. Louis monopoly. The railroad has engaged the services of an experienced elevator manager.

Just why American manufacturers will sell machinery and other goods from ten to thirty per cent cheaper in Europe than they will sell them to be used at home is rather puzzling; but any one curious in the matter can easily enough find out that many of them do this.

The result of Tuesday's elections will generally be very gratifying. In many instances the old political hacks have succeeded, but usually with reduced majorities. In other cases they have been completely routed, showing that the people are growing to be a little more independent, a very healthy indication indeed.

Now that the election is over it will be well if the people resolve to put an end to the system of nominations for office, now in practice. Nominating conventions are carried by tricks, bulldozing and purchase. Any political practice that puts the power of nominating candidates into the hands of a few sharp, unscrupulous demagogues, and allows them to use the name of a great party organization to work their own private ends, is an abomination and a fraud. That is just what our political system does, as it is now conducted. The people ought to wake up to a sense of their own manhood and decline to be political chattels any longer.

If "protection to American industry" in the shape of tariff is right then agriculture, by far the greatest of American industries, is entitled to its full share of "protection." If "free trade" for South American raw materials, wool, hides, tallow, hair, etc., etc., is right for our manufacturers, then free manufactured goods from Europe is right for our farmers. "Equality before the tariff law." All free trade, or all tariff, should be the platform of every American farmer, Republican and Democrat, free trader and protectionist, as an American farmer can unite on that platform, and we must unite, and we must speak.

Some people do not seem to realize the importance of agriculture in our affairs as a Nation, or how it is the real foundation of all trade and commerce. The farmers, tobacco and cotton planters, and the raisers of beef cattle and hogs furnished seventy-three per cent. of all the exports that contributed the basis of our exchanges with foreign countries during the past year. The official reports for 1893 show that the total value of all exports of domestic merchandise was \$683,802,104. Of this aggregation of exports the value of the agricultural exports of all kinds amounted to \$500,810,000, while the total amount of our manufactured products exported was but \$183,022,018. The backbone, therefore, of all our dealings with foreign countries is our agriculture.

Another Ray from New Mexico.

Albuquerque, N. M. Oct. 28, 1893.
 Dear Editor:
 Intent upon the study of the old settlers of this country, I, the other day, joined a party consisting of an Englishman with two fads and another Englishman; the intention being to investigate the surrounding territory as much as is possible in an autumn Sunday afternoon.

The two fads owned by the first Englishman were not riding animals as might be supposed, although they were hobbies of his own and well ridden. One of them was his ability to outwalk anything in seven states or territories, and the other was his kodak. A kodak is a species of photographic instrument, and not a species of French brandy as some people imagine.

His ambition was to outwalk another photographer and take a "view," that, so far, had not been taken, before the other fellow got there. To help him along, the second Englishman and I assisted in carrying his kodak fad, which gave him a chance at the walking fad, which he improved in a way that made me disconsolate.

My Kansas corns have not been entirely eliminated as yet by this climate, and I became very fearful that the first Englishman was walking faster than he ought to. Although England has not been to us exactly what a mother country ought to have been, still it is not human nor America to see one of her sons cook himself in an effort like this, (where, even if successful, he cannot expect more than ten dollars a dozen for the picture), without protest. So, at the first tree I sat down in the shade and protested.

He explained that it was only three miles further to the untaken view and that it was probably the last chance for him to get an original picture in New Mexico. That is, he thought every other view in all this immense territory had been photographed and that to be any good he must be the first on the ground.

"Sabe?" said he, "Yes, sabe some," said I, and I further remarked that he could go to the untaken view without interference from me. In short, these two Englishmen were so impolite as to go on and leave me sitting in the shade of the cottonwood on the bank of the Acequia. The "Acequia" is an artificial stream drawn out of the Rio Grande for irrigation purposes and is the salvation of this country. Without it, nothing,—with it fine grain, vegetables, fruit; but, as the area so far covered by irrigation is limited, the demand for all kinds of produce is far in excess of the production; so that Kansas comes to the rescue with train loads of corn, hay, flour, and takes train loads of steers from here to feed up to the butchers block.

Please don't mention that I told you, but Kansas is a state on which the flies will hesitate to settle for several years yet.

Although there are the risks of drought, hail, cyclone, flood, chinch-bugs, grasshoppers and resubmission to submit to; still, suppose that Kansas had in place of her section on section, from north to south line, and from east to west, of corn, wheat and grass, only a strip a mile wide along the Kansas, Arkansas and one or two other streams, which could be cultivated, and the balance not capable of sustaining more than one cow to forty acres. This is about the case with New Mexico, except that there are thousands of sections upon which a goat would have to be a rustler to keep up his well known high spirits.

However, New Mexico has (besides her climate) many resources and great wealth in cattle, sheep and mines. The last are fairly beginning to be developed and promise great results.

The stock business is said to be overdone—that is, the ranges are overstocked—and until the Government or somebody else makes arrangements for additional irrigation there cannot be much increase in agriculture.

It will take a stronger (whoop than Tomlinson can make, to hold whiskey in this country.

It makes no difference whether you call a thing a chestnut or a tascot. We fear that Bender story is a tascot.

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed "because," she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at 7 o'clock."

Ex-Governor St. John speaking of Sacramento says: "The last thing you pass as you enter the cemetery gate and only sixty feet from it is a saloon. The first thing that confronts a mother after laying away her boy, a victim to the liquor habit as she passes out at the gate, is the legalized business that destroyed him. Inside the cemetery are places set apart for the burial of Odd Fellows, Masons, and members of the Improved Order of Red Men. It seemed to me that what was most needed in wine-cursed California was an improved order of white men."

Literary Notes.

The November Cosmopolitan contains the first of two arguments on the question of location for the World's fair of 1892. In this number the side of Chicago is presented by U. S. Senator Charles B. Farwell. It will be followed in December by the New York side of the question, written by William Waldorf Astor, who, in addition to his wealth and extensive ownership of real estate in New York, is the author of several works which have caused him to be favorably known in literary circles. He is a leading member of the most important committees working for the World's Fair in New York, and is amply able to do justice to the subject.

The MS. of Mr. Ethan Allen Reynolds, which was lost in the whirlpools of the Grand Canon of Colorado, at the time that three of his companions perished, has been rewritten and appears in this number. This dangerous expedition, in which it was probable that many, if not all, of the men would be drowned, while undertaken in the interests of science, was conducted exclusively for the Cosmopolitan, so far as its literary aspect was concerned.

The College series for this month is Professor Boyesen's article on Cornell, with many illustrations. "The Tenement-House Life of New York," taking in all sides of this life, from the most splendid flat to the squalid tenement, is the result of a careful study of several years by Miss Elizabeth Bisland. Another article, which will be appreciated by lovers of horses and which has never been done for any other periodical, is the work of Mr. Pelham-Clinton, who obtained special permission from the Queen of England to photograph her stables and horses, obtaining from the head grooms such information as would be of interest concerning "The Queen's Stables."

Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia.

Careful examination of the eighteenth volume of Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia shows that in many respects this remarkable work is superior to any of its competitors, especially in its adaptation to popular use. Its combination of an unabridged dictionary with the ordinary features of a cyclopaedia of universal knowledge is unique. The definitions and pronunciation of the words are clear and accurate, the illustrations are excellent, the topics are thoroughly treated and embrace the results of the most recent investigations and discoveries. Then, too, the extremely low price places it within the reach of all. The eighteenth volume is fully up to the high-water mark of its predecessors. It is especially rich in its biographies. We find sketches of Hall and Hayes, the Arctic explorers; John Hall and Robert Hall, celebrated clergymen; Hallam and Herodotus, historians; Haller, the philologist; Alexander Hamilton, the statesman, and Sir William Hamilton, the scientist; Handel and Haydn, the musical composers; Faustball, the foe of Rome; Hegel, the philosopher; Heine, the poet; Hengstenberg, the theologian; Herschel, the astronomer, and many other men of renown. Among important articles in other lines are Hallucination; Hand; Hansatic League, the famous trade union of the Middle Ages; Harbor; Hartford Convention, unique and famous in our political history; Harvard University; Hay; Hayti; Heat; Heart; Heaven; Hell; Heredity; Heresy; and Hieroglyphics. The forty volumes in which this great work will be completed will make a splendid library. The price, which gradually advances as the work nears completion, is wonderfully low. If ordered at once \$3.50 will pay for the first eighteen volumes in cloth binding, or \$12.10 for the half Morocco style. A specimen volume, which can be returned if not satisfactory, will be sent for 60 cents in cloth, or 85 cents in half Morocco. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York, Chicago and Atlanta.

Some of the Lawrence papers seem to be unwilling for appropriations to be made for the insane asylum at Topeka, but want liberal appropriations for the state university. All the public institutions should be abolished, or they should be fairly and equitably supported.

This should certainly be a union of prohibition states, and a union of prohibition sentiment. The present weakness of prohibition, so far as it is weak, throughout the country, comes from the division of sentiment on the question, and the readiness of so many to make it a very subordinate question.

