

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

The steward of a New York club has invented a new sandwich. It is feared that it is an infringement on the Good-year patents.

In nearly all the European countries the government has either an entire monopoly of the tobacco business or else raise large sums by way of excess and customs duties.

The influence of a good caricature, whether for good or evil, is only fully appreciated by those who have been its victims. They only are familiar with its corroding bitterness.

A SUCCESSFUL dairyman for many years gives it as his conclusion that a well-fed cow that does not earn her entire value in a single year is not worth keeping in the dairy.

THERE has been so much smuggling into New York of late by vessels coming through Hell Gate and along the sound that Uncle Sam is going to patrol the sound with two revenue cutters. Hell Gate has long needed a patrol.

It would seem impossible for any candid mind to discover in a service of five years in our army, sufficient cause for the discontent that would account for the numerous desertions constantly taking place, and, in truth, it does not lie with the army, but rather with the men.

FORTUNE hunting is not confined to the male branch of humanity. It is equally a failure with the gentler sex. And it must be confessed, if the observer of the drift of society is to record the truth, that women carry fortune and title hunting to a greater extreme than their brethren.

RUSSIA, although in many respects a semi-barbarous nation, is making steady progress in civilization. The announcement is made that the infliction of corporal punishment on peasants is to be abolished in the Baltic provinces. It has been the custom to employ the lash for petty offenses or as a means of extracting rent or taxes.

It is undeniable that, outside of a certain limited class of scholarly and thoughtful people, the great majority of all who read anything except the newspapers, read books of this description. The statistics of popular and circulating libraries show that seventy-five per cent. of all the books taken out are novels of recent production.

THE popular but highly erroneous notion that nut trees are very difficult to transplant has been the bugbear that has kept back many from planting nuts. Nut trees may be transplanted as safely and as readily as any other tree with ordinary care but it is better to grow your own trees in the nursery than to transplant wild trees from the woods.

THE Chinamen in New York are threatening to depart utterly out of the great Babel and to form a new community just on the outskirts, because their landlords in Mott street are raising their rents. They are quite capable of carrying out their threat and establishing a town of several thousand persons, "heathen Chinese" in everything.

AMERICANS are far behind the Europeans in the matter of selection, planting and caring for street trees in our large cities and rural districts. Greater interest has been taken in this work, however, during the past few years, and there is every hopeful sign that our roadsides will in time be as beautiful as some of the famous streets and avenues of the older countries of Europe.

THE time was when every cultivated man needed to have the gift of learning. The Egyptian of the hieroglyphic era who could not trace on papyrus or the walls of a tomb, the pictured story of his race was as clearly illiterate as is the man who to-day cannot read. Yet this art, as a matter of daily use, is as clearly among those lost, as is that of swathing mummies and preserving them for all times.

THERE has been a great deal of mystery thrown around the culture of the filbert and one has been led to believe that much skill and knowledge is required in the matter of training and pruning the bush to attain any degree of fruitfulness. It is true that the successful cultivation of this nut does largely depend upon its pruning and training but it is certainly not beyond the skill of any ordinary gardener or indeed of anyone who has intelligence enough to properly prune and train a grape vine.

IN A DRUG HOUSE.

All Nations of the World are Under Contribution.

Civilization Expelled to Draw Upon Barbarians for Exquisite Perfumeries and Rare Cosmetics—Medical Roots and Herbs from Distant Climes.

A wholesale drug house is filled from top to bottom with contributions from every land beneath the sun. For instance, one finds himself in a paradise of sponges. The whole great stock is divided into two classes—Mediterranean and West Indian goods. The latter are taken in water varying from twenty to forty feet in depth, by divers, who plunge into the sea from little rowboats, carrying heavy stones in their hands to hasten the descent to the bottom. In the Grecian Archipelago the water is deeper and the sponges, consequently, finer, for the action of waves lessen the beauty of the sponges. Prices of this product vary from 10 cents a sponge to \$15 a pound, sponges bringing the latter price being of a small and extremely rare variety.

From Greece to Egypt seems easy sailing, and the contribution furnished by the realm once ruled by Cleopatra is senna. The essential quality of the leaf, which is gathered from low bushes in Egypt, is used very extensively in the preparation of medicine, and in such general demand that many of the such general demand that many of the such drug houses in the country would suspend to-morrow were the supply to be exhausted to-night. From South Africa comes buchu, the mercantile form also being in leaves stripped from the small trees, on which they grow in great abundance. Hottentots are the first handlers of the drug. The heart of Africa yields also scaccia, a gum that enters into the composition of every muclage made, as well as into the preparation of various medicines; and with these few mentioned come a host of other agents of help and healing from the dark continent to those bathed in welcome light. Near the shelves whereon these drugs are arrayed is a section given up to opium, the product chiefly of northern India. It is a harmless looking substance as it lies in packages in a wholesale drug house, but it hides more demons than the realms of darkness ever knew. Chinamen of the northern provinces hunt the musk deer on the plains of Tibet and Tartary, claiming a monopoly of this, the basis of most perfumes.

And this groundwork of sweet scents being obtained, the careful compounder of drugs has learned to increase it largely by commingling with it the product of ambergris, a curious gray substance found floating on the sea in those northern, colder climes where sperm whales and icebergs are met with.

But the rarest of all perfumes, the attar of roses, claims the explorer of drug houses with its wonderful power. The sunny sides of the Balkan Mountains seem especially designed for the propagation of roses, and the gathering of the flowers, the distilling of the oil and its sale to dwellers in lands less favored forms the chief revenue of the people. Attar of roses comes to the wholesale trade in vessels exactly the size and shape of an army canteen, but covered with a soft, woolly shield, and the contents of one of these vessels is valued at \$125. By retail the rich oil sells for 5 cents a drop.

Cinchona in various stages of preparation, from the bark to the prepared drug, fills another section of the stock-room. This is a South American product with a pan-American sale. The tree which produces the bark is felled by the natives of Peru, and the wood from the ground to the uttermost end of the branches is denuded of bark, even the covering of the roots being sometimes taken and sold. Another American product, the class of which is yet unsettled, is quacksilver. It is heavy enough to be sold in hardware stores and costly enough for jewelry establishments, but as it is precious—whether mineral or liquid—drug stores use it in the compounding of medicines and as adjunct of the fine arts. It is found in Spain, but in better quality and larger quantity in California. It stands about in seventy-five pound iron flasks that look like dumbbells; but ambitious athletes never try to lift them more than once.

Stored in great vaults are bundles of sweet smelling vanilla beans from Mexico and Central America; essential oils and perfumes from Cuba, Italy and far Siberia; Valencia saffron from Spain, and caustic soda from England; cans of beautiful aniline colors from Germany and France, and cuttle bones from the Mediterranean sea; cocoa from the Andes, and cloves, mace and peppers from Java; sulphur from Sicily, and borax from the wonderful mines in California; camphor from Japan and licorice and cork from Spain; rhubarb from Persia and pumice, olive oils and anise from Italy; sperm oil from the Arctic Ocean and soap from Mount Carmel, in Syria; cod liver oil from Norway and insect powders from Austria; logwood from Hayti and indigo from Ceylon; caraway seed from Holland and camomile flowers from the castle-bordered Rhine.

Good spirits and bad reign in a drug house. Oil of rattlesnakes is bottled and arranged in tiers on one side of a board partition, while antidotes that bring tears are easily uncorked on the other. Take it all around, a man can see more countries in his mind's eye by one voyage through a wholesale drug house than any one with a magic lantern ever dreamed of. He can stimulate himself with more tonics, tone down his exuberance with more sedatives, kill himself off with more

poisons and go home with more scents on his clothes and fewer inside than from any magician's cave that ever was found.

The Animal Carcass all Utilized.
An editor has discovered that after a steer goes into a slaughterhouse nowadays, the only thing that is wasted is his dying breath, and if it were possible to find some use for that, no doubt it would be caught and preserved. Nothing else is wasted, from the tip of the tongue to the brush on the end of the tail. The blood is caught and sold to make albumen for sugar refiners and other manufacturers, one use of it being the cheap substitute for hard rubber and other plastic material used in the manufacture of buttons and of other materials. Next the hide is taken off, and after the meat is dressed, the contents of the stomach removed and dried and baled for manure, and the stomach itself is prepared as tripe. The hide goes to the tanner, the head is skinned and denuded of flesh for the sausage maker, the horns are knocked off and go to the comb maker, who knocks out the pith and sells it to the glue manufacturer, who is ever ready to take all the refuse from any part of the steer. The horny coverings of the hoofs are almost as useful as the horns for making buttons, etc., and the feet make oil and glue. The shinbones make the finest of bone handles for various purposes, and all the remainder of the bony structure which the butcher is unable to sell finds its way eventually to the manufacturer of bone fertilizer and bone black. With the bones there is usually considerable marrow, grease, and glue stock, all of which is used by the bone men in various ways. A few of the tails are absorbed in cold weather in the manufacture of ox-tail soup, and become spoiled for domestic use while lying around the tannery. Every scrap of the skin of the animal, even the pate, as the skin of the head is called, is used in one way or another, and the refuse of the tanneries forms an important part of the income of the establishments.—Scientific American.

A Week of Work.
On Monday we will wash our clothes and hang them out to dry.
On Tuesday we will iron them and mend each hole we spy.
On Wednesday we will make our bread, and sometimes, too, a cake.
On Thursday we'll receive our friends and time for reading take.
On Friday we will sweep and dust as nicely as we can.
On Saturday, for Sunday's rest, we'll cook and work and plan.
On Sunday we will learn at church how to be good—and then on Monday cheerfully begin one week of work again.

Way of the Boston Girl.
A Boston girl starting on a missionary trip to Japan received from a bevy of her feminine friends a telegram couched in the following polyglot phraseology:

"Carissima Amica: Relicta salutamus. Pensez a nous. Auf wiedersehen. Mizpah."
Which, according to the Congregationalist (and, by the way, we are perfectly willing to take the word of the Congregationalist for it) means:
"Most Beloved friend: We who are left salute you. Think of us till we meet again. The Lord watch between us."

Now that's just like a gang of girls, to stay at home and send a telegram to a friend which the recipient can't read until she gets to her journey's end and unpacks her trunk and gets out her dictionaries. If the traveler had been a man, says the Kansas City Evening News, his chum would have gone to the station with him, and then the two would have spent the last few minutes in the little refreshment parlor across the street until there was no time left anything more than:
"So long, old man. Take care of yourself."

And, after all, the homely phrase of slangy leavetaking means just as much as the verbal decorations drawn from three dead and two living languages.

A Prince Serving in the Ranks.

Prince Christian, the oldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, who is at present serving his year in the ranks of the common soldiers, is the tallest prince in Europe. Heretofore the Emperor of Russia has had this honor, but Prince Christian, as was discovered during the Czar's recent trip to Fredensborg, is several inches taller than that monarch. When the Emperor was received at the station, his regiment was ordered to the guard his honor and Prince Christian was obliged to "present arms" while the rest of the family greeted the Emperor. The only mark which distinguishes the future king from among the peasants about him was the Maximilian decoration which he wore on his breast.

Solid Comfort.

Not many days ago a gentleman had taken affectionate leave of his wife and daughter, for a three months' trip abroad. The child, a lovely little girl of two and a half years, stood by a chair with her thumb in her mouth—a favorite pastime, and, to her, a panacea for all her childish ills. She watched her mother for a few moments, saw the tears filling the lovely eyes and dropping one by one from her cheeks, then went to her side, and with a comforting tone, looking pityingly into her face, said—
"Mamma, suck 'oo fum!"

NIAGARA FALLS.

Description of the Famous River by Sir Edwin Arnold.

The Mighty Torrent, Thundering, Smoking, Glittering as It Passed Before Him—A Sight to Dwell and Linger in the Mind Forever.

Before the balcony in which this is written the great cataract of America is thundering, smoking, glittering with green and white rollers and rapids, hurling the waters of a whole continent in splendor and speed over the sharp ledges of the long, brown rock by which Erie "the Broad" steps proudly down to Ontario "the Beautiful," says Sir Edwin Arnold in the London Telegraph. Close at hand on our left—not indeed further than some 600 or 700 yards—the smaller, but very imposing, Ameriman Falls speaks with the louder voice of the two, because its coiling spirals of twisted and furious flood crush in full impulse of descent upon the talus of massive boulders heaped up at its foot. The rebounding impact of water on rock, the clouds of water-smoke which rise high in air, while the river below is churned into a whirling cream of eddy and surge and backwater, unite in a composite effect, at once magnificent and bewildering. But if you listen attentively you will always hear the profound diapason of the great fall—that found diapason of the Horseshoe—sounding superbly amid the loudest clamor and tumult of its sister, a deeper and grander note; and whenever for a time the gaze rests with inextinguishable wonder upon that fiercest and still more marvelous Horseshoe steals its way again with irresistible fascination. Full in front lies that wholly indescribable spectacle at this instant. Its solemn voice an octave lower than the excited, leaping, almost angry cry of arid life from the lesser cataract—resounds through the golden summer morning air like the distant roar from the streets of fifty Londons all in full activity.

Far away, between the dark-gray trees of Goat Island and the fir woods of the Canadian shore, the Niagara river is seen winding eagerly to its prodigious leap. You can discern, even from this balcony, the line of the first breakers, where the Niagara river feels, across its whole breadth, the fatal draw of the cataracts, where its current seems suddenly to leap forward, stimulated by a mad desire, a hidden spell, a dreadful and irresistible doom. You can note far back along the gilded surface of the upper stream how these lines of dancing, tossing, eager, anxious and fate-impelling breakers and billows multiply together their leaping ridges into a wild chaos of rushing waves as the brink is approached. And then, at the brink there is a curious pause—the momentary peace of the irrevocable. Those mad upper waters—reaching the great leap—are suddenly all quiet and glassy and rounded and green as the border of a field of rye, while they turn the angle of the dreadful ledge and hurl themselves into the snow-white gulf of noise and mist and mystery underneath.

