

G. Adams

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

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Reports from all over the state have come in showing that the wheat crop was considerably damaged by the late cold snap.

When our merchants return empty egg cases by express they are charged five cents on each case, while empty beer cases are returned free. Why this discrimination?

Some one says the people ought to erect the railroad commissioners. The truth is, we ought to be able to get along without railroad commissioners. The necessity of having one set of fellows to look after another set of fellows is no more to be encouraged than the habit of taking blue pills.

The Kansas City Times intimates that A. W. Smith may be elected governor of Kansas this year. Mr. Smith is a candidate for governor. He is like Capt. Booth, always a candidate. Smith was a candidate against Gov. Humphrey in 1888. He is now figuring for nomination by the Farmers' Alliance, knowing that Humphrey will be the republican candidate. Smith is an arrant political demagogue, and we have no doubt the Alliance well knows it. His nomination, or recognition in any way by the Alliance would be fatal to the further success of the Farmers Alliance. It claims to avoid political demagogues and shysters. It must prove its claims.

Danger of Acquiring the Morphine Habit.

Professor Dujardin-Beaumetz, Paris, France, in a recent lecture at the Cochin Hospital, Paris, France, on the treatment of nervous diseases said: "I need not here speak of the advantages and dangers of morphine. I have many times discussed this subject, showing that if morphine is an admirable analgesic medicine, it is also the most dangerous of all by reason of the fact that the patient becomes accustomed to and dependent on the morphine injections, and ends in becoming a morphomaniac."

It may be affirmed that morphomania has become one of the vices of the day, and we may almost lay it down as a rule that any patient who for thirty consecutive days takes morphine injections will ever after be a victim to the habit, even when the symptoms of the primary malady shall have completely disappeared; and it will therefore be a matter of no little difficulty to cure the morphine habit, now become a disease more rebellious than the affection for which these injections were first ordered.

The number of morphomaniacs increases every day, and this deplorable vice exists in all classes of society. Unfortunately, our own profession is not exempt from this abuse, and I know quite a number of medical conferees who have been or are still victims of morphine."

The extent of the morphine habit is little understood by the people. There are intelligent, wealthy women of Topeka who are such slaves to this habit that they cannot go out of an afternoon to do two hours' shopping without taking this drug along with them. They administer it themselves by injecting it into the arm or leg at any and all times, on the street, in hallways or wherever they may be, with almost the least privacy, without the passerby suspecting it. There is said to be more than one woman in the city, of high social position, with portions of the body a mass of sores from punctures by the little instrument used.

A Bank Robber Killed.

About 5 o'clock Saturday evening a stranger walked into the banking house of Hicks, Gephart & Co., Valley Falls. To have a draft cashed. Before transacting any business, he asked leave to enter the private office and warm himself. The cashier told him it was not customary, but he ushered himself in and took a chair. He had a red handkerchief over his mouth and face, and said he was suffering from toothache.

Mr. Cohn, cashier, had placed the books in the vault, and had counted the cash and was about to put it away. As he was approaching the vault, the stranger pulled two revolvers and flashed them in the cashier's face with the command "Give me that money." The cashier hesitated for a moment, but his visitor threatened to shoot, and Mr. Cohn laid the money down. The intruder grabbed it and disappeared, taking the cashier's keys and locking the door on the outside.

There were no clerks in the bank and the cashier was locked in. He worked for twenty minutes before he could give the alarm. By this time the robber had disappeared. It was said a horse was waiting for him and that he rode away without creating any notice and by some that he had no horse, but walked out of town.

It was soon ascertained that \$2,100 had been stolen. The alarm was spread and the entire village turned out. They searched the country over until late at night without learning anything of the robber.

Mr. Gephart, president of the bank, is absent in Oklahoma and the business had been conducted by Cashier Cohn. By investigation it was learned that the robber had come to Valley Falls Friday night or Saturday morning. Saturday forenoon he purchased the red handkerchief which he afterward wore over his face. Afterward he hired a horse and rode about the outskirts of town.

About noon he went into Crosby's bank, the largest in town, and surveyed the interior carefully, looking at the doors and taking points. After figuring at a desk for some time the stranger departed without transacting any business.

The mysterious visitor next attracted attention when he visited the Gephart bank and committed the bold robbery.