Our many readers should not fail to read the large one-fourth page advertisement of Levi's Mammoth One Price Clothing House, which appears in this and future issues of the News. It will readily be seen that this enterprising House advertises to sell at twenty-five per cent less than the cost of manufacture. As this may be just the opportunity you are waiting for, you may save big money by calling at this establishment before purchasing winter clothing, etc. They have an immense stock, but large as it is, it cannot last long at the present wonderful rush. The crowd is so great at times that their mammoth building represents a bee hive of activity and industry.

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John W. Martiu & Co., of South Topeka, have opened a first-class stock of groceries, Queensware Flour, Feed &c. at No. 605 Kans. Ave., North Topeka, and offer to their customers goods at the lowest cash prices for quality of goods sold. Country produce bought and sold. All orders within city limits promptly delivered.

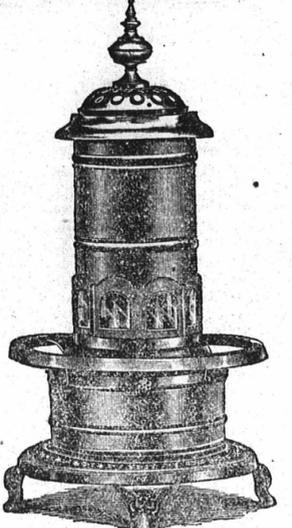
Mrs. A. C. Elder has returned from the east with an elegant line of millinery, among which are many beautiful pattern Hats and Bonnets. All the latest and most fashionable novelties in millinery may be found at her store, 610 Kansas Avenue, north of Crawford's Opera House. Parties buying hats here can have them trimmed free of charge.

November St. Nicholas, appears in a larger and plainer type, and with more pages. In "Intercollegiate Foot-ball in America," Walter Camp, certainly the best authority on these matters, gives explanation of the actual plays upon the field. Julian Hawthorne contributes an Egyptian parable called "The Child and the Pyramid," and Prof. Boyesen tells a thoroughly modern story of the boyish quarrel between Cromwell and the little prince whose death-warrant he was to sign in later years. One of the cleverest things in the number is the short drama, "Sir Rat—A Comedy" written and illustrated by Oliver Herford. And other good pieces which call for recognition. "A Story of a Horse," by Capt. C. A. Curtis, and "A Race with a Wooden Shoe," by Frederick E. Partridge. Of course every one will buy the Christmas number—and there is no reason why they should not have this. It begins a new volume—the seventeenth.

New Volume of the Century.

NOVEMBER begins the twentieth year of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. The opening pages are devoted to a generous installment of the long-expected autobiography of Joseph Jefferson. Jefferson begins the account of his life by a description of his "playhouse"; namely, "behind the scenes" of a theater. "And what a playhouse it was," says the author, "full of all sorts of material for the exercise of my youthful imagination!" He presents the most frank and humorous recollections of his childhood; he describes Chicago and the West in 1838 and 1839; a significant adventure at the home of Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.; and the voyage of his family in a flat-boat. He also gives his recollections of James Wallack, Sr., the elder Booth, and Macready. The illustrations are numerous and include portraits of Jefferson himself, his parents and grandfather, Lyrene Power, James Wallack, Macready, and Junius Brutus Booth.

The same number begins several other serials; Mrs. Barr's novel, "Friend Olivia," "The Merry Chanter," illustrated by C. D. Gibson. The first of the "Present-day Papers" is entitled "The Problems of Modern Society," and it has a preface signed by the group who are putting forth these timely essays. Dr. Langdon writes this paper. The other members of this group are Professor Shields, Bishop Potter, Dr. Munger and Dike, Seth Low, and Professor Ely. Mark Twain's contribution, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," is one of the most daring of the inventions of this most famous of American humorists. It is illustrated by Dan Beard. George Kennan has a chapter of "Adventures in Eastern Siberia." The authors of the Lincoln Life treat of "The Second Inaugural," "Five Forks," and "Appomattox." Among the poems is one by John H. Boner on "Poe's Cottage at Fordham."



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LEVI'S MAMMOTH ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,

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Western Farm News.

Try vaseline on your dry, hard leather.

Everyone should cultivate a feeling of local pride.

Those who will be suffering in Oklahoma this winter.

Do something for your town and you help yourself.

The Lawrence canning works made a net profit of \$29,000 last year.

The total valuation of Douglas county is \$5,026,036. Total tax \$213,400.

Feed breeding animals with substantial, nourishing, but not over-stimulating food.

The late rains were very general throughout the state, and will be of great value to winter wheat.

The Secretary of the Interior nobly says that the cattle men must get away from the Cherokee strip.

The strip cattle men say if they are forced to throw their cattle upon the market, the country will be so flooded with meat that it will bring nothing.

The state university students issue three college papers and expect the merchants of Lawrence to support them, and there is not a little subdued kicking against it. By-and-by two of them will, perhaps, be kicked over. One is enough for them and it ought to be enough for the boys.

So long as a large proportion of our farmers keep in debt, just so long will they labor under disadvantage, and just so long will they be compelled to sell, and in selling to take for their products just what they can get. Not being independent they cannot regulate their own prices.

Co-operation, commercially and politically, must be the aim of the agricultural and industrial masses, if they expect to become free from the galling restrictions of capital as exercised through the purchase and sale of political demagogues, by means of which so much special legislation is secured.

One of the most astonishing engineering feats of modern times, will be the railroad to the summit of Pike's Peak. The final surveys have been completed, and construction will be commenced shortly. The route will be about nine and three-quarter miles long, and will follow the old trail a large part of the way.

The more weak and imperfect farmers' organizations there are, the worse it will be. The Farmers' Alliance can do all the work that can be done by a farmers' federation, and do it better. The policy should not now be to form new organizations, but to unite and strengthen and perfect the old ones. The uniting of the Grange, the Wheel, the Alliance, and other similar societies into one, is a desirable and practical move, and should succeed. A farmers' federation is a fifth wheel to the wagon.

The increased and spreading interest in Alliance movement is everywhere noticed. If a higher degree of statesmanship shall be the outgrowth of the Alliance, the country will owe the movement a debt of gratitude. The needed reforms of the day can only come through a better development of the idea that law is intended to protect the people. The inference is that the law making power must be returned to the people. Politicians, who have been so long given to barter and sale, must be driven from the temple of the republic.

Small Fruits on the Farm.

On a small plot of ground enough fruit can be grown, if proper care is given, to supply a family of ordinary size three times a day the year through. I am aware that this statement may seem a rather broad one, but those who have a "little garden, well tilled," will bear me out in the assertion. It is surprising to those who have had no experience in this line to find out how much can be grown on a very small piece of ground, if proper attention is given. It does not require such an amount as one often imagines it must, because the regular use of it on the table has a tendency to prevent as great indulgence in it as would naturally be the case were it used only as a delicacy brought out on extra occasions. Used regularly, it becomes a sort of appetizer, and really acts as a tonic of the best kind. Its pleasant acid tones up the system and whets the appetite for a keener appreciation of more solid food. It is a direct aid to digestion, and those who eat of it regularly are seldom troubled with those ailments which call for pills and physic. The fruit eater is seldom bilious.

By all means set out plenty of small fruit. Have a row of Currants, a bed of Strawberries, Raspberries along the fence, and Grapes wherever a support can be arranged for them. If you have never tried your hand at small fruit culture, make up your mind to experiment in it, and the chances are, if you take care of the "venture" with which you start out, you will be so well pleased with your success that in a year or two you will "branch out" until you have all the fruit your family requires. It is just as easy to care for a garden of this kind as it is to properly cultivate a field of corn. But most farmers have got the idea into their heads that it is puttering work, and nothing will get this idea out of their heads except a trial, which will be sure to convince them that no other part of the farm pays so well, all things considered, as a good garden.—VICK'S MAGAZINE for November.

No strictly business man will ever figure up the amount paid in a city or town treasury for saloon license, without also figuring the other side and striking a balance.

Arkansas City and Wichita are now or have been booming, but they will probably, to some extent, meet the fate of Alton, Ill., which once aspired to be what St. Louis now is. Oklahoma will contain the great future city of that section, and not a county on the Kansas border.

Prof. Snow's weather report for October, shows that the temperature, rainfall and wind-velocity were below the October averages. Nearly all the rainfall occurred on the last three days of the month. The first killing frost of the season occurred on the 27th—seven days later than the average date.

In 1850 we had a population of 23,000,000, with an average wealth per capita of \$300; in 1888 the population was 50,000,000, the average wealth being \$875; and it is estimated that the next year's census will show an average wealth of \$1,000. But this average does count for much. Mr. Shearman's article in the November Forum shows that wealth in this country is concentrating into the hands of the few.