There is nothing more translucently green, nor more parenthetically still and lovelier than Niagara the Greater. At this her awful brink the whole architecture of the main abyss gleams like a fixed and glorious work wrought in polished aquamarine or emerald. This exquisitely colored cornice of the enormous waterfall—this brim of bright tranquility between fervor and rush and fury of plunge—is its principal feature, and stamps it as far more beautiful than terrible. Indeed, it is one whole spectacle of the cataracts, not by any means of horror or of awe, since nowhere are the measureless forces of nature more tenderly revealed more softly and splendidly clad, more demurely constrained and docile between its steep confines. Even the heart of the abyss, in the recess of the Horseshoe, where the waters of Erie and Superior clash together in tremendous conflict, the inner madness and miracle of which no eye can see or ever will see, by reason of the veils of milky spray and of the rolling clouds of water-drift which forever hide it—even this central solemnity and shudder-fraught miracle of the monstrous uproar and glory is rendered requisite, reposeful and soothing by the lovely rain bows hang over the turmoil and clamor. From its crest of chryso-prase and silver, indeed, to its broad foot of milky foam and of white stunned waves, too broken and too dazed to begin at first to float away, Niagara appears not terrible, but divinely and deliciously graceful, glad and lovely—a specimen of the splendor of water at its finest—a sight to dwell and linger in the mind with ineffaceable images of happy and grateful thought, by no means to affect it either in act or seeing, or to haunt it in future days of memory, with any wild reminiscence of terror or of gloom.

Tommy's Great Head.

Clara (at breakfast table)—"I don't think there is much, if any, difference between absent mindedness and reverie, perhaps the latter is a more dreamy condition. Now, last night, for instance, when George was here, I dropped into a reverie, and I seemed to have gone miles and miles into dreamland before—"
Tommy (interrupting)—"I'll bet there was only one lap to the mile."

TALK OF THE DAY.

Know thyself. If you can't get the requisite information, run for office. A lively minister says there is less hope for a lazy man than for any other living creature!

It is natural that in times of excitement a man's head should spin, for it is the top of his body.

One reason why a fat man doesn't catch cold as easily as a lean man, is because he is so much wrapped up in himself.

Natural—"This coffee is very muddy this morning." "Yes, dear, but you must remember how upset things are in Brazil."

A venerable sinner—Venus—"How steadily the earth jogs along." Mars—"Yes, but just look at the moon—full as a goat!"

She (at the piano)—"Listen! How do you enjoy this refrain?" He—"Very much! The more refrain the better I like it."

It Belonged to him.—Barber (to granger)—"Your head is very dirty, sir." Granger—"It's none of your darn business if it is."

An Appropriate Name.—Jones—"Say, Browne, why do you call your eldest boy Telephone?" Browne—"Because he never works."

Professional bent (to hotel proprietor)—"Is there any danger of fire here?" Proprietor—"Not if you settle for your board in advance."

For short.—Miss Beacon Hill—"What is your brother's name?" Miss Wash—"Laucullus Swinburne Hobbs, but we call him 'Cully,' for short."

Caught it at last.—First boy (in surprise)—"Why, I heard you ran off to join a circus. Didn't you catch it?" Second boy—"Not till I got back home."

Examiner—"Can you give an instance of a person inciting another to perjury?" Candidate—"Yes; when the court asks a female witness how old she is."

Footpad—"Hold up yer hands!" Pedestrian (calmly)—"I have been out shopping all day with my wife." Footpad (sympathetically)—"By Jinks! Here, take this quarter."

"Do you remember that awful smart boy you used to have in your office—Johnny Smith?" "Oh, yes. How did he come out?" "He hasn't come out. He got twenty years in Sing Sing."

A Little Matter.—"My goodness!" said she. "That's hardly worth mentioning," said her spiteful neighbor in her spiteful way. And now they never speak as they pass by.

Mrs. Newed—"My dear, what would you think of having mother to dine with us on Thursday?" Mr. Newed—"Oh, I guess I wouldn't; not on Thursday anyway—that's Thanksgiving, you know."

"I have an article on 'How to Manage a Wife,'" remarked a man, as he advanced to the editor's desk. "You are unmarried, I believe," replied the editor. "Yes, why?" "Nothing, I just thought so."

The Life of a lease.—She—"And now that we are engaged, John, dear, how long shall the engagement be for?" He (an absent-minded lawyer who has just drawn up a railroad lease)—"Oh, ninety-nine years, I s'pose."

Lady of the house—"No, I make it a principle never to give away money at the door." Tramp—"Very well, madame, if you have any feeling about it I am perfectly willing that you should hand it to me out of the window."

The boys will soon be men. Teddy—"I'll be a man before ever you will. I feel my whiskers—a sproutin' a'ready." Tommy—"Pshaw! that's nuthin'." I bribed two voters when we lectured me captain of the ball nine."

She got herself wedged in the doorway, and kept a score of people waiting. "Just like a woman," muttered a male growler. "Yes," replied the woman sweetly; "of course you do. What a pity the sentiment isn't returned!"

Paradoxical.—Ethel—"Papa, why did you invite that undertaker here?" Papa—"Whom do you refer to, my dear?" Ethel—"That solemn-looking man talking with mamma." Papa—"Why, that's Squibs, the professional humorist."

When you see a girl pasting a scrapbook full of cooking recipes out of the weekly papers you know pretty well that some young man is in a position to be congratulated, and yet when you think of the recipes you feel rather sorry for him, too.

Water in the Snake River has been so low this season that settlers have bitterly complained of the dust raised by the salmon going up stream. They threaten to ask for an appropriation to sprinkle the river next year if the nuisance is repeated.

Son of a Gunn.—Teacher (to new scholar)—"What is your name, sonny?" Boy—"Gunn." "Give me your full name." "John G. Gunn." "What is the G. for?" "Getyer." "What do you mean by that?" "Well, all the boys call me 'Johnny Getyer Gunn,' anyhow."

Close Call.—May—"Charlie, you must be careful and not expose yourself. You were out in the rain last night." Charlie—"No, I wasn't. What made you think so?" May—"Why, papa came home and said he met you coming from the lodge, and that you were thoroughly soaked."

A rather amusing incident occurred during the Yale game. One of our rushers had been kicked in the head by a Yale player as he lay on the ground. On rising he expostulated with his adversary, who, advancing his lower jaw with that peculiar Yale accent, replied: "Ah—wot d'ye 'think yer playin' Checkers?"

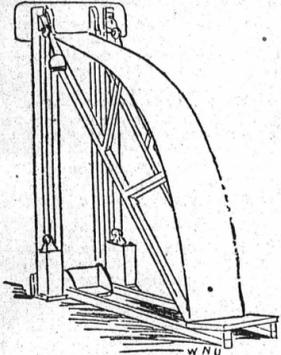
FOR HEALTH'S SAKE.

Scientific Apparatus For Gymnastic Work in Physical Training.

Some Old and Well-Tried Appliances and Some of the Latest Inventions for Developing the Muscles—Many Kinds of Pulleys and Bars.

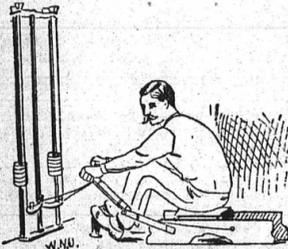
"Now what shall I do to become strong?" asked a slim-built young rube, as he appeared in a faultless suit of gymnasium togs out on a glazed floor well covered with muscle-raising apparatus.

Every complete gymnasium should have, and every Chicago gymnasium has, a physical examiner whose business it is to make sure of the kind of material he is to handle by putting each applicant through a vigorous physical hauling over. This examination is made that the instructor may be able to direct the work of his pupils to aid in building up good forms and constitutions and to prevent the overwork of the weaker parts. There are hundreds of different kinds of gymnasium apparatus, and some of these pieces have a hundred different uses.



THE QUARTER CIRCLE.

All are compelled to begin with light exercise in very moderate doses. The pulley-weights, dumb-bells and clubs are usually put in the hands of beginners. This one system of pulleys comprehends machines so numerous that they serve in exercising almost every muscle of the body. The system comprises chest machines, back and loin machines, chest expanders and developers, neck and waist machines, and others that give the movement required in padding and single-stick work. Another of these is the wrestling machine, a most ingenious contrivance. Its pulleys are so arranged that the person using it is required to pull in some place, meets resistance in others, and, on the whole, meets nearly all the work he would find in trying to down a big, strong living opponent. Then there are double pulleys, the different kinds being known as bottom, top, side and corner "splits." Each of these machines calls out the hearty efforts of the person who operates it, and all of them are great muscle builders. The chest expander, as its name implies, increases the lateral dimensions of the chest, while the developer deepens it from front to back and makes a greater lung capacity. The different "splits" are used principally for the development of the muscles on the shoulders, chest and arms. The neck and head machine, a halter sort of an arrangement, is used to strengthen the muscles of the throat and neck. It is particularly effective in straightening up a pair of "round" shoulders and a cure for indigestion. The halter, which is fastened to the rope that pulls up the weights, is placed over the head; and the person using the machine leans forward, and as he straightens back he meets the resistance of the weights, which he has to raise with the muscles of his neck.



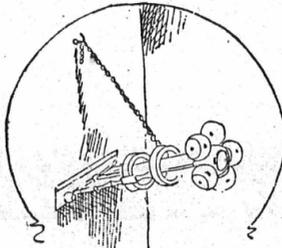
THE ROWING MOVEMENT.

The traveling parallel is another machine which is constructed mainly on the pulley-weight plan. It is a new invention, adapting graduated weights to the parallel bars. Upon this machine can be executed a great many of the most valuable movements of the stationary parallel and without any danger of injury. The "dip" and all the other feats are possible, and there is no possibility of straining, as is sometimes the case where the pupil has to sustain his own weight. The traveling parallel is used to teach the movements of the machine it imitates before the pupil has acquired any great amount of strength. Rowing machines are about as numerous in gymnasiums as any other kind and are of a great benefit. They are furnished with sliding seats, and present all the movements that are required in actual rowing. The rowing machine strengthens the back and stomach, increases the capacity of the lungs and furnishes, more than anything else, a hearty, general exercise. The "quarter circle," a comparatively new piece of gymnasium apparatus, is rapidly growing into general use.

It consists of a curved board attached to a pair of standards with pulley-weight attachment. The board is now so made that the circle may be graduated for the accommodation of the person using it or for the amount of exertion he wishes to use. The use of the machine strengthens the shoulders, the small of the back and abdomen, and elevates and spreads the ribs. It affords most useful exercise and is recommended by physicians in straightening the spinal curvature. The use of all the different kinds of pulleys has a most healthful effect. They are inexpensive and occupy but little room and are quite as well adapted for the house as for the gymnasium.

The peristalt is a new piece of apparatus, which the originators say is equally well adapted for home and gymnasium use, and which is warranted to cure as many ills as any patent medicine. It has been given numerous tests in the best gymnasiums, and has been pronounced a great success. It seems to have been specially invented for fat men, as its objects are the cure of ills that fat men most complain of. The machine consists of a bunch of big round wooden balls which are fastened by a rod to a standard that is placed against a wall. Inside the rod is a spiral spring which works automatically. Any fat man who wishes to reduce his ponderous front has simply to lean against the group of balls when the spring contracts and, in so doing, turns the wooden balls on the fat man's stomach. The frequent use of this machine is sure to reduce any one with an overgrown stomach to his normal proportions and will relieve him of a great many other complaints besides.

Parallel bars are among the most useful apparatus in a gymnasium. They afford movements to strengthen the muscles of almost every part of the body and permit the execution of a great many feats of daring. They are used a great deal in preparing for work on the horizontal bar, where exercise takes a secondary place to higher gymnastic work. The parallels are built on several different styles and are adjustable to height. They were first used by the Germans and still afford the favorite exercise next to turning for that people. The vaulting horses also found their origin in German gymnasiums. They are valuable to athletes principally because of the many different kinds of exercise they furnish. They not only give one great strength, but teach a suppleness of both body and limbs.



THE PERISTALT.

Different sorts of climbing apparatus are always to be found in a gymnasium. There are climbing poles, ropes and ladders of several kinds. Some of the ladders are built to a peak or pyramid, and others, among them the pompiers or fire ladders, are strung up vertically. Chest bars, which are nothing more than a pair of poles put up vertically about two feet apart, afford the best of exercise for the back, shoulders and chest. The bicycle-trainer is an instrument that is now being greatly used. It has the regulation bicycle handle and pedals, but is minus the wheels. It stands on a big iron base. It affords the best means for bicyclist to exercise their legs and lungs, and enables them to keep in training when the roads outside are knee-deep in snow. It is adjustable to any length of leg, and, by means of a brake, any amount of resistance can be secured. Striking bags of many different kinds are greatly used by boxers. They are put up either by a cord fastened both at the floor and ceiling or suspended by a cord from a platform. Either kind is lively enough to keep the striker on the move to save himself from a stinging rap in the face. Their use teaches alertness and accuracy of aim, and gives the proper exercise for boxers to the muscles most brought into use.

He Took Her.
She was a maid of high degree,
And quite severely proper;
Each man she met, so proud was she,
Would love, despair, then drop her.

Province of the Jester.
Oh, would, among the millions
Complaining through the earth,
More lips were slow to sighing,
More lips were swift to mirth;
For none hath better mission
Than he of rugged breast,
Who heartens up his fellows
With now and then a jest.

No More Tooth-Falling.
An experienced dentist of this city said to me the other day: "The best dentists rarely advise the extraction of a tooth. In my practice the number of teeth lost because of decay would not average three a year. Of course, if a child inherits the small jaw of the mother and the large teeth of the father, one or more teeth must often be extracted to make room for the regulation of the remainder. A patient should not lose a tooth or a part of a tooth if it can possibly be avoided. If you have only a root left, build upon that root."—Epoch.

