

Gladous



A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
—BY THE—
Kansas News Co.,
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Stockmen of Jackson county, should not forget the meeting called for the 8th of January, to be held in the State capitol (Representative Hall) to consider and take some action on the depressed condition of both cattle and hogs. It is too late now to call a meeting of feeders and stock-growers; so let everyone who can attend in person, do so; and those who can not attend, address P P Elder or "Kansas Farmer," Topeka, by letter so that the committee may know that we are in hearty sympathy with them.

The coming meeting of the state board of agriculture January 8 to 11 gives promise of being the most interesting and largely attended in the history of the board. Hon. Martin Mohler is putting forth extraordinary effort to make the meeting a grand success, as it doubtless will be.

Did you read what was said in this paper last week by the business manager of the *Herald of Faith*, St. Louis, about Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria? No one can have Malaria in the system and enjoy one hour of perfect health. A few doses of the Antidote will cure you immediately. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for one dollar, by Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Rochester, Penna.

The new year is here, it is now 1890. But who can tell what the year may bring forth? We ought to be a happy, contented people, but are we? I think if we will but notice we will find that discontentment is found upon every hand. And it does almost seem that we are living in "perilous times." Capital is organized against labor, and labor against capital, and the relations between the two are becoming more precarious every day. Politicians are pushed as to how to legislate for the best interests of the people, and discontented and languous factions are howling on every hand. We ought to do the greatest good to the greatest number and if every one would do his best to carry out this principle, might we not expect great and good things for the year 1890?

Let each put forth an effort,
To help his neighbor live,
And while the year goes rolling by
Not only take, but give.

Lecompton.
Etta and Chauncey Stilson returned to school at Lecompton on New-Year's day.

Rev. C W Alldridge was in town Tuesday.

On Tuesday, W A Caruthers returned from a visit to Frontenac, Crawford county.

Nettie Young, of Whiting, Kan., spent Sunday among old college friends.

J W Albert and Mr Thomas, a couple of old students, were in town looking up old friends on Thursday.

J O Vincent and wife returned from a several weeks' stay in Dakota, on Sunday.

Prof. Mershon and family were in Kansas City from Friday until Tuesday.

Rev. J H Snyder spent the latter part of the week at Leavenworth, helping Revs. Oakes and Londerback in their meetings.

On Tuesday, Mary, Ella and Costes Leamer left for Johnson county to spend a few days with relatives.

A number of the friends of Ella Leamer surprised her at her home Monday night. The evening was pleasantly spent with games, refreshments and other things conducive to a good time.

Thos. Hartup has resigned his position as street commissioner. F S Timmons has been appointed as his successor.

Topeka Topics.
A cold snap at last.
Date your letters 1890.
Few open houses were kept on New Years.

Cloaks 20 degrees below cost. J. H. Dennis, Jackson street, Topeka.
H T Chase of the Capital and Annie Thompson will be married on the 15th.

The Adams house has been taken in charge by Dan Adams Jr., the proprietor.

The churches are holding pop corn socials.—Popping corn and popping questions.
Shoes, shoes, shoes. J. H. Dennis, Jackson street, Topeka.

Judge Foster appoints J D Godfrey U S commissioner at Frisco, and W A Monroe at Oklahoma City.

James Bouton and Wood Fowler, prominent citizens of Perryville, and ladies, were in town last Saturday.

Albert Copley and family came in from Perryville last Saturday and were looking around for property in view of locating here.

J W Dolman of North Topeka, made an assignment on Tuesday. Liabilities about \$12,000, with assets enough, it is supposed, to cover the same.

HOYT.
Corn is as cheap as coal, why not use it for fuel?
Will Ketterman was in St. Joe a few days this week.

P W Kirwin has made another large addition to his already large stock of boots and shoes.

J Chubb visited the capital city New Years day.
The dance at Mr Cleveland's will be next Tuesday night, Jan. 7.

The store at Mayetta has changed hands again. Messrs Scott and Merriam selling out to a Mr Sweet, of Chicago.

Walter Osborn and Miss Florence Bostwick were married Tuesday of last week, at Holton. We wish them many happy New Years.

The pupils of the Hoyt school are looking for Mr May to-day. He has been twanging his sweet guitar at home during the holidays.

Mrs Beckwith got over her Christmas sooner than our other teachers, and the smoke has been curling from Prairie Home's chimney all this week.

W E Rippetoe and wife desire to express their thanks to those who so kindly offered their assistance and sympathy during their recent bereavement.

The banquet of the A O U W and the dance at Mr Cleveland's, both of which had been arranged for New Years eve, were postponed in deference to those who mourn the death of Mr McDowell.

W F Taylor and wife received the painful news of the death of their daughter-in-law, Mrs Edward Taylor, of Colorado Springs, last Friday. Her death was sudden and unexpected. The funeral took place at Valley Falls, this state, last Sunday.

Obituary.
As the old year goes out we record the death of one of Jackson county's oldest citizens, Barton McDowell, aged fifty-six years. He was born in Tennessee, March 5th, 1833. His early life was spent in Missouri. He located near Meriden in 1856 in what was then a part of Jackson county, and his interests have been identified with those of this community from that time until his death, which was brought on very suddenly from heart disease December 31st, 1889. He was interred in Stewart cemetery by the side of his wife who preceded him seventeen years. He leaves four children to mourn his sudden taking away, three sons, and one daughter, Mrs W E Rippetoe of this place with whom he had been making his home for some time previous to his death. Funeral services will be held at Hoyt M E church and will be announced later.

1889. THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS. 1889.

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

Twenty-first year.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS has for over Twenty years stood independently for the Home and the Farm. For years it was known as the official organ of the Patrons of Husbandry while they were learning the lesson of organization, and laying the foundation for greater reforms that were to follow.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS is more than gratified with the work of the late St. Louis Convention. For a score of years its present management has been engaged in just the work along the line laid down in its platform. Recognizing the injustice of our laws in regard to women, and the disastrous effects of the liquor traffic upon the industries of the nation and the happiness of the people, we have held that no real progress could be made in labor and industrial reform, that did not recognize the relation of one to the other. We therefore believe there is reason to expect the best results from the position now taken by the National Alliance upon the situation of the day.

Upon all the great questions of our modern civilization the Convention seemed inspired with unusual wisdom. How refreshing those clear-cut declarations relating to the great principles underlying the common welfare of a free and enlightened people! How free from any apparent cant or hypocrisy! How striking when placed alongside the stale and meaningless platitudes of the every day political platform!

Such a ringing declaration ought to call together the clans of the nation, and become the war cry of the toiler on the farm and the workman in the shop. The world moves gloriously on. No piling faction was there. No sore, disappointed political hacks gave expression to those sentiments. No hidden, selfish purpose stares out between the lines. It was an earnest protest against great and growing wrongs. It was a protest as startling as that which went up from Rinnymede, as full of meaning as that which rang out of Independence Hall.

This move the SPIRIT OF KANSAS hails with delight. It will lend to it a most hearty support, urging that unanimity of effort and that unselfish devotion to a great principle, without which it will not fully triumph. The SPIRIT OF KANSAS will not aim to be an organ of the Alliance, the grange, the suffragists, the prohibitionists, nor of any labor union. While it will favor the principle of all these, it will act from a stand point of independence, giving more attention to general principle than to details, as becomes necessary in an organ of any party.

In order to meet any want, and to give the fullest trial at least expense we offer the SPIRIT OF KANSAS at the following rates:

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References—Armour & Co., Continental National Bank, Chicago; Wear & Allison Bankers, Sioux City, Iowa.

Meriden.
The Meriden Advocate is no more, having succumbed last week. It was a well edited paper, its editors being men of ability, but will find a wider field of usefulness in its alliance work at Topeka.

Priest Bros have sold their meat market to Mr Huber. Mr Priest still continues in the grain business. Meriden cannot afford to lose them.

Our mill is paying two cents a bushel more for wheat than Topeka, and making the best of flour.

Our coal mine is supplying the home demand with coal, and by the way, we have the best coal in this part of the state. Try it.

The ladies' Mite society will have an oyster supper at Smith's hall Tuesday evening, Jan. 7. The oysters will be served at fifteen cents a dish or two dishes for twenty five cents. A general invitation to all. Proceeds for church purposes.

Corn is king, and Meriden is getting her share. For weeks corn has been pouring in at a rate of two to five thousand bushels a day and still to come. The price is fifteen cents cash, eighteen cents trade.

The Public Want
1890. **GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE** 1890.
Would they not be most likely to obtain such by buying directly from the grower? I can buy seed at half what it costs me to raise it, but could not sleep sound should I warrant seed of this class. For the same reason I make special effort to procure seed stock directly from their originators. You will find in my new seed catalogue for 1890 (sent free) the usual extensive collection with the prices of some kinds lower than last season and the really new vegetables of good promise. You should be able to get from me, their introducer, good seed of Grey Corn, Miller Melon, Hubbard Squash, All Seasons and Deep Head Cabbages and many other valuable vegetables, which I have introduced. **JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Barre, Mass.**

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With each watch we send our Catalogue of Watches and Jewelry, and only ask as a favor that you show it with the Watch you purchase to your friends and acquaintances. We will send this Watch C. O. D. by Express upon approval if you send us \$1.00 as a guarantee of good faith. If the Watch does not suit you need not take it. It is satisfactory and we will refund the money. We refer to any newspaper publisher, Bank or Express Co. in New York City. Remit money by Express, Post Office or Express Money Order, at our risk. Call on or address: **MORGAN & CO., 61 Murray St., New York.**

Perry
The steam engine which sold under a chattel mortgage, was loaded on a car and shipped back to the manufacturers last Monday.

John Tracy and wife, of Menoken, Kan., visited relatives at Thompsonville and Perry on Christmas.

The Geo. R. Woolf road will be considered by the county commissioners January 8, 1890.

Charley Spangler has returned home from Douglas county, Kan., where he has been at work.

O R Hoffman has erected a commodious stable on the alley in the rear of his lumber yard.

The piston head in the engine at the mill broke one day last week, and had to be sent to Topeka to be repaired.

Dr Burns, the attending physician, thinks N R Smith is a little better. He has had quite a serious spell of sickness.

Willie Stringfield, of Kansas City, is visiting his father, Rev. T J Stringfield.

A new boarder has come to stop awhile with Eli and Julia Lee.

Moses McCall started last Tuesday morning to move back to Misouri. John Hujig (Haug) is happy in a ten pound girl.

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

A COURSING club is an association of more or less rich young men who are more rather than less idle, and who desire to play the part of sportsman with the least possible danger of fatigue to themselves.

SINCE he returned to Teheran the Shah of Persia has shown signs of an inclination to adopt certain civilized methods in his domain. He has had a number of foul-smelling houses pulled down and has ordered a system of sanitation for the Persian capital. His subjects think he has lost his mind.

DR. GAYVONNE, a noted European physician, informs a more or less hairless generation that he has discovered the bacillus of baldness. The importance of this announcement can be appreciated only by those who have watched the descent of man towards a bald-headed and unornamental condition.

THE development of the accident insurance business in this country of late has been very wonderful. All over the country employers in large concerns are insuring all their employees in the accident companies because it can be done for less than by co-operation among the men of a single concern.

TAXES in Turkey are calculated to be just high enough to prevent any poor man from getting enough money to leave the country on. The exact sum is left to the collector to determine, and he has power under the law to give any citizen fifty blows with a stick. Rhubarb and rugs come from Turkey, but that's all the good there is in her.

A BOSTON item says that the author of "John Ward, Preacher," Mrs. Humphrey Ward, looks askance on the woman's rights movement, and has a sister married to Professor Huxley. She shuns publicity, writes a singular masculine hand and is a complete enigma to her own family, who are still trying to find out what all the fuss is about.

A SCOTCH society in London professes to have found a treasure in a portrait of Robert Burns, painted by the famous Sir Henry Reyburn, which was unearthed somewhere in an old picture shop, and is supposed to have been lost for ninety years. An artist is restoring it with a view to exhibition in Edinburgh and ultimate sale to some rich American.

THE present Sultan of Turkey is the son of a Kurd slave who was in the harem of his reputed father. His real father, it is believed, was an Armenian coachman, attached to the court. Far from being mad, he has all the sharpness of an Armenian. He is an abject coward, and is probably making a purse for himself, as he is as ready as any pasha to take bribes.

A BOY in Baltimore is known as a human magnet. His hands and fingers possess a peculiarly attractive force. Pins and needles cling and dangle from the tips of his fingers as from a magnetized bar. Smooth and dry glass and metallic substances he lifts by merely placing the open palm of his hand on them. He has thus raised pieces of glass tubing weighing as much as five pounds.

THE lesson which our sister republics on this continent most need to learn is not liberty, but union. It is a more fundamental idea than many people suppose. Its apex is the cohesion of states, its basis is the adhesion of individuals. Spanish-Americans have readily grasped the thought that no despot shall rule them; they have been slower in conceiving the idea that they must rule themselves.

GLADSTONE has opinions on all subjects. He thinks that Beethoven is the greatest composer; that the best women singers are those that are healthy, strong, and inclined to obesity; that 90 per cent of the London opera-goers care only for the singers, and take little interest in the works which are represented; that the pure, fresh voice of a boy chorister is more pleasing and affecting than the voice of any female soprano.

OF all royal personages, the Prince of Wales is the most noted for the enormous quantity of luggage which he causes to be sent with him on his journeys. He takes whole boxes of hats and huge trunks of dress suits, morning coats and other changes. He makes a point when visiting anywhere of not being seen twice in the same coat, and the variety of his garments is as astonishing as the tailor's bill for them must be long.