THE CAPTURE.
After committing the robbery the smooth stranger evidently made his way direct to Meriden, fifteen miles distant and twelve miles north of Topeka, where he arrived about 11:30 o'clock. He first entered the telegraph office at the Leavenworth, Topeka & Southwestern railway depot.

"I am a silicker," were the words that greeted Night Operator Taylor, a young man of 16, when the stranger entered his office. Being surprised at his unusual gruff introduction, young Taylor scrutinized the visitor carefully, noticed his leather coat and slouch hat and observed that he corresponded almost exactly with the description of the bank robber which had been sent over the wires a few hours before. The gruff individual asked the time of departure of trains for Topeka and Atchison and ascertaining that no train would be due for several hours, asked the operator about hotels. He was directed to the hotel and upon arriving asked for a room. He left a "call" for the 3 o'clock morning train for Atchison.

After the "silicker" left the telegraph office, Taylor called up Valley Falls, and informed the authorities of his suspicious caller.

The Valley Falls authorities wired the deputy constable at Meriden to arrest the man and hold him until an investigation could be made. That worthy officer was afraid to act, and replied to that effect, whereupon Constables Joe Summerville and Harry Shim left Valley Falls in a carriage and hastened to Meriden, where they arrived an hour before the "Silicker's" train was due. Arrangements were made with the hotel people to awake the guest at the hour he had requested.

At this time one of the officers was stationed in one corner, behind a door, the other in another corner, both armed with shot guns. Mr. J. W. Garber, the Meriden constable, remained at the end of the room, with no arms, visible, but with a rope handy to tie the prisoner. His plan was to bid the stranger good morning as he entered, when the others were to suddenly corner him with their guns, and order him to hold up his hands. This they did twice, but he made a pass to seize his own pistol and advanced towards the officers. The constables fired, and a charge of buckshot from Shim's gun struck the man in the breast over the heart, causing instant death. The

charge from Summerville's gun passed over his shoulder and demolished a show case.

The stolen money, between \$2,000 and \$3,000, was found upon the person, principally in his boots. He was about to take the train for Atchison.

A coroner's inquest was held before Justice Fuller, and the following verdict was returned:

State of Kansas, Jefferson county, ss. An inquisition holden at Meriden, in Jefferson county, on the body of an unknown person there lying dead, by the jurors whose names are hereunto subscribed. The said jurors, upon their oath, do say that the dead body is to us identified as that of the robber of the Hicks, Gephart & Co. Bank at Valley Falls, Kans., on March 1, and killed by a gunshot wound while attempting to escape arrest at Meriden, Kans., in apprehending him as said robber.

We find that said killing was lawful and justifiable in every respect.

We further find that said death was not felonious.

In testimony whereof the said jurors have hereunto set their hands, the day and year below written. March 2, 1890.

Abraham Mosier, foreman; Robert Smith, George W. Potts, Nathan Glenn, George A. Smith and D. H. Frazier, Justice of the peace, acting coroner.

The man was identified as the robber beyond all question.

This is the first man ever shot in Meriden and the affair caused the greatest excitement. A reward of \$200 had been offered by the bank and it will probably be given to Night Operator Taylor, who first discovered the thief.

WEST BROOK, NORTH CAROLINA, Sept. 6th, 1886.
DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER.
Rochester, Pa. Dear Sir—The two boxes of Pills you sent me did everything you said they would. My son who was the victim of Malaria, deep-sea, by living in Florida two years, and the Antidote has done more than five hundred dollars' worth of other medicines could have done for him. I have had one of my neighbors try the medicine, and it cured him immediately. I now recommend it to every one suffering from Malaria.
Respectfully yours, W. W. MONROE.

A letter was received a few days ago from Oklahoma which was written the latter part of February by one of our townsmen, which stated they were making garden in that country and that the grass was so large that stock can live on it.

LAWRENCE.
The ice companies are securing good eight-inch ice. Men work night and day. Electric lights have been placed on the river.

The city is in receipt of a magnificent present from Amory A Lawrence, son of Amos A Lawrence, in whose honor the city was named. It is a striking life like portrait in oil of the great man, painted one year after his death, in 1887, by N B Onthokos. It will be placed in the city library.

W B Townsend, of the law department of the university, denies that there is a secret organization among the colored people of Kansas which has for its object the sending of colored people to Oklahoma.