Catarrh Can't be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATION, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucus surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucus surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

A. Ingram, a well-known resident of Topeka, who left six months ago to explore the wilds of Alaska, met a terrible death in that country. On June 27 with F. C. Young he started from Forty-Mile creek down the river Yukon for Juneau in a boat with their provisions. They struck a false trail and traveled 100 miles on it. Soon after striking it, Ingram and Young became exhausted from privation and exposure, and on August 11 the former laid down and refused to move. He died in a few hours. On the following day Young succumbed to the same fate. Ingram was sixty-three years old.

A Desperate Battle.

At Louisville, Ky. a few days ago C. W. Hammond turned a fine blooded mare, valued at \$500, with a large ox into the same inclosure. As soon as they entered the lot they rushed at each other. The mare kicked the ox in the side with both feet, nearly stunning him, but the latter recovered and gored the mare two or three times.

Both fought with the greatest fury. The mare both kicked and bit, tearing chunks of flesh from the ox with her sharp teeth, while she in turn was raked again and again by the ox's sharp horns.

Both were covered with blood, but continued the fight as desperately as ever, despite the efforts of the men to separate them.

At last the ox plunged his horns almost entirely through the thick part of the mare's neck. The blow was fatal but as the mare staggered her weight broke the ox's horn short off, and she fell and died with it in her body.

The ox was so badly kicked and bitten that he died in the afternoon.

The Base-Ball Excitement.

Two GRAPHIC pictures of exciting base-ball scenes make up the first page of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY of this week. Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., is the society lady who is honored with her picture. She is beautiful. Other attractive pictures represent the "Maritime Conference at Washington," the loading of Barnum's Menagerie on an ocean steamer, the "Soldiers' Memorial in Brooklyn," and a dozen interesting incidents.

The Union Signal says that the commissioners of the District of Columbia, on October 25, granted to Hon. Levi P. Morton, Vice-President of the United States, a license to sell whisky, beer and other spirituous and malt liquors at retail on the premises. Mr. Morton's saloon will be in his new flat, "Shoreham," at the corner of 15th and H. streets. His bar will be the handsomest in Washington. If this is true the republican party should be held responsible for the disgrace.

The November ECLECTIC has a number of excellent articles, some of them being of much current significance. "The Progress of Co-operation," by George Jacob Holyoake and M. Millerand, tells us the latest facts about a most important movement in labor reform, and discusses the question with high intelligence. "Russian Characteristics" is the first of a series of papers, which promise to be full of interest and instruction. The first deals in a most pungent way with the habit of unvarnished and hypocrisy which is a national dry-rot. There can be but little doubt that these singularly fresh papers will be in many ways illuminating. Those interested in the religious life of the great Catholic orders will find suggestive reading in "A Glimpse into a Jesuit Novitiate," by M. H. Dziewicki, which seems to be a truthful study from personal experience. W. S. Lilly gives us a vigorous and thoughtful paper cast in the form of dialogue, entitled "In Search of a Religion," which is of great interest. Mr. Graham Sandberg's visit to the mysterious City of Lhasa, the religious Mecca of Buddhism in Central Asia, is a fascinating record of travel. An article, supposed to have been written by Mr. Gladstone, treats the relations of Italy in the Tripartite Alliance in a way which foreshadows the Liberal policy, when the English Home Rule party gets into power. This article has made a great sensation in Europe. The paper on "Eastern Women," by Horace Victor, is very racy and entertaining. The Magazine has many short papers, sketches, poems, etc., of superior worth, which lend variety to its contents. Published by E. R. PELTON, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, \$1. ECLECTIC and any \$4 Magazine, \$5.



E. E. ROUDEBUSH,
BUSINESS MANAGER

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

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E. L. McIlvray, Pres.
Lawrence, Kansas.

The reason that Tuesday's election went as it did, is because so many voters staid at home. This always explains why the other fellows got left.

The Ladies Home Journal.

Every conceivable department of life most interesting to women, is covered in the November number of The Ladies' Home Journal, and the enormous circulation which this periodical enjoys is easily accounted for therein. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitman's new novel opens most promisingly in this issue, while Maud Howe's society romances receives its second installment. "Josiah Allen's Wife" has an illustrated story; Margaret E. Sangster contributes a Thanksgiving poem; Mrs. John Sherwood, "New York's society queen" has an article; Edward W. Bok tells about literary matters; the latest Fall fashions and those coming for the winter, are carefully given, while the household, the garden, the kitchen, the nursery, the boudoir each has its own department conducted by skillful and well-known writers. In brief, woman's domain is covered in every branch, and for women, therefore, it is indeed doubtful whether a more interesting magazine can be found, and at the same time a cheaper one, since the subscription price of The Ladies' Home Journal is but \$1.00 per year. Published monthly with illustrations, at 435 Arch street, Philadelphia.

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DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

TOPEKA

THE ABSENT.
'Tis but an hour—a day—
Ere from their hands we seek
Some loving words, which may
Of fond remembrance speak!
The days of merge in years,
And time flies swiftly on,
Enwrap'd in hope and fears,
We weep for loved ones gone.
Each day we wait the mail,
Alas! we know how vain,
Our tears will not avail,
They ne'er will come again!
Dear mistress! blessings small,
To loving hearts at home,
The saddest of them all,
Are those that never come!

MY REVENGE.

A room, sunlit and warm; a bed, draped in snowy white, relieved with just a touch of delicate blue, and, resting on the pillows, a woman's face with eyes full of happiness. On her breast the little boy child the angels had given into her keeping, and watching over both with a dim wonderment at his heart if heaven at last was not reached, the proud husband and father.

Such the picture on that morning in early May, which seemed as though no disturbing element could enter to destroy it; yet in answering to a summons to enter a servant appears, bearing in her hand a letter. Still, with no prescience of ill, her master receives and tears it open, not with impatient haste, but his eyes still feasting on the scene before him. They turn reluctantly upon the page, and Reginald Archer learns that he is beggared.

At the hands of the man who has been friend and brother in one was the fatal blow struck. He was a banker, rich and respected, and held all Reginald Archer's property in his possession. He had speculated, saw ruin staring him in the face, and Horace Grey fled the country, followed by the curses of his victims.

Horace Grey! I, the son of Reginald Archer, was not like to forget the name; I, who, years after, had heard how my gentle mother had sickened and died under the blow, knew to whom I owed the fact that I was not as other boys—could not exit over my pony or handsome dress—and that even the education I received was bought by my father's premature age in his struggle with adversity.

And as I, at 18, looked down upon the coffin which held the dear form, and traced the lines of care around mouth and brow, had any one questioned me as to the cause of death I would have cried, "Murdered, and Horace Grey is his murderer!"

A few months later I accepted a business offer which would take me far from my native land. I did not care for wealth. Yet, somehow, all that my hand touched turned to gold, and when, a few years later, I turned my face homeward, it was with a competency assured for life.

Up to this time love had never entered my heart. I knew not its meaning until chance threw Maude Roland into my path. Did I say chance? Providence would have been the better word.

She was singularly unlike other girls, and perhaps on that account first attracted me. She had but little time to devote to girlish graces and follies, for her heart and soul seemed centered in the old man whose feeble footsteps she strove to guide and support.

These two lived alone; she, young and beautiful, with no companion save that old father, who was as a child in her hands. Age and trouble had with him done fatal work, but with whatever exaction he demanded she complied cheerfully. And so I grew to love her.

For herself she would accept nothing save the flowers I sent her daily, but her father I could supply with fruits and wine and delicacies necessary to him, which he was unable to provide. They lived very simply in a small cottage on the outskirts of the town, but it grew to be a hallowed spot.

One day I said to her, "Maude, be my wife. I love you and can make you a happier home, where you can still give your father every comfort."

But she sadly shook her head.
"No, Percy. Here is my post; I will not desert it. As your wife, you would have the right to demand more of my time than I could give you. Often night and day I spend by his side; and when he needs me I must not be found wanting."

In vain I sought to combat her resolution; she was inexorable. But I persuaded her at last to allow me to live under their roof; for her father was gradually breaking down, and at times had fits almost of madness which needed a strong controlling hand.

Once I awakened from my sleep to find him standing by my bed, his eyes burning with a fierce light, his lips muttering incoherent words, and his hands restlessly moving to and fro.

"Up, Percy, up!" at last he exclaimed. "He has been here again to-night demanding his own, and I must satisfy him!"

With soothing hands I persuaded him to go back to his bed, and he soon fell into a quiet sleep. But after that night he grew weaker day by day, and the doctors warned us the end was near.

A week later I was sitting alone by his bedside. He had been tossing restlessly for hours until sleep had conquered him, and my own eyes were closing when I heard him pronounce my name.

Something in the tone caused me to look inquiringly into his face. Over it

there had crept an expressive calm, almost happy, and the unexpressed had died out of his eyes, which reflected the light of reason awakened in his brain.