ON THE SHADES.

Some Home Secrets Given Away by Shadow Pictures.

Interesting Studies to Be Made from the Silhouettes Seen on Light Window Curtains—Domestic Woes Betrayed—Love Yarns Without Words.

"This is the time of year when shades are down in the evening," said an erratic citizen of Chicago, to a Herald reporter. "And then people fondly imagine that all that transpires inside is hidden from the gaze of the vulgar. The present fashion is for light shades—hues of pale yellow, delicate mouse grays, cream, straw color, etc., about one hundred different goods, but all light. And such shades are treacherous to their owners. They will not, it is true, actually betray the things they see. You can't look through them. But they are semi-transparent, and they will clearly show the shadows thrown against them to all standing outside the house. They will not tell tales out of school, so to speak, but they will suggest. And a suggestion, as we all know, will often be much worse than the reality."



BATH-ROOM WINDOW.

But there is no end of sad stories I've been told by shades. The funniest ones, I think, are love stories, pure and simple. I bet you young Spooney, the board of trade clerk, hadn't any idea he was watched the other night while having a solid good time with the girl he's stuck on. She lives right over there near Erie street, and the parlor window shades, as you observe, have that light greenish tint that is just now so fashionable. Well, about 12:30 I was passing by that night, and it made me quite hot under the collar when I saw defined against those shades, plain as a photograph, the picture of him and his girl in the act of taking leave for the night. He hugged her again



SUPPER.

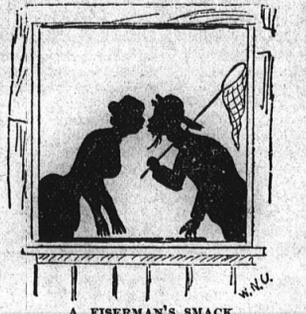
and again, and she hugged him, my! so tight, I think he must have lost a whole row of buttons on his vest. There's good, old-fashioned courtship for you, I said to myself and turned on my heel, when whom should I see standing at my elbow but the policeman who travels that beat. He was grinning like sixty. "Having a good time, ain't they?" he said. A moment later young Spooney walked down the street past us, looking as sober as a judge. "Going home?" I said to him. "Yes, been to see a sick friend," he said. Another case I remember which I also took a little interest in, because I know the parties slightly and because the man enjoys the reputation of being the worst henpecked husband in his ward, was quite funny. It was one of their numerous family quarrels, I suppose.



BED TIME.

It was quite late and there was not the slightest noise in the street. I couldn't hear a sound outside, but there were the pictures on the shades, a whole kaleidoscope of them, shifting and going all the time. First she had him by the hair and thumped him on the nose; next she let go of him and he tried to get around the table. Then she reached over and got him by the beard and tore about a handful out of it, and he tugged away for dear life. Thus it went on for quite a spell, until the fortunes of war seemed to incline on his side, and victory finally

perched on his banners. He must have layed her out, I think for he was performing a sort of war dance. It looked immensely funny, and I only wished I had an instantaneous camera with me. I'll have to get one and take some of these interesting shade views. And then I'll make a gallery of them and invite the people concerned to look at it. Wouldn't that be a scheme, eh?"



A FISHERMAN'S SMACK.

"You seem to be having quite a time in collecting your views?" suggested the reporter.

"Yes, it amuses me at odd hours of the night, when I haven't anything better to do. You see, it is like this: That French author, Lesage, once wrote a great book entitled 'Le Diable Boiteux,' in which he represented a mischievous devil lifting up all the roofs in the good city of Madrid and showing his curious protegee what was going on underneath. And that book had a great sale, was translated into all the languages and made its author famous. Emile Souvestre, one of the best modern French authors, wrote another book, 'Le Philosophe sur les Toits,' describing what he saw under his garret window. What those Frenchmen could do, I guess I can do just as well. I think I'll write a book 'What I Saw on the Shades.' Do you think it would be a go?"

Why Women Lose Their Hair.

"How common it is to see a woman under thirty with only a tiny twist of hair behind her head," remarked a fashionable hairdresser to a Mail and Express reporter. I venture to say, however," the speaker went on, "that if you ask her she will say that when she was a girl she had a splendid head of hair. Now what is the reason for this? The woman has lost no other of her physical charms, but her hair has well-nigh disappeared.

"I think that I can solve the problem. On retiring at night, she goes to sleep without releasing her hair, or giving it the vigorous combing and brushing which is absolutely necessary to its healthy vitality. Hundreds of careless women do that. Then, too, she is not careful as to the kind of hairpins she uses. Metal hairpins should be used as little as possible, for rubber or gutta-percha pins are far preferable, although they may seem more clumsy; but if metal pins are chosen they should be straight and smooth.

"What is the best tonic for the hair? In my experience I have found that a good, brisk and regular brushing is the best tonic. If the hair is coming out rapidly, let this treatment begin at once. Every morning unbraids the hair, and brush it in its natural hanging position with a stiff, white bristle brush—never a wire one. First brush one-half of the hair. Then change the brush to the other hand and treat the remaining half in the same fashion. The same operation should be repeated in the evening.

"Begin with about fifty strokes on each side and gradually increase the treatment, until not less than two hundred strokes are given each morning and evening. It will soon become a habit, and before long the hair will cease to come out."

Which Road Would You Take?

If you could go back to the forks of the road—
 Back the long miles you have carried the load;
 Back to the place where you had to decide By this way or that through your life to abide;
 Back of the sorrow and back of the care; Back of the place where the future was fair;
 If you were there now, a decision to make, Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take!
 Then, after you'd trodden the other long track, Suppose that again to the forks you went back.
 After you found that its promises fair— Were but a delusion that led to a snare. That the road you first traveled with sighs and unrest,
 Though dreary and rough was most graciously blest
 With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache—
 Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take!

An Editorial Necessity.

House Agent—"Let me see, I have a very nice vacant flat, sir, on—"
 Applicant—"Won't do. I don't want a flat. I must have a house."

"House?"
 "Yes, with a garden."
 "Garden?"
 "Certainly."
 "Um—well, now I think of it I have one place a little out that might suit. There is a space of ten or fifteen square feet at the back. It is now paved with stone, but the pavement can be taken up easily enough."
 "That will do."
 "All right. Fond of flowers, eh?"
 "No, but I've got to have some sort of a garden, you know, because I'm the editor of an agricultural paper."

A TALK WITH BOYS.

You Can't Expect All of Them to Follow Their Fathers.

"I am a farmer's son. I don't like farm life. Please tell me what chance there is in the city?"

Out of twenty letters received from farmers' sons at least seventeen will read as above. One might argue from this that there was general dissatisfaction with the avocation, but such is not the case. A proportion of farmers' sons have always left the farm to learn a trade or profession, and perhaps, the proportion to-day is no larger than it was twenty years ago. To argue that every boy born on a farm must become a farmer would be as bad as to argue that every carpenter's son must naturally learn his father's trade. A fair per cent of our famous men were born and reared to country life, but it was not their natural bent. The farmer who has a boy anxious to break away and learn a trade or study for a profession should encourage that ambition. In days gone by people argued that any sort of a man could make a farmer. If he had failed at everything else he was advised and encouraged to try farming. In these days we all know that one must be adapted to his work—the farmer as well as the machinist. One will do his best only in that which comes the most natural to him.

Nor is there any danger that the agricultural districts will be deserted by the young men because a hand is held out to those whose natural bent lies in some other direction. Statistics would doubtless show, if any such had ever been gathered, that at least one boy out of every three born on a farm grows up to pursue that avocation for life. The ratio among lawyers, doctors, journalists, machinists, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., is no greater. The farmer who should be told that a certain carpenter, painter or wheelwright with four sons was determined that each one of them should learn his trade would smile in contempt. And yet the average farmer thinks it a singular thing when one of his boys detests farm-work and feels that life contains something better for him.

While the boy of 15 may be inquiring: "What trade shall I learn, or what profession shall I pursue?" it is in most cases a settled thing with the boy of 18. He has discovered his forte and is making arrangements to pursue it. No boy should permit circumstances to force him into a trade against his wishes. If he is obliged to earn wages, it is much better that he do general work until the right sort of opening appears.

No father has any right to dictate in this matter. He is apt to be guided by a selfish spirit. If his boy can earn \$1 per week as apprentice to a machinist, he would decide on the former trade without reflecting as to the boy's natural bent. After two or three years, when the lad has discovered that he was cut out for something else, he has lost valuable time and much of his ambition.

And, too, the father who notes the successes in the professions is quite apt to argue that what one does another can do, and therefore shapes his son's career in that direction, no matter what the boy thinks about it. It is this argument that fills the land with shyster lawyers, half starved doctors and sharpers who must beat their bills to get along from year to year. The number of men who earn anything more than a bare living in any profession is surprisingly small.

Light in the Sickroom.

The custom prevails, despite all our sanitary teachings, that the occupant of the sickroom in the private house should be kept all hours in a darkened room. Not one time in ten do we enter a sickroom in the daytime to find it blessed with the light of the sun, says the Scientific American. Almost invariably, before we can get a look at the face of a patient, we are obliged to request that the blinds may be drawn up, in order that the rays of a much greater healer than the most able physician can ever hope to be may be admitted. Too often the compliance with this request reveals the condition of a room, which in a state of darkness, is almost inevitably one of disorder everywhere; foods, medicine, furniture, bedding misplaced, dust and stray leavings in all directions.

In brief, there is nothing so bad as a dark sickroom; it is as if the attendants were anticipating the death of the patient; and, if the reason for it be asked the answer is as inconsistent as the act. The reason usually offered is that the patient cannot bear the light; as though the light could not be cut off from the patient by a curtain or screen, and as though to darken one part of the room it was necessary to darken the whole of it. The real reason is an old superstition practice, which once prevailed so intensely that the sick, suffering from the most terrible diseases, small-pox, for instance, were shut up in darkness, their beds surrounded with red curtains, during the whole of their illness.

Rights of a Chinese Husband.

If a man beats his wife, but does not break her limbs or maim her, the Chinese law takes no notice of it; if a wife beats her husband she is liable to receive 100 blows, and the husband may separate from her. Those who have been shocked by the sale of women in the famine regions will be interested in knowing that the law provides that "he who from poverty sells his wife shall not be heavily punished; let the woman revert to the last husband (that is, to the man she was sold to.)"

TALK OF THE DAY.

A milkman never goes to a dance in pumps. Too suggestive.

It is said that smacking the lips is a vulgar habit. Much depends on whose lips are smacked.

Where the Schuykill Flows.—"Have a drink, grandpop?" "What is it?" "Schuykill." "No, dear; I have no teeth."

"No," said the boodle alderman, "I shall not lend my vote to such a thieving scheme." And he didn't lend it. He sold it.

When a man is young he thinks to reform the world, but when he gets older he is quite satisfied if he is able to reform himself.

She (between the acts)—"Where are you going?" He—"Out to see a man for a moment." She—"Is he going to buy it, or are you?"

"Great Scott! You are kicking enough for a deadhead," exclaimed a Philadelphia horse-car conductor the other day. That man is a philosopher.

A Beautiful Opportunity.—"Last week I had such pain all over me. It was terrible. I tell you, a doctor might have made his fortune out of me then."

How the boy viewed it: "Let's get some o' them apples." "I don't want any o' them. They let yer take 'em. Come on down to Bankers' an' steal some o' his."

Abdicating the throne: Mrs. Up-ton Flate—"Why do you cry, cook?" Bridget (about to be married)—"It's meself that'll soon be no better off than the rest of yez."

He Sawed Wood—"I don't see how Jones ever made such a success," said one of his friends to another. "He never says anything." "Maybe that's the reason," was the reply.

It takes two to make a bargain—A gem of thought says: "Be willing to pass for what you are. We are willing, dear gem of thought, but the conductor and the door-tender are not."

He Had Paid One.—First Syracuse citizen—"Ever see Buffalo Bill, Jim?" Second Syracuse citizen—"I should say I had! I stayed a week at a hotel there once and the bill nearly paralyzed me."

Admirable Advice.—Mr. D. Backward—"Been playing with the landlord's children, have yer? Well, don't get too intimate with them. The next thing, they will be coming in here asking for the rent."

Retort courteous.—"I'd have you to know," said Cholly Van Antwerp, "that my reputation is as dear to me as any one's can be to him." "I should judge that it cost a good deal to get a reputation like yours."

She Knew the Grip.—By a quick shot he had just rescued her from the clutches of a bear. "What were your thoughts when bruin commenced to squeeze?" was his inquiry. "Oh, Charlie, I thought of you."

How He Warms His Slippers.—Mrs. Bloodgood—"What! not an open fireplace nor a stove in the whole house? How does your father warm his slippers, Willie?" Willie—(ruefully)—"Warms 'em on me, ma'am."

"How large a house are you going to build, Mike?" asked a gentleman of an Irishman who was about to build a new house. "O've not decided for sure, sor, but O think it'll be about twenty feet by twenty-five long, sor."

Pa was too anxious. Father—"Maria, has that young man gone away yet?" Maria—"No, pa, he is just proposing—" Father—"Oh, all right!" Maria—"Proposing to go." Father—"Well, you tell him to git."

Easily explained: Upson Downes—"What bright glances Miss Gibbons shoots at young Featherly to-night." Rownd About—"They are quite noticeable, but not surprising considering the amount of powder she has on her face."

Just Before He Got Licked.—Willie—"Mamma, you've put up a job on me." Mamma—"What do you mean, my son?" Willie—"You told me I musn't seem to notice Uncle Geehaw's table manners. Why, he hein't got any."