At a meeting of John Payne post, G A R, held March 4, after full discussion, the resolutions adopted by General Rice post, condemning A G Stacy, were unanimously adopted, as also the resolutions passed by Washington post demanding the observance of the laws regarding officials to appoint soldiers of the late war in preference to civilians.

Prof. L I Blake of the university, delivered a lecture last evening at the Unity club on "Electricity." A number of illustrations were presented. He closed with: "Thus electricity is relegated back to nothing more mysterious than ether. There is no living force about it. It cannot explain life; it is not the nervous force; it does not produce the movements of protoplasm; it is not the power within the ovum that so astonishingly executes the laws of heredity; it is not that which gives the influence of one mind over another; it is not the gift by which men may 'lay on hands' and heal others. Electricity belongs to inanimate, not animate nature."

ONCE IN A LIFE TIME.

Here is our short time offer.
Read and act promptly.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS One Year for 60 cents. For the remainder of this year, 50 cents.

The SPIRIT and the Leavenworth Times both One Year, 85 cents.

The SPIRIT and The Times both One Year, and twenty packets of Garden Seeds \$1.25.

The seeds sent postpaid, will be as follows: Two packets each Beets, Cabbage, Lettuce, Cucumber, Radish; one each Carrot, Muskmelon, Watermelon, Onion, Winter Squash, Summer Squash, Tomato, Turnip, Pepper and Parsnip.

The SPIRIT, the Times, and the Kansas (or the Prairie Farmer) each one year, and the 20 packets of seeds all for \$1.75.

A 25 cent Family Receipt Book and Hints on Health, free to each subscriber when clubs of three or more are sent, on any of the above offers.

Papers sent to different address if desired.

Send to SPIRIT OF KANSAS, Topeka, Kansas.

1890. **The Public Want** Their seed fresh and true. **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 Cory Corn, Miller Melon, Hubbard Squash, All Seasons and Deep Head Cabbages and many other valuable vegetables, which I have introduced. JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marlborough, Mass.

FARMERS

Will be interested in our Extraordinary **SPECIAL SALE**

OF SEASONABLE GOODS, BEGINNING **Monday Morning, March 10th.**

at which time we will place on sale our entire stock of Remnants from Dry Goods department, at prices that will make them cheaper than you have ever bought. Will also make several special offerings in newest spring goods which we are receiving direct from manufacturers this week.

If you have a suit of clothes, a pair of shoes or a hat to buy, we want you to call and learn our prices before making purchases. You will save dollars by so doing. Overcoats and Cloaks with dollars off from value. New Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, etc., coming in every day.

W. W. CURDY,

419 and 421 Kan. Ave., TOPEKA.

The Art Amateur for March more than fulfills the promise of its past both in its illustrations, which are of the same high degree of excellence as usual, and in its reading matter, which is this month exceptionally attractive from the topics of living and general interest with which much of it deals. Indeed this magazine seems to have the gift of combining the specially and the generally interesting in such a way as to make it equally satisfactory to the amateur and the general reader. While it is invaluable to the student of wood-carving, brass hammering, book or magazine illustrating, china-painting, and painting in oils and water-colors, and to every woman who wishes to make her home attractive, it contains much that will afford entertainment and instruction to the other members of the family. When we add that a beautiful picture of Notre Dame, by moonlight, which, framed and hung up, would be an ornament to any room, and a graceful design of Orchids, for china decoration, accompany, and are included in the price of the magazine, we may well consider it the cheapest periodical published. Price, \$4.00 a

year. Single copies, 35 cents. Montague Marks, Publishers 53 Union Square.

A Chance to make Money.
MR. EDITOR:
I bought one of Griffith's machines for plating with gold, silver or nickel, and it works to perfection. No sooner did people hear of it than I had more spoons, knives, forks and jewelry than I could plate in a month. The first week I cleared \$31.30, the first month \$167.85 and I think by July first I will have \$1,000 cash and give my farm considerable attention too. My daughter made \$27.40 in four days. Any person can get one of these machines by sending \$3 to W H Griffith & Co., Zanesville, O., or can obtain circulars by addressing them. You can learn to use the machine in one hour. As this is my first lucky streak, I give my experience, hoping others may be benefited as much as I have been.
Yours Truly,
A SUBSCRIBER.