AN AGE OF SLANG.

How Some Universally Known Everyday Expressions Originated.

The Fame of Dun, the Collector—How "Chestnuts" Grew — "Too Thin" Started in Congress Twenty Years Ago — A Blooming "Daisy."

This may be called in one sense the age of slang. But after all what is called slang is frequently the giving of new meaning to old words or the invention of new words from old roots. The slang of to-day becomes the elegant language of to-morrow. It is interesting to know how many of the commonest words and even phrases which were once regarded as slang and inelegant became part of the polite language of the times. Words, like lives, have a biography, says a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch. Many words, instead, have histories of important personages and events in the affairs of the world. This makes the history of a word often as interesting and as valuable as that of individuals.

"Dun" is a word now whose meaning is known to every one who understands the English language. Yet many wish they did not know it. At the beginning of this century it was unknown as a verb. About that time a constable in England named John Dun became celebrated as a first-class collector of bad accounts. When others would fail to collect a bad debt Dun would be sure to get it out of the debtor. So well known did this become that people from the surrounding country sent him their accounts when they could not collect them. It soon passed into a current phrase that when a person owed money and did not pay when asked he would have to be "Dunned." Hence it soon became common in such cases to say, "You will have to Dun So-and-so if you wish to collect your money."

"Chestnuts," in reference to repeating stories which are old, is new, and not much can be said in its favor except that, being a word that is not inelegant either in sound or origin, and expressing so much in two syllables, it has probably come to stay with us. Its origin is not positively known, and only two probable sources are given. One is that some shrewd wit, seeing an analogy between the propensity of a joke to become stale and flat quickly, and the chestnut to become wormy in a few days, applied the word "chestnut" to a joke when repeated too often and palmed off as new on a company which had heard it so frequently as to become bored.

This may be its origin, but many are inclined to attribute it to the other alleged source—to wit: That a theatrical party traveling on a train and trying to beguile the weary hours by reading and telling stories, bought a lot of chestnuts at a station to help pass the time. A member of the company proposed that they tell stories and that whoever told a story that had been told recently should be pelted with chestnuts. A little bell in the party was to be rung whenever a stale joke was perpetrated as a signal that all were to fling a chestnut at the offender. "You are a daisy," is considered very slangy by those who use it indiscriminately, and oftentimes it is, but if used in the sense in which its inventor, Charles Dickens, intended it, it is good and forcible. In "David Copperfield" it is first used in the sense of calling a person a daisy in a way to express admiration, and, at the same time, to laugh at one's credulity. Steerforth says to young Copperfield: "David, my daisy, you are so innocent of the world. Let me call you my daisy, as it is so refreshing to find one in these corrupt days so innocent and unsophisticated. My dear Copperfield, the daisies of the field are not fresher than you."

"Too thin" is a two-worded phrase heard in all classes of society. By some it is used in a vulgar sense, and it is objectionable slang; by others it is used in the manner which gave it to us as a good word. "To say when speaking of an action, 'Oh, that's too thin,' is vulgar slang, because an action cannot be thin. But to say, when a person makes a statement which is calculated to mislead, 'Oh, that is too thin,' is not slang. It was given currency by the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia in the United States congress in 1870. Some member had made a reply to Mr. Stephens and the latter had his chair wheeled out in the aisle and said in that shrill, piping voice which always commanded silence: "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman's arguments are gratuitous assertions made up of whole cloth. And cloth, sir, so gauzy and thin that it will not hold water. It is entirely too thin, sir."

One of the best words we have is "agnosticism," yet its inventor, Professor John Tyndall, the great scientist, says that when he used it he had no idea it would be used again or that he would be misunderstood in using it. He could find no other, he says, to convey an idea of his religious belief in answer to some churchmen that he told, what he did believe. Hence he invented "agnosticism," meaning "the unknowable." It is only about fifteen years old.

EDITIN' IN OLD KENTUCKY.

The Brilliant Staff of a Contemporary in Louisville.

"One of the queerest newspaper combinations I ever encountered," remarked an old member of the profession the other day, was that employed in 1869-'70 in the Louisville (Ky.) Ledger. The paper was started as the organ of that faction which 'never was and

never can be whipped, be—sah,' and the office was headquarters for nearly a regiment of colonels without commands and doctors without patients. Most of them had adopted journalism as a pastime, but all of them exhibited all the eagerness of the traditional thrifty Yankee to see their names stand over against fat salary figures on the pay-roll.

"In the entire outfit there were but three men who had had sufficient experience to know that getting out a daily newspaper was not all play—that each issue meant just so many hours of hard, grinding, treadmill work.

"It was intensely amusing to see one of those 'colonels' or 'doctahs' prepare an editorial. He would leisurely stroll into the office about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, remove his kid gloves, lay down his cane, and proceed to 'edit.' After two or three hours of labored effort his essay is produced—the child was born. Then with a majestic wave of the hand the sweeping invitation was extended to all present: 'Me boy, le's go git a cawkt-ill.' And this would be the last seen of the 'editor' till from 12 to 2 o'clock in the morning, when, after spending half the night in 'painting the town,' he would wander into the office about time the paper should go to press, demand to see a 'proof of my ahklike,' and insist on rewriting it on the margin.

"As the head of this peculiar aggregation of talent the managers of the paper had imported from Mississippi—in order to give the Ledger the necessary 'Southern tang'—Colonel M. C. Cluskey as managing editor. The colonel was a genuine representative of Mississippi before the war. He had represented the state in congress, and was a man of much ability, but possessed of the usual southern peculiarities of that day. He was at the time he came to Louisville about 60 years old, tall, straight as an arrow, lithe as a panther and fearless as a lion. Chivalrous himself, he could brook no profronery in others—and his idea of bringing up a struggling newspaper was to fight duels! With his tall form surmounted by a wide-brimmed sombrero, long curling locks sweeping down over the shoulders of his cape, his gold-headed cane and his military style and stride, he made a picturesque figurehead, but a poor managing editor, for a journalist striving to make head against a powerful and well established rival.

One morning as the colonel came to the office he encountered the business manager, who, with a sad face, announced that the paper was running far behind financially, and in tremulous tones asked the question: 'What are we to do?' "Do?" piped the gallant Mississippian in his peculiar falsetto voice, "do? Git a gun! Go out and fight, or git a man to stand up before me! De—n papah's gone to hell if somebody don't fight! We ought to fought foh weeks ago! The business manager being from Indiana and not bloodthirsty, did not readily fall in with the gallant colonel's suggestion. —Chicago Tribune.

Getting Acquainted.

"This," said the man who was traveling on the cars, as he opened his valise and took out a bottle, "is a mixture called Dr. Jenkinson's Indispensable. I never travel without it. It is the best and most agreeable tonic now on the market, by all odds."

"I am not so sure about that," replied the man who was occupying the seat with him. "I have here,"—and he opened his own valise and took out a bottle—"a tonic called Dr. Rybold's Extract, which I have used for several years, and consider it the very best preparation made. No man ought ever to—"

"I have no doubt it is fairly good medicine in its way," broke in the other, "but if you had ever tasted Dr. Jenkinson's Indispensable you would throw that stuff of yours away."

"I know all about Dr. Jenkinson's nostrum, sir. I know exactly what it's made of."

"You do, hey?"

"Yes, sir; and I know Dr. Rybold's Extract is made from precisely the same formula, only from pure material, instead of the vile and adulterated ingredients old Jenkinson uses."

"It's made from the same formula, is it?"

"Exactly the same."

"You lying old ignoramus, how do you know what it's made of?"

"How do I know, you insulting old scoundrel? I'm Dr. Rybold, sir!"

"I am glad I have found you out, you infernal villain, I am Dr. Jenkinson!"

CHANCE IDEAS.

Does an asylum barber ever dye a lunatic?

A gang saw—"To the victors belong the spoils."

A man's wife presents him with twins because she has two.

No, Pauline, dear, a fire plug is not the horse that pulls the hose reel.

Like a postage stamp, the reformed inebriate sticks so long as he remains dry.

Perhaps if elections were not held in buckwheat season there would be less scratching.

Somebody has discovered that a chicken can be hypnotized. It is a hen-trancing experiment.

True genius much resembles a mustard plaster. The secret of its smartness lies in close application.

A system of paying money orders by electricity has been introduced in the St. Louis postoffice. Here is a chance for lightning-change artists.—Terre Haute Express.

AN ANCIENT TOMB.

Important Discovery Made in a Vault Near Sparta.

Valuable Additions to the Relics of Ancient Times which Have Made the Labors of Dr. Schliemann of World Wide Renown.

The Athens correspondent of the London Athenaeum says the tomb opened by M. Tsountas at Vaphio, near Sparta has yielded results which far surpass any discovery of the sort since the finding of the great treasures at Mycenae by Dr. Schliemann. Here, as there, an undisturbed tomb of an ancient chieftain has been opened, with all the vessels in gold, silver, and bronze, arms, and engraved gems intact. And we have not simply a repetition of the same discovery, for this tomb at Vaphio was of the "treasury" type, with a "dromos" leading into a bee-hive-shaped vault—a form universally recognized as belonging to a later stage of the so-called "Mycenaean" culture than the simple pit-like graves on the citadel of Mycenae.

This view is fully borne out by the nature of the objects discovered, which in many ways occupy an intermediate position between Mycenaean work and the earliest products of Hellenic art. M. Tsountas has already published a short account of his excavation. By his courtesy I have been permitted to examine his discoveries, and I may say a few words about them without anticipating his final publication.

The vaulted tomb-chamber and also the avenue or "dromos" were built of stones, mostly of small size, from a neighboring quarry on Taygetus. It is remarkable that in the door and elsewhere the joints, and even flaws in the stone, were concealed with lime mortar, and the undisturbed state of the tomb shows that it must have remained buried since primitive times. A similar practice was observed in the last "treasury" tomb cleared at Mycenae. But as that was emptied and shown that in ancient times later repairs were there possible. Within the vaulted tomb at Vaphio was a shallow grave lined and covered with stone slabs; the evidence that the corpse was buried unburned, seems to be mostly inferential; no bones were found. The treasures buried were scattered all about the floor of the vaulted chamber.

The most important of all are two gold cups, each made of two plates of gold, the inner one plain and the outer decorated with a very fine design in repoussé work that fills the whole field.

The subjects are most interesting—the hunting of wild bulls and the leading of tame bulls by men—and we thus see carefully executed figures of men about two and a half inches high, and in the same costumes as we find on figures from Mycenae. Tiryns, etc.—a kind of loin cloth depending from a girdle and anklets, pointed shoes, etc. These are all so clear now that no further doubt is possible as to their nature and the way in which they were worn. It is remarkable that most of the trees are represented as palms.

Another cup, of silver, has a prettily wrought gold rim, and numerous small ornaments in gold, silver, amber, etc., were found, including a delicate little pair of gold fishes cut out of a flat plate, with incised details. Some specimens of fine granulated work in gold closely resemble later Greek technique. Various strange bronze implements, large and small, the two stone arrow-heads and an iron ring were found, and there were fragments but no perfect specimens of the beautiful inlaid swords. A bronze ax of peculiar form, with two apertures between the edge and the haft, is of interest, and seems to confirm Dr. Warre's suggestion that it was through a line of axes of this form that Ulysses shot his arrow.

The engraved gems, mostly of the "island gem" type, were very numerous, and had the usual representations of animals, monsters, and men; the dress, both of men and women, is clear in several instances and of the well-known types. There are two gems with the strange nondescript animal with a head like a goat (or horse) and a spiny back, carrying a jug, (Milchhofer's Iris); one gem has a pair of these monsters face to face, another has one. In many respects the Vaphio treasure seems to be intermediate between Mycenaean and primitive Greek art; if it really helps to bridge this gulf it will be of the most value and interest.

He Made a Very Bad Choice.

The small boy had had a fight with another small boy. In youth we make up our quarrels easily, and a blow on the nose heals much more easily than a stinging word in later years. Quick to enjoy, quick to injure, quick to forget pleasures, quick to forget injuries in our childhood, we grow slower in all with age; yet perhaps the value of everything does not really change, only our capacity to retain feeling. This small boy had had a fight and his mother punished him. He was a boy; his mother was only a kind of grown-up girl, and could not be expected to understand or sympathize with the manly art of self-defense. But he got it all the same and when the room was over he stood up in the corner with his knuckles stuck in his tear-filled eyes. "Well," he said, "between some severe sobs, 'well, I was a fool to get you for a mother when I was born.'"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Daniel is not a seafaring man, but he was familiar with the roaring mane.—Binghamton Republican.

G. F. KIMBALL, Manager.
Central Office, 886 North Kansas Avenue, Topeka.
Payments always in advance and papers stop
promptly at expiration of time paid for.
All kinds of Job Printing at low prices,
entered at the Postoffice for transmission as
second class matter.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21

Robert Browning, the poet, died in
Venice last Thursday.

Tom. Moonlight, Cleveland's gov-
ernor of Wyoming, is employed in
the M. K. & T. railroad offices.

One thousand four hundred and
ninety-two immigrants landed in
New York last Thursday.

Never be afraid to scratch your
ticket when it comes to voting, if you
are not quite satisfied with it.

Baker University has a class in
calisthenics composed of young
ladies and taught by Mrs. Preyer,
the wife of the Professor of Music.

We notice that since the late St.
Louis convention, the papers, some of
them at least, are treating the Farm-
ers' Alliance with a little more
courtesy.

The appointment of Judge Brewer
to the supreme bench promises to be
the straw that will drive Albert Griffin
from his old party. Albert has had
a very hard time of it.

The Cherokee Legislature has ap-
pointed a commission to negotiate
with the government for the sale of
the long coveted strip of land in the
possession of the Cherokees.

The politicians have not yet made
a raid for admission into the Farm-
ers' Alliance as they did formerly
upon the Grange, and when they do
the Alliance will understand better
how to meet them.