At Home.—New Minister—"Is your papa at home, little girl? I am the new minister, and I understand that he is one of the pillars of the church." Little Girl—"Oh, yes, he's always at home to ministers. Ministers don't have bills, you know."

In Russia women are not allowed to practice medicine before reaching the age of 40 years. In free America, every woman feels herself fully qualified to practice medicine so soon as she owns a baby or can borrow one of her neighbor to experiment on.

A Cooler.—Mowbray—"I've something very important to say to you, after the girls leave the room." Jessie—"Oh, talk it right out, do. I've promised every one of them to tell them just what you said when you proposed, and they might as well get it firsthand."

Her matter-of-fact old father—"Daughter, I do wish you would learn to talk without using so many exclamations. Everything you speak of is accompanied with 'Oh!' The idea! 'Great goodness!' or something of that kind." "Why! Goodness gracious, pa! How can I help it? The idea! We girls all talk that way."

Mrs. Youngbride—"How does your breakfast suit you this morning, darling?" Mr. Youngbride—"Just right! I tell you, Annie, it may be plebian, but I am awfully fond of calf's liver." Mrs. Youngbride—"So am I. Don't you think, George, it would be real nice and economical to keep a calf, then we can have calf's liver for breakfast every morning?"

WARFARE IN ALASKA.

Bitterness of Rivalry Between Two Tribes of Indians.

In Spite of Civilization the Feud Is Still Alive—Massacre of Long Ago—How They Flouted and Planned to Avenge Death.

The advent of the American in Alaska is not only materially changing and modifying the habits, customs, and usages of the native people, but their own history is rapidly becoming obliterated. In all that has been written of the country little has been said of the wars that have been carried on among the various Indian tribes during the past forty years. Thirty years ago the Sitkan tribe, at the mouth of the Sitkan river, one of the few navigable streams of Alaska, numbered over 2,000. Now there are not more than 100—men, women, and children. At the same time, the Sitkans, whose principal village has been, from time immemorial, near the present town of Sitka, were quite as numerous as the Sitkans. About twenty years ago the small-pox broke out among the Sitkans and carried off more than 1,000 people in one winter.

The population of the Sitkan Indian village is not wholly made up of Sitkan Indians. A few Sitkans have settled there and intermarried. One of these is a man over 40 years of age, named Charles Kie, who has spent a great deal of his life among white people, who speaks English very fluently.

The other day I sat with Kie on the knoll overlooking the bay and the spot where the bones of over 200 men, women, and children of the Sitkan tribe had been allowed to bleach in the rain and the sun and the bodies to crumble into dust without burial. I finally got Kie into a talkative mood.

He related a long story of intrigue and murder between members of the two tribes leading up to a grand tragedy.

It was at last decided that the Sitkans should be invited to the Sitkan village to engage in a round of feasting and dancing, as was the Indian custom, as a sign of the permanency of peace between the tribes. A large log house, the largest in the village, standing where the dwelling occupied by the noted Indian Princess Thom now is, was selected for a dance. The Sitkan women did not take part in it; but this aroused no suspicion, and none was in the house but the Sitkan men, women, and children and about fifty Sitkan warriors. The men, covered with furs and feathers, danced in a circle, while the women sat on the floor behind this circle and sang in a cadence suited to the dance. A few moments after the fourth dance begun a Sitkan, who had been stationed on the roof, near the usual smoke outlet, made a noise like the bark of a wolf, and that was the signal for the work of murder to begin.

Aukoon and his party drew knives from under their dresses and began killing. Spears and firearms had been concealed about the room and all egged prevented, and in a few moments hell itself broke loose among the disarmed Sitkan men, women and children. The dead bodies lay on the beach for days while the Sitkans engaged in the massacre indulged in a beastly drunken orgy in celebration of the achievement. Nearly 200 dead bodies were finally carried down to a little point on the bay about three-quarters of a mile north of the village and there left without burial. I passed over this Golgotha with Kie, and many of the bones lie bleaching there still.

The news of this treachery and murder reaching the mouth of the Sitkan river, the entire village was bent on revenge. Forty-eight large war canoes were fitted out and manned, headed by Slake, the head chief of the Sitkans.

The fleet went into Jamestown bay, five miles southeast of Sitka, and killed three women picking salmon berries and one Indian fishing. Then the Sitkan warriors paddled to the Hot Springs, twenty miles southeast of Sitka, some miles below a Russian redoubt established near Whale bay, and encamped. The Russian commander sent a small party of soldiers to warn the Indians away from the springs, but they refused to go, saying that they came to encamp and not to engage in war. Believing that the Russians had something to do with the massacre of their friends at Sitka, they surprised the small redoubt and its garrison the next night, drove out the whites and reduced the trading post, the stockade, the church, and all the surrounding buildings to ashes, and then fled to their village on the Sitkan.

The distance from Sitka, the ease with which the Sitkans could ascend the river in their canoes out of the reach of the Russian ships, the meagerness of the garrison at Sitka, and the formidable number of warriors in the Sitkan tribe compelled the Russian governor to forbear attempting any punishment for the outrage at the redoubt.

Years have not obliterated the spirit of revenge, and though the Sitkan tribe has been reduced to not more than 100 fighting men, if the influence of the whites were withdrawn that spirit would manifest itself by the waylaying and murder of any detached fishing and hunting parties of Sitkans along the coast. Old Annahootz, now over 70 years of age, has been trying for a long time to heal the feud before he dies. He has frequently invited the Sitkans to come to Sitka and put the feather in the hat, which means that permanent

peace has been established and that bygones are all forgotten and buried. His overtures so far have been wholly neglected. From present appearances both tribes will soon be either extinguished or absorbed, and the memory of these outrages will die with them.—New York Times.

A SMILE AT "SOCIETY."

The Hollow Mockery of Much of Our Social Life.

The inner temple of Society which we name Exclusiveness, is the direst and drollest of shams. In youth I was profoundly impressed by it and often dreamed rosy dreams of the time when I should come into my share of the swallow-tailed glories that flashed their boreal gleams athwart my sky. The pictures that my young imagination painted on the canvas of the future, which seemed so far off, wore of men and women come together to exchange valuable ideas; to talk of travels, of art, of poetry; to plow and to sow seed in the fair fields of mind, and to reap the ripened harvest of industrious and ever pleasurable endeavor. In short, to suck the honey of congenial and sweet companionship and to gather strength from those who had it in abundance to impart.

Though I have long been aware of society's grotesque affections, its despotism and cheap conventionalities, its pitiful competitions, its small jealousies and its monstrous and unnatural appetite for eating out its own heart, Humpty Dumpty still diverts me. I do not laugh less relishably for laughing at the last.

The difficulties that seem to bar the way to Society's Holy of Holies are the wooden guns. Assurance is the open sesame and a dress suit (a thing not to be despised on this account) the unquestioned symbol of initiation. If you are well charged with the small shot of conversation you may fire away in the certainty of vanquishing those who are charged merely with brains, and win applause for your achievement. These skirmishes seldom have a different result. The reason is obvious. Men who have tried to adjust their lives to larger aims than those that engage the society professional sufferer a kind of vertigo in the atmosphere of fashion; whereupon society votes them stupid and puts another feather—nay, a whole peacock's tail—in the cap of the party-goer who keeps up his pop-gun fusillade of twaddle. I cherish the sardonic hope that the phonograph will one day be made available as recorder of an evening's conversation in society.—Signor Max.

BEST THINGS.

The best law—the golden rule.

The best philosophy—a contented mind.

The best statesmanship—self government.

The best theology—a pure and beneficent life.

The best war—to war against one's weakness.

The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance.

The best music—the laughter of an innocent child.

The best science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy way.

The best art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.

The best biography—the life which writes charity in the largest letters.

The best telegraphing—flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.

The best engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death.

The best diplomacy—effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience.

The best journalism—printing the true and the beautiful only, on memory's tablet.

The best navigation—steering clear of the lacerating rocks of perpetual contention.

The best mathematics—that which doubles the most joys and divides the most sorrows.

That Microbe.

It has long been the custom in seeking for the motive of a crime to ask, "Who is the woman?" A like practice is likely to come into vogue regarding disease and the time cannot be far off when we shall ask in that connection, "What is the microbe?" The microbe of late has come into great prominence and microbe hunters have increased proportionately. All the ills that flesh is heir to, appear to have a microbe origin. The latest conviction of this incorrigible microbe has been by a German scientist who has discovered that baldness is caused by that indefatigable and mischievously industrious thing of all work. It is humiliating to reflect that baldness is not due to over exertion of the brain, but it is caused by the ravages of so insignificant an object as a microbe. Had it not been for this Shakespeare would not have been bald. On the other hand, many heads obtain a dignity and an impressiveness through baldness that they would not otherwise present, and so the hair-banishing microbe is not without its advantages after all.—Boston Gazette.

Enough to Fight Over.

James and William Hull, two Wyoming men, traded watches and differed about seven cents in change. It wasn't quite enough to bankrupt either man, but plenty to fight over, and so they slashed and shot and put each other in good shape for a three months' sojourn in the hospital.

A PRISONER AT FORTON.

How Captain Lee Gained His Liberty With a Friend's Help.

Those of you who have had grandfathers or great-grandfathers who were taken prisoners-of-war when they were cruising in American privateers have heard, I do not doubt, of the prison of Forton, in England, says Edward Everett Hale in Sunny Hour. It was in this prison that the American prisoners taken at sea were kept. And a very hard time they had of it until Franklin was at last able to arrange that they should be exchanged for prisoners taken by Jones and others from English ships.

One of the prisoners in Forton, who remained there eighteen months or more, was Captain Lee of Marblehead. The privateers of Salem, Marblehead and Beverly were the terror of all Englishmen who sailed upon the seas; but in some adventures which I need not tell here, Captain Lee of Marblehead was overmatched, and so had been carried into England with his crew and was imprisoned at Forton. Exchanges were not then easy, for the English government had not at first decided on its course about exchanges.

One day, after poor Captain Lee had lingered there more than a year and a half, he was called to the door and told that a gentleman wished to see him. This gentleman proved to be a man of military air, who took Captain Lee into a corner and pressed into his hand, privately, a purse, which proved to contain seventy-five guineas. With equal privacy he said to him that, before night, from some of some of the attendants, the dress of one of the prison workmen, and that, when the relief came around, he must be in an out-of-the-way place where he could fall in with the relief in the twilight and pass outside the prison proper unobserved. "But to go out of the whole inclosure," said his friend, "you will need to know the countersign." And so he whispered to him the countersign of the day. Captain Lee asked who it was to whom he was indebted, but the stranger would not tell him.

All fell out just as this good fairy had said. Some loafer among the workmen was not proof to the temptation of a few bright guineas, and as night came on Captain Lee clothed himself in the suit of clothes which he had bought. He fell in with the relief and no one observed him. He came to me and another sentinel who challenged him, and he "approached and gave the countersign." He passed out into the dark town, and there he was puzzled about the street, when he met again his friend of the morning. This gentleman congratulated him on his liberty, put him into a carriage which stood in waiting and sent him to a seaport, where he could take passage for France.

The whole experience was as great a wonder to Captain Lee as if the stranger had been an angel sent from heaven, as in a certain sense he was. Heaven is very apt to send as its messengers the persons who have been moved by kindness done to them.

It proved afterward that the mysterious stranger was no less a person than General Burgoyne. He also had been a prisoner of war. While he was at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, he had been under the immediate charge of Colonel Lee, who was Captain Lee's brother. When Burgoyne was exchanged he had promised Colonel Lee, for whose kindness to him he was grateful, that he would render any service in his power to the prisoner at Forton. Colonel Lee had intrusted to him the seventy-five guineas which he had delivered to Captain Lee, and it was he who had whispered the valuable countersign to him.

APHORISMS.

Fire and sword are but blow engines in comparison with the babler.—Steele.

Never say you know a man till you have divided an inheritance with him.—Lavater.

The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct ourselves.—Demosthenes.

Sin has many forms, each of which is a tool of the devil, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—O. W. Holmes.

Men don't go around nowadays trying to break girl's hearts. But very good men can be thoughtless and selfish.—W. D. Howells.

I had rather never receive a kindness, than never bestow one. Not to return a benefit is the greater sin, but not to confer it is the earlier.—Seneca.

Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining; and make their friends uneasy and strangers marry by murmuring at evils that do not exist and repining at grievances which they really do not feel.—Graves.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—Samuel Johnson.

Progressive and Profitable.

Publisher's agent (on his semi-annual hunt after plunder): "Can't I get your order for some of the new geographies we are getting out, squire?" School trustee: "Wasal, I dunno; we haven't been usin' those last ones but a few months." Publisher's agent: "But these contain the correct name of the new government of Brazil! Do you want to be behind the times?"

A DRUGGIST'S REVENGE

On Two Damsels Who Helped Themselves to Cologne.

There is a druggist in Jacksonville, Florida, who is in danger at the hands of two young ladies upon whom he recently played a most outrageous trick.

Among the other features of this druggist's counter display is an unusually fine and costly line of perfumery. For the past week he noticed that two very vivacious pretty and well-dressed young ladies, who made frequent visits at his store were in the habit of nonchalantly helping themselves to the odorous liquid.