Mark your Congressman and note that he supports the sub-treasury bill.

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, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

EVERY governor of Pennsylvania since the war has been a volunteer soldier.

The seven hundredth female physician in Russia has just passed her examination.

ANDREW CARNEGIE is of the opinion that a college education is of no use in assisting a man to fortune.

BISMARCK was once offered \$1 a word by an American magazine editor for all the manuscript he would furnish.

HARVARD college is hotly discussing the question whether the present century ends with the year 1899 or the year 1900.

MR. GLADSTONE has published no fewer than 299 books and pamphlets, exclusive of numberless newspaper and magazine articles.

LABOR and brains and virtue are the only things that count in this world. Matter and circumstances cannot be subjugated without their aid.

The only excellency there is without labor is eating a raw oyster; that requires none. Just take the oyster in your mouth and look at the ceiling.

PRINCE KAWANA-NAKOA, nephew of King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, has entered the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, England.

HERR ORTH, the young cousin of the emperor of Austria, a few months ago renounced all his imperial rank and dignities in order to become a private citizen.

THERE is an increasing agitation in California for a division of the state on the line of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Division would mean one democratic and one republican state in place of a state now democratic in state elections and republican on national issues.

You know every time the car passes over a rail joint there is a distinct click. Just count the number of these clicks in twenty seconds and you have the number of miles the train is going per hour. This is a simple matter of arithmetic, as the length of the rail is uniform.

THE Czar's latest fad is to force all members of the imperial family to wear a clothing of only Russian material, made up only by Russian hands. Both the Czar and the Zarina have heretofore obtained their clothing from Paris, and her Majesty has had twenty French dressmakers constantly employed at St. Petersburg.

WILLIAM THORNTON BLUFFIELD, a resident of Hickman county, Tenn., claims to be 127 years of age, and he possesses some remarkable proofs of his age. Among these is a very ancient-looking family Bible, in which his birth is recorded as having taken place on January 3, 1763, at a village six miles west of Lake Drummond, Va.

BUFFALO BILL had an interesting experience at Barcelona. As he was about to leave that city he was accosted by an envoy of the Spanish government, who asked him if he would accept a certain decoration. "Not by a long sight," said Colonel Cody. "I am already duke of Colorado." The envoy bowed respectfully and disappeared.

ABOUT eighty-eight million bushels of American corn were exported to foreign markets in 1889. In 1888 only about 23,000,000 bushels were exported. The demand for American corn in foreign markets steadily increases as the value of that product as an article of food is better appreciated. As a substitute for oil cake for stock its demand is also increasing.

The proposed ship canal across Italy, to connect the Tyrrhenian Sea with the Adriatic, is expected not only to afford improved water communication for many places, but to facilitate the drainage of marshy tracts and to render 170 square miles of lake area fit for cultivation. The canal would be 124 miles long, 263 feet wide and 40 feet deep, and its cost is estimated by Signor Bocca at \$125,000,000.

MACAULAY, in one of his essays, undertakes to prove that the idea of patriotism generally entertained by the ancient Greeks was a very questionable virtue, and that the quality which it stood for was not necessarily beneficial to society. The Portuguese government seems to have arrived at something like Macaulay's opinion, and has issued a proclamation forbidding patriotic meetings in Lisbon.

A VIGILANTE'S DEATH.

The Career of Crossbones Beidler, of Montana Territory.

Laid Away in Sight of One of the Most Eventful Scenes of His Vigilant Career—His Funeral a Large One, Solemn and Impressive.

We told in these columns a few days ago the story of the early career in Montana of Colonel Wilbur Fiske Sanders, says the N. Y. Sun, whom the republican legislature of the new state has elected as United States senator. Since the appearance of that narrative, there has died in Montana the man who, next to Colonel Sanders himself, was the most conspicuous figure in the remarkable secret organization which took the law into its own hands in the winter of 1863-64, exterminated Plummer's band of road agents and murderers, and for more than twenty years ruled the Territory in the interest of peace and order by the terrorism of mask and rope.