Stand by your party as long as
your party stands by you. When it
neglects to do that just turn in and
vote for the other fellow. Independ-
ent voting will prove to be one of
the very best promoters of reform.

The Farmers' reform movement is
not partisan, but its work must be
largely political inasmuch as much
will depend upon legislative action.
It does not require one to go back on
his party unless his party goes back
on him.

Statistics gathered at the Paris Ex-
position show that the United States
leads the world in number of news-
papers published, 12,500, of which
1,000 are dailies. Germany stands
next, with 5,500 papers, 800 dailies;
then comes England with over 3,000,
of which 809 are dailies. France has
nearly the same number.

The prime issue in the Legislature
of North Dakota is, whether the
emergency clause provided for in the
constitution shall go through as it
stands—and close the saloons on
January 1, or whether it shall be
amended to take effect on July 1.
The saloon influence is making a
hard fight for the added lease of life
offered by the amendment.

The railroad monopoly, if there be
one, is not the worst in this country.
The greatest evil lies in the manipu-
lation of the money market. As
long as this can be cornered and con-
trolled as it is there can be no real
relief in greater coinage of silver or
in the issue of greenbacks. The
sharks would take it all in a few
gulps.

Many men of high rank in Europe
are engaged in trade. Prince Bis-
marck is an enthusiastic timber mer-
chant and paper manufacturer. His
powder-mills are very profitable.
The Duke of Fife is an active partner
in a London Bank. The new King
of Portugal owns and runs the
science factory at Caldas-Reinha.
The royal manufactory of porcelain
at Dresden furnishes a considerable
portion of King Albert's private in-
come, while the horse-breeding estab-
lishment of the Grand Duke of Meck-
lenburg-Schwerin places him in the
foremost rank of horse-dealers in Eu-
rope.

A French scientific agriculturist,
after almost thirty years of assiduous
researches on the experimental farm
at Vincennes, has made a remarkable
and important discovery of a relation
existing between the color of plants
and the richness of soils in fertilizing
agents. He finds that the color of
the leaves of plants undergoes marked
change whenever the soil is lacking
in phosphate, potash, lime or nitro-
gen. The color remains light-green
or turns to yellow when the soil is
deficient in any of these ingredients.
When none of the fertilizing ele-
ments are wanting the color is dark-
green. By his experiments he
furnishes agriculturists with positive
indications by which they can de-
termine with the greatest facility
what kind of fertilizer the soil needs
most, or in what elements of fertility
it abounds, enabling them to "make
two blades of grass grow where now
grows one."

From a single lot in Buckport, Maine,
more than ten thousand Christmas trees
have been cut.

Secretary Tracy denies the assertion
made that the war cruisers are extrava-
gant coal consumers.

Several postmasters have been ar-
raigned recently in the United States
District court, at Hartford, Connecticut,
for violating the postal laws.

Louisiana has taken a lesson from
Kansas. It is manufacturing sugar by
the diffusion process. It has resulted in
a large increase of the output.

Five thousand people within and ten
thousand people without witnessed the
dedication of Chicago's Auditorium, Dec.
9. Mme. Patti was among the partici-
pants.

Claus Spreckles started his sugar re-
finery Dec. 9. Its capacity is two million
pounds daily. He is about to build an-
other of the same size, so as to double
the capacity.

The London Morning Post, for Dec. 10,
says: England, as the holder of widely
extended possessions on the American
continent, should not ignore America's
naval activity. The appearance of the
United States squadron of new ships in
European waters will be observed with
much interest by experts.

Fifty miles southwest of Liberal,
Seward County, Kansas, are inexhaus-
tible mines of the finest coal. It is equal
in every respect to the Canon City coal,
and is more easily and cheaply mined.
The Rock Island will pass directly
through these coal regions on its way to
New Mexico and El Paso.

A letter from Prof. L. B. Dyche states
that he is on his way home with a valu-
able collection of specimens of the skins
and skeletons of wild animals, which he
has secured in British America. Fears
had been entertained that the professor
was snow-bound in the mountains. He
will arrive by Christmas.

The principal thing that farmers
now need and long have needed, is
organization. This they are now get-
ting through the National Alliance.
It will be well to be patient and self-
denying. Differences of opinion can-
not be avoided, but individual ideas
should be held in subjection until
time is allowed for development of
the most desirable and practical
methods. Some how these come out
in the best way when not frustrated
by fiery interference. Just how re-
sults are sometimes reached one can
no more tell than he can explain how
a plant grows from the seed. It
grows if not violently disturbed.

No magazine in America, no mat-
ter what its attractions, can take the
place of the sterling Atlantic Monthly.
Its prospectus for 1890 can be
found elsewhere.

North half of the Dennis and
Ewart building on Jackson street,
is filled with Furniture, Carpets,
Stoves, Cutlery, &c., at cut prices.
Topeka, E. H. BATTY.

Go to L. Crael's Home Bakery,
810 1-2 North, Kan. Ave., for your
Christmas Candies and Cakes. All
kinds of Pies, Cakes and Cookies con-
stantly on hand. 30 loaves of bread,
full weight, for \$1.00

Special Notice:—To all new subscri-
bers to "Frank Leslie's Illustrated News-
paper," we shall give during the ensuing
year a magnificent copy of the "Angelus,"
the famous oil painting of the Secretan
price which brought \$10,000, the highest
ever paid for a single painting.
This picture will be in colors and will be
the finest specimen of the largest style
of art work known as chromotypogra-
phy, furnished by the famous Paris Art
Publishers, Messrs. Boussod, Valadon &
Co. It will be an exact reproduction in
size and color of this world-famous
painting.

North half of the Dennis and
Ewart building on Jackson street is
filled with furniture, carpets, stoves,
cutlery, &c., at cut prices.
Topeka, E. H. BATTY.

The countryman, when told that
"lightning never strikes twice in the
same place," exclaimed, "It don't have to"
when success hits the nail on the head
it never stops to argue. Like lightning,
it don't have to.

This is why Drs. Starkey & Palen,
instead of argument, offer example.
Drs. Starkey & Palen—Your Compound
Oxygen Treatment cured me of con-
sumption of four years standing.
L. A. PRACOCK, M. D.,
Smithville, Ga., Jan. 11, 1889.
Drs. Starkey & Palen—I had pleuro-
pneumonia; your Compound Oxygen
Treatment cured me.
JOS. S. HOWARD, 67 Main St.,
Mansfield, Pa.

A brochure of 200 pages containing the
history of the Compound Oxygen Treat-
ment in cases of consumption, bron-
chitis, asthma, catarrh, dyspepsia,
nervous prostration, rheumatism, neu-
ralgia, and all complaints of a chronic
nature, will be forwarded free of charge
to any one addressing DRs. STARKEY &
PALEN, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia
Pa.

SHREWD BUYERS
Should know that I am offer-
ing immense bargains prepa-
ratory to quitting the retail
business.

Every day at auction and
private sale we are reducing
the tock—slashing right and
left—no time now to look up
costs. Only till Dec. 25 to
clear her up.
A. TROUP, Jr.,
813 Kan. Ave., N. Topeka.

Books and Magazines.

We have a little gem of a calendar
from the manufacturers of Hood's
preparations, and which can be had
at the drug stores.

The Christmas Judge is a magnificent
holiday publication, with 48 handsomely
printed and lithographed pages, and a
Supplement in imitation of oil, unsur-
passed in beauty and execution.

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is con-
ceded to be the queen of all domestic
periodicals. It has secured that position
by believing in woman and home as the
two greatest factors of human life. It
has aimed to cover every department of
life in which women are interested. Its
great purpose has been to make woman's
daily life easier and brighter. Its litera-
ture is bright and popular and by the
foremost authors of America and Europe.
Its illustrations are the most beautiful
that knowledge and money can buy.

Jefferson Davis Pictures.
A FULL-LENGTH picture of Jefferson
Davis, and several excellent views of his
home in Mississippi, are special attrac-
tions in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER this week. Other illus-
trations are a type of Southern beauty, Mrs.
Robert Gage, of Mobile; holiday scenes
in the dry-goods district of New York;
feeding the Baby Hippopotamus at
Central Park; pictures of life in Tan-
giers, Morocco, and portraits of Speaker
Keed and others. The special literary
features are the fashion, insurance, and
Wall Street articles, all very interesting.
For sale at news-room.

The annual advertisement of THE
PRESS (New York) will be found else-
where in our columns. We commend THE
PRESS to the attention of our readers.
The paper is but two years' old, but it is
so cheap, so bright, and so earnestly
Republican, that it already has a greater
circulation than any other Republican
Daily paper in America, having attained
a National reputation and influence.
Republican patronage from all over
the Country is making THE PRESS a
great success, and an already bright
paper is being daily improved. About
the 15th of December THE PRESS daily
edition was enlarged to six pages.

THE January number of LIPPINCOTT'S
MAGAZINE is a brilliant one. The com-
plete novel, "Millicent and Rosalind," is
contributed by Julian Hawthorne, and is
the brightest, cleverest, and most inter-
esting story that he has yet written.
The heroines of the romance are two
bright and charming English girls, and
the story of their lives is most entertain-
ingly told. All the characters in the
novel are skilfully portrayed, and the
reader is introduced to a delightful circle
of acquaintances, with whom he is very
loath to part company. A striking like-
ness of Hawthorne serves as a frontis-
piece, and there is an illustration to the
story, representing Rosalind and her
lover in a garden.

TURNING over the Christmas WIDE
AWAKE, one is struck with the superior
quality of the serial stories. The open-
ing chapters of "Wednesday the Tenth,"
by Grant Allen, relate some remarkable
adventures of two Scotch boys among
the islands of the South Pacific; it
promises to be a thrilling tale. "Santa
Claus on a Vegetable Cart" is a first-rate
Christmas story. In fine contrast to this
work is the Greek story, "Cleon." How-
ard Pyle contributes a striking story
upon which readers are to vote, prizes to
be awarded for the best argument on
both sides. "The Red Velvet Pig" will
amuse the little people, and so will Mr.
Bridgman's funny "Puk-Wudjies." Grace
Dean McLeod of Nova Scotia gives a
fine Canadian story, "The Light on
Black Ledge." Lieutenant Hamilton,
the Military Instructor at Peakskill, tells
the boys how to build "A Military Snow
Fort." The serious side of art is given
by Mrs. Moore in "Children's Portraits in
the Louvre," with beautiful pictures.
WIDE AWAKE is \$2.40 a year. D.
Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

FOR THE NEW YEAR, Peterson's Maga-
zine promises brilliantly. The January
number is a success in every particular.
It opens with fine steel and other en-
gravings, and the handsomest colored
designs for fancy-work. Rebecca Har-
dison's "The Handmaid" is a fine story.
Howard Seely "A Romance of the
Big Horn," Lucy H. Hooper "A Mag-
nificent Marriage," and Frank Lee
Benedict "Through an Accident": all
admirable stories, as would be expected
from such well-known authors. There
are, besides, various interesting sketches.
The fashion and household departments
contain fresh attractions, which add
much to the value of this widely popular
periodical. Every lady who desires a
thoroughly good family magazine, for
1890 should subscribe for "Peterson," the
best and cheapest of all. Terms: Two
Dollars per year, with largely reduced
rates when taken in clubs. Sample
copy free to persons intending to get up
clubs. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE,
306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Seedsman's Enterprise.
J. J. H. Gregory, the well-known
seedsman, proposes to distribute free
among his customers of this season,
a year's subscription to one hundred
agricultural publications, to be se-
lected by the fortunate ones from a
list to be sent them, which will
include all the papers and maga-
zines of this class published in
this country. Full details will be
found in his catalogue, advertised in
our columns. Of course this is an
advertising enterprise, but of a
character which will permit all to
wish well to both the parties con-
cerned. In response to frequently re-
peated solicitations he has a likeness
of himself in his catalogue of this
year.

W. W. CURDY'S LAST CALL FOR SANTA CLAUS.

We can supply you with everything nice for
X-MAS GIFTS.

If you are looking for Rich Seal
Plush or Beaver Cloaks, Shawls or Ele-
gant Dress Patterns, Mufflers, Hand-
kerchiefs, Kid Gloves, Fancy Articles,
Table Linens, Blankets, Silks, Velvets,
Fans, Ribbons, Jewelry, Pocketbooks,
Curtains, Rugs, Slippers, Arctics, Fur
Caps, Silk Suspenders, Ties, Overcoats,
Clothing, or anything else to make
Holiday Gifts, you will find that the
correct place to stop is at

W. W. CURDY'S,
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Dry Goods, Carpets, Uphol'ing, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.

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Manufacturer of Steam Engines,
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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward
for any case of Catarrh that can not be
cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J.
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe
him perfectly honorable in all business
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West & Truax, Wholesale Druggist,
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,
acting directly upon the blood and
mucous surfaces of the system. Price,
5 c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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now than when he operated a brewery at
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The undersigned having been permanently cured
of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple
remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-
sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it,
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Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis,
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CHARLES E. WARDIN, JEWELER.

Carries a complete stock of everything in
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Fine Watch Repairing.
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Established in 1879.

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about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double-
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scope, as large as a key to carry. We will also show you how you
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One Half Off. ————— One Half Off.

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It will astonish you the way things are selling! The **FINEST STOCK** in the WEST.

Come and Be Your own Judge.

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628 and 630 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kans

Western Farm News.

Douglas County Farmers' Institute.

E. A. Dickinson by invitation, spoke in behalf of the Alliance system. Every state has its own alliance subject to the National Alliance and can make their own laws and regulations. He was asked the nature of trusts in various forms and replied through the sugar trust which he said had a capital of fifteen millions of dollars. This trust is in the hands of trustees who have almost unlimited powers over the raw material. By this combination they are enabled to clear one cent per bushel wheat gives them a profit of several millions of dollars. The remedy comes through special legislation in order to curb them in certain relations. When the National Alliance is sufficiently strong to organize an exchange by which the consumer and purchaser will come nearer together it will be done. He claimed that this system was beyond the rules of supply and demand but clearly a subservient rule or conspiracy to rob the people.