Of course these trifling thefts are woman's little privileges, but just the same, the druggist wasn't inclined to let them go unchallenged. He determined to head off the vivacious young ladies who were playing havoc with his profits on perfumery. One morning he removed all the perfumery bottles from the counter. He then substituted a large bottle labeled "Breath of the Rose," or something of that sort and filled it with a most vile decoction. It contained asafetida, did this decoction, and other elements equally sickening. So shrewdly was the mixture compounded, however, that it would not develop its nauseating effects except under the influence of slight warmth, such as that afforded by a pocket. That day the ladies paid their usual call. Plunging into the store, they made a trivial purchase, hastily saturated their handkerchiefs, and dashed out to catch a passing street car stuffing the delicate bits of lace and linen into their pockets.

The young ladies had scarcely seated themselves before the asafetida combination began to get in its deadly work. The odor became sickening, but no one knew whence it came. One man mumbled something about limburger cheese, another made a facetious remark about a glue factory, and one and all the passengers wondered and suffered. The conductor racked his brain to find a solution of the malodorous mystery. No solution. All at once one of the aforesaid young ladies happened to draw out her handkerchief. She dropped it, and dropped it suddenly, with a shriek and gasp. The mystery was solved. A moment later the car stopped, and amid a roar of laughter, blushing, gasping and almost fainting, the two unfortunates got off. The druggist was never again molested.

What She Would Do.

"I've brought Tommy with me. Yes," said Mrs. Flighty, meeting Mrs. Smythe in one of New York's biggest and most bewildering dry goods stores. "I don't often bring him, for I think there's great danger in having little children in one of these big shops or on the crowded streets. He wears a little medal with his name and the number of our residence on it, and I've taught him just what to say in case he should get lost, and I'd know just what to do myself. I'd keep perfectly calm and go right to police headquarters and give information there and then—why, where is the child? Tommy! where are you? Tommy, Tommy Flight! Where did he go? Mercy on us, what did become of the child! Did you see him? Tommy! Good heavens and earth! He'll be killed in this crowd! Oh, what shall I do? Tommy, Tommy! I'll go crazy if I don't find him this minute! Where can he be? Oh, I shall faint! I shall die if I have to go home without him! Police! Help! My child! My child! I shall never see him again! I know I shan't! It will kill his papa! Tommy, my child, my child! O—o—o—h!"

And while they were bringing her out of her faint Tommy came from behind a counter where he had crept in search of a pasteboard box.

What Limited Means.

How often is the word "limited" seen after the name of many great stock companies, but how seldom does the average reader understand its import. Formerly a member of a stock company doing business was responsible for the entire indebtedness of that company should all other sources of security fail to satisfy the demands of creditors. In Scotland some years ago a bank failed for about a million dollars. There was but one really wealthy director of that organization and to him only could the creditors look for the satisfaction of their demands. He had practically to pay every cent of the loss. Such was the law. Cases of this kind were quite common, and men of wealth avoided connections with concerns which they could not absolutely control, but in which they could so easily sink their fortunes.

Then an amendment to the laws was made by limiting the liability of the directors and stockholders in a concern to the amount they actually had so invested. The law, in order to protect those who dealt with companies of this class, made it obligatory that the word "limited" should be connected with the names of such organizations and given equal publicity with the company's title on all occasions.

Pick 'em Up.

Although the finders of horseshoes are breaking their arms and legs every day in the year, and many of them are turning up in state prison on ten-year sentences, the man who would go out and argue that the horseshoe does not bring the greatest kind of good luck would be considered an enemy to society. A horseshoe always beats a five-leaf clover.

OLDEST AND SMALLEST.

A Sect and its Mysterious Copy of the Pentateuch.

There is to be found in the heart of the small city of Nablus, in North Palestine, a little religious community now numbering about one hundred and fifty souls—which has defied the ravages of war and poverty and oppression nearly three thousand years. Unlike the Vaudois, these Samaritans have had no friendly system of mountain buttresses to defend them through the centuries; and still more unlike the long lived Savoyard Protestants, they have been right in the pathway along which the devastating armies have marched back and forth, from the time of Sargon to Napoleon. But they have lived on, and their unity has never been broken. They have clung to little Nablus and to their sacred Mount Gerizim, as the very cactus roots to the granite sides of the somber Ebal that confronts them across their little enchanted valley. The feeling with which the present Samaritans regard the Mohammedans is of that intense bitterness which they have always manifested toward the Jews.

As the population of Nablus is just about 12,000, the little Samaritan community is almost absorbed by the surrounding Mohammedan mass. Save to a careful observer, the very existence and presence of the Samaritans as a distinct element of citizenship in Nablus would not be noticed. The Samaritans wear a turban much like that of their true Moslem neighbors, but between the history and theology of the two classes, there is not a single point of positive resemblance. The Samaritan synagogue is a small building in the center of Nablus, half obscured by the surrounding dwellings. I passed through arched and littered streets to a little court, in the middle of which was a little plot of grass, relieved by three trees, two of which were lemon. I here found a little Samaritan school, and at the sight of a stranger the children sprang from the floor where they were sitting, kissed my hand, and begged for backsheesh. The teacher was a youth of about 14, the son of Amram the high priest.

The peculiar views of Amram may be said to represent very fairly the theology of his dying community. The world, he claimed, is about seven thousand years old. For fifty-five years men will go on increasing in wickedness, after which there will come a time of great peace and purity. Then there will come on a new period of consummate wickedness, which will last 300 years. This time will be consummated by the total destruction of the world. After this the general judgment will take place, when their hitherto will go to live with God and the wicked with Satan. There are some people who have clean hearts, or at least are accepted as clean, though none are absolutely pure. Just here Amram looked off, as if in the distance and said, "God is one!" Here he intended a slight thrust at all Christians because of their emphasis on Christ and His divine character.

He spoke with interest of the ruins on Mount Gerizim and of the increase of his community within the last thirty years. He closed by expressing his firm belief that the time would come when the Samaritans would be the most murderous body in the world.

Amram has since died, and the sedate son-in-law, being the eldest male relative, has succeeded him in the high priesthood.—Rev. John F. Hurst.

Who Was Boss.

A dastardly tramp, knowing that she was entirely unprotected, entered the home of a frail, meek-eyed little woman in Montana and said savagely: "Now, madam, you want to just fly 'round and get me up a square meal, an' a mighty good one, too! Don't let no grass grow under your feet while you're 'bout it, neither, or I'll—"

Half an hour later the frail, meek-eyed little woman hailed a passer-by and said calmly:

"I've got a feller layin' on my kitchen floor tied up with a clothes-line and gagged with a towel, that I'd like you to help me dump him into my wagon so's I kin take him to town. I've an idee a couple of his ribs is broke, an' his head needs sewin' up in three or four places, an' his shoulder 'pears to be out o' j'int. He got kinder sassy an' I had ter let 'im know who was boss, yer know."—Drake's Magazine.

A Carolinian Burial Custom.

A very queer custom in Oconee county, South Carolina, is the manner of burial. Instead of elaborate marble headstones or other such memorials to the dead the Carolinian will build over the mound a shed or small house to protect the grave from the inclemency of the weather. At first one is likely to take these little structures for baby houses. In the case of the better class of mountaineer he will paint his wooden mausoleum. The less favored will content themselves with a shed arrangement, which is made by driving two forked sticks in the ground, and then placing on these a rail, which forms a ridge pole, upon which the plank is laid, shedding to the ground.

The Egyptian Way.

The City of Akra, Egypt, contracted with an English firm to put in water works. After the street hydrants were all in, a person of rank fell over one of them one day and barked his shin, and every hydrant was at once ordered taken out as a menace to public safety.

Western Farm News.

About \$900,000 is invested in daily newspapers in Kansas.

Corn is still being used as fuel in some parts of Kansas.

It is estimated that over \$400,000 will be spent on Fort Riley within a year.

There is one part of the farm that is not benefited by drainage—the manure heap.

Coal tar should be spread on tarred paper roofs at least once a year if they are to remain close and tight.

Thorough cultivation of corn and potatoes often repeated will be found a safe protection against drought.

Anthony sends out 400 barrels of salt every day. It's a wonder that there is a fresh person in all the world.

The soil should be more than supplied with the elements removed by soil crops, and it will never lose its fertility.

Topeka has a man who is 116 years of age. Of course he is hale and hearty, can see well and is lively as a cricket.

Sand-burrs come from seed, and may easily be destroyed in one season by cutting them down as fast as they appear.

Turnip tops, chopped and mixed with straw, have been used in the silos in Scotland, and good results are claimed therefrom.

Buffalo Jones, of Garden City, has just bought another herd of fifty buffalo. He bought them at Winnipeg and they cost him \$25,000.

Simply brush over the seed sown on the grass plot. Some seeds are very small and light, and the harrow teeth cover them too much.

Cost considered, the best implement for pulverizing the soil is a plank drag. To do the best work the drag must be used on fresh-plowed land.

There is much virtue in simple remedies. Apply hot water for strains; cold water for inflammations; try a sweat for a cold and dieting when you feel out of sorts.

It is time thrown away for a man to proclaim his own virtues or to attempt to hide his vices. The world may be trusted to discover the former and the latter will sooner or later become as conspicuous as a mountain on the plains.

Twenty-five dollars a year for tobacco and one dollar a year for some cheap farm paper is a kind of management that makes the statement that farming does not pay, a much greater truth than it otherwise would be.

Heliotrope readily yields an abundance of bloom if given a warm moist place and frequent doses of liquid manure. Shrubs of the hardy classes are greatly benefited by a good dressing of manure about the roots during the winter season.

Winter dairymen will gradually force progressive dairymen into more intensive systems; better cows, better maintained, and on fewer acres, and possibly with the silo; siloing in some of its forms will take the place very largely of the Summer pasture of wide range.

Always stack your straw. If you do not need it you can sell it to your neighbor. It is valuable for bedding your stock, and will be a great saving of hay if you keep it on hand at your stables. Besides this, it furnishes nice bedding and some feed for your stock that are not stabled.

All materials added to the manure heap should be fine. The object of the heap is to have the material undergo a chemical process through decomposition, and the result to be obtained depends on the degree of decomposition. Unless reduced in the heap the material is not converted into manure.

"I know," writes Mr. O. S. Bliss, "that dry feed is better, safer, healthier, more convenient for hens than wet feed. Let those who want to fust with fowls, do so. I would rather a hen would put in two hours of her time getting her fill of dry feed than to wet it for her, so that she can gulp it in five minutes and have the other 115 minutes for mischief."

Butter made by the Green Mountain Stock Farm, West Randolph, Vt., took the first prize, a gold medal, at the Paris Exposition. It was made by the Cooley Creamer process. This is the more gratifying, as it has been claimed that the butter from Holland, Belgium and Denmark was much superior to the American product.

The cattle and other farm stock in Florida are worth about \$10,000,000, and it is estimated that it costs \$2,000,000 annually to protect the orange groves, cotton fields, gardens, etc., against them. A movement is on foot to compel the cattle owners to do the fencing, in order to keep their animals from roaming destructively over other people's property.

THE peculiar conditions, which for many years prevented raising peaches in Connecticut, have ceased, and their culture has again become an important industry. Fifty years ago the peach was easily grown there, but suddenly there came a reverse, and in a few years the fruit became almost extinct. The mysterious element, whether in the soil or the air, has now passed away, and the crop gathered this year is large and fine.

At the annual meeting of the Kansas State Horticultural Society the cause assigned for the failure of the apple crop this year in Eastern Kansas was that the trees were unable to bear a third heavy crop in succession, the two previous crops having been very large. There was also complaint of increased insect depredations. As a matter of fact that is one great cause of diminishing success in our apple culture.

Experiments are being made at the farm connected with the New Jersey State Experiment Station, in New Brunswick, with different breeds of cows, to ascertain the cost and value of the products of the different breeds. Those being tested are the Ayrshires, Guernseys, Holstein-Friesians, Jerseys, and Short-horns. The experiments, which include feeding, milking, weighing, measuring, etc., will cover a period of from two to four years.

Eggs Every Day Last Winter.

In the first place hens should never be crowded in their winter quarters; second corn should never be fed to laying hens, as it contains no elements that assist in production and is only fit for the fattening process. Now, for my method, not theoretically given, but as a practical experience. I got eggs every day last winter. My houses are not artificially heated, nor are they so warm as to keep water from freezing in them; but they are tight enough to turn all drafts, and the windows are supplied with tight shutters. The apartments are eight feet square, and are intended to hold no more than 12 hens. The floor is of dry dirt, covered about 2" with clean, dry straw. This should be forked every two or three days, and changed for fresh as often as necessary. In the morning I give a warm feed consisting of bran middlings, very small portion of oatmeal, and the refuse scraps from the table, stirred up in hot milk. I feed only what they will eat up clear; then about 10 o'clock, two or three handfuls of wheat, oats or barley are thrown into the straw; this keeps them busy scratching for the rest of the day. A hen must be given plenty of exercise; she is sure to become too fat to lay if she has nothing to do but stand around and eat. "Oh, well," some people would say, "all this is too much trouble; it won't pay." All right, then, if it don't pay to sell eggs at 35 and 40 cents per dozen, there is no money in poultry at all. But there is money in it, as hundreds of successful poultrymen will amply prove.—Kansas Farmer.

The rich black liquid that flows off from the barn-yard contains the wealth of the farm. Use absorbent material, and save it. The loss of liquid manure is great, and if saved would not only add fertilizing matter to the farm but increase the value of the solids.

The rapid increase of the material progress and prosperity enjoyed by the Southern States during the last ten years has been so marked and in such striking contrast to their bankrupt condition just after the war as to lead to the rechristening of "that section of country as the 'New South.'"