"Are we alone?" he questioned. "I have a story to tell. It has been here"—touching his forehead—"a long time past; but somehow I could not put it into words. I think now I can make it plain. You have been a kind friend to me; you will be so still to Maude when I am gone, and I can trust you to fulfill the duty I impose upon you. Years ago I was rich and respected—a man to whom money was confined. I grew ambitious, insatiate in my greed. I speculated—put all my fortune into investments which seemed full of promises, which in reality were smiling vortexes, engulfing all in their horrid depths.

"I awoke one morning to find myself a ruined man, surrounded by wealth abundant, as I thought, to lift me out of trouble; but none of it my own. All that I owned had been swallowed up.

"I took the first step—borrowing, meaning to repay, until ruin utter and complete overwhelmed me. I gathered together all upon which I could lay my hands, and fled. From that day I have never known a happy hour. One man there was Percy, who had been to me a brother—noble, generous, true. He had placed his whole fortune within my grasp, and I, coward, wretch that I was, betrayed even such a trust. But when the deed was done, that seemed blood money. I think, had I been starving, I could not have touched it. I invested it safely and securely, hoping some day to restore it.

"Percy, if that man lives tell him Horace Grey would have died content had he restored to Reginald Archer his own, and heard him breathe his forgiveness."

Horace Grey! Could this be he? The man upon whom all my life I had almost prayed for revenge—whose girl I had hoped to win for my wife!

"You call yourself Roland," I murmured, almost unconsciously.

"An assumed name, merely. My child has never known her rightful name."

As in a trance, I sat listening, my head bowed on my hands. My father's form, lying so still and cold as I had last seen it, seemed to forbid one word of comfort to the dying man. The young wife in her early grave seemed to call out against it, when, as though a voice had breathed the words into my ear, came the recollection of a sentence spoken when I had stood, a boy, beside my father's knees and spoke of revenge—"Horace's conscience has long since repented me. If I could see him to-day I would extend him my hand, knowing his suffering had exceeded mine."

Ah, had it not? To look upon the poor, wasted form, to see the last struggle to restore what he had taken, to read the wretchedness of remorse written in every feature, was sufficient answer; and falling on my knees beside the bed, the last vengeful thought left me as I said, "If Reginald Archer's soul could speak to you with my lips and say his father had never harbored a thought save of pity and forgiveness, would it bring you comfort?"

"Boy, what mean you? Say that once again!"

"Horace Gray, my father, whom you wronged forgave you. The property you have restored shall be your child's. I am his son."

"Proofs—proofs!" he muttered.

"You shall have them," I answered. And, hastening to my room, I soon returned with papers proving my identity.

"Strange—strange! Of all I wronged, he alone can I remember—he whose son whispers forgiveness. God help me! I never can forgive myself!"

Two weeks later the man whom all my life I had regarded as my bitterest enemy breathed his last; and lo! I wept tears of sincere sorrow as I unclasped my hand from his cold grasp and raised the weeping girl who knelt at my side. He had gone to more merciful judgment than men could give. Before his death he had placed in my hands the papers restoring to me my own; but at my urgent appeal that it would be Maude's, he at last consented, and so I won my vengeance.

"How strange, Percy," Maude one day said to me, "that I should come into possession of such a fortune when we have lived so long in almost poverty. Poor father! He imagined perhaps such economy was necessary."

I let her think it so; and when she put her hand in mine and shared my name, I knew that could my father have looked down from heights above I should have seen the old smile light up his face, and heard him murmur, "It is as I would have wished it."

Drink in London and Paris.

London will before long be able to declare that it is a more temperate city than Paris, as the number of existing drink licenses in London has not been allowed to increase of late years, while the dram-shops of Paris have risen from 24,000 in 1880 to nearly 30,000 in the present year. In thirty years the consumption of alcohol in France has trebled and in ten years it has doubled, the average consumption being twelve quarts for each male adult. The most temperate part of France is the wine-growing districts of the south.

Very Fortunate.

Henderson: "Why, I didn't expect to see you back so soon, Williamson. I am afraid that your won't be successful in Oklahoma." Williamson: "Oh, I was very fortunate. I got home alive, and that was more than some of my friends did."—Time.

HUNTING IN AFRICA.

Hippopotami in Their Native Waters.

At last we reached the bathing place of the hippopotamus herd, says a writer in the London Herald. Peering through the rushes, side by side with Makata, I could see the huge head of a hippopotamus as it swam near us. Only the eyes, ears, and nose could be seen. These parts were of a bright scarlet, quite unlike the dull, leaden hue which these parts assume in captivity.

As we neared the swimming animal, Makata rose on one knee. When he gripped his harpoon he trembled with excitement. I had been told to remain perfectly still, and to do only what my native companion told me to do. When at last the brute was so near that I could almost have touched him Makata, with one movement, rose to his full height and hurled the harpoon. With a dull thud the heavy spear sank into the neck of the brute and quivered with the force that had driven him home.

Stung by the strange and unexpected pain the animal gave a convulsive spring, shook from the rude socket the head of the harpoon, which still remained attached to the shaft by its many stranded rope, and dashed down stream at full speed. Seguni paid out the line rapidly, while Makata and I sprang into the canoe and continued to pay it out as he followed us. But as he took his seat he held the line taut, and the hippopotamus drew the canoe from off the raft of rushes and towed it along as if it were a cork.

It was like whaling on a small scale. A noise up-stream attracted our attention, and we saw another hippopotamus with a canoe towing behind it. "Take care!" shouted our steersman, "you will run foul of us. Steady, Seguni, steady! wait till I give the word—now, then—cut!"

As he spoke the infuriated brute made straight at us, open-mouthed. Seguni severed the rope attached to our animal at one cut, and with a deft turn of his paddle, Makata shot the light canoe sixty feet from the threatening beast.

Clumsy as the hippopotami appear, they swim with astonishing rapidity, and it was only after a long chase that our light boat caught up with it. At Makata's direction, I passed the harpoon to Seguni, who stood up in the bow with one foot slightly raised, and the spear poised above his head.

"Slings your rifle on your back, boss," said he; "his strength is failing and when he feels the iron he may dash at the canoe."

As I secured my rifle we ran alongside the hippopotamus, and Seguni deftly placed the harpoon almost side by side with the other one. The brute turned round and came at the boat. Makata seized a spear and thrust it deep into his throat. Then in a flash the boat was overturned and we were floundering in the water.

"Dive, boss, dive!" said a voice, and I obeyed as well as I was able.

When I came up I found Makata by my side, ready to help me if necessary. Seguni was near the shore, carrying the top's end in his teeth, and the hippopotamus was engaged in rending the frail canoe. Had I not dived, the beast might have wreaked his vengeance on me instead of on the boat. But he does not follow his enemies beneath the surface, and the natives, in case of an upset, dive and hang on to roots and grass to keep themselves under until he begins to break up the boat.

It was not easy to swim with the heavy rifle on my back. I felt it gradually drag me down, and in my struggle to get it clear I unfortunately attracted the brute's attention.

"Swim, boss!" shouted Makata, and he also called to his brother to make haste to get on shore.

There was no chance to escape by speed, but I swam steadily along and had not gone a score of yards before Makata slipped back behind me, and, taking the spear from his mouth, prepared to meet the enraged giant in his native element.

I must own that I had been badly scared since the upset, but as soon as I saw the plucky black drop behind to cover my retreat I lost my nervousness, and, turning round, began to tread water and to watch the strange fight.

The beast swam rapidly on with his head level with the water until he was within ten feet of the black. Then he opened his terrible mouth and made straight for him. Carefully timing his movements Makata suddenly sank below the surface, and in another second a terrific plunge and an angry snort from the hippopotamus showed that the black's spear had been driven home. As soon as Makata's head reappeared the brute made for him again, and, to my horror, I saw that the black's spear was broken off at the head.

My feet touched something in the water, and the next moment I was standing on the submerged trunk of a tree that was slowly drifting down with the current.

I saw Makata as he dived to and fro, pursued by the frantic animal, but the brave black's strength was giving out. Seguni had gained the shore, passed the rope round a tree, and was hauling in the slack for dear life, but it was evident that he would not get a purchase in time to be of much use.

It was then, as if by a flash of memory, that I felt the rifle in my hands. I knew my waterproof cartridges would explode, and I held the rifle up by the muzzle to let water run out. Then, as the hippopotamus turned his head toward me, I fired.

He was 200 feet away; the bullet

struck at the base of the brute's skull, and diverted its attention from Makata, who feebly swam to my side and took a stand on the tree.

The hippopotamus, apparently confused, swam round and round, snorting with fury, and I knew my bullet must have injured the spinal cord. I would have given him another shot, but the cartridge had fallen out of the chamber, and my belt was either on the raft or had dropped in the water.

Seguni had by this time got a purchase of the rope.

"Come to shore! Come to shore before he feels the rope!" he shouted. Makata was now somewhat recovered, and we swam to the shore and began to haul in the rope.