GARDENING.

A. Rose believed fall planting for the garden.

J. M. Spencer had found onions planted in the fall for the best the next season.

Mrs. B. Thomas believed in fall planting for lettuce.

Dr. Evatt believed in good gardens and every man should have a strawberry bed. He said it was astonishing to see how much could be raised in a garden. Celery can be had all through the winter season by a little care.

Manwaring said "select the south side of a building and vegetables can be had much earlier the next season." He named a few varieties of peas that could be made grow large by manuring.

George Durham had raised the Ajax potatoes, and believed they were the best late potato in the market.

Barley Thomas raised the question whether we can raise our gardens as cheap as those engaged in that particular business. If he wants to raise sweet potatoes he will pay fifty cents for the plants and raise about half that amount when dug.

Fertilization came in for discussion. There has always been a diversity of opinion on surface manuring. Some contend that it should be turned under as soon as it is hauled out that the earth below may receive the constituent parts that become in due season, the plant food. Others believe that the compost should lay exposed to the rays of the sun until it is soluble.

Wm. Roe hauls his compost out and spreads it on the ground until a thorough pulverization is effected, which usually takes six months to accomplish.

Dr. Siler contends that manure should remain on the surface, and not be ploughed under until the time in the year when ploughing should take place. He also contends that manure should not go below two inches from the top of the ground, as the fibrous roots of the plant finds food in that space and the ammonia is received at this depth.

Mr. McGill thought quite different and opposed these views; manure should be ploughed under as soon as hauled, and by so doing the earth is mellowed thereby and no losses are sustained.

W. F. Allen favored surface manuring with lime for a thorough pulverization of the compost. He dwelt at some length upon the points to be gained. As manure does not become soluble until a certain stage is arrived at it should remain as well on the surface as under.

Mr. McGill was slow to understand, according to the views of his opponent, why it was that bottom land was the most fertile if manure should remain on the surface.

W. Roe believed in keeping the fertilizers near the surface for the active soil which contains the ingredients of plant life.

Gov. Robinson believed in ten-inch ploughing if the soil was rich enough. He favored this to hold the surface water which is checked at this depth and held for the evaporation.

ORCHARDS.

N. P. Deming contended that fruit growing paid as well as anything else for the past few years. He believed in prohibition even if it stopped his cider mill. He contended that Kansas never steps backwards. Orchards have been neglected in the past. If orchards are well cared for and the root loose flanked in their ravages, success will crown the fruit growers work. Dr. Watt had been east and found orchards dying out and like everything else planting must take place every year. He believed tree life had been shortened not only here but elsewhere. Trees forty years ago had lived and attained a greater size than now.

H. S. Fillmore would put an orchard on new land and keep everything else away, even the weeds which seem to have a just claim. He believes that the virgin soil should not be interrupted by grain of any sort. It is easier to retain this purity than to replace it by manure.

B. F. Smith read a paper on small fruits which contained all that was necessary for one to learn. At the close of his paper he was asked how much land was necessary for a beginner to start with. His reply was one-half an acre until he had learned further on.

Mrs. Dr. Evatt read a paper entitled "Household Adornment and Conveniences."

The homes of any nation form a true index of its conditions and character. The homes of the people of any calling plainly tell their traits and state, their thrift, foresight and ambition, or their sloth, slackness and improvidence. Our homes should be healthy, attractive and tasteful. First of all the best sanitary conditions should be considered. Physical vigor is the foundation alike of mental growth and business success. The material precedes and conditions the intellectual. Health is the prime essential to success in any calling. Enjoying this great blessing, health, and living in this beautiful, perfect world, there is perhaps nothing of more interest to each of us than our house, and this is as it should be.

Our houses may be large or small, but in any of them we can have many conveniences, if not all of the modern appliances, we can have those that are needed worst.

I have noticed one thing about us farmers. As a general thing cleanliness is not a predominant habit. Carelessness is the root of this great evil. There is no use of us looking like beggars, rough, ragged and dirty. I would like to see the farmers wake up, clean up when not at work, and not glory in going so slack, with hands that look as though water was scarce.

Every farmer should know the benefits derived from a house garden and the many varieties of fruits that can be grown in this climate. The cooking is an important factor in American home life.

Farming need not be and should not be a plodding routine life. Reading aloud of evenings around the family hearth stone can be enjoyed by all.

The farmer's home should be tasteful and attractive. Great interest should be awakened in the work of rural improvement of the homes. Taste for rural adornment is a source of physical, mental and moral health, as well as enjoyment. The parks, lawns, trees, flowers, vines and shrubs become matter of just pride.

Let this be our aim, to improve the home life of our farmers and all industrial classes, and help them realize that the highest privilege and duty of life, is the creation of happy homes, the best product of Christian culture, is a refined and happy home.

The paper is a most helpful and intelligent one, and if its suggestions are taken home by the farmers can not help adding much to the comfort of the farmers' homes.

Governor Robinson read a paper on "High taxation and Low prices for Farm product." The paper contained a great array of statistics on interest and taxation which includes the present protective tariff, showing the amount of revenue collected, by what is styled the surplus fund in the United States treasury, which now amounts to a hundred million of dollars. The creation of this enormous amount he contended was one of the chief causes of hard times which falls heavily upon the laboring classes, which includes the farmers. Manufacturers are increasing in wealth, prosperity finds repose, while the laboring classes get poorer every day. He gave a brief history of protection in England during its reign which gradually reduced the masses to poverty until a revolution followed in later years, and predicted the same reign of poverty in this country. Our wonderful resources as a nation with our outlet will take several years to fully accomplish. Our municipal taxation and salary for officers were fixed during war times when money was plenty and worth about half as much as at present. As a remedy for the present ills he advocated a combination of all the farmers in the county and laboring classes which embrace three-fourths of the voters in the land.

All these combined in a thorough union, a price can be effected by the producer for all his farm products. Another remedy was the issuing of currency to the people about three times that is now in circulation, which would give about fifty dollars per capita. It would be impossible to follow this paper farther in this connection, as it embraces the tariff question entire.

At the close of this reading a brief discussion followed, participated in by W. T. Allen, of Vinland, who claimed protection for the farmers from his standpoint.

Dr. Siler, who it seems is something of a protectionist, advocated the present tariff and contested Governor Robinson's pathway at every step.

For about a half an hour there was an off hand discussion and words and speeches became frequent and apparently quite warm.

Prof. Snow's paper upon the subject of "Spontaneous Generation of Vegetable Life" advanced the proposition that there is no evidence of spontaneous generation either in the vegetable or animal kingdom. In olden time many philosophers from Aristotle to Buffon approved the doctrine. It was believed that shell-fish, frogs and toads, meat-maggots, and many forms of plant life, oaks and other forest trees, were spontaneously produced when circumstances were favorable. At present we find the remains of old notion in the impression that weeds and seedling trees which spring up when new prairie is broken are spontaneously produced and do not grow from seeds in the ordinary way. But the famous dictum of Linnæus, "omne vivum ex ovo," (every living-thing from a germ) is now accepted by scientific students as a universal truth. An oak always comes from an acorn, a walnut-tree from a walnut, the chest-nut always from the seed of the parent chest-nut, and so on. The last doubt as to the non-existence of spontaneous generation has been removed by the revelations of the microscope. It is well known that examination with a powerful microscope, water containing an infusion of almost any animal or vegetable substance in a state of decomposition, is found to be swarming with millions of living organisms. These belong chiefly to the great division of microscopic plants called Bacteria. The question at issue is whether these organisms are spontaneously produced in the water, or are generated from parental forms, either by the process of division or by development from the spores or

germs of the parental form. Science asserts that these plants are never spontaneously generated, and that they will not be produced in any organic infusion from which their germs have been carefully excluded. To show the practical value of this discovery of modern science, the professor stated that the operation of canning fruit, vegetables and meat is absolutely based upon the non-existence of spontaneous generation. The raising of the substance to be canned to the boiling point is for the purpose of killing the little microscopic plants which by their growth, produce decomposition and the sealing of the can is for the purpose of excluding the germs of these plants, which float in the atmosphere ready to attack and destroy any organic substance from which the life-principle has departed. If the doctrine of spontaneous generation were true, then putrefaction plants would appear in the contents of the cans, notwithstanding the most careful sealing, and the great canning industry would be brought to an untimely end. Another practical application of the subject is to the prevention of contagious diseases among plants, animals and men. It is now a fact conceded by the great majority of physicians and naturalists, that these diseases are produced by the rapid multiplication of microscopic forms of vegetable life in the living tissues, abstracting from them their oxygen and producing certain poisonous products called ptomaines which are often productive of fatal results. If these destructive plants and their germs can be kept out of the living organism, or if the organism can be protected against them by a species of inoculation or vaccination there is a feeling of security in our minds and an expectation that man may yet triumph over the invisible foes which threaten the life and health of himself, his crops and his domestic animals. But if these little disease-causing plants are of spontaneous origin we may as well dismiss our Boards of Health and abandon the hope of increasing the good health and happiness of the human race.

Secretary Mchler of the Agricultural Department has received from his correspondents in every county in the State a conservative estimate of the yield of wheat, and he finds the total product of the State for this year to be 36,219,851 bushels, of which 35,030,048 bushels is winter wheat and 1,189,803 bushels is spring wheat. This makes the year 1889 second only to the year 1884, when the total product was 48,000,000 bushels; and it is more than double last year's yield.

The winter term of the Lawrence Business College takes place January 2d. All interested should as far as possible enter at this time.

For an elegant line of Holiday Goods go to Farnsworth's Crockery Store, 503 Kansas Avenue, south, Topeka

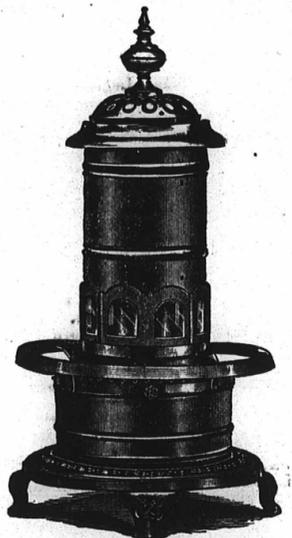
CATARRH,

Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of three cents in stamps to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada—Christian Advocate.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.



The above cut illustrates a novel feature in the stove line, and one that creates a sensation wherever introduced.

A STOVE THAT REQUIRES NEITHER PIPE OR CHIMNEY.

NO SMOKE, NO SMELL

We also carry a full line CHARTER OAK STOVES, Fine Table and Pocket Cutlery, Carvers, Razors, Builders' Hardware, &c., &c.

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Buy all His Stock alive
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All diseases of animals scientifically treated by the latest method, Poll-evil, Fistula and Lameness a Specialty. Give me a trial. All examinations free.

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Correspondence and Telegrams promptly attended to.

HOW TO MAKE
WOMAN BEAUTIFUL

Many women with fair skins are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by using

ADIPO-MALENE.

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement. Send for a descriptive circular, and receive "Beauty" a photograph, with testimonials, sealed, by return mail. Sold by druggists. L. R. MATHIS & CO., 3219 Madison St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gas has been struck in Cherryvale at a depth of 600 feet. It is said to be one of the strongest wells in the State.

REQUIESCAT.

Cease thy striving, leave thy task: Done or not, what matters now!

THE NEW NEIGHBOR.

"Girls!" cried Margery Kearney, "I've seen him!—Clive Sterling—our new neighbor!"

In quite a whirl of excitement Margery had dashed into the cosy room where her three sisters were sitting.

"You did?" interrogatively chorused three eager voices.

"Is he handsome?" asked Janet, who appreciated all beauty as intensely as only a plain-looking person can.

"Intellectual looking?" inquired Clotilde, who dipped daily into Emerson and professed to adore Ruskin.

"Jolly?" queried little Bertie, who was at the age when jolly people seemed created for her especial amusement.

"No—no—no!" laughed Margery. "Not handsome, or learned looking, or even jolly. He is simply the most awkward looking mortal I ever beheld!"

And she broke into a peal of heartless laughter at recollection of her encounter with their new neighbor.

"You see it was this way, girls," jerking off her gossamer and disclosing a form attired in chocolate cashmere—a form that was trim, slim and willowy as that of sweet seventeen is apt to be.

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm the bad one. At least that is the way Uncle Dick says we ought to be dis-distinguished!"

"Then," he said, laughter lifting up his quiet brown eyes—"then it was Margery I saw to-day?"

"Yes, and I think," indignantly, "she was all wrong. I don't think you're one bit awkward."

"I think you're downright nice. And some day—not now, because the girls said I mustn't—but some day, when we're better acquainted, I'm going to ask you to let me ride on your little white pony."

"Well!" exclaimed Janet. "He must be charming!"

"Oh!" cried Margery, going off into a fresh paroxysm of laughter. "What with his glasses, and his coat-tails flying straight out as he rushed to my rescue, he looked like some great, curious, comical bird!"

"Birds don't wear glasses," corrected Bertie. "Was his coat a swallow-tail?"

The appeal for information was ignored.

"Well, he called off the dog, and apologized for the monster, and—that's all."

"I wish he'd offer me the use of his library," sighed Clotilde.

"They say 'The Oaks' is a perfect palace as far as the furnishing goes," murmured Janet.

"I think I'll ask him to loan me the lovely little white pony," decided Bertie.

But this rash resolution was ruthlessly crushed.

"The Oaks" had been shut up so long—ever since the Kearneys had come to live in the gray-green cottage near by. Its owner had gone abroad on the death of his mother, three years ago, leaving his handsome house in the care of a couple of servants.

But now that news of his return had spread curiosity was rife in the fashionable suburb of River View. And not the least interested were Olive Sterling's near neighbors.