The old hens lay larger eggs than the pullets, and their eggs produce stronger and more vigorous chicks. Hens lay well until they are seven years old. Some contend that early pullets are better than hens as layers, but this is not true. The cause of this preference is that old hens having fully matured fatten more readily than pullets. If properly fed and not gotten into a fat condition, the hens will beat the pullets easily, and will lay larger eggs throughout the season.—Indiana Farmer.

Hyacinth bulbs grown in glasses are a delightful addition to the window garden. The glasses may be purchased of bulb dealers, and when possible, select the dark colored ones. Fill the glass with clean rain water, so that it is about an eighth of an inch from the bulb when placed on the glass. Set in a cool dark closet for four or five weeks or until the roots are well started, then place in the window, preferably not in direct sunlight. Add water as required to offset loss by evaporation and also change the water several times while coming into bloom. For this purpose it is necessary to select solid good sized bulbs, those that have single flowers being the more apt to prove satisfactory.

A good dairy cow is a wonderfully delicate and sensitive piece of animal machinery. The brain and nervous system are so intimately connected with the milk-giving functions that whatever excites the nerves through the brain affects the milk, usually—but not always—lessening the quantity of milk, but always diminishing the per cent of butter fat to a greater or less extent, according to the degree of excitement. This being the case, it is necessary that a cow to do her best must be just as contented and happy as it is possible to make her. She must not be exposed to storms or inclement weather, or any conditions that will give her discomfort or pain. She must have no anxiety in regard to food or drink, which should be given at regular times and in quantity and kind to suit her appetite and needs.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Some points of resemblance between orchard grass and Kentucky blue grass have been noticed. A great point of resemblance is its doing well in the shade. It is this quality which has given it its popular name orchard grass in this country. It is, therefore, well adapted to orchards and woodland, and is one of the best grasses to sow with blue grass on such lands. Yet another point in which it resembles (but in which it does not equal, however) blue grass, is its abundant growth in autumn. As I heard a man once express it, "its growth is heavy at both ends." Growing rapidly and luxuriantly very early in the spring and very late in the fall it is indeed a valuable grass with which to "piece out" grazing. In flesh-forming material it is superior to timothy, ranking with timothy as ten to seven in the scale of value, hence is well adapted to young, growing animals.

There are various ways of preventing rabbits from destroying young trees in winter. In a late WITNESS, rubbing the trunks with bloody meat, or sprinkling them with blood, was advised to keep off the ruinous ravagers. And now we give the remedies recommended by the Minnesota Horticultural Society as follows: To protect the bodies of young trees, set laths or split staves around them and tie the tops fast to the trees by means of a cord. If snow is so deep that rabbits can walk among the branches of the trees, they must be trapped, poisoned or otherwise destroyed. Rabbits are easily caught in figure 4 traps. Bait the trap with a sweet apple. Then catch him. Now proceed to eat him. But the easiest way to destroy them is by the use of poisoned fragments of sweet apple placed on sticks a few inches above the snow. This is very effective. The animal in question is usually found beside the apple or outside it.

Orchard Care.

You must keep an eye on your orchard. Never trust to Providence and your hired hand, for a careless hand will do more damage in an orchard than he will do good. Keep all tramps out of the orchard that are around after jobs of pruning. Let no man prune in your orchard without you know he is a skillful hand at the business. Wrap your trees early in the fall to keep the rabbits from barking the trees. The best material to use is screen wire. It will keep the borers and mice away from the trees as well as the rabbits. The wire will cost about twenty-two cents per yard, and one yard will make five garbs.—Mr. Schultz before the Missouri State Horticultural Society.

NO SOUTHERNER ever died of whom so many kind words were said by the northern newspapers as there were of HENRY W. GRADY. Mr. GRADY was the leader of the new south, and the manner in which his death has been received is the best assurance that the time will soon be here when the south will cease to be an issue in politics. It can not come too soon.

It is a fact that poultry pays a better profit than beef. Why do we not have more canning establishments to pack and export the product to Europe? It would certainly pay companies to conduct a business of this class.

If the hens are kept for profit it is not economical to feed them the moldy grain. Only the best to be had should be given laying hens. In proportion to her weight the hen produces more than the cow, and in order to derive that product she must be treated liberally. If the hens are compelled to hunt their food entirely, and receive but little consideration from their owner, they will be unable to give a satisfactory return for the space they occupy on the farm. A hen can be made to lay throughout the winter season by good treatment.

A Successful Farm Paper.

Perhaps no other journal west of New York is so well and favorably known among the agricultural communities of this country as THE PRAIRIE FARMER which has been established at Chicago for the past fifty years.

Founded while the Indians still occupied a part of the site of the present magnificent metropolis by Lake Michigan, that Journal has witnessed the rapid strides taken by this wonderful West. It has chronicled particularly the unprecedented advance in the various sciences pertaining to the Agriculture of the country, and is entitled to credit for much of this advancement from the valuable practical information imparted in its columns.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER has been the favorite paper of farmers and others for over two generations. To the lessons learned from it in childhood, many of the best farmers of to-day acknowledge their gratitude. The high and representative character of the paper is well shown in the fact that wide-awake agriculturists of foreign lands read it to keep posted on the agriculture of the Central United States. Europe, Australia, South Africa, India, Japan and the Southern Americas have known its weekly visits for years.

Always a fearless and potent advocate of the natural and developed interests of the farmer and his home, it is to-day the determined opponent of the many trusts, monopolies and syndicates formed to oppress the nation's producers. "Enlightenment" is its motto—and the many farmers' movements have known the unstinted aid of its columns.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER is deserving of the great patronage it enjoys, and farmers everywhere who do not read it, should send to THE PRAIRIE FARMER Pub'g Co., 150 Monroe St., Chicago, for a specimen copy.

We club the Farmer with our paper both one year for \$1.25

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.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

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, he will send a copy of the prescription used, [FREE] with the directions for preparing and using the same which will find a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

Veterinary Notice!

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

DR. DETLOB,

507 Jackson St., Topeka, Kansas.
Correspondence and Telegrams promptly attended to.

Books and Magazines.

The Western Rural Chicago.

We call the attention of our readers to The Western Rural and American Stockman, one of the oldest and best known of our agricultural and family newspapers. The Farmers' Alliance originated with the Western Rural eight or nine years ago, very much as it is now organized. Upon questions of Political Economy and Reform The Rural is one of the ablest exponents of agriculture and a faithful worker in behalf of the farmer and his best interests. The single subscription price of The Rural and Stockman is \$1.50 per year, of fifty two issues. For free sample copies, address Milton George, Chicago, Ill.

The "Angelus."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER offers as a premium to all new subscribers a most perfect and magnificent reproduction of the "Angelus," the famous picture which has excited so much attention. The best art critics have examined this copy and have pronounced it to be, in many respects, almost the equal of Millet's great painting. It is a perfect copy in size and identical in color. This week's issue of the paper illustrates the method of signaling used in the Squadron of Evolution, the way in which coin-dies are destroyed at the Philadelphia Mint, a visit to the New York Quarantine in the Lower Bay, the lottery mania in New Orleans, and interesting foreign events, while Mrs. Senator Don Cameron's the society lady represented.

Now that everybody is looking about to see what Magazine they will take, we advise them to inquire into DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. The January number is certainly A FAMILY MAGAZINE; for in it will be found something to amuse or instruct every member of the family. The first article, telling how Uncle Sam's Paper-Money is made, is most interestingly illustrated, and furnishes the most interesting information upon the subject. "The Infant Monarchs of Europe," illustrated with portraits; "The Undying Voice" is a finely illustrated article about Edison's wonderful Phonograph. Besides these, there are "Until One O'clock," "Scarlet Fever and other Contagious Diseases," "Aids to Beauty," "Maniac Bells," "Home-Made Candles," and other articles and stories, also a fine Fashion Department; with over two hundred fine illustrations, the crowning one of which is "At a Parisian Florist's," a handsome oil picture, well worthy of a frame. Only \$2.00 per year. W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 35 East 14th St., New York.

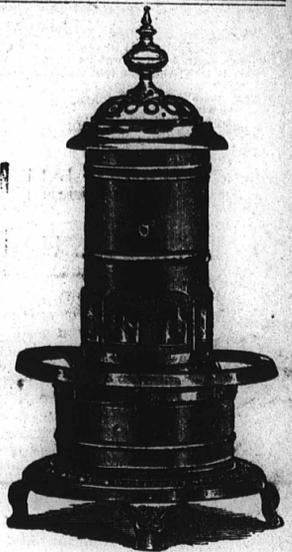
Conservation vs. The Stage For Novelties.

The Seed Annual for 1890, issued by D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Michigan, has reached our table. Its cover this year is especially artistic and attractive, and its contents as usual, interesting and instructive. Ferry's seeds are thoroughly reliable, and always come true. The directions given in the Annual for the cultivation of both flowers and vegetables are so full and explicit that no one can fail of success who uses their seeds and follows the instructions.

D. M. Ferry & Co. are very conservative, both in offering new sorts and in their claims for them when offered; but they take pains to inform themselves as to the true character of all new varieties, so if some much lauded novelties are not found in the Annual, the probability is they have tested them and found them of no value.

A request sent to the firm at Detroit, Michigan, will bring you a copy of the Seed Annual for 1890 by return mail.

The New Year is welcomed in by The Ladies' Home Journal of Philadelphia, with an actual circulation of over 500,000 copies monthly. Where the close of 1890 will find this wonderful magazine one can hardly imagine, if the brilliant January number is any criterion of what the other issues will be. There are several salient features of the January which give it a special interest. Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage begins his work as one of the editors and opens his new department "Under My Study Lamp" in a manner that is destined to make it one of the most popular and widely-read pages in the magazine literature of to-day. The portraits drawn of his early home and training, his mother's death, and celestial dream while lying one evening upon his lounge are word-pictures of singular beauty and striking power. The ascension of the new editor-in-chief, Mr. Edward W. Bok, is also formally announced. "Side Talks With Girls" is a well conceived new feature of confidential talks with young women, giving bright little hints on the very subjects girls enjoy reading about. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Maud Howe and Katharine B. Foot supply the fiction with the best chapters of their novels yet printed. Amelia Bloomer, of the "Bloomer Costume" fame, has an interesting letter on the costume which bears her name. Mrs. General Custer tell what she would do if "I Were a Man," while Lee C. Harby, Margaret Sangster and Eben E. Rexford, supply the poetry. Closing with the 12 departments for woman's daily life which this magazine sustains, the number is in every respect an excellent one, and shows that the publishers offer for the ridiculous low price of One Dollar a year. Published at 433 435 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



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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713 Kans. Ave.
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HANLEY BROS.,
Dealers in
Groceries, Flour & Feed.
Corner Gordon st. and Topeka Avenue.
Leave orders for coal. Good promptly delivered
NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

CITY MEAT MARKET,
Established 1871.
ED. BUECHNER, Prop.
Carries on a
Strictly First-Class Business
with all its different branches.

Buy's all His Stock alive
and has it butchered in his own slaughter house.
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**HOW TO MAKE
WOMAN BEAUTIFUL**

Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped features, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

ADIPO-MALENE.

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement. Send 5c. in stamps for a descriptive leaflet and receive "Beauty," a Monograph, with testimonials, mailed by return mail. Sold by druggists, L. E. MERRILL & CO., 2519 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

\$225.00 CASH,
70 Diamond Rings,
50 PAIRS GENUINE DIAMOND
SOREW EAR RINGS,
26 Solid Gold and Silver Watches
GIVEN AWAY

In our January, 1890, issue we published the first 100 names received in reply to our last Bible verse contest, in which we gave away in cash, a Solid Silver Watch, 50 Pairs of Genuine Diamond Rings, 70 Solid Gold and Silver Watches, and 26 Solid Gold and Silver Watches.

\$661 MORE

GIVEN AWAY.

Feb'y 1st, 1890.

We will give to the first 150 PERSONS telling us where the word "WIFE" is first found in the Bible, before Feb. 1st, 1890, the following valuable prizes: To the first person giving the correct answer, \$100.00; to the second, \$75.00; to the third, \$50.00; to the fourth, \$25.00; to the fifth, \$10.00; to the sixth, \$5.00; to the seventh, \$2.50; to the eighth, \$1.25; to the ninth, 75c.; to the tenth, 50c.

A Beautiful Diamond Ring worth of the next \$5, a Solid Silver Watch, 50 Pairs Genuine Diamond and Silver Watches, 26 Solid Gold and Silver Watches, a Beautiful Solid Gold Ring set with genuine Diamonds. With your answer send 5c. to help cover expense of this advertisement, and we will send you our illustrated 16 page Monthly for a month and our new Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, Diamonds, &c. Our 10th Monthly of March issue will announce the result of the contest, with names and addresses of the winners. This offer is made solely to introduce our publications into new homes. We, as publishers, are thoroughly known. "Honesty and Square Dealing" is our motto. Our MONTHLY was established in 1871. Give full name and address. (Stamps taken.) Address **BLANCHARD'S ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL,** 5 & 7 Warren Street, New York.

Mrs. Deland's Serial, Dr. Holmes's "Overs the Teacups," and the first installment of Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook's papers on "Forgotten Political Celebrities" make the ATLANTIC for January a number to be remembered. Dr. Holmes writes about old age. The short story of the number is one of Miss Jewett's best New England dialect sketches. "A Precursor of Milton," a certain Bishop of Vienne in the fifth century, forms the subject of an interesting paper. Reviews and the Contributors' Club (which contains something for devotees of Browning) close as able a number as the ATLANTIC has ever had.

H.UGHTON, MITCHELL & Co., Boston.

CONFESSION.