John X. Beidler was universally known in the west as "X," and for years that letter was odious to the villains of the frontier. It meant to them the crossbones under the skull. In this form, along with the mysterious numerals 8-7-77, it was frequently visible in very black ink on a piece of white cardboard, measuring exactly seven inches by nine, tacked to the door of a house or cabin, pinned to the canvas of a tent or nailed to a stake in front of a ranch or wakiup in the wilderness. The desperado who found in the morning that he had been served with this dreaded notice knew that Colonel Sanders' Vigilantes had been considering his case. The warning meant: "Pack up and leave within twenty-four hours, or swing on the second night!"

There was no nonsense about the placard. If a mistake had been made, as happened perhaps once in a hundred times the victim of unjust suspicion sought out Colonel Sanders or X. Beidler; or some other prominent citizen generally believed to be influential with the Vigilantes, and laid the case before him, speaking as neighbor to neighbor. If the plea of the accused seemed good it was kindly heard and passed along to the midnight tribunal to be investigated further. Perhaps the sentence was reversed and the accused notified informally to that effect. Perhaps it was reaffirmed by a second placard. Then there was no appeal.

On the other hand, if the gentleman whose presence in the territory was regarded as undesirable, was so foolhardy as to disregard the notice and defy the vigilantes, he found himself on the second night in the hands of a score or more of masked men, all in dead earnest; and in countless cases of the sort the man who adjusted the noose and gave the signal for the pull that ran the wretch up into eternity was Crossbones Beidler. Probably no other individual on this continent ever assisted at so many hangings. Certainly no citizen ever acted as executioner with a sterner sense of duty to the public.

X. Beidler was an early settler of Virginia City, a town originally named Varina, in honor of the wife of Jefferson Davis. He was one of the originators of the Vigilante movement and one of the principal actors in the tragic events narrated in "Professor Thomas J. Dimsdale's"—we had almost said Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders'—valuable historical monograph. His rugged personality, his incorruptible integrity and sense of right and wrong and his dauntless courage made him a notable figure in the organization, and to his sinewy hands, oftener than to those of any other Vigilante, was entrusted the unpleasant task of actual execution. He was widely feared and universally respected.

The first Vigilante execution in the new metropolis of Helena was conducted by Mr. J. X. Beidler, and, says the eminent historian who thinly disguises his identity under the pseudonym of Professor Dimsdale, "everything went off in a quiet and orderly manner." Harry Slater was a professional gambler, who months before, at Salt Lake City, had attempted to shoot Colonel Sanders in the back when that statesman was on his way to the diggings. Slater had emigrated to Last Chance Gulch, where he was murdered in cold blood by the celebrated highwayman, Bob Black, whose real name was John Keene. Keene was caught red-handed by C. J. D. Curtis and X. Beidler. There was a short trial in a lumber yard. The execution took place on the hill just north of the present town of Helena, and it was witnessed by a throng of people, including not a small number of ladies. X. Beidler found the gallows ready made: "a large pine tree, with stout limbs standing almost alone." Keene was transported to the hill in a lumber wagon accompanied by the Rev. Mr. McLaughlin. Under the gallows tree a plank was arranged with one end on a dry goods box and the other resting upon an upright stick. Keene stood upon this frail platform, the noose around his neck, and the other end of the rope attached to the axle of a lumber cart. This was his farewell address to the assembled ladies and gentlemen of Last Chance Gulch: "What I have done to Slater I done willingly. He punished me severely. Honor compelled me to what I have done. He run me from town to town. I tried to shun him here, but he called me a — and smacked me in the face. My honor compelled me to do what I have done. I am here and I must die, and if I was to live till to-morrow I

would do the same thing again. I am ready. Jerk the cart as soon as you please."

X. Beidler's funeral the other day, within sight of the hill where he hanged John Keene years ago, was the largest ever seen in Montana. It was eminently appropriate that the funeral oration should be delivered by Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders. "His heart was as large as the prairies he loved so well," said that eloquent gentleman as he stood over X's bier; "his courage as large as the mountains which lured him hither. He was our most active, our most sacrificing, our most laborious instrument. The weather could not be so threatening, storms could not threaten destruction so much but that he was at the head of any enterprise, any expedition, pursuing like sleuth hounds those men that came here for robbery and for murder."

And with these heartfelt if not strictly grammatical words Colonel Sanders laid away X. Beidler to his everlasting rest.

A NUN'S ROMANCE.

She Elopes with a Young Man who was to Have Married Her Sister.