As soon as the animal felt the strain of the rope he rushed for the shoals. The two blacks, armed with the spears Seguni had saved, attacked him on both sides at once, while I drew the rope tighter and tighter. It was a curious sight to see the two hunter maneuver in the endeavor to strike the spear into the animal's eye, which is the only part vulnerable to the light spears. As the hippopotamus rushed to one side and the other to meet its assailant I hauled in the slack, until at last, in one of his rushes, he fell forward, dead, in the shallow water.

A Parisian Joke.

The many acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, prominent members of the First Baptist church of this city, says the Minneapolis Journal, are telling an amusing story in which the two were the chief characters. The scene is laid in gay Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds recently made a lengthy European trip. While in Paris they were patrons of a fashionable hotel. For several months previous to leaving for the tour abroad Mrs. Reynolds assiduously applied all her energies to studying the French language. She was an unusually apt scholar. When the time for leaving home came Mrs. Reynolds' teacher congratulated her upon the rapid manner in which she had mastered the language, and Mrs. Reynolds personally believed she was proficient enough to cope with the Parisians in their own tongue when the great metropolis should be reached.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds spent many a pleasant day in Paris, and only have in remembrance one brief half-day of agonizing misery. It happened this way: In Parisian hotels the attaches are suave and obliging. One afternoon Mr. Reynolds journeyed downtown alone. When Mrs. Reynolds found herself ready to leave her apartments she turned to the bright-eyed waiting-maid, and, with the best French at her command, told the girl to tell her husband, when he returned to the room, that she had gone down into the public parlor, where she would wait for him.

"Oui, madame," replied the girl with a knowing smile and a low courtesy. It was evident the girl had had such commands given her before. Mrs. Reynolds passed down to the public parlor. She waited a full hour for her husband and by that time became very nervous over his non-appearance. She went up-stairs and went out upon the verandah. When nearly opposite her apartments, she heard strange sounds from within. Passing quickly to the window she was thunder-struck to see her husband pacing the floor at a lively gait, gesticulating wildly with his hands and muttering savagely. Ever and anon he would try the door. It would not open. Mrs. Reynolds ran to his assistance; opened the door; the girl was found, and then followed general explanations. Mrs. Reynolds' French had tripped her up, so to speak. The girl understood her to say she should lock her husband in the room when she returned, and she obeyed orders. Both Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds afterward enjoyed the joke hugely.

Thereafter, however, Mrs. Reynolds insisted that the language of her forefathers was good enough for her.

How She Got Rid of a Leaser.

A young lady living in Windsor was visiting in Detroit lately, and on her way to the ferry stopped to rest in Grand Circus park. She was very tired and did not notice any one near. Pretty soon two men strolled along and sat down on an adjoining bench. One of them, addressing the young lady, said:

"It's a very pleasant afternoon, miss."

She was determined not to be driven away, so took no notice of him. In a few moments he repeated his address:

"It's a very pleasant afternoon, miss."

Still she kept severely silent, hoping he would see that his attentions were unwelcome, but he was not to be bluffed. He jumped up and, going right in front of her, looked directly at her as he repeated for the third time:

"It's a pleasant afternoon, miss."

The young lady looked in his face and laid her finger on her lips. The man stared, then turned quickly to his companion.

"By the Lord, Harry!" he exclaimed, "the girl is deaf and dumb. Come on."

The young strategist watched them out of sight and then resumed her walk.—Free Press.

An Unkind Cut.

Editor: I can not think and use the typewriter at the same time." Rival editor: "Then you find the typewriter no better than the pen."—Boston Courier.

WINGED MISSILES.

Grecian shoes were peculiar in reaching to the middle of the legs.

The present fashion of shoes was introduced into England in 1683.

Mme. Bernhardt says she has never quarreled with her dress-maker.

Chicago has a newspaper called the Liar. It has a large constituency at home.

Crackers and sweet goods made outside of Syracuse are boycotted by the Syracuse bakers.

A western newspaper says that "the Czar was not accompanied to Berlin by the Czardine."

A report from New York fashionable circles says hats will be large and bonnets very small.

The Bennington (Vt.) battle monument is now a trifle higher than Bunker Hill monument.

Some Pittsburg engineers struck to have a man prepare the engine ready for use each morning.

Mrs. Curtis, nee Louisa M. Knapp, is said to receive \$10,000 a year for editing the Ladies' Home Journal.

There is undesigned humor in the remark of a Berlin correspondent that "the Czar of Russia is rather bombastic."

"A vocal singing club" has too much noise in it and is companion to the expressions, "Orally by the word of mouth."

A Providence, R. I., concern will soon be able to turn out machinery for steam purposes representing 150 h. p. per day.

The antiquity of the watermelon is thoroughly established. Seeds found in Egyptian tombs were estimated to be 3,000 years old.

Some one who professes to have taken the population of the diamond field says there are 30,000 ball players in this country.

Shoes among the Jews were made of leather, linen, rush, or wood; soldiers' shoes were sometimes made of brass or iron.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain says that she wants to visit this country before she dies. The American tiger is quite an animal, Bella.

The empress of Japan has just taken possession of her palace which has cost \$4,000,000. She proposes to visit America next spring.

The Shah found his harom in a state of disorder on his return to Persia. He now wishes he had remained in Europe permanently.

"How do you fellows dissolve barbed wire?" asked a Texas delegate of a Dopeka druggist, after taking a drink of Kansas whiskey.

An enormous eagle recently alighted on a house in Monongalia county, W. Va., but flew away before the owner could hunt up his shotgun.

Buffalo Bill has been invited to Russia and accepted. Dynamite has no terrors for a man who was brought up on the frontier with buffaloes.

Speaking of the "Great City Snobs," Thackeray says: "Intimacy is impossible, in most cases, with these grave, pompous and awful beings."

Mme. Patti Nicolini sails for New York, Nov. 23. Meantime she is to sing in eight concerts in England, for which she will receive nearly \$30,000.

Mr. Tyron of Ballston, Ore., celebrated recently his one hundredth birthday. He settled in Oregon in 1832 and has seventy-eight direct descendants.

In the reign of William Rufus of England in the eleventh century, a great bean, "Robert, the Horned," used shoes with sharp points stuffed with tow, and twisted like rams' horns.

Hugo Zieman, the disgruntled chief of the White House, has a long list of grievances, but the most important of them lies in the fact that President Harrison insists upon eating pie at every meal.

Near Silvertown, Ore., is a quarry of what is called "fire-place stone," it is soft when mined, and can be sawed or chipped in any desired shape, and when subjected to intense heat does not seem to be affected.

At Blountsville, Ala., George Smith, aged seventy-two, was tried before a jury of twelve in the circuit court, and found guilty of an assault and fined \$20 for kissing his eighteen-year-old niece, Annie Slaughter.

Henry Apple owns a small mining claim in Sierra county, New Mexico, that has paid him \$18,000 in five months. He employs one man, and the ore is crushed in a hand-mortar. Apple is pleased with the fruit of his labor.

Even an unprogressive journal in China leads a checkered career. The Pekin Gazette asserts that 1,900 of its editors have been beheaded. The journal in question claims to have been in existence for a thousand years.

Senator Sherman is a cautious man even in his literary habits. He has adopted Emerson's rule and will not read a book until it is a year old. This system strictly adhered to would save much useless "wear and tear" of the eyes.

Birmingham, Eng., employs 1,000 umbrella makers. One of them claims to have invented a transparent umbrella that will allow the bearer to see what he or she is about to run into, as well as what is about to run into him or her.

Meissonier recently said to a lady, who remarked upon visiting his new house that she had missed pictures of his own from among the beautiful things with which he had adorned his rooms: "Ah, madame, they are too dear to allow me to keep them."

A Toronto (Ont.) man was in Philadelphia and bought a ticket for home, stating that he wanted to go via Lewiston. He meant Lewiston, N. Y., and when he awoke in Lewiston, Me., next day he was the maddest man that dawn east city has seen for a month.

The Romans made use of two kinds of shoes—the sole, or sandal, which covered the sole of the foot and was worn at home and in company, and the calceus, which covered the whole foot and was always worn with the toga when a person went abroad.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Robbed by a Highwayman in the Mammoth Cave.

When I stopped off at the Mammoth Cave House last fall to have a look at the big underground exposition, there were only a few guests in the house. Only one of them particularly attracted my attention, and he might not have done so had he not introduced himself, borrowed a cigar, offered me a sip of his cough medicine and otherwise exhibited his desire to be friendly. When he finally got seated for an interchange of views he claimed to be Col. Henry Blanchard, late of a Tennessee regiment. That is, he was about twenty-five years late, having colonized the regiment during the last years of the war. I think he also told me which side he fought on, and that he was an awful fighter, but just at that time I was wondering about the cave and I didn't put down the figures.

I do remember, however, that the colonel told me that he was a millionaire, and I further remember that I managed to convey the impression that I had about three millions at my disposal. Experience has taught me that it is better to lie about those things—to out-lie the other party. When a stranger has informed you that he can draw his check for a cool million, and you have replied that you'd be glad if you could draw one of \$25, the inevitable result is a coolness which soon drifts you to opposite sides of the pasture of life. I therefore make it a rule to let the other man fix his figures to suit himself and then I double them.