I grant we wandered off alone,
And stayed until the falling dew;
But, dear, I only went because
I fancied that she looked like you.

I grant my arm around her waist
Unwisely strayed. What could I do?
I had to draw her close to see
If, in the dusk, she looked like you.

I grant upon her cheek I pressed
A single kiss—no more! Well—two,
You never were content with one,
And she—she looked so much like you.
—Bentley Parker.

MRS. RUSSELL'S OUTING.

"Oh, what a beautiful day! We shall have our row on the river after all. I was so afraid it would rain."

Thus spake Mrs. Phemie Russell to her young husband as she looked out of the window that bright June morning when she had been a bride three months.

"Oh, yes, it is a beautiful day," said Mr. Russell, trying his cravat at the glass; "but I've promised Burrows and Weldon to take a drive with them, and you see we'll put off our row."

Mrs. Russell said nothing; her pride was up. She could not have reproached him with making an engagement with others that broke upon it; but she took her first matrimonial chill in those words—her very first. Tom Russell had been longer about it than most men, but they all do it at last. Do what? you ask. Well, you know, show in some way that there is to be no more of that delicate, never-forgetful attention which makes a wife happier than house, or land, or gold, or any precious gift can. That it is his pleasure, not hers, that is to be considered henceforward.

And there was no apology; no explanation; he did not choose to do what he said he would, and she was not to question him.

She did not. But while they were at breakfast she spoke for the first time since her husband had put an end to her bright anticipations of some sweet hours on the river with him.

"I shall row to-day, Tom, whether you do or not. I shall probably find a boy who can handle the oars. Or I think I can manage them myself, perhaps."

"Nonsense, Phemie," said Tom; "you can't row—don't attempt it. We'll go out some other day. However, perhaps that little shaver at the boat-house can take you out."

"Perhaps," she said, and every woman knows exactly how she felt, and why she could not kiss her husband warmly as he went out to keep his appointment with his friends and leave her for the day. He has done nothing so very wrong, but it was something she could not have done for a kingdom.

"Well," she said to herself after half an hour of seclusion, in which she had shed some very bitter tears—"well, at least he shall find I do not care. I will prove myself as indifferent to him as he is to me. I will go out in a boat with the boy at the boat-house and I will pretend that I have enjoyed myself very much, as he will, no doubt. And this is what it all comes to, is it? Well, might dear mamma tell me that romance was soon over. His male acquaintances are more to him than I already—fast young fellows, for whom he has no friendship either."

Very angry by this time, she tossed on her hat and walked toward the boat-house. The boy was not there; only a sleepy old man, who said he would be away until noon; but she stood irresolutely beside her boat—hers, and named after her, the "Phemie"—a voice behind her uttered her name:

"Mrs. Russell!"

She turned. It was Decimus Roder who had spoken, and who now held out his hand with a very charming smile. He was a middle-aged bachelor, but very handsome.

"Delightful morning, Mrs. Russell, for a row."

"Yes," said Phemie. "I thought I should find the boy, but he's not here. I suppose I can't manage the boat myself?"

"Oh, no. A glance at those little hands tells me that," said Mr. Roder. "But here I am at your service. May I have the pleasure?"

"If it is wrong," said Mrs. Russell to herself, "it is Tom's fault for leaving me."

Then she gave a smiling "Yes, please," to Mr. Roder, and stepped into the boat which he pushed lightly from the shore.

Then, handling the oars deftly, he asked: "Where's Russell?—gone to town?"

"No," said Phemie; "gone off with some man."

"With the chance of being here?" said Mr. Roder. "Well, I can't understand that."

"But you will when you are a married man, Mr. Roder," said the wife, still smarting from the first wound to her self-esteem. "You know, when you've managed to make some lady altogether your own, how—"

She stopped, feeling that she was not doing right in speaking thus to handsome Bachelor Roder, but she had said enough. He had heard all she wanted to. One of those men who like flirtations with married women because they are less dangerous than those with girls, who expect them to culminate in offers of heart and hand, and more inexpensive to boot, he was always on the lookout for moments such as these, and knew that a woman is never so easily won into liking another man as when her husband has been neglectful, and her heart is sore, and he comes with the balm of flattery to soothe it.

"I think I must be different from

most men," he said. "People say such things to me. But if I had a wife I know that I should—"

He broke off suddenly, looked into Phemie's eyes, and gave a little sigh; and so they rowed away together down the river.

Mr. Roder was a good oarsman, and they had gone a long way when certain flowers upon the bank tempted Phemie with their brightness. Roder was too gallant not to get them for her, and while he was pinching them for them she too stepped out and came to help him. It was a pretty place and they lingered for some time under the great elm that shaded it, and when at last a peep at Phemie's watch told her how late it was, they hurried back to the boat. It was gone!

"You tied it, of course, Mrs. Russell?" said Roder.

And Phemie's conscience smote her. She had forgotten to tie it—forgotten it altogether. It had floated away, and in vain did Roder run along the bank and peer down the river. It was not in sight.

"And," said Roder. "I don't know that there's another boat to be had. I'll try, though."

He did try, but though he spent two hours in the search, no boat was to be had.

"And we can't walk home," he said in answer to Phemie's declaration that they must. "You can't imagine the distance by the road, or what a road it is. All we can do is to go on a little way. There is a hotel up yonder on the hill; we will take lunch—you must be starved—and we can hire a trap to go home in. Walk? My dear Mrs. Russell, it would take us until midnight."

Poor Phemie yielded to necessity and they went to the hotel together and a lunch was presently placed before them. As for a conveyance one was expected in an hour. "But," added the informant, "we can't be sure. No calculating, positively."

"And it is 3 o'clock," said Phemie.

"Yes," said Mr. Roder. "Yes, it is certainly 3 o'clock. Fate has been kinder to me than I hoped. I shall have the whole day with you."

But Phemie was thinking of Tom, and the delicate morsel set before her seemed to choke her. What would Tom say? Yet perhaps she would be home before he was, after all. She prayed that she might. And yet it served Tom exactly right, too; and if he could only be moderately jealous, not furiously so, "all would end well."

Then she tried to talk to Mr. Roder, watching for the carriage all the while, but the hour passed without bringing it; and another had done when the landlord came out upon the lawn and remarked encouragingly, that dinner would surely bring back the folks with the carriage.

"And when shall we be home?" asked Phemie of Roder.

"About 10 o'clock to-night," said he.

"But there was a carriage—"

"That's not one of ours, though," said the landlord. "Those are strangers."

The carriage rattled up. Three gentlemen sprang out.

"I protest!" cried one. "My wife will be anxious."

"It does wives good to be anxious," said another, who had evidently had something to drink. "Begin as you are going on. Don't be too attentive; it makes 'em troublesome."

"Women," said the third, who had had more to drink than his friend and had been made very solemn by it "women are exacting by nature. You must show them that man is the superior and has (hic) gotter do as hesaminter. Let's have some champagne."

"Well, you may be right in a measure," began the first. Then he paused and started, and made a rush forward.

"Phemie," he cried, "how do you come here?" and he regarded her escort with a frown.

"I didn't tie the boat, and it got away," said Phemie.

"The pleasure of a row with Mrs. Russell has ended in a little accident," said Mr. Roder. "We are waiting for a conveyance which was expected back at the hotel."

Tom looked at his Phemie. It was a decisive moment. But she found herself equal to it.

"You know I wanted a row this morning," she said quietly. "I always have what I want, somehow, and as you had no time, and Mr. Roder had, why, Mr. Roder took me out. I've enjoyed myself very, very much. Mr. Roder is a better oarsman than you, Tom, really, and we have had a most delightful lunch."

The party went home in two wagonettes that night, Mr. Roder between the two gentlemen who had aired their views on the woman question, Phemie and Tom together.

"And when you desire to go anywhere, Phemie," said Thomas as they drove through the moonlight, "remember I am always ready to escort you." And Phemie always found him so.

Exhibition Prayer.

Chaplain Trone of the Missouri legislature not long since attended a reunion in northern Arkansas, says the St. Louis Republic, and made such a good talk that an old farmer, who was present, hearing that the orator was a preacher, said he would like to hear him pray.

"What do you want me to pray for?" asked the chaplain.

"Oh, anything will do," was the reply. "I just want to hear what kind of a prayer you can make."

"Well," replied the chaplain, "when I make an exhibition prayer up at Jefferson City the state of Missouri always pays me for it. It wouldn't be fair for me to do it for you for nothing."

HUNTING GORILLAS.

An Exciting Hunting Adventure with Natives in Central Africa.

A Day's Sport in the Jungle—The Mammoth Monkey Fought Until the Top of Its Head Was Blown Off—Killed in the Nick of Time.

In my trading expeditions into Central Africa I had at different times many native servants, and through them I had opportunities to see the natives hunt according to the time honored methods of the tribes.

One of my men was named Oshupu. He was a Fan, a fine specimen of humanity, and, like most of his race, remarkably intelligent. In fact, he was a cannibal gentleman; that is to say, although he, like the rest of his tribe, had a liking for human flesh, he never intruded that horrible craving upon my notice by word or deed, and from his appearance and actions I should never have imagined that it existed.

He was forever wishing that he had reached his country, and he would talk to me by the hour of elephant and gorilla hunts, until I longed to get away with him to join a hunting party of his people. Accordingly when we neared the Gaboon River, it did not need much persuasion to induce me to outspan the team for two weeks, and go with Oshupu to his village.

We entered the village from the side, and were in the street before our coming was perceived. As if pulled by a single string, every native arose, and, quietly forming a ring round me, the population gravely inspected me.

When it was known that I had come to hunt the gorilla, their joy was unbounded, for, strange as it may seem, these warlike people, like those of many other tribes, are much afraid of this animal.

After resting for two days, our hunting party was formed, and we journeyed a long day's march to the home of the gorilla. What a journey it was, and how vividly I remember it! There were about thirty of us, the natives all armed with spears about seven feet in length, terminating in an iron head, with large barbs at either side.

I am an old stalker, yet my skill was sorely tried in that labyrinth, in which dead branches lay thickly about under foot. After a time the undergrowth became less dense, and Oshupu whispered to me that this circumstance indicated the presence of water, and that the animals coming in all directions kept the undergrowth more or less trodden down.

Suddenly my guide stopped short, and holding up his finger, crooked it over his head, pointing to the left. I turned my head in the direction indicated, and at a distance of about three hundred feet away saw an immense ape slowly moving through the trees on all fours, swinging to and fro in a manner not unlike the plantigrade movement of a grizzly.

Oshupu reached his hand behind as a signal for me to move up to him, and when I had done so, he said, "The gorilla has fed, and is lazy. If he sees us, he will run, and we shall never catch up with him in this tangle. We must rest here, and he will drum for his mate and sleep. Then we shall catch him."

After a time, at a given signal, the natives spread themselves out, and making a long detour, surrounded the spot where it was believed the gorilla had stopped to rest. They were not mistaken, for on the edge of a small glade the big brute sat fast asleep, with his back against a tree.

It was deputed to a young chief to open the encounter, and after a pause he emerged from cover as near as he could get to the gorilla. He poised his spear in his hand in readiness to throw it, and, step by step, approached until he was within thirty feet of the gorilla, when suddenly the animal rolled his head from one side to the other.

The ape was thoroughly aroused, and leaning forward raised itself into an awkward, partly erect attitude. If the young chief had lain still, all would have been well; but he was desirous of showing off before me, and accordingly rose to his feet, dashed his spear at the brute and made for the cover of the thicket. The spear went through the arm of the gorilla, which instantly tore the weapon out bodily, savagely bit the wound, and dashed on all fours after his assailant, with a terrible scream of rage.

All the Fans on the opposite of the clearing now boldly dashed in, throwing their spears, or, as they got close enough to him, thrusting them into the brute's body. Wounds inflicted with such weapons could not prove immediately fatal, and could only kill the creature by causing loss of blood, as the vital power of the gorilla is so great that even a rifle ball seldom arrests at once his headlong course.

If it had not been for the danger, this spectacle of the contest between the Fans and the ape would have been amusing, as the men threw spears, and crouched or dodged, and the ape backed slowly away from them, making horrible grimaces and gradually working himself up into a blind fury. This state of affairs did not last more than a minute, and then the ape was at the edge of the clearing, about forty feet from where I stood. Here another volley of spears met him, and after standing amazed for a second, he rushed headlong at the first assailant, seized him by the leg, and before a hand could be raised, he swung him around his head, bringing the poor fellow's skull in contact with a tree trunk and cracked it like a nut. It was a terrible sight, but it was

done before I had the power to prevent it. I raised my rifle, and quick as thought sent two bullets ploughing through the ape's head, tearing the top of the skull clean off. He reeled and fell, rose again, clenched at the mass of vines, and rolled over, still convulsively twitching and tearing at the undergrowth, while Oshupu got his foot clear, and coming to me placed my hand on his head in token that his life henceforth belonged to me.

There the brute lay, a strange sight, and one of which the stuffed gorilla skins of the natural history collections can give but a faint idea. The face was hideous; the breadth of chest was grand, the arms and hands were massive; but the huge trunk dwindled into a pair of legs, thin, bent and decrepit as those of an old woman.

I wished to preserve the skin, but before I could prevent their action, the natives had thronged around the body, making a perfect sieve of it with spear thrusts. The head was destroyed, so I simply took measurements of the beast, he was five feet four inches in height, and cut off the hands and feet for trophies. We buried the young chief, after carrying him back to the village, but no funeral rites were observed as he had been killed by a gorilla, and so he was believed to be bewitched.