A pleasant room in which the sisters sat; a home-like room, even if the carpet was threadbare, the chairs venerable, the more home-like for these suggestions of social service and experience.

Janet went on with her task of remodeling an old dress. Clotilde went over to the window, and looked wistfully through the drizzling rain to the red brick chimneys which rose above the house which held the coveted books.

Margery, obeying a sudden impulse, had snatched up her ever-ready sketch-book from the table, and was scratching vigorously away. An ecstatic giggle from Bertie, who was peeping over her shoulder, called the attention of the others to her work.

"What is it?" said Janet.

Margery looked up with a nod and a smile.

"Wait a moment."

On her brisk pencil flew, the dimples in her pretty cheeks deepening as her mischievous smile grew.

"There!"

She held up the open book. The others flocked around to her.

"Oh, Margery!"

"He can't look like that!"

"What a caricature!"

Indeed, comical and grotesque was the drawing of the long, lank figure,

with the spidery extremities, the flying coat-tails, the tremendous goggles.

"Oh, just a trifle accentuated—not quite a caricature," she said, laughingly, as she scrawled under the picture the words, "Our New Neighbor."

"The rain is clearing off!" cried Bertie. "I'm going to run and ask mamma if I mayn't go out."

And off she rushed.

Soon, with her kitten in her arms and her little spaniel at her heels, she was out on the wet road. The rain had quite ceased. The afternoon sun, weary of sulking, was coming out in splendid state. In its radiance every drop on every clover-leaf was a glittering jewel, and the pools in the street reflected bits of the brilliant sky.

On and on wandered Bertie, her scarlet skirt blowing backward, her yellow hair tangling flippantly in the breeze caught and played with it. As she passed "The Oaks," she paused to put her small, inquisitive face against the iron railing and peer through.

What a grand, big house it was! And how smooth and green was the large lawn all lovely with beds of bloom! And how sweet the flowers smelled after the rain—the geraniums, and carnations, and sweet brier, and verbenas.

"I should so love to see the funny man Sister Margery saw," she said to herself. And then, just as if she had had a magical ring, her wish was gratified. For out on the main walk, not twelve feet away, from a small side path, came Mr. Sterling.

He saw the little maiden outside the railing—the bright-eyed, curious face. He liked children. He sauntered toward the gate.

"Hello, little lassie! what is your name?"

"Kearney, sir."

"Oh! you're one of the Kearney sisters, are you? Which one?"

Bertie hugged her kitten more tightly and looked very important.

"I'm not the clever one," she said. He smiled.

"No."

"No. Clotilde is the clever one."

"Well."

"And I'm not the good one. Janet is the good one."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," with a nod. "And I'm not the pretty one, either. Margery is the pretty one."

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm the bad one. At least that is the way Uncle Dick says we ought to be dis-distinguished!"

She was breathless from her struggle with the big word.

"Then," he said, laughter lifting up his quiet brown eyes—"then it was Margery I saw to-day?"

"Yes, and I think," indignantly, "she was all wrong. I don't think you're one bit awkward."

"I think you're downright nice. And some day—not now, because the girls said I mustn't—but some day, when we're better acquainted, I'm going to ask you to let me ride on your little white pony."

He bowed gravely.

"Certainly."

"It's so sweet!" growing friendly and confidential. "Do you know that last summer—keep still, Kitty Kearney," to the pussy, which was wretchedly attempting an escape—last summer Margery, who is the grandest artist that ever lived, I think, made a sketch of it when it was out at pasture. Just wait here, and I'll run and get it. Come on Twig."

Away she scampered, her little dog after her. Smiling amusedly, the tall brown gentleman by the gate waited her return.

In about fifteen minutes she was back with a flat book under her arm.

"It is in there, and he is eating grass!"

He took the book rather diffidently, but very curiously too. It could not matter. Sketches were made to be looked at. And this was a sketch of his own pet pony.

"By George!"

He almost dropped the book.

"Oh, please, please," cried Bertie, in an agony of remorse. "I quite forgot your picture was in there. What won't Margery say? Oh, never mind the pony's picture now!"

She snatched the book, turned, ran home as fast as her fat legs would carry her, leaving Clive Sterling crimsoning and laughing as he never had crimsoned and laughed before.

"Well, I've seen myself for once as others see me, thanks to the pretty one!"

He dropped his eye-glasses and sauntered back to the house. For several days he neither saw or heard anything of his neighbors. Then he chanced to encounter Bertie.

"Oh, please, I can't talk to you," the child said. "The girls say I'm so unreliable. You know Margery caught me when I was sneaking her sketch-book back, and made me tell her where I had taken it to."

"And then?"

"Then," confessed Bertie, with a contrite gulp, "then she sat down and cried!"

"I say! No!"

"She did. There she is now. "Oh, Margery, Margery!"

The girl had come unexpectedly around the corner. To avoid a meeting was impossible. She was quite near her sister and the master of "The Oaks."

"This is Mr. Sterling, Margery. You know you weren't reg-regularly introduced before. I've been telling him how you cried about—"

A delicious blush of mortification, regret, pleading, swept across Margery's wild-rose face. Frankly she held out her hand, lifted her clear eyes.

"I am so sorry for having been so

rude! Will you forgive me, if you can? And come over and play tennis this afternoon?"

"Thank you. Yes!" he said.

"Why, Margery," the others said to her, when he, after a rattling good game, had returned home, "he is just splendid!"

"Good-looking, too!"

"And a gentleman!"

"All three!" decided Margery, promptly, as she sought the sketch of their new neighbor and deliberately tore it up.

She is Mrs. Clive Sterling now. Bertie was her bridemaid.

The Delegate Up Stairs.

One day when a whole 'bus full of us drove up to a hotel in Lynchburg, Va., the landlord remembered that he had a drummer from New York who had been suffering terribly with toothache for two or three days. He had tried every remedy known to man, except that of having it pulled, but nothing had availed him. He hoped some one of us might be able to suggest something, and slowly added:

"Gentlemen, I have heard that a sudden shock to a man's nervous system would sometimes cure the worst case of toothache. Can't you plan something?"

Six or eight of us got together in the reading room, and it was finally decided that a man named Simms, who turned out to be a patent medicine advertiser, should go up to the room and startle the New Yorker. He was to do it by claiming to have seen a despatch to the effect that his wife had run away with another man. We thought that ought to cure his headache if anything would.

"How big a man is he?" asked the delegate when ready to go up.

"Oh, he's rather undersized," replied the landlord. "If he should get up on his ear, you can easily slam him all over the room."

The medicine man went up. We followed, and stood at the door to hear the result. He found the New Yorker groaning like a sick horse; and after introducing himself, he said:

"Sorry for you, old fellow, particularly at this time, but I have bad news for you."

"No!" exclaimed the other, sitting up in bed.

"Be calm, old boy. It's about your wife."

"Is she—she dead?"

"Better for you if she was. She's run away with a street car conductor."

There was a wild yell, followed by several whoops, and a crash. Then the medicine man fell into the hall, and a wild figure dragged him up and down, and mopped him around, and made bear fodder of him. It was five minutes before we could get him off and get his victim away. We carried the latter into a sample room, stretched him out on the table, and had sponged his face for the third time, when he opened his eyes.

"How do you feel now?" asked one of the boys.

"Queer. What's happened?"

"You went in to see the New Yorker."

"Oh, yes. He had the toothache."

"He did, and you kindly consented to shock his mental system. It was a great success."

"I cured it, did I?"

"You did."

"But, great heavens! feel of me; look at me; keep on sponging! I'm nothing but a big splatter of jelly! Boys, if I die, and I hope I will, I'll haunt every infernal one of you day and night until I drive you to hang yourselves with your own suspenders."

Helping a Sparrow Up.

In University place, the other day, a boy picked up a sparrow which was unable to fly from having daubed its wings with fresh paint from some cornice. He was carrying it away in his hand when a poorly dressed man, who was warming his back in the autumn sun, held out his hand and asked for it. The bird was passed over, and the man took a very ragged handkerchief from his pocket, and began wiping at the paint, saying, as he did so:

"That's the way of the world—go for a feller when he's down. Fifty would wring your neck where one would give you a show."

He wiped away for a minute or two, and then continued:

"If somebody would give me an encouraging word and half a show I could be a man yet; but somebody won't do it. It's easier to kick a man down hill than to boost him up. There, young chap, your wings are all right now. Go and be happy. Next time your nose smells fresh paint you shy off."

He gave the bird a toss, and it flew to the naked limb of one of the elms and then turned about and cried:

"Peek! peek!" as if in gratitude.

"All right! All right!" replied the man, with a wave of the hand. "Perhaps you'll do as much for me some time. Go along now and attend to business."

Pertinent Advice.

Professor—"Well, Roberts, have you selected your subject for sophomore ex. yet?"

Sophomore—"Yes, sir."

Professor—"That's good. Now let me give you a piece of advice. Whatever your subject is, let it become for the next two months a part of you. Saturate yourself with it."

Sophomore—"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Professor—"By the way, may I ask what your subject is?"

Sophomore—"Alcohol and Insanity, sir."—Burlington Free Press.

YANKEEISMS.

Characteristics of New England Life and Speech with Some Examples.

Clarence Deming contributes to the Rural New England life and speech taken from a notebook of twenty-five years' standing. When, many years ago, I asked a rustic citizen of the town, after his first visit to New York, his opinion of the great city, his reply was: "Waal, I never! Why, there on Broadway it allers seemed 's though meetin's just out."

The note book abounds in miscellaneous Yankeeisms gleaned from the whimsical characters to be found in every back town of Yankeedom. Among the oddest of this odd species was Mr. D—, a rugged and antique resident of a western Connecticut village. While driving his cows to pasture Mr. D— used to address them in most emphatic terms. One day, while the animals were in uncommonly frolicsome mood, he was overheard to say: "Yes, scatter, will ye! Blast ye! if there warn't but one of ye ye'd scatter!" On a dark night as Erebus, Mr. D— rushed out excitedly on boys pilfering his favorite pear tree, exclaiming: "I see ye! I know ye! Where be ye? Who are ye?" His profanity was often most voluble and redundant; but it never reached a loftier climax than on an occasion when he missed the backboard of his wagon after a five-mile drive, and, on going back for it, found that he had been using it as a seat. One of his near neighbors was a good old dame, the Mrs. Malaprop of the village, who once remarked at our dinner table: "I fken a person who calls the cornish of a roof the tarnish." She was matched by one of my old Yankee friends, now gone to his reward, who corrected an acquaintance reading aloud an account of President Lincoln's funeral, saying that the word "corpse" was French, and ought to be pronounced "core." It was not long before, at a local sword presentation during the civil war, that I heard one of the orators exhort the ladies not to forget the soldiers in the hospital as well as on the field. "For," added he, "there's more what is not slewed on the field of battle than what is killed by ball." At court in that village I was present when a witness testified that "there was some-where between 'leven and twelve eggs in the basket."

Among the good Yankee stories of the neighborhood are the following: "Mr. B—, before driving from his farm to town, used to delay long delivering what he called his 'last words.' His vexed hired man at last broke out: 'Mr. B—, you'd be an awful bad man to die; you'd have so many last words that the undertaker's bill would come in before yer was dead.' One of the oddest native characters was Mr. B—, an ardent defender of the doctrine of election. One day, while 'argyfying' with a neighbor at dinner, he lifted a morsel of beef on his fork, asserting: 'I have no more doubt, sir, of the doctrine of election than that I shall eat that meat.' With the emphasis of his gesture the meat flew off and was instantly devoured by the family dog.

Here are a few Yankeeisms, drawn for the most part from the same locality: "He butters sausages"—i. e., lives too extravagantly; "Back up your cart," for pass your plate; "Waal, that's a huckleberry too much;" "He died of plexy;" "Can't let yer have no eggs to-day, we're a settin'"; "I have written a receipt for my husband's tombstone;" "Draw a long scythe" (sigh); "These corns hurt me so I most want to walk backwards;" "Newark, New Jersey, is in New York state, isn't it?" "We had a fine ball last night! The T. Ostrich (orchestra) played for us."

Let me close with this rural telegram which, many years ago, I was permitted to copy, and which I pen literally, save the substitution of a spurious name: "John Smith has broken his lags badley. All well."

Words, Words, Words.

Edward J. Phelps, ex-Minister to England, in his article in the December Scribner's says: "Never since the creation has there come upon the earth such a deluge of talk as the latter half of the nineteenth century has heard. The orator is everywhere, and has all subjects for his own. The writer stayeth not his hand by day or by night. Every successive day brings forth in the English tongue more discourse than all the great speakers of the past have left behind them, and more printed matter, such as it is, than the contents of an ordinary library. We certainly seem to be approaching the time when hardly anything will be left to be said on any subject that has not been said before—perhaps many times over; when all known topics will begin to be exhausted."

Ice Age of America.

One of the most interesting of recent contributions of archaeological interest is Prof. Wright's lecture on the "Ice Age of America." Prof. Wright shows that the whole backbone of Long Island is formed of glacial deposits, and he takes his hearers all along the moraines that marks the farthest points touched by the wonderful field of ice. The lecture concludes with a description of the small stone god recently brought up by a sand pump near Boise City, Idaho, from a depth of 320 feet. He and many other scientists think it is the oldest mark of human life that has yet been discovered, and believe it to be the work of the ante-diluvian man.

WINGED MISSILES.

Bismarck is entirely bald, and is said to be crosser than ever.

Monarchies and kingdoms are passed. Republics are the fashion.

A hunter at Pocatello, Idaho, has deer's horns with forty-two prongs.

Not including Alaska, Brazil is larger in extent than the United States.

It is said that there are forty-eight languages and dialects spoken in Mexico.

There are more newspapers published in Pennsylvania than in all British America.

Foot ball thinks it is going to "get the heels" of base ball as a national game. It looks so.

Froude is writing a life of Lord Beaconsfield. A flittous subject will just suit the pen of the "romance historian."