A romantic story of the elopement and marriage of a nun from Notre Dame College, in this city, says a San Francisco dispatch, has just come to light. Sister Margaret Mary was the name which Cora La Thanun assumed two years ago, when she took the black veil and became a teacher in Notre Dame College which is opposite the old mission Dolores church in the suburbs. Her father is a French florist, and she has two sisters, one married.

The unmarried sister, Berthe, was recently engaged to Charles Perkins, an iron moulder. Berthe and her betrothed paid several visits to Cora, and young Perkins seemed greatly struck with the nun. Berthe noticed his infatuation and they quarrelled on the day the three went together to inspect the new house which Perkins was furnishing for his intended bride. Berthe's jealousy flamed out and she asked him to decide between them. He chose the nun and the younger sister acquiesced.

One stormy night the convent sisters found that Margaret Mary had disappeared. They could find no clue to her for a time, but finally, she was found in the new cottage with her husband. From his story and that of the sister it seems Cora obtained a dispensation from the Mother Superior releasing her from her vows, and also one from the Archbishop. They kept her secret. They were married, and after a brief honeymoon returned to the house that had been furnished for the younger sister. Berthe does not seem to mind her failure to get married. She says it was better to give up her lover than to make two people wretched.

HOW HE MANAGED IT.

The Western Telegraph Operator Sees His Girl Every Saturday Night.

"The prairies of the west are great places for wind," said a wild west telegraph operator to a New York Ledger man. "I used to have a station in Nebraska, right out in the open prairie, and the way the wind blew there was a caution. But it was a lucky wind for me. At a station about thirteen miles west my girl lived, and, as I had no Sunday trains or business of any kind, I used to go up there and stay over Sunday. But a livery-horse from Saturday night to Monday morning cost me too much money, so I rigged up a sail on an old tie-car. All I had to do Saturday night was to hoist my sail, push the tie-car out on the main track, and in less than an hour I was at my journey's end. For more than a year I went to see my girl every Saturday night by means of that sail-car. Pretty sleek, wasn't it?"

"Yes, pretty sleek. But do you mean to say that the wind blew in the same direction every Saturday night during all that time?"
"Of course I don't!"
"Well, how did you manage on those nights when it blew in the other direction?"
"Easy enough. I had another girl at a station fifteen miles east."

Solemn Doctors.

"It is amusing to me," said an irreverent young Brooklyn woman the other day, to a New York Sun reporter, "to watch the air of intense solemnity which most physicians assume, or at least wear, as they are driven about the streets in their well-appointed and sufficiently swell traps. Many of them affect overcoats with huge collars, into which they sink their heads, and, staring straight ahead, let their faces take on an absorbed expression that is vastly effective. Apparently they notice nothing, yet I have more than once caught the eye of one of them through the little side window in the hood of the carriage, which in all doctor's wagons seem to be put where it will do the most good, and without which none of them appears to be complete."

The First in Ten Years.
Smigsy (the tramp)—Soy, there's a beer pool in Pittsburg.

Lugsby (another tramp)—Let's go there and take a bath.—Munsey's Weekly.

What Did She Mean.
Jack—"Shall I kiss you?"
Nellie—"Do it if you dare!"

WOMAN.

Speculative Theories Concerning the Origin of Man's Idol.

Woman's first appearance has been a fruitful subject for legend mongers. Phœnician myth of creation is found in the story of Pygmalion and Galatea, says the Pall Mall Gazette. There the first woman was carved by the first man out of ivory and then endowed with life by Aphrodite.

The Greek theory of the creation of woman, according to Hesiod, was that Zenos, as a cruel zest, ordered Vulcan to make a woman out of clay, and then induced the various gods and goddesses to invest the clay doll with all their worst qualities; the result being a lovely thing, with a witchery of mein, refined craft, eager passion, love of dress, treacherous manners and a treacherous mind.

The Scandinavians say that as Odia, Vill and Ve, the three sons of Bor, were walking along the sea beach they found two sticks of wood, one of ash and one of elm. Sitting down the god shaped man and woman out of these sticks, whittling the woman from the elm and calling her Emla.

One of the strangest stories touching the origin of woman is told by the Madagascariens. In so far as the creation of man goes the legend is not unlike that related by Moses, only that the fall came before Eve arrived.