When I left the village, I brought away some fine specimens of native work. One of these specimens, an ax blade, was covered with the most delicate tracery work, although the tools used in construction were of the rudest possible pattern. To work out the figure on this ax occupied four months. It has been a constant matter of regret to me that I have never been able to return to the country of the Fans and spend a longer time with them.—Will. F. Pond in Youth's Companion.

Reed Bird and Mocking Bird.

The reed bird of the Delaware and the rivers and regions south of that stream is the rollicking bobolink of our New England fields. Here is his true home, even if his residence in it is not so long as it is in the south. Here he is adorned with a gray pioball coat, instead of the somber suit of black in which he appears when in more southern latitudes, and here he nests and sings and rears his brood. Here in the sunny green fields of New England, through all the charming May and for some way into June, he pours out the most peculiar, the most over bubbling, frolicsome, swaggering rollicking and tipsy of all bird music. He is not so abundant here as he was in the days before he was shot by the thousand by sportsmen as the reed bird of the lower Susquehanna and the lower Delaware, and before a set of worthless men and boys here in southern New England acquired, through somebody's ingenuity, a trap which catches him. He was here in rather greater force last May than usual of late years, the tendency being not to increase, but to diminish. Connecticut fields are not so filled as they were fifty years ago with his swaggering and most peculiar tinkling song. It may be said of him and the mocking bird that if both or either had been known to Europe for the last two thousand years, and particularly to Italy, Greece and England, there would have been a greater fame for either than the nightingale now has. But the pothunters for the Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York markets are destroying the bobolink as the reed bird, and the negro with his shot gun blazing away at the mocking bird (he can't shoot him except when the bird is at rest) is fast completing what the nest robbing young negroes who supply northern buyers had long ago begun—the destruction of the superb mocking bird, the finest songster as well as the most spirited and intelligent of our American birds.—Hartford Times.

Looking Backward.

Those simple rhymes of other days
We never shall forget.
Each line of those old childish lays
Is fresh in memory yet.
They linger in the halls of thought
Like melodies in tune.
"Hey, diddle, diddle! The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon."
The better rhymes and newer songs
We've heard in later years,
Have from the heart forever gone;
Still memory adheres
To those old words whose import strong
Into our lives has grown.
"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to her cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone."
Why does the heart so fondly cling
To youthful thoughts and themes?
Up from the tender vales of spring
Come all our later dreams.
We still recall the youthful times
And for their pleasures sigh:
"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie."

A Blonde.

"You say that you saw the runaway, ma'am," said Lawyer Sharp to Miss Priscilla Primm at a trial at which damages were asked for injuries done by a runaway horse. "Will you please describe the horse?"

"I don't know as I can very accurately, sir, as I saw it for a moment only; but I remember that it was a blonde animal and—"

"Silence in the court!" roared the judge.

Just So.

"If any tree would bark the dog-wood," observes the Pittsburg Chronicle. "Not a doubt of it, sir, and if any tree would read the red wood. You can continue this sort of business right down until the sap is entirely exhausted. Then you'd have to root for some thing else."

WINGED MISSILES.

In Montana there are 15,000 Indians and 17,000 white people.

There are more duels in Hungary than in any other country.

Mr. Snap is the lessee of a new hotel in Texas called the American.

Edison needs a phonogram. He receives about a thousand letters a day.

Mrs. Oliphant, the authoress, is still busy with her pen. She is 61 years old.

A musical gas machine is an English invention. It produces tunes and airs.

King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands has written a play. He plays poker well.

Mexico is a land of the confusion of tongues. There are forty-eight languages spoken there.

Mr. and Mrs. Tibbels, of Cincinnati, have a baby that was born with two molar teeth in its upper jaw.

Bill Nye is said to be a regular band-box dandy since his return from Paris. Travel spoils some people.

Justice Miller of the supreme court is one of the biggest men on the bench. Naturally he is the most simple.

The Czarina, says a Russian correspondent, dresses in good taste. Of course she never wears a bombazine.

Belva Ann Lockwood has fine streaks of humor. She recently referred to President Harrison as her "late opponent."

English Tories are much annoyed because the Prince of Wales indulges in anything so radical as Bright's diseases.

Mrs. O'Sullivan Dimpfel and Edward Hanlan think that the effort to elevate the stage should not be a tankless task.

An electric engineer thinks that when the electric trains get on the track they will go at the rate of 200 miles an hour.

A large tract of tea land in the neighborhood of Canton this year yielded per acre \$1,000 in tea leaves of the finest quality.

There is still one thing in the favor of the Prince of Wales. He has never recommended a hair restorative nor advertised a soap.

The London crossing sweepers say that women are not charitable. It is of no use asking ladies for a gratuity, as they will never give.

The Hindoos have taken notice of things. They have a proverb which says: "When women get to fighting the devil goes out to take a drink."

A Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, fox chase was postponed because the fox was so well contented that he could not be driven from his cage.

Six hundred persons are reported to have invested in a lottery got up by a San Francisco paper, and the only winner drew a yellow covered novel.

Of late years the number of women entering the professions of painting and sculpture has enormously increased in France, Germany and Russia.

Two hundred a day was the average number of tourists who ascended last month the Vesuvius railway to look down into the mouth of the volcano.

A company of Hollanders which has been growing celery in Michigan finds the industry amplifying so that they now propose to buy up large sections of the New Jersey swamps and to turn them into celery fields.

A somewhat new departure in building practice has been successfully made in Germany. This is the wholesale manufacture of mortar of the best quality to be sold to small builders and private individuals.

A scientist says that there is such a thing as a hoop-snake, but that it doesn't roll like a hoop. It simply makes a succession of loops, like the inch-worm, but so rapidly that it seems to roll around like a hoop.

A "coal palace," 150 by 300 feet and three stories high, is to be erected in East St. Louis. This palace will be a decidedly novel structure. The coal companies will furnish the material for the superstructure.

A Letterkenny, Pa., farmer, who lives near the mountain, says he can always tell when a hard storm is coming, as the crows then fly to the better protected nooks for shelter, sometimes a day before the storm reaches here.

Terrell county, Georgia, reports a rattlesnake fourteen feet seven inches long, eleven inches around, with thirty-nine rattles and a button. The skin has been stuffed, and will be sent to the National Museum or to the Smithsonian Institution.

Ignatius Donnelly is said to be a disappointed man. He has refused a large number of offers to lecture and is embittered against the public for refusing to depose Shakespeare as one of its idols in favor of one Bacon, a mean man who had a clever mind.

Opossums abound on the outskirts of Canton, Md. The electric lights there seem to attract the animals at night. Numbers of them climb the electric light poles, touch the wire, are killed by the shock, and in the morning their dead bodies are found and carried away by workmen.

The turnkey of the Peoria jail has a cure for delirium tremens, says the Medical World. He rubs the patient with capsicum, and in the enthusiasm and singleness of purpose with which the latter scratches himself he has no time to think of snakes. One day of this treatment is sufficient for any ordinary case.

At Crawfordsville, Ind., the other day, the members of the city school board presented Miss Nellie Constant with a handsome set of Tennyson's works. Miss Constant attended the Crawfordsville schools for eleven years without being absent or tardy a single time, and the presentation was made on that account.

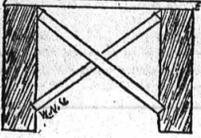
The smallest, simplest and best protected postoffice in the world is in the Strait of Magellan, and has been there for many years. It consists of a small keg or cask and is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape, in the straits opposite Terra del Fuogo. Each passing ship sends a boat to take letters out and put others in. The postoffice is self-acting and unprovided with a postmaster and is, therefore, under the protection of all the navies of the world.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

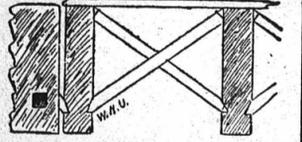
Miscellaneous Hints of Interest to the Agriculturist and Housekeeper.

An Improved Form for Bridging Floor Joists for Increased Strength—Why Potatoes Run Out—Storing Roots for Winter—Rainy Day Work.

Improved Forms of Bridging.
Mr. Miles Banes, a working builder and millwright of Clinton Co., Pa., furnishes sketches and descriptions of two very effective methods of bridging floor-beams, from which our illustrations were engraved. Shingling laths, set edgewise, are used, the upper ends



being cut to the proper bevel to fit snugly on the side of the joist. In the form shown at Fig. 1 the lower end is also beveled to fit into a notch. In the



form shown at Fig. 2 the lower ends of the bridging are square and corresponding notches are cut in the joists to receive them. At the left of the engraving is shown a section of joist with a notch cut. In either case no nails are required in the lower ends of the bridging, and the notches may be cut in about the same time required to nail when used without notches. The top of each piece is toe-nailed. Where bridging is made in either of these forms the shrinking of the joist only serves to make all tighter.

Storing Roots in Pits.

Roots of all kinds are better kept in pits than in cellars, where they are exposed to currents of air. Some earth should be mixed with them to fill up the spaces, and thus prevent the evaporation that usually makes them dry and tasteless before spring. Beets and potatoes are more easily injured by freezing than other roots, and require a double or triple covering to exclude cold. Turnips, rutabagas, carrots and parsnips will all bear a temperature nearly or quite down to the freezing point, provided they are in contact with the soil. Parsnips with a slight covering of the part of the roots above the surface may be left in the ground until spring without injury, and even with benefit. The freezing makes them better flavored than they will be if dug in the fall.

Winter Fattening of Stock.

At the low rates which some cattle of all kinds bring this fall there ought to be some profit in feeding for the farmer having plenty of hay and rough feed to work up with grain and meal, and warm places for protecting the stock from cold. A basement barn may thus prove a profitable investment by inducing farmers to feed out more of the produce of their farms, and getting a big manure pile, instead of selling it in its rough state. There is nearly always a profit in winter feeding something, if the farmer will keep sharp watch of markets and select what can proportionately be purchased most cheaply. If he cannot do any better he can usually buy young stock, and by good care and feeding make them more than pay their way, besides having the manure pile as a profit.

Rainy-Day Work.

Every Yankee farmer should have by inheritance a considerable amount of mechanical ingenuity, and by education, skill in using the common tools of the carpenter, the blacksmith and the painter. Having such tools and a place to work, he will find days, both in summer and winter, when he can save a dollar by employing the time when he cannot work in the field in mending up his wagons and farm tools, or in putting up convenient shelves, pegs, or making other desirable improvements in house and farm buildings. He should also find leisure time, or should take time, to attend meetings of the Grange and farmers' clubs, that he may compare notes with those in the same business; to visit some of them at their homes, in order to profit by the mistakes that may be seen there, as well as by the successes which are told of in public. Nor should he forget to examine the agricultural papers, and select such as are best adapted to his wants, subscribe for them as they come to him.

Tomatoes.

It does not take a great amount of time to raise a good supply of tomatoes, both for summer table use and for canning. Tomatoes will grow vigorously and produce well upon any soil suitable for either corn or potatoes. When the blossoms begin to show, it is a good plan to pinch back the ends of the main stems; and the branches, too, may be checked by nipping off the ends of the shoots just beyond the last leaf. The pinching should be continued until the middle of summer, at least, until the fruit has nearly or quite completed its growth.

Why Potatoes Run Out.

A correspondent of an exchange some time since asked why it is that farmers and others believe and advocate the theory that potatoes, after a term of years, deteriorate or run out. In answer to his query, I would say that there are several reasons for believing that they do run out, but no valid reason for believing that they should run out if proper seed is planted in the right kind of soil at the proper time.

The potato can be grown to perfection only upon high ground that is a little inclined to be dry, not sandy, but a strong loam that is light and fine. Good corn land will usually produce good potatoes, but the practice has often been to plant them where the corn would not grow well. Low, wet, heavy, clayey or mucky soils are unsuitable for potato growing; the tubers will always be poor and watery. Such soils are lacking in the necessary mineral elements, therefore the potato is not perfected. There is a vast difference between a good, ripe, mealy potato and a poor, watery one, as regards nutrition. Planting poor seed upon poor ground for a series of years in succession will have a tendency to run out any variety, however good. Planting late, after the sprouts get along and are knocked off, is poor economy; the second sprouts are apt to be weaker and smaller. There is no reason yet proved why any variety may not be kept up to its primitive yield and quality if good seed is selected and planted on suitable soil, and given the proper care and handling.

Poultry Pickings.

Feed your hens meat and induce them to lay. Eggs are high in price, and the hens will need egg-producing food if they are expected to lay.

During damp weather, especially when northeast storms occur, keep the hens under shelter, in order to avoid roup in the flock.

The odor of Carolina tar, applied on the cracks and joints of hen-houses, is beneficial to the health of the occupants. Crude carbolic acid, applied to the under side of the perches, is also a good thing.

At this season of the year the farmer should permit his hens to wander over the stubble field. Such exercise does them much good; too much penning up retards their growth, and they become lazy for want of exercise. Like pigs, they need a turning into a field or orchard for a romp.

Small farmers and villagers may produce one-half of their meat supply in the poultry-yard if they will give the subject proper attention. It is worth while to make the attempt.

Cause and Cure of Nausea.

Prof. Stewart, after telling us that the seat of nausea is not in the stomach, but in the brain, informs us that relief from this distressing sensation may be obtained by cooling the base of the brain. He has tested this often and thoroughly in the case of sick headache, bilious colic, cholera morbus and other ills in which the nausea is a distressing symptom, without a single failure, and once relieved the nausea resulting from cancer of the stomach by the application of ice to the back of the neck and occipital bone. The ice is to be broken and the bits placed between the folds of a towel. Relief may be obtained by holding the head over a sink or tub, and pouring a small stream of water on the back of the neck. This is worth remembering as a relief for sick headache, to which so many women are subject.