The colonel next informed me that he had arrived on the grounds with speculation in view. He had heard that the cave was for sale at a ridiculously low figure. The owner of it had got the idea that mammoth caves were going out of style and would soon be a drug in the market, and would therefore sell out for a trifle—something like \$50,000. Was I looking for an investment on which I could double my money in thirty days? I was. Would I take half of it? I would. If it had been a farm or a vineyard or a yoke of cattle I might have hesitated, but one never runs any risk in buying a cave. It is right there. It stands in any climate. It is always healthy and productive. If it should fail as a cave, owing to some change of public sentiment, one can turn it into a cold storage, a state prison or a pirate's lair and reap fair interest on the capital.

It was agreed that we should walk over to the cave the next day, and it was further agreed that we keep the matter as still as death. There were other millionaires there and they might catch on. We were to set out at 8 a. m. so as to go slow and look for other caves on the road. Before setting out I gave the landlord my watch and all my money but a dollar, and when ready to go I stepped off as light infantry. The colonel was awaiting me down stairs, and under his direction I slipped quickly away in one direction, while he took another and soon joined me.

"We've got to work this thing mighty easy," he explained. "Chances to make a million dollars don't grow on every bush, and if the fact that this cave is for sale was known in Louisville a special train of millionaires would be out here to-night."

I agreed with him, and we took to the fields and made short cuts. We had gone two-thirds of the distance and were passing over a wooded ridge and chatting as friendly as two emperors, when I heard a click! click! behind me and the colonel sang out:

"Halt! Throw up your hands!"

"What's the matter, colonel—snakes?"

"If you don't do exactly as I order I will blow your head off!" he replied.

"But what's the order?"

"Shell out! I want everything you've got!"

"Is this a put-up job?"

"It is."

"And you are not Col. Henry Blanchard, late colonel of a late Tennessee regiment in the late war?"

"Not any! Shell!"

"Would you rob an orphan of his all?" I asked, hoping to reduce his heart to a liquid state and then outrun him.

"I would, and don't you bother me too long!"

Then I began to shell. I shelled out a silver dollar and laid it on a rock. Then I shelled out a cigar case, two quill toothpicks, a match safe, a cigar, a pocket knife, and a phial of peppermint essence which I used for toothache.

"Come down!" he yelled as I stood and looked at him.

"I have."

"I want your money?"

"There, it is. I've got \$23 and a railroad ticket to Detroit at the hotel, but you'll have to wait until we return there."

"Where's your watch?"

"At the hotel."

"You miserable, poverty-stricken wretch, but you lied to me about your millions!" he shouted.

"But you lied first."

"Turn your pockets wrong side out!" I complied and he saw their emptiness.

"That's a regular Yankee trick," he growled as he tried to hide his chagrin. "If it wasn't for the trouble of hiding your carcass I'd shoot you! Now, then, do as I tell you!"

"With pleasure."

"Go straight toward those trees, and don't you stop until you reach them. If you look back I'll shoot you."

"I picked up everything but the

dollar, wished him good day and set out, and after reaching the trees I made a circuit and finally brought up at the hotel. When I told the landlord what had happened he exclaimed:

"Is it possible? Why he owes me for a week's board! What will happen next, I wonder!"

A week later I met the colonel in Lexington, Ky. I met him face to face on the street, and his embarrassment was so great that I felt sorry for him. In order to put him at his ease and prove that I had no hard feelings towards him, I held out my hand and said:

"Colonel, you owe me a dollar, borrowed money."

"Just looking for you that I might pay it," he replied, and he went into his vest pocket and brought up my 1872 dollar.

Then we smiled and passed on.

A Senatorial Poker Game.

Years ago Senators Jones, Vest, Stewart, and Cameron were playing a game of poker one evening, says the San Francisco Examiner, and although the stakes were not high the company was good and it ran until long after midnight. A few days afterward Vest remarked to Jones: "I say, Jones, wasn't that a big game the other evening? Everything went along so well and no one at the game had to watch the other three. I like a gentleman's game like that, where you don't even have to cut the cards for a square deal."

Jones, who is an incorrigible wag, suddenly conceived the idea of having some fun with Vest, so he manufactured a story to fit the occasion.

"I'm glad you think so," he said, "but Bill Stewart doesn't have that idea of it."

"What?" said Vest, quite seriously, "do you mean to tell me that Stewart thinks there was cheating in that game?"

"That's the idea he conveyed to his wife when he reached home. She spoke to me about it yesterday."

"I'm really sorry to hear that," said Vest. "I feel hurt to hear he felt that he hadn't lost his money on the square."

"I feel the same way," replied Jones. "I felt as if a thunderclap had struck me."

"What did he really say about it?" asked Vest.

"Well, he came home about 3 o'clock and his wife noticed that his beard was all covered with tobacco juice—a very unusual thing for him—and she took him to task for it. He said he had been in a senatorial poker game."

"Were there no cuspidors in the room?"

"Yes, plenty of 'em."

"Couldn't you turn from the cards long enough to use them?"

"No, my dear; not in that game."

Four Old Churches.

Lincoln county, Maine, famous for Indian relics and other antiquities, has three churches that were built before the Revolution, and one whose doors were opened at the very dawn of the present century. The German Lutheran Church at Waldoboro was erected in 1771, and is still in a good state of preservation. It is a queer old wooden structure, with pews like boxes, and an elevated pulpit, and galleries around three sides. Its interior finish is quite elaborate, but unpainted, and its windows are set with odd little panes of glass, which admit a very doubtful light. Its Bible and other books are as old as the building, and the sexton, Miles W. Standish, is a lineal descendant of the Puritan Captain. Waldoboro was settled by Germans, and up to the year 1830 services in the old church were connected in the German language. At that time, however, the congregation had become Anglicized to such a degree that they preferred their sermons in bad English. Regular services were discontinued fifty years ago, but the society keeps up its organization, and once a year the whole countryside flocks to the quaint old church to attend the anniversary services, which prevents it from falling into complete disuse. "Walpole Church" in Bristol closely resembles the Waldoboro edifice, and is still in good condition after 117 years of almost continuous use. In Aina, near Wiscasset, there is a church which is supposed to be about 115 years old, and one mile from Newcastle village stands a Catholic church, built of brick, which was completed early in the year 1800. It is plastered with lime burned from rock brought from Ireland, and, although a dingy little church, seems likely to stand for a century yet.

Cologne Drinking.

One of the latest fads is cologne drinking. It is common in England and France and is gaining ground in America. Cologne can be bought without exciting suspicion at the drug stores and its intoxicating qualities are of the most reliable character. The cologne drinker usually begins by taking it on lumps of sugar and progressively works up to take it straight in liberal quantities. As most of the American cologne is made from wood alcohol, a particularly venomous and fiery decoction, its effects are more marked than those of the ordinary liquor, and the drinker may indulge his appetite with a responsible certainty that he will wind up with delirium tremens. But this, instead of being an objection to cologne drinking, is regarded as one of its merits, its tendency of bibulous development seeming to be in the direction of something more deadly.

HOSPITALITY COMES HIGH.

How a Boarding-Bill Has Been Visited Upon Succeeding Generations.

It is seldom that a man tells a good story on himself without knowing it, but when he does he is entitled to credit just the same. A young man who sometimes writes stories himself is the hero of the adventure, which happened last summer.

"I was traveling about in the southwest for my health," he said, "and one day drifted into Las Vegas, Tex. The proprietor of the hotel at which I stopped was an old friend of mine having lived neighbors in the old country, and we were brought up together in an Ohio town. His hotel, I thought, was an ordinary \$1.50 per day house, but I took the precaution to ask him his rates."

"Oh, that's all right," he said, patting me on the shoulder, "we won't quarrel about rates, old boy, not while you are stopping in this house."

"So I staid in his house. I could have got better board in a restaurant close by for \$1 per week, but I didn't suppose he would charge me much more than that price, and besides I wanted to patronize an old friend. When my first week was up I asked for my bill."

"Even \$21," said my friend, "but seeing it's you I'll knock off the odd dollar." And he did.

"I was too mad to kick, and as I had plenty of money I paid the bill and got out of his messy shanty in short order. Why he charged me so hard didn't dawn on me at the time, but his reason for it, I think, was this:

"Some time ago his uncle made a trip to the old country and stopped a month or so with my grandfather. The old gentleman doesn't keep a hotel, but he is a little near in his habits and must have charged the Texas man's uncle for board and the nephew was getting back on me."

Let me see, doesn't the bible say something about the sins of the father making it pleasant for the children of the next few generations?

How an Orator Descended.