Clara Louise Kellogg has grown so fat she never expects to grace the stage again. She never did become thin characters.

The number of persons who wrote "Beautiful Snow" was estimated by the late Richard Grant White as twenty-four.

It is estimated that the output of coal for the present year will not greatly exceed 35,000,000 tons against 38,145,718 tons last year.

Who would have thought it? Philadelphia, the symbol for slowness, is said to be the greatest novel reading city in the country.

A Philadelphia pony has whipped a mountain bear in a fair fight. There is a good deal of animal pluck about the good old city.

An Albino, Pa., coon, without a gray hair on it, has been captured by John Barkley, of Monroe county, Ohio. The animal has pink eyes.

A young man plowing on a ranch near Galt, Cal., found over \$1,600. His employer kept all but \$20 of it, and left the plowman to plod his weary way in the field.

Lawlessness in parts of Georgia attributed to the whites has been traced to negroes, who, acting as regulators, have been setting old grudges against black enemies.

An otter, a muskrat and a mink pluck together on the banks of a creek at Scranton, Pa. The farmer who owns the premises won't let his boys trap or shoot them.

The artistic wealth of the Paris municipality in paintings, sculpture, engravings, etc., is estimated at \$3 million dollars outside of the great treasures owned by the nation.

Alphonse Daudet's novels have won a fortune for him, but his plays on the stage have been failures, and this jealousy of Sardou's success is set down by his critics to be intense.

A young woman of Crescent City, Cal., picked up a large pebble on the beach some time ago and sent it to a lapidary in San Francisco, who pronounced it to be an emerald worth \$2,600.

A live lobster, half red and half green, the dividing color: line running lengthwise his whole body, is now on exhibition in Portland, Me. Fishermen say that specimens like this are very rare.

The naturalists of this country, who started out to raise among themselves a fund for a monument to John James Audubon, having secured about \$1,000 and a large collection of promises, have concluded to appeal to the public at large.

Recent widespread failures in the tea trade in China have had a curious effect on ruined merchants. Five of them have taken refuge in a monastery in preference to meeting their creditors. One committed suicide and many have disappeared.

Talk about ship building reviving in America. It is as yet a mere circumstance compared to what is going on over on the other side. Ship building is so active on the Clyde that in many of the yards work is carried on at night by means of electric lights.

The Norwegians are said to be the longest lived people in the world. Official statistics show that the average duration of life in Norway is 48.33 for the men, 51.30 for the women and 49.77 for both sexes. The duration of life has increased of late years.

The New England Farmer says that everywhere in cities fruits and oatmeal are used on the breakfast table, while in the country the farmer still compels his wife to keep him supplied with pies ad libitum, and, worse than that, to make pork the principal meat diet.

An enthusiast speaks of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" as the most attractive romance, the most fascinating in its touches of both nature and human nature ever written in English and perhaps in any language. "It's a fine story. Artists and publishers have taken kindly to it."

War was the business of the Bourbon French. As they have no opportunity in France, they have gone elsewhere for occupation. Prince Louis Napoleon, son of "Eloin-Plan" and younger brother of Prince Victor, has received his commission in the Russian army and will go on duty in the Caucasus.

It is estimated that there are 3,000,000 people who walk about London's streets daily, and in so doing wear away a ton of leather particles from their boots and shoes. "This would in a year form a leather strip one inch wide and long enough to extend from London to New York. This amount of disintegrated sole-leather, at 10 cents per pound (what it costs consumers, would amount to \$500,000.

The latest development of the electric light is likely to prove of great use for vehicular traffic. A small incandescent globe and reflector are placed on the forehead of a horse, insulated wires are carried along its body to a small battery stowed in the trailing vehicle. The current is turned on at pleasure, and an unmistakable blaze of light illumines the murky surroundings.

Greece has furnished many things worth reading but none better than this: "Queen Olga, of Greece, whose unwearied efforts on behalf the poor, the sick and helpless, have made her subjects worship her, is very simple in her ways and goes about the streets unattended." People who have wealth, station and power and use for good age making life worth living. Generous wealth is the only kind worth having.

THE FARM AND HOME.

Suggestions for the Progressive Farmer and the Busy Housewife.

Best of Care Needed for Cows in Winter—How to Properly Render Lard—Winter Food for Hens—Valuable Household Hints and Suggestions.

Cows in Winter.

In a former article says a writer in the Ohio Farmer, I intimated that cows were entirely at the mercy of their human masters during the winter months, and are compelled to partake of such food as is set before them, no difference how much they may "spleen" against it. There is a prevalent custom in many quarters of employing boys to do chores about the barns for their winter's board to which is annexed the privilege of attending the district school. We have nothing to say against this usage as it affords many a poor lad an excellent opportunity to acquire a rudimentary education, but we have a word to say to the farmer employers as to the extent of responsibility they will find it profitable to trust to the immature judgment of a boy. Don't send him out to fodder the cattle in the morning, while you are toasting your shins by the kitchen fire. Go along with Tommy, or Johnny, and assist him in sweeping the mangers clean of the hay "stubble" that the cows have breathed over during the night, and then let your judgment govern as to the amount of hay to be given. The old rule of giving all that the creature will eat up clean, can not be improved upon. It isn't much worse to be stringent than it is to be lavish in this matter. Cows will loathe hay that has been immediately before them for several hours, and will only eat when nearly finished.

Rendering Lard.

A prominent pork packer gives the following directions for rendering lard so it will be nice and white: Grind the fat or chop it as you would sausage meat, where you have but a small quantity, using the chopping bowl and potato masher. The object is to get the fat into such a condition that the tissue and fibrine will separate quickly from the clear fat. Now, by the mild heat and constant stirring, melt to the consistency of thin gruel, then scatter salt enough over the surface to carry down all the scraps. Salt does not melt in pure lard, and therefore will not give it a saline taste. Then allow it to settle, and dip the clear fat out into a vessel, using a strainer, or into another kettle, so as to remove all scraps from the bottom. After removal of scraps, cook for fifteen minutes so as to roast any scraps still remaining in the fat, and your lard is ready to put away, and will keep as long as wanted. To keep lard it is necessary to raise the heat to 180 degrees. It melts at 110 to 120. Let farmers and their wives try the above method, and they will never go back to the old way of cooking lard again. In answer to an inquiry as to how to prevent lard from boiling over while cooking, put in a little salt. This is the best remedy.

Look Out for Fires.

It is never amiss in winter to suggest the propriety of watchfulness against fires. Nowhere is this more desirable than in the homes and barns of the farmers. Unfortunately men will smoke, and the long use of matches makes many careless in handling them, not only for use but in their pockets. Doubtless, many barns have been destroyed by the accidental pulling of matches out of the pockets unobserved. But, in the house, as well as in the barn, is care suggested. Ninety-five per cent of the accidents by fire might be avoided by care. The handling of coal oil and lamps, the use of old stove pipes and sparks popping from the fire, are doubtless the occasion of the majority of fires. The lamps should be filled, cleaned and trimmed during the day time, and they should never be allowed to become foul or to be used half empty. Old and rust eaten stove pipes are very dangerous. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

Winter Food for Hens.

During winter the natural and best food for laying hens (insects) are frozen up in the ground and cannot be obtained as in warm weather. But we can supply this deficiency with meat scraps, cracklings, etc., which should be added to their morning feed of equal quantities by measure of corn meal and wheat bran, well mixed, and thoroughly scalded by adding boiling water. They should be fed again late in the evening with whole grain—corn one evening, oats the next, wheat or wheat screenings the next, etc. They should have free access to fresh, pure water and gravel at all times.

Managed in this way, I think almost any one will find poultry the most profitable stock kept on the farm.—G. W. Pleasant.

Improve the Dairies.

We know of so many instances where butter dairies have been improved by the use of Jersey bulls; that it seems very queer that farmers who intend to make butter, will not avail themselves of the advantages of this intensified butter blood. The breeders of common stock do not realize how much improvement may be made by the use of thorough-bred blood. Half-blooded Jersey cows have doubled the butter product of the dairy, and a cross with a bull of a beef breed will double the weight of the steers at the

same age. The same laws hold good with sheep.

Pruning Young Trees.

The future shape, productiveness and value of an orchard depends mainly on the way it is pruned while young. It requires knowledge of the habit of growth of different varieties to know how to prune them to advantage. A little pruning while the tree is small sets it to growing in the right shape, and avoids the need of sawing off large limbs later, which can never be done without inflicting wounds likely to destroy the vitality of the tree. It is in pruning, more even than in anything else, that a little done at the right time saves the necessity for doing much more afterwards.

Farm School Information.

A friend on the farm school sends the following excellent advice to scald a hog: "Put the tail end in first every time, especially the first scald. If the water is too hot you don't want to stick the head in. It is hard enough to clean with a good scald. You have to clean the ears and forelegs to pull it out with. Then cut the gambrels and put a short single-weed in them. You can handle a hog with ease if you chain two rails together, making a fork and have a long pole. Two men can hang a hog easier than four."

Lime for Poultry.

The value of lime in the poultry yard can not be overestimated; experience teaches that there is nothing more effective as an insect-destroyer than a thick coating of whitewash made of fresh lime and an infusion of crude carbolic acid. Cleanse the house thoroughly before applying, and cover every accessible portion of the woodwork, especially the perches and the sills on which they rest. A generous fumigation of sulphur and tobacco is also advantageous.

Nuggets.

Many a man may double his physical capacity by strengthening his mind somewhat.

Without cleanliness in the dairy, all efforts to produce the best butter or cheese are vain.

Generally, he who sells hay from his farm pays a high rate of interest for the money he gets.

For the nutrition of live stock and the conservation of soil fertility, grass is the world's royal crop.

Excessive growth or fattening is at a great expense of food. Better a continuous good growth, and no cramming stages.

The man who buys good animals and gives them scrub feed, ought to be consistent, not to hoist his umbrella in a rain-storm.

The farmer must have a long bank account who can afford to breed immature animals, or to keep animals for the shambles after they approach maturity.

Eight sheep can be kept for every cow, says a dairyman, as they will add but little to the expense, the sheep consuming many kinds of food that cattle reject.

Portland cement and skim milk make an excellent paint. If fresh bullock's blood and air-slacked lime be mixed to the consistency of thick whitewash it also makes a durable paint.

The harvester and binder has greatly reduced the labor of farmers' wives as compared with the old system, when the reaping of the grain demanded making provision for a large number of helpers.

Hints for Housewives.

For cold in the head nothing is better than powdered borax snuffed up the nostrils.

Whooping cough paroxysms are relieved by breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid.

Statistics show that people live longer in a brick house than a stone and that wooden houses are the healthiest.

For burns sweet oil and cotton are the standard remedies. If they are not at hand sprinkle the burned part with flour and wrap loosely with a soft cloth. Don't remove the dressing until the inflammation subsides, as it will break the new skin that is forming.

Salt is one of the handiest and most efficient fire extinguishers for incipient conflagrations. If sprinkled on any substance burning on a stove it will stop the smoke and smell. Salt thrown upon coals blazing from the fat of chops or ham will cause the blaze to subside.

When a bone felon is felt put directly over the spot a fly blister about the size of your thumb nail and let it remain for six hours. At the expiration of the time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon, which can instantly be taken out with the point of a needle or lancet.

To clean a carpet thoroughly, throw damp salt upon it and then sweep it briskly, and it will be found that all the coloring will have been vastly brightened; or if the carpet has been well swept, go over it afterward with a clean cloth and clear salt water, and the result will be almost as good.

Glue that is delicate and nice for mounting ferns and sea-weeds is made of five parts of gum arabic, three parts of white sugar, two parts of starch, add a very little water; boil until thick and white.

Heartburn may be relieved almost instantly if half a teaspoonful of salt be dissolved in a wineglassful of cold water then drunk. When the eyes are tired and weak, if they are bathed in slightly saline water they will soon become soothed.

A French cook tells us that a piece of dry bread, tied in a bag and placed in the water while cabbage is boiling, will prevent the unpleasant odor which usually arises.

NAVAL ETIQUETTE.

Polliteness Exceeding Anything Practiced on Terra Firma.

Everybody Salutes Everybody Else—What Constitutes a Good Gun Salute—Manning the Yards, Cheering the Ship, Etc.—The Guns Allowed Various Officials.

Most visitors to a man-of-war are struck by the cleanliness, order and compactness of everything on board, where so many men live so close together, and yet perfect discipline is preserved—even greater than among the same number in a regiment of soldiers. But a few moments' consideration, writes Dr. E. Shippen, in Golden Days, will show that, in such a confined space and with constant intercourse, great attention to forms and to the exactions of respect must be shown, to prevent such a mass of men, crowded close together, from degenerating into a mob.

So we see, at every moment, salutes by touching and raising the cap, first by the inferior in rank, but always scrupulously returned by the superior, while all sentries salute passing officers—the juniors by raising the hand to the rifle, while the latter is at "the carry," and senior officers by "presenting" arms. And this is done whenever they pass, if it be ten times in an hour.

This saluting in military services is based upon the theory that small arms are placed at the disposal of the person whom it is desired to honor; while with the great guns it was formerly the habit to fire salutes while shot, and thus leave the pieces harmless, and at the mercy of the party saluted. But this firing of shot guns led to so many accidents to the persons whom it was designed to honor that it gradually fell into disuse, and blank cartridges were used instead.

The number of guns allowed to officials is as low as five—for a Consul, but it is always an uneven number—for, ever since gunpowder was used, an even number of guns was considered unlucky and the odd number observed.

The writer well remembers the start given by the firing of three guns in a Yamen, or official residence of a high Chinese official, as a party of Americans were making an official visit.

The Chinese salute is three guns—and these three were almost buried in the earth of a court-yard through which the party had to pass, and were fired almost under their feet as they passed, causing a very natural start in persons unused to that way of showing respect.