Hints to Housekeepers.

A dampened cloth is better than a dry one for dusting furniture.

A small toy broom is handier for cleaning up dirt around a stove than a large broom.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink stains from white cloths, and also from the hands.

Shortening for pies should be cold and firm. Have the water also cold, and stand in a cool place while mixing and rolling out pastry.

A small box filled with lime, and placed on a shelf in the pantry or closet, will absorb dampness and keep the air in the closet dry and sweet.

Delicious sandwiches and cheap ones can be made by mincing fine, rare beefsteak. Season only with pepper and salt. These are excellent for invalids.

Table linen should be hemmed by hand. Not only does it look more dainty, but there is never a streak of dirt under the edge after being laundered as with machine sewing.

When painting the base board to a room, it is a good plan to paint two or three inches of the floor also. Then if the carpet does not quite cover the floor, the gap is not so noticeable.

Try a bandage of hot salt outside the face for neuralgia; fill the mouth with hot salt in case of toothache; put a little hot salt in a piece of muslin, and then put it in the ear for a second or two when earache is troublesome.

If the material is washable at all, black dye can practically be rendered a fast color by the help of the salt water bath before the general washing is commenced upon. After such a treatment faded black caused by washing will never occur.

Before you begin to mix the griddle cakes grease the pans and leave them to heat. They should be very hot before pouring in the mixture, which should not be allowed to stand after it is ready. The oven, too, must be hot, as all these things need to be baked quickly, as well as beaten hard. Have ready, always, a hot plate to put them on, so that they will not fall by a too sudden change of temperature.

EAR AND CHARACTER.

What Big Ears Indicate—Differences Between Men's Ears and Women's Ears.

Little notice is commonly taken of the outward form of our organ of hearing, and even artists do not give it much consideration as a rule; yet the formation and shape of the ear will amply repay those who give it close attention. Our modern portrait painters seldom go into minute detail over it. They seem content with a general outline and a rough touch here and there, showing the principal points. The sculptors are more particular, especially among the antique. One seldom sees a good piece of statuary without that great care has been taken to correctly model the ear, and it was regarded as worthy of study. Ears vary greatly in form and size, and the peculiarities of shape they assume sometimes give an index to the character of the individual. Women have much better shaped ears than men. The ear is worthy of studying from an anatomical point of view. Beginning with the outer fold or ridge, called the helix, which forms the outline, the ear is composed of thin cartilage and integument. The next prominent ridge is the antihelix, which some people have very largely developed, but in a well-formed ear projects very little beyond the helix. The little knob that projects from the foot of the antihelix is called the antitragus, and the corresponding knob on the other side the tragus. The deep well in the center of the ear is the concha, and last of all, the fleshy part below is called the lobe or lobule. The concha, so termed from its shell-like form, plays the most important part to our hearing, and play their own parts in conveying the undulations of sound to the drum of the ear.

Owing to the immense variety of size and form in ears it is somewhat difficult to definitely classify them, but they may be roughly divided into two divisions, which are easily identified—Division I, with curved hanging lobe, as shown in first figure, division II, with straight lobe, as shown in second figure.

Besides the peculiarities of shape, the ear may be large or small, protruding or flat, and straight or sloping. Some ears have pointed tops, while others have straight. Small and thin ears usually denote delicacy and refinement, and abnormally large thick ears are associated with a sensual and coarse nature.

Ears of the first division are by far the most common, while not more than one person in fifty possesses the straight lobed ear of the second division. This peculiar-shaped ear is often hereditary, and can be tracked back in some families for generations. People with musical tastes generally have large and prominent ears, while the thin, angular ear is said to denote bad temper and cruelty. The ears of great philosophers and statesmen have been noticed to be large and sloping.

As age increases, the ear becomes more angular and marked. As a specimen of the beautiful and perfect ear, Figs. 6 and 7, drawn from the original statues, may be taken for examples. They are slightly sloping, the whole being a series of graceful curves, the antihelix without undue prominence, and the lobe decided, without being heavy. From our youth upward the ear does not receive much consideration. It is pinched to signify pleasure, it is sometimes boxed to denote anger, and even pierced or bored for purpose of vain ornamentation. This very ancient but barbarous custom of piercing the ears, "DIANA" which now we are glad to observe is considered unfashionable, has spoiled and disfigured the shape of thousands of ears, through the perforation of the lobe for the purpose of wearing earrings.

There are signs that are distressing which we meet with every day. Some inclined to make a shiver go a courting through the blood; But a picture of despair that's depressing in its way Is to see a girl step on and leave her rubber in the mud.

Again!

Here is one of the stories that A. M. Palmer brought back from his summer trip to Europe, and gave to the N. Y. Sun: He overheard an animated discussion in the Victoria hotel, London, between an Englishman and a "Yankee," as all citizens of the United States are called on the other side. The dispute, of course, was relative to the merits of the disputants' respective countries. It happened that the American was a bit the readier with his tongue, and maintained his ground so stubbornly that the Briton at last gave it up with the remark: "Well, you Yankees are getting so bumptious that we will have to send over an army pretty soon to take some of the conceit out of you."

The American's reply was one word: "Again!"

AN UNKNOWN LAND.

A Portion of This Country Never Trodden by White Men.

Washington has her great unknown land, like the interior of Africa, says the Seattle Press. The country shut in by the Olympic Mountains, which includes an area of about 2,500 miles square, has never to the positive knowledge of old residents of the Territory, been trodden by the foot of man, white or Indian. These mountains rise from the level country, within ten to fifteen miles of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca in the north, the Pacific Ocean in the west, Hood's Canal in the east, and the basin of the Quinault Lake in the south, and rising to the height of 6,000 to 8,000 feet, shut in a vast unexplored area.

The Indians have never penetrated it, for their traditions say that it was inhabited by a very fierce tribe, which none of the coast tribes dared molest. Though it is improbable that such a tribe could have existed in this mountain country without their presence becoming known to the white men, no man has ever ascertained that it did not exist. White men, too, have only vague accounts of any white man having ever passed through this country, for investigation of all the claims of travelers has invariably proved that they have only traversed its outer edges.

The most generally accepted theory in regard to this country is that it consisted of great valleys stretching from the inward slopes of the mountains to a great central basin. This theory is supported by the fact that, although the country around has abundant rain and clouds constantly hang over the mountain tops, all the streams flowing toward the foot points of the compass are insignificant, and rise only on the outward slopes of the range, none appearing to drain the great area shut in by the mountains. This fact appears to support the theory that the streams flowing from the inner slopes of the mountains feed a great interior lake. But what drains this lake? It must have an outlet somewhere, and as all of the streams pouring from the mountains rise on their outward slopes, it must have a subterranean outlet into the ocean, the straights or the sound. There are great discoveries in store for some of Washington's explorers.

A Great Man.

The late Dr. Norman M'Leod tells of a Highland sheep farmer who performed a feat which might have puzzled even the Iron Duke.

The old man could neither read nor write, but he had managed to amass a considerable fortune, and was decidedly open to flattery.

A purchaser, knowing his weakness, and anxious to ingratiate himself with him, ventured one evening, over their whisky toddy, to remark:

"I am of the opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington!"

"Hoot, toot!" replied the sheep farmer modestly, hanging his head with a pleased smile and taking a large pinch of snuff, "That is too much—too much by far—by far!"

But his guest, after expatiating for a while upon the great powers of his host in collecting and concentrating a flock of sheep upon a southern market, suggested blandly, "Could the Duke of Wellington have done that?"

The sheep farmer thought a little, sniffed, took a sip of toddy, and replied, "The Duke of Wellington was, no doot, a cleffer man—very, very cleffer, I believe."

"They tell me he was a good sojor; but then, d'ye see, he has reisonable men to deal with—captains an' majors and generals that could understand him—effery one of them, both offishers an' men. But I'm not so sure, after all, if he could manage, say, 20,000 sheep, besides black cattle, that could not understand any word he said—Gaelic or English—an' bring effery hoof of them to Falkirk Tryst! I doot it, I doot it! But I have often done that myself—ay!"

The inference was evident.

An Irish-American Poo-Bah.

No end to good stories are told of Patrick Gleason, mayor of Long Island City, illustrative of his native shrewdness and aptness at repartee, says the New York Star. Years ago, before he came into public life, Gleason got possession of an abandoned street-car track and proceeded to run one car upon it. In this enterprise he was a regular Poo-Bah, being superintendent, starter, conductor, and driver. One day a lady gave him 10 cents and complained when he failed to return any change. Gleason referred her to the superintendent. On arriving at the end of the line he stepped quickly into the office and took his seat at the desk. When the lady appeared to make the charge he received her with all the courtesy and dignity in the world, and heard her through, and then told her that she would have to make her complaint in writing. This decision displeased her and she exclaimed: "Why, you're only the driver! I will see the superintendent." "I beg your pardon, madam," replied Patrick: "when I'm on the car I'm the driver, but when I'm behind the desk I'm superintendent. You'll have to make a formal complaint in writing or your case will not be considered." The lady left disgusted.

A Sinecure.

"I hear that Bronson has a regular soft snap in the government employ." "Yes. His position is all cake—he's a detective in the mint." "Then it can't be cake—it must be mint-spy."

TRICKED BY A TRAPPER.

He Had a Bushel of Fun at the Expense of the Sioux.

There were thirty of us in camp on a spur of the Black Hills mining for gold, says a writer in the New York Sun, when one afternoon we looked down upon the level plain and saw four mounted redskins chasing a white man on a mule. He was making for us, but they were rapidly overhauling him, and it was plain that we could render no assistance. The foremost Indian fired a shot, and man and mule fell in a heap. The Indians pressed forward, yelling and exulting, but the faint reports of a revolver reached our ears, and we saw redskins and ponies tumbling over at every report. Some of our men slid down the steep mountain side to take a hand in, but it was not needed. When they reached the man he sat on the ground laughing as if he would split.

"To think!" he shouted, as soon as he could control his voice, "that these 'ere Sioux, who are rated sharp as razors, could be fooled by that old trick—ha! ha! ha!" And he laughed until he had wiped away the tears. On the ground near by were three dead Indians and another about to die, while two of the ponies were dead and the other two badly wounded. It had all been done with an old-fashioned Colt's revolver, loaded with powder and ball, and carrying a percussion cap, but the work had been rapid and sure. The Indians had closed in on him, supposing him to be dead or badly wounded, while neither man nor mule had been touched. After a bit the man, who was an old trapper, went over to the wounded warrior, and said to him in the Sioux dialect, and chuckling between his words:

"Say! did any of you fellers ever see a white man before?"

"Many of them," gasped the warrior.

"Didn't you ever hear of that old trick before?"

"Isn't the white man wounded?"

"Not by a dozen Nancy Janes. That bullet didn't come within a rod of me. I gave my old mule the signal to squat, and down we tumbled to draw you on. The other three are dead, and you are about to go. Say, I don't want to hurt a dyin' Injun's feelings, but—ha, ha, ha—but it was 'nuff to kill a feller to see how you four opened your—ha, ha, ha—eyes when I began to pop. Funnest things I have seen in a year. Durn it, I won't need any quineen for a month. I'm just sweating the chills off with laughing."

The Indian gazed at him in a troubled way for a moment, seemed to realize that he had been duped, and he closed his eyes and died without ever raising the lids again.

HE LOVES HIS HOME.

No Other Spot in All the World Is So Dear to the Cape Codder.

To the Cape Codder, like the Iceland and the Swiss, his native province is the best the sun shines on, says the New England Magazine. So unique, emphatic and personal the Cape and its towns have become to those reared here, that a cape man finds nowhere else so glorious as home, so full of such sweet memories. The Cape colors him all his life—the roots and fibers of him. He may get beyond, but he never gets over the Cape.

Make him a merchant at Manila or Calcutta, a whaler at the north pole, mate in Australian waters, a millionaire on Fifth avenue, a farmer in Minnesota, and the Cape sticks to him still. He will feel in odd hours to his life's end the creek tide on which he floated inshore as a boy, the hunger of the salt marsh in haying time, the cold splash of the sea spray at the harbor's mouth, the spring of the boat over the bar when he came home from fishing, with the wind rising on shore out of the gray night clouds seaward, the blast of the wet northeastern in the September morn when under the dripping branches he picked up the wind-fall of golden and crimson apples, the big-faked snow of the December night when he snatched his first sweetheart home from singing school; and he will see, in dreams, perhaps, the trailing arbutus among the gray mosses on the thin edge of a spring snow bank, the bubbling spring at the hill foot near tidewater, the fat, crimson roses under his mother's windows, with a clump of Aaron's rod or lilac for background; the yellow dawn of an October morning across his misty moors, and the fog of the chill pond among the pine trees, and above all, the blue sea with its headland, on which go the white-winged ships to that great far off world which the boy had heard of, and the grown man knows so well.

Quite a Family.

In making final proof before the United States land-office Judge Guichard of Walla Walla usually asks: "Have you a family?" Most of them answer in the affirmative, but the other day he got hold of a man who had the biggest family on record. "Have you a family?" said the judge, as he pulled down his vest. "Yes, sir," said the man, somewhat confused. "What does it consist of?" continued Mr. Guichard. "Well," said the man, looking up toward the ceiling, so as to refresh his mind and give a true account, "a wife and twelve children, two married, a hired man, a gang-plover, a seeder, a Bals wagon, a span of mules." "That's enough," said the judge, with a smile, and the settler got his final papers without any further trouble.