Down in southwest Missouri four or five years ago a town had all arrangements made to whoop'er up on the glorious Fourth. The citizens had contributed in a liberal spirit, the day was fine, and the crowd large and enthusiastic. The orator of the day was a slim, cadaverous-looking man from St. Joe. To stand off and look him over, you'd have bet your last dollar that an old gander could have run him all around a ten-acre field. There were some lofty spirits in town that day, and one of them was Jim Bucks, a mixture of patriotism, whisky, high jump, and rough and tumble. Jim sized the orator up, determined to have some fun with him, and took a seat directly in front of him as he stood on the platform to speak. The orator hadn't spoken a hundred words before Jim interrupted him. He did this twice more and was warned to go slow. He didn't go much on dreams or warnings, however, and watched for another opportunity. Pretty soon the orator said:

"And so this little band of pilgrim fathers set out with stout hearts and unwavering faith in search of—"

"In search of skunks!" interrupted Jim.

The orator made a long jump, lighted down on Jim Bucks, and inside of two minutes he had him licked so thoroughly that Mrs. Bucks would have passed him by for a splatter of pumpkin jelly, which had dropped from a dinner basket. When satisfied that his work was thoroughly done, the orator returned to the platform, and continued in the same calm and unruffled tones:

"—liberty of speech and freedom of conscience, and they found them at Plymouth Rock."

He went on and delivered a really eloquent speech, lasting nearly an hour, and he was just concluding when Jim Buck crawled out from under a wagon half a mile away, where he had been laid, and queried of those around him:

"Say! is that feller still speakin' or fightin'?" Durne me, but I didn't s'pose oratory included jumpin' Jim Bucks' liver out of his body!"

He Trusted in Providence.

"One day, a dozen years ago," said the stoop-shouldered tramp as he rubbed his hand over the deep pits in his face, "I came along to a house in the outskirts of Pekin, Ill. I wasn't much struck with the house, but what did hit me was a lot of coats, vests and pants hanging on a clothes line. I was on my last pins for clothes, and as I saw them hanging there I says to myself:

"Moses, old boy, I've allus told you to trust in Providence, and you now see the result. Them duds was hung out there for you. Go and git 'em."

"I crawled along a fence, got over among some bushes, and after a little trouble I got a whole suit and got away with 'em. Nine days after I blossomed out with one of the prettiest cases of smallpox you ever saw, and some farmers drove me into an old barn and let me fight it out. When I knew what had got hold of me I says to myself:

"Moses, old boy, I've allus told you to trust in Providence, and you now see the result. Serves you just right for being a sucker enough to suppose old Prov. cared a copper for our purfess. Guess you'll die, but if you do manage to pull through just keep your paws off'n a past house property in future or we'll dissolve partnership."

A HOPELESS CASE.

An Incident of John B. Furay's Experience.

John B. Furay was once a post-office inspector, and on one occasion was sent down into Louisiana to take charge of an office from which the postmaster had decamped. A fight arose over the vacant position, during the progress of which Maj. Furay remained acting postmaster in the quaintness of Louisiana, devoting all his spare time to shaking with the orthodox age; and the longer the man stayed the more he shook, and the more he shook the more profane he waxed. He had been there three weeks or more when one morning while the fog was rising from around the little postoffice, Inspector Furay sat astride a keg of buttermilk reading "Pilgrim's Progress." A tall, lean genius homo of the swamp entered. A solitary suspender band held up a pair of blue jeans pants; a white felt hat of doubtful age rested on the man's head and his feet were encased in a pair of cowhides reddened by age.

"Howdy, pard," said the stranger, addressing the inspector, "be you the federal's agent?"

"I am the postoffice inspector," replied Maj. Furay without looking up as he waded into "Paradise Regainin'."

"I'm the new postmaster," said the stranger, tendering his commission.

"Well, I'll be d—d," was the only reply as the inspector dropped his book to the ground and gazed at his visitor.

"Yes, sir," continued the stranger, squinting a mouthful of tobacco juice on the inspector's new trousers. "Yes, sir, and I've come to be qualified."

Rising to his feet, Furay sighed, inspected his visitor from head to foot and exclaimed:

"My friend, I am but human. I can only swear you in. All hell couldn't qualify you.—Omaha World."

Nothing New Under the Sun.

"There is nothing new under the sun" is an old saying, and, strange as it may seem, a true one so far as "drop a nickle in the slot" machine is concerned. Few readers, except perhaps those learned in ancient mechanical lore, have probably never thought that this now popular method of extracting money from the pockets of the public was used by the ancients. Its uses were not so varied as to-day, and the mechanism was not quite the same, but the idea was there. It was applied to lustral vases in the Egyptian temples. And among other devices of the priests to get money from the people is described minutely the lustral vase, which contained holy water that could only be procured by dropping the ancient nickle in the slot. Here is an illustration of the vase and its mechanism:

When a worshiper was about to enter the temple he sprinkled himself from a vase of lustral water placed near the entrance. From Heron's description it is learned that the heathen priests made this a source of revenue, the vessels containing the water not being always open for public use free of charge, but closed, and like a child's money box, provided with a slit at the top, through which a certain sum was to be put before the donor could receive any of the purifying contents. The device is a very neat specimen of priestly ingenuity and the more since it required no attending minister to keep it in play. In fact, as has been said before, it is practically the "drop a nickle in the slot" machine of the present day.

The Indian as a Gambler.

But to tell how the noble red man hazards his wealth, says the Piedmont exposition reporter of the Atlanta Constitution. I walked over to where a crowd of people—red, white and black—were gathered, all seemingly deeply interested in something that was transpiring in their midst. Seated in a circle round an old red blanket were ten or a dozen Indians, while others, including squaws, stood up at the outer edge of the circle. All were bedecked with paints, and feathers, and beads, and jewelry of all descriptions. The only sound was the rattle and jingle of the silver, with an occasional low exclamation from one of the players. The Indians all had money in their hands, which they threw promiscuously into the center of the blanket. Then the dealer, who in addition to his war-paint and decorations wore a pair of green goggles, would cut his cards, throwing them all around the circle. When this was completed the players each reached over and took part of the pile. At least, the winners took it. The game is so intricate and complicated that very few besides the Indians know how it is played. They call it monte, but Dr. Strom, the interpreter, who has spent his life among the Indians has never been able to learn how to play it. It is simply wonderful to see how the Indians keep track of their several coins after they have been thrown in the pile and mixed up. Occasionally an Indian standing several yards away on the outer edge of the crowd will throw in 25 cents or \$1, the amount of his winning being decided by the size of his stake.

They Got It Too Early.

The friends of an Indiana man who died three months ago chipped in for a monument, and just got it the other day and rubbed up the eulogies on his virtues and integrity when he was discovered to be an \$18,000 defaulter and to have been a bigamist. It is well enough to wait a year or two on these things.—M. Quid.

TALK OF THE DAY.

The amateur photographer has very taking ways.

Nothing will so soon make a man hot as cold treatment.

When a man "gives himself away" he naturally loses his self-possession. A squirrel—"What are you doing for a living?" Another—"Chestnuts!"

The man who resolves to quit drinking must be in sober earnest.

Like many a young man, nature begins her fall by painting things red. It is very difficult to find a key to success that will work without a clique.

Many who teach the young idea how to shoot, apparently don't know that it's loaded.

There is no full stop to the furnace in cold weather. It always requires the colon.

A draught that neither cheers nor inebriates—The one supplied in the horse cars.

An absolute vacuum has never been attained. It can exist only in your mind.

Natalie's reception in Belgrade is only another example of a queen beating a king.

The watch trust is said to be breaking up. It is time. A great many other trusts, by the way, need watching.

The first people to "elevate the stage" were the highwayman. They were successful in "helping it up."

The woman who declares she wouldn't marry the best man on earth often picks out one of the worst ones.

Marry your sweetheart on her birthday, if you can, young man. It will save you money every year in anniversary presents.

If we didn't have any rent to pay, and didn't need to eat anything in this world, what fine clothes we all might wear!

Smokeless powder is all right, but the ends of science will not be achieved until some one produces a smokeless cigarette.

"You seem at home here," remarked a man at the postoffice to the postmaster. "Yes," replied the latter, "this is my stamping ground."

"Wives should never conceal anything from their husbands," says a writer. But women will persist in having pockets in their dresses.

There are heavy-weight champions and light-weight champions, but no one has yet succeeded in beating the grocer in the short-weight class.

Too—"I suppose the best way to find out whether she loves me is to go right up and ask her?" Ned—"Not at all, my boy. Ask one of her girl friends."

It is rather late in the season to say it perhaps, but many an angler who fails to get a good mess follows the philosopher's advice and hires a haul.

Mrs. Closehall—"Do you know that I've induced Mr. Closehall to give up cigars?" Dovetail—"Really? Why, I've known him for ten years and I never saw him give up one yet."

Boston mother—"But, my dear, I would not call him 'Dick.' 'Richard' sounds so much more dignified." Ethel—"True, mamma, but Ipse Dicks it."

Trusts, just now, are being squeezed. This is one reason why, in despite of pessimistic warnings, the average young man continues to put his trust in lovely woman.

Smith—"The City of Paris, I hear, consumes more coal than any other ship." Jones—"That's a mistake." Smith—"What ship beats it, then?" Jones—"Courtship."