After the man had eaten of the forbidden fruit he became affected with a boil on his leg, out of which, when it burst, came a beautiful girl. The man's first thought was to throw her to the pigs, but he was commanded by a messenger from heaven to let her play among the diggings until she became a marriageable age, then to make her his wife. "He did so, called her Barboura, and she became the mother of all races of men."

The American Indians' myth relative to Adam and Eve are numerous and entertaining. Some traditions track back our first parents to white and red Moazee; another is that man, searching for a wife, was given the daughter of a king of muskrats, who, on being dipped into a neighboring lake, became a woman.

SINGULAR PETRIFICATION.

A Man With Whiskers Found Petrified in Washington Territory.

Joseph Sweshenger, who resides near Stanford, writes to the River Press particulars of a wonderful discovery he recently made in an unrequented mountain near his residence. The discovery consists of a petrified man, with all his limbs in a perfect state of preservation. The body stands against a massive bowlder, of which it seems to have become a part, and cannot be removed without much labor and considerable expense. A tiny stream of water flowing from a spring above falls directly upon the head of the body, and after passing over it loses itself in the surrounding rock.

The body measures six feet and nine inches from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet and is well proportioned, the chest and limbs being of ponderous width and size. The features are of the severe Roman type, surmounted by a broad, high forehead and a luxuriant growth of hair, which is as firm as a rock itself. A beard reaching to the waist completes a picture which inspires a feeling of awe and reverence in the beholder. Certain hieroglyphics are cut upon the rock, a true copy of which Mr. Sweshenger promises to send us. Thus far he has kept his discovery a secret but will in due time divulge its locality. It will doubtless attract the savants of the day and a large sum may be realized from it. It is indeed, a wonderful discovery, indicating as it does that the first inhabitants of this great country were giants.—Tacoma News.

LIFE PERIODS OF ANIMALS.

A bear rarely exceeds 20 year.

A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

A squirrel or hare lives 6 or 8 years; rabbits 7 year.

A dog lives 20 years; a wolf 20; a fox 14 to 16 years.

Elephants have been known to live to the age of 400 years.

Sheep seldom exceed the age of 10, and cows live about 15 years.

Camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are long-lived.

A swan has attained the age of 200 years; pelicans are long-lived.

Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1,000 years.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20.

A horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but average from 20 to 30.

Insects, as a general rule, are short-lived though there are a good many exceptions to the rule.

A Child's Consolation.

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

WINGED MISSILES.

An English doctor reports over thirty cases of headache and facial neuralgia cured, by snuffing powdered salt up the nose.

Trains on the Pennsylvania limited have the marked quotations posted, a stenographer and type-writer render gratuitous service to the passengers, and a waiting maid is provided for the ladies.

Oscar Tuttle, Santa Cruz, Cal., was splitting kindling wood when he attacked a large piece of redwood. He found a 5-cent piece of 1850 lodged in the center of the limb. It was blackened by the sap.

Mrs. Alexander McVeigh Miller, who lives near Alderson, in Greenbrier county, West Virginia, is said to draw an annual salary of \$3,000 from a New York Weekly paper for stories and other literary work.

A doll show for the benefit of the new hospital for women is about to take place in London. There will be prices for the best dressed dolls in the different classes, and afterward the dolls themselves will be sold for the good cause.

Law in Texas is often practiced under difficulties. In a court, the other day, the defendant in a murder trial was shot by his victim's friends. The judge had to fly before a shower of balls and two other people were hit by the bullets.

Lyman Trumbull, ex-governor, ex-secretary of state, ex-supreme judge, ex-member of congress and ex-United States senator, is still practicing law in Chicago at the age of 77. He is in good health and his legal ability is as great as ever.

Two beggars, Charles Gerke, aged fifty-eight, and Mary Eichmiller, aged sixty, were recently married at Louisville, Ky. When the magistrate asked the groom how they would get their support, he answered, "Hustle around and live some way."

Mrs. Walker, late of Kingston, Ont., has been appointed matron of an English school at Cocanda, Madras Presidency, India, in place of Mrs. Folsom, aunt of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who after nine years' service, returns to the United States on a visit.

Osman Pasha, grand marshal of the Turkish army, whose heroism at Plevna was one of the grandest incidents of the Russo-Turkish war, has written a French poem for the journal published in New York by Tello d'Aperly, a 12-year-old boy.