Salutes with great guns occur more frequently in foreign ports than in our own, as guns are fired upon the visit of foreign officers to our men-of-war, and also when ours are returned. Then, on national holidays or anniversaries, foreign men-of-war who happened to be in port with the vessel celebrating are all notified and requested to join in a salute, probably in dressing the ships with flags.

For instance, in Rio Janeiro, a great naval stopping place, there will often be Brazilian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, English, American and other men-of-war. Now, if the Fourth of July is at hand, the American Admiral sends an officer round to each one, with his compliments, and to say that on that day he will dress his ship with flags and fire a national salute at noon; and each of the foreign captains sends back his compliments and will be happy to follow his motions. So, on the Fourth of July, in addition to the dressing of the ship, each one fires twenty-one guns.

If a national salute is fired the flag of the country saluted is hoisted at the fore, and hauled down at the last gun. If it is a personal salute the jib is hoisted with the first gun and hauled down with the last.

Often with very exalted persons, such as kings or the president of the United States, the yards are "manned"; that is, life-lines are rove from the lifts of the yards to the masts, and the men stand upon the yards close to each other.

Sometimes the crews are ordered in to the lower rigging and three cheers are given, the time being marked by the rolling of drums. This is called "cheering ship," and is often done when another ship of the squadron, which has completed her service, sails "homeward bound."

When coming on board or leaving the ship officers are attended by the boatswain or his mate, with side-boys, who are supposed to hand the man-ropes. When there are no man-ropes the boys stand on each side of the gangway and raise their caps, while the boatswain pipes a long-drawn, peculiar sound from his pipe. In addition to this the Admiral or Commodore is received by the marine guard, drawn up on the quarter-deck, and the roll of the drum.

When the colors are hoisted or lowered everybody uncovers and the music plays; and every one, officer or man, on coming upon the quarter-deck, which is the reserved spot for all ceremony, touches his cap.

At first people make a great many mistakes and omissions in all this cap-touching; but in a very short time it becomes a second nature and is done almost mechanically.

Tonsorial Hon.

Judge (who is bald-headed): "If half the witnesses testify against you is true your conscience must be as black as your hair." Prisoner: "If a man's conscience is regulated by his hair, then your honor hasn't got any conscience at all.—Texas Sitings."

WHALES.

They are inoffensive and Affectionate by Nature—Their Habits.

A sight of these huge, inoffensive animals is often to be had during an Atlantic voyage. They are too timid to approach near the steamer. A peculiarity about these wonderful creatures is the tail, which is not verticle, as in most fishes, but level, by which they are able to reach the surface of the water with greater facility for the purpose of respiration; and such is the strength that even the largest whales are able with its assistance to force themselves entirely out of the water. Their tail is their only weapon of protection. With one stroke of it they will send a large boat with its crew in the air and shatter the wood into a thousand pieces. Sometimes the animal will take a perpendicular position in the water, with the head downwards and rearing the tail on high beat the waves with fearful violence. On these occasions the sea foams for a wide space around. This performance is called by the sailors "job tailing." A whale's head is about one-third of its body, and its tongue is a soft, thick mass which was formerly considered a great delicacy of the table, and a right of royalty. Their blood is red and warm like a man's, and the female suckle their young. A whale has no external ear. Their sense of hearing is imperfect. When the skin is removed a small opening is perceived for the admission of sound. By a quick perception of all movements made on the water it discovers danger at a great distance. The eyes are small, but the sense of seeing is acute.

A whale does not attain full growth under 25 years, and is said to reach a very great age. They live in families rather than herds and are of a kindly nature, with the instinct of family affection very strongly developed. Whales have no teeth, instead of which whalebones grow down out of their upper jaw.—Ocean.

A Week Too Late.

A young man about 23 years of age, dressed like a farmer, had his feet on a street car seat in front of him and was reading a novel, when one of the boys went over to him and observed: "I've just made a bet of five dollars on you."

"On me? What is it?"

"I've bet five dollars that you will suicide within a week. I've been watching you very closely for the last half hour, and all signs indicate melancholy and despondency. Have you selected any particular line of killing yourself—poison, the rope, drowning, or hanging?"

"Do you actually bet five dollars?" anxiously asked the young man.

"I did."

"Pay if you lose?"

"I'll have to."

"That's too bad. I wish I could have seen you last week."

"Why last week?"

"Because I then had the ager every day right along—two cows were sick on my hands—my girl had gone dead back on me, and I expected a windmill man was going to beat me out of four hundred dollars. I did kinder think of suicide."

"But now?"

"All is changed. Cows got well—ager all gone—gal has set the day for next Wednesday, and the windmill man is straighter than a board. Durn my hide if I ain't going to try and live a thousand years!"—N. Y. Sun.

Red Underwear Healthy.

Red was considered very potent in warding off the evil eye. In a time of trouble, when the evil eye was especially triumphant, all the red tape in a certain county of England was bought to ward off its baleful influence. The remains of this superstition still prevail, for many people believe that a red string around the neck is an excellent remedy for asthma, measles and mumps.

The preservation of faith in red still exists, says a writer in the Chicago Herald, as is shown in the great confidence which obtains in the medical virtues of red flannel and the belief that the milk of a red cow is better than that of a cow of another color. The German peasant, if he cuts himself, thinks he stanches the blood better with a red ribbon. This may be accounted for not only because of tradition, but the fact that blood would not form so startling a contrast when wetting a red ribbon as when wetting a white one.

A Southern friend tells me that the negroes make a doll of red flannel, with five needles stuck in it crosswise, and place it inside of a child's bed or mattress to keep off all the diseases to which children are subject.

Marriage in Ireland.

Marriage in Ireland among the farming classes is conducted on very much the same scale as that of crowned heads; a curious fact scarcely "understandable of the people" in England. These marriages are arranged and brought to a satisfactory conclusion without reference to the two most concerned, the bride and bridegroom apparently being the last to be consulted as to the advisability of a matter that has to do with their whole life's happiness. The fathers and mothers on both sides settle all preliminaries. There is no love making between the young folks; they do not even see each other as a rule until everything is arranged, he being in this part of the barony, she in that, and time for "lovers' dalliance" in seed time and harvest being nil.—N. Y. Sun.

THE CURSE OF DEBT.

The Pitiful Picture Presented by the Willful Debt-Maker.

How can a man eat, sleep and be jolly under the pressure of debt? How on earth can he walk forth well appareled and appointed, and face the man whose unpaid-for trousers he is wearing? How dare he smile at his butcher, or his grocer, who are at that minute \$50 apiece poorer for his past dinners and teas? How dare he pat his children on the head when he knows that if he should die that night, their future is wholly uncared for? How on earth can he enjoy any luxury, trusting only to his dodging instincts if the day of pecuniary reckoning should suddenly come! How can he face the rascally reflection of himself in the looking-glass long enough to tie the cravat which ought to be choking him?

How can he have the impudence to go among honest, upright people and expect cordial recognition, or any recognition at all. How dare the brazen thief, in his fine clothes, look into the frank, honest face of the swarthy, red-shirted mechanic, who has proved himself a man by that day's hard labor? How can he pass a station house or a policeman without asking that summary justice may be meted out to him, rather than to the poor, friendless, ragged wretches whom adverse circumstances seem sometimes to have so hedged about that God himself cannot help them such men with a wonder that never abates, says a writer in the N. Y. Ledger. Men did I say? Satan grins at the misnomer. An artist should be specially employed to collect their portraits for "The Rogues' Gallery." Imagine the horror with which their dainty originals would contemplate such a possibility! and yet I am not sure that it would not be a capital idea for every creditor to immortalize his own well-dressed scamps in this manner; or at least have a framed collection of them in his own place of business for the inspection of the curious.

Perhaps one of the meanest of these dainty fellows' tricks is to victimize a friend who may be supposed to have scruples about refusing monetary compliance, or about reminding the creditor of his protracted forgetfulness of the sum due. Yes—there is one lower depth of meanness yet, and that is, when the "friend" is a woman, who, if she be not too smart, may be generally conveniently put off with well framed excuses, or at all events be supposed to be too "refined" and "delicate" to press so unromantic a theme. Fortunately, all women are not "fools."

Fortunately, a woman may know her "rights," and defend them, too, without stamping about the country in brogans armed with a horsewhip. It is comforting when such a one, without compromising her womanly dignity, handsomely compels, as a man might and would do, immediate restitution, or the alternative penalty.

"Breaking Into Society."

A young man who was holding forth in an up-town club room last night declared that it was more difficult for a stranger to make friends in New York than in any other city in the civilized world.

"I don't mean," he said "that it is hard to make acquaintances. That is very easy. You may even get very chummy with some men, but there is always a certain barrier which you can't overcome. You won't ask to meet your friend's relations or his intimate visiting friends. I have even known where men have roomed together for several years, lent each other money, helped each other in business, and yet each had his own line of friends whom he visited, and neither knew the other's sister or parents. It wasn't because they had not similar tastes or because they did not thoroughly appreciate each other's character. I warrant that there are thousands of such instances in this city now, and I will guarantee, too, that such peculiar conditions exist nowhere else.—N. Y. Sun.

Light Hearted Peasantry.

Of all creatures the Irish peasant is the most light hearted. He certainly may be counted among the sociable ones of the earth. On all possible occasions—births, deaths, and marriages—the poorer classes call their friends round them and kill the fatted calf, which alas! in spite of its high-sounding title, must ever be placed among the leanest of all lean kine. Nevertheless, they make as merry over their bread and tea and porter as others would over their "chicken and champagne"—perhaps a great deal merrier. They are indeed unhappy if alone. Above all things, either in their joy or sorrow, they desire some one near them to whom they can pour out the yearnings of their hearts. Sympathy they crave, and sympathy most eagerly they give. Impulsive, troublesome, careless, improvident—the Irish people are, when all is told, the kindest-hearted in the world.—New York World.

Miss Willard on Woman's Dress.

Miss Willard, in a recent lecture upon woman's dress, makes the following interesting statement: Catch Edison and constrict him! He is a wasp waistcoat, and be sure you'll get no more inventions; bind a bustle upon Bismarck, and farewell to German unity; cooee Robert Browning into sorcery, and you'll have no more epics; put Farnell into petticoats, and home rule is a lost cause.

Mutton Sheep.

There has been a wonderful awakening during the last twelve months in the matter of sheep-breeding; while this has extended to a most every branch of the trade, the heavier carcasses breeds have, naturally enough under the existing circumstances, been the chief beneficiaries. Prices received for the best grades of fat muttons in this market have been so uniformly satisfactory—compared with the values of beef on the hoof—that farmers and feeders generally have begun to turn their attention at last to this of late much-neglected branch of stock-rearing. Word comes from Mattoon, Ill., that Coles County feeders have within the last week received 5,000 head of young sheep from Southwestern Kansas and Montana ranges, to winter on the cheap corn so abundant in that section, and from various other quarters the information is conveyed that sheep-feeding is to constitute a very important industry during the winter months. Owing to the comparative scarcity of good grades and crosses of the various mutton breeds, feeders are, of course, compelled to purchase "stores" from the far West, but how much greater would be the returns from the grain to be consumed if adequate supplies from better-bred animals were available. The Gazette believes that in the judicious breeding of pedigreed sheep of the distinctively mutton sorts there is room for a very wide extension of interest with profit to all parties concerned.—Breeder's Gazette.

Profits of Aggregation.

The collapse of the great cotton-seed oil trust illustrates what we have said about trusts containing within themselves elements of self-destruction. Their days are numbered. Sound legislation will flush the work. Trusts may come and go, but large combinations of capital will remain. We have reached a period in the development of our country specially marked by the aggregation of capital. It is taking place on every hand, and in every line of business. Large manufacturing are taking the place of small shops. The big store has swallowed up half a dozen little ones. The milling business illustrates the change that is going on. The small mills are going. They cannot compete with the large mills. Why? Simply because the large mill can convert wheat into flour and place it in the hands of the consumer at a much less cost than the small mill. A single one of the great Minneapolis mills has a capacity of seven thousand five hundred barrels of flour per day. It is said that some of the big mills are making and selling flour at a profit of five cents per barrel as a regular business. Now, it is plain that the consumers are benefited by having wheat converted into flour as cheaply as possible. There is no danger in a combination of capital, so long as it is engaged in strictly legitimate business. So long as it does that, it is a great public benefit. It is when it seizes control of the market, and fixes the price to both the producer and the consumer, that it is against the public welfare. This is what legislation must prevent, and when it has done that, it has done all that is necessary.—FARM AND FRESIDE.

Eli Moore has been convicted of selling liquor at Horton and fined \$800 and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

The fight over the postmaster'ship at Horton is virtually settled and the postmaster general has decided to appoint Lucien H. Smyth.

The Hutchinson News took a queer way to get Kansas City's sentiment on re-submission in Kansas. It interviewed the antiokekeepers.

State Sugar Inspector Kellogg went to Minnesota to investigate the charges of fraud preferred against the American Sugar company.

The Southern Pacific railroad was unable to run trains Sunday because of washouts. One train was wrecked, but no one hurt.

The coke company, running ovens and mines at Watson and Adrian, Pa., has locked out its 1,100 miners because they threatened to strike for increased wages. Trouble is expected.

By an incendiary fire on the farm of Moses F. Dodge at Hopkinton, N. H., Tuesday morning, Dodge perished and seventeen cows were lost. A neighbor who was crazy drunk is thought to have killed Dodge and set the barn on fire.

The Rothschilds have agreed to pay the mother-of-pearl workmen of Vienna increased wages if given the exclusive monopoly of the product. The terms were at once accepted.

The managers of the strike of gas men at Manchester and Salford, England, have advised the men to ask for reinstatement, the funds being exhausted. The South London gas strike is also a complete failure.

The strike of the miners at many places in Germany has ended, the government having advised the companies to restore the men dismissed for disobedience.

Nearly \$5,000 was raised in Minneapolis for the benefit of the families of the Tribune fire victims by a grand ball given Tuesday night at the West hotel.

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