He was innocent—"Uncle Rastus, were the chickens you stole last night fat?" "De man wat says I stole 'em breaks the truf all up! Dey wuz de poorest fowls I ever saw, boss."

You cannot always tell by the size of a man's check how rich he is. It isn't what he draws out of the bank, but what he lets stay in, that may interest his creditors.

Mrs. Pancake (to tramp)—"Well, what do you want?" Tramp—"Here, mum, is der pie I stoid off yer window yesterday. There may be two or three teeth sticken in it, but otherwise 't ain't hurt any."

Prospective father-in-law—"How do you expect to get along without a salary if you are going to get married?" Young Smiley Basker—"That is not the point—how am I to get along if I don't get married?"

A Detroit man who kissed a woman against her will and wrote poetry to her is being sued for \$5,000 damages. The proportion is believed to be about as follows: The kiss, ten cents; the poetry, \$4,999.90.

Just think of a Detroit widow suing for \$5,000, merely because she happened to be kissed against her will! If she is trying to set an example for the rest of the fair sex of that city she will find out her mistake too quick.

Wife—"James, do you know that you are a ridiculous man?" Husband—"How ridiculous! I am nearly six feet in height." Wife—"That makes no difference; whenever I ask you for money to go shopping you are always short."

Gratitude—Mr. Brown, (to stranger who has saved him from drowning)—"My dear, good friend, I'll never forget you as long as I live! Come up to my store and get some nice, clean, dry clothes; I'll let you have them as cheap as anybody."

Family physician—"Nothing will do your daughter any good unless she controls her appetite for sweets and rich dishes. She must live on the plainest food, and very little of it, for months." Mother—"Very well I'll send her to the boarding school I used to attend."

ANOTHER AID TO SURGERY.

Remarkable Apparatus Used for Testing Internal Wounds.

Police Surgeon Oldshue has purchased for the department of public safety a surgical apparatus, which, it is expected, will be of immense benefit in certain cases of shooting, stabbing, etc., that are brought to the attention of the police at the various police station houses.

By an explanation afterward afforded the use of this apparatus will be the means of saving many a man's life.

The apparatus has lately been invented, and Police Surgeon Oldshue and Dr. Pollock have been the first to test its virtues here. It consists of a rubber retort, to which is attached a long rubber tube, and is very simple as it appears laid out in a doctor's office.

By applying a lighted match to the end of the tube it can be seen whether the gas is escaping; for, if the gas is there it will ignite. On the other hand, if there is no wound in the intestines the gas will escape by way of the mouth, and by means of proper instruments there and the application of a light it can be seen if the hydrogen gas is thus escaping.

A reporter, in talking with Police Surgeon Oldshue last night about the new apparatus, inquired:

"But is not hydrogen gas highly explosive? and is it not unsafe to introduce it into the body in such a form?"

Dr. Oldshue replied; "That is the opinion; but Dr. Stines, the inventor of the apparatus, has followed the plan with great success, as has Dr. Mordecai Price of Philadelphia. They have shown that this is not only innocuous, but an absolute diagnosis of intestinal wounds."

"Well, but of what benefit is such a knowledge?"

"If the intestine is wounded the operation of laparotomy can be performed by the opening of the abdomen, and the wound of the intestine taken up and the catgut ligatures applied to bring the edges together, and with general antiseptic treatment the patient has a much greater chance of recovery. It will afford every opportunity to save the lives of persons stabbed or shot, or otherwise wounded in the abdomen."

Police Surgeon Oldshue attended the meeting of the State Medical Society a short time ago, and there picked up the pointer about the new apparatus. He is always on the lookout for what benefits surgery in his position, and decided to introduce the new plan.

Dr. Pollock asked that he be called for the first case, where the doctor would make the experiment. Not long ago a Pole was shot in Soho, and Police Surgeon Oldshue was called to attend him. The wound was in the abdomen. Drs. Oldshue and Pollock decided to try the new apparatus. By the action of the hydrogen gas it was found that there was no abdominal wound. It was further decided then that the patient be not operated on, but kept quiet, though the bullet was in his body. A few days sufficed for the recovery of the Pole, showing that, for the first case at least, the apparatus made a correct diagnosis.

True, It May be a Comanche Whoop.

An Indian warwhoop is not a Sioux thing sound.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Another Trade Deception Exposed.

"Feathers marked down" advertised a dealer. That is dishonest.—Life.

A Suggestion to the Maxim Quoters.

The rolling stone has yet to learn what it wants to gather moss for.—Pittsburg.

A Dangerous Kind of Sport.

The man who does everything "on his own hook" is likely to get caught one of these days.—L. L. L. L.

Customer (in cigar store)—"Give me a good cigar, boy, but not the same one." Boy—"I guess I can't do it, sir; there's no cigar in the store that satisfies you."

A TRUTH TELLER FROM TEXAS.

He indulges in One of His Characteristic Little Pleasantries.

A party of men were talking in the Palace Hotel court recently about the liars they had known. Mr. More of Pasadena, said he knew the most picturesque prevaricator on the Pacific Slope. "His name is Martin, Wobbly-Jaw Martin," said Mr. More, "and he works on my ranch. He'd lie about the size of half a dollar, and there never were any black cröws where he came from."

"Where's that?" asked Senator Fair who has a reputation of his own to sustain.

"Texas, and that's where Martin had most of his astounding adventures. He has told one story of a seance with a Texan steer until I think he has forgotten that it is a lie. He says he was working in a packing house at Bryan, and had charge of the cattle that came to the killing house. One day according to this weird romancer, a steer fell down about a hundred yards from the house, and seemed to be too badly injured to move another step. Martin grabbed an ax and went out to kill the animal. When he was ten feet from the steer, it jumped up, made a rush for the boss liar of the boundless West, and hooked him. One long horn went through his clothing, grazed his back, and passed out under his collar at the back of his neck. Martin says he had on a new suit of oilskins, and that he was carried 300 yards on the steer's head, shouting for the people to get out of his way, and brandishing the ax.

The crazy steer bolted in among the other cattle, stampeded the herd, and bellowed in a way that nobody but this dandy liar ever heard before. Suddenly the oilskins gave way, and Martin the monumental came to the ground, but he swung his ax as he fell and killed the steer with one blow. He wasn't hurt a bit, and when the boys ran up to him he calmly said: 'You bet I ain't no slouch.' Now that man is the best all around liar I ever knew. Show a better and I'll treat."

"Did he mention the name of the man for whom he worked at Bryan?" asked one of the party.

"Yes he did. He always gives names, places and dates as straight as a string. Let me see. The man's name was Alexander, I think."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. G. W. Alexander, the one who asked the question, "I'm the man for whom Martin was working, and he tells the affair exactly as it happened. I remember it very well, and if ever a man escaped certain death in this world, Martin did that day."

"I'll do as I agreed," said Mr. More. "Come in, gentlemen, and have some wine with me."—San Francisco Correspondence Philadelphia Item.

Senator Cameron's Daughter.

The Pennsylvania delegation will not come to the front socially until after the holidays. The family of the senior Senator is somewhat scattered just now. Mrs. Cameron is in New York on a brief visit. Miss Mary Cameron is at Harrisburg, Miss Margueretta is at Newark, N. J., visiting her married sister, Mrs. Bradley, and may remain there several months. The marriage of this beautiful and accomplished young daughter of Pennsylvania and one of the belles of the Senatorial circle to Mr. Clark of Newark, son of the opulent "O. N. T." thread manufacturer, will be one of the society events of the coming Spring. One year ago Miss Margueretta was the guest of Miss Clark, the sister, for a several months' cruise on the yacht of the paternal Clark among the charming isles of the Greater and the Lesser Antilles and the Bahamas. The prospective groom was one of the party. The tenderness which grew into love found its inspiration then and the betrothal followed soon after the return to their homes.—Philadelphia Times, Washington Letter.

A Chess Champion in Russia.

In America there are ladies who make a livelihood by teaching the principles of the social game of whist. In Russia there is a lady, known to English chess circles, who, to use an Americanism, beats them hollow. She is a chess-player whose father, once a wealthy land-owner of the South of Russia, lost all his fortune over the chess-board. His daughter, now Mme. Lavroffsky, when still a young girl was seized with the fixed idea of winning it back in the manner in which it was lost. She studied the game with unexampled assiduity under her father's guidance, and in time became a past master—or mistress—therein. Then she began her career as a professional. She has since then amassed a considerable fortune, playing for large stakes, and lately married M. Lavroffsky, also a lover of chess, and is now coming to St. Petersburg to be lionized.—St. James's Gazette.

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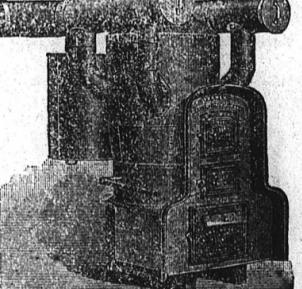
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