Baron Rothschild, the Paris banker, lives in fear of the commune. His cellars are almost impregnable, and his pictures and jewels are protected in such a way that the most grasping mob could not reach them. He lives in a state of constant fear.

Oscar C. Strauss, who was Cleveland's minister to the sublime porte, is one of the most popular Hebrews in New York. His writings on Turkey and the Turks are said to be piquant. He is one of the seven out of ten foreign ministers who write when they come home.

The perfect combustion of coal seems to have been effected by Mr. William Gibbs, of Essex, England. By means of a fan and suitable openings, the exact quantity of air necessary is supplied to the furnace chambers, and the products of combustion issue as hot air, free from smoke or odor.

The New York courts are a little puzzled as to what to do with the Italians, who commit murder on the very smallest provocation. Generally these murders are for some trivial matter—such as a harsh word spoken—and they are almost always murders of fellow country men or women.

The Merced (Cal.) Express says the party which left Fresno Flats to recover the body of James Bell, who perished in the snow on Dunlap's Mountain, found Bell's faithful dog guarding the remains of his master. The dog would not let the party approach the body, and they were compelled to kill him.

According to careful calculation made by a British clergyman of note, and just published, Protestants have increased during the last 100 years from 37,000,000 to 334,000,000, or nearly fourfold. Roman Catholics during the same period have increased from 80,000,000 to 183,000,000, or twofold. The Greek Church during the century has increased from 40,000,000 to 83,000,000, also twofold.

The prince of Wales is out with his son-in-law, the duke of Fife, because the latter, during the second performance of "Master and Man," called the leading actor, Bate-man, to his box, and, after complimenting him on his acting, introduced him to his wife. The prince of Wales says it is going too far to introduce actors to the grand daughter of the queen, and has forbidden such presentations in the future unless specially authorized by him.

Mrs. Stephen Danforth has just died at Manchester, Mass., aged 101. She had smoked from childhood until her death. She acted as a "terrible example" for an anti-tobacco league that was formed in her town in 1850, sitting on the platform and puffing her pipe while the lecturer descanted on the horrors of tobacco and the certain death of its slaves. Since then the anti-tobacco league has played the "terrible example" for Mrs. Danforth, by perishing untimely, while she has gone puffing along for forty years more.

While out hunting, Colonel Standifer and Billy Muller, of Denison, Texas, came across a large dead tree, the stump of which was full to overflowing, so to speak, with mice. The colonel and his companion pulled off strips of the decayed outer growth of the tree, and every time a strip was pulled myriads of mice ran for their lives. Colonel Standifer killed 896 of the mice and Muller 418. The next day the tree was visited with two black-and-tan terriers, the bark was removed and the number of mice killed is estimated at over one thousand.

The Royal Botanic Society has received for its museum a specimen of the double cocoanut, known also as coco de mer. For hundreds of years the origin of these nuts was a mystery, for they were never seen except when they were washed up by the sea. They were supposed to have wonderful powers in the way of curing disease, and were the subject of other superstitions until the place where they grew was last discovered to be the Seychelles, a small group of islands in the Indian Ocean. Formerly they were worth their weight in gold, and they are rare now.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Read, Cut Out and Paste in Your Scrap Book for Reference.

Horse Stables Should Be Roomy—Farm Savings—Various Methods, Notes and Recipes for the Farmer and His Wife and His Children, and the Town Folks.

Stables for Horses.

To stand in a narrow stall day after day is not conducive to either comfort or health, writes Henry Stewart. It cramps and stiffens the muscles and wears the animal. A large stall in which the horse may be left loose is far better for the animal which is able to move about and exercise the muscles. A single close stall should be cleaned every morning, as the droppings collect in a bunch and the liquid soon forms a puddle. But this does not happen in a box or loose stall, and if sufficient litter is used to keep the horse clean, the manure may remain in the stall until it is a foot deep. If a peck of land plaster is scattered over the floor occasionally and litter enough to keep the horse clean and dry is used, the stable will be much less odorous than one with the common stalls cleaned every day; and indeed from all odors whatever. These loose, roomy stalls are excellent for mares and colts. The manger should be raised high enough to prevent manure being dropped in it. The use of such stalls for horses and cows both during several years past has proved convenient, comfortable and economical, and it completely avoids the common danger of horses being cast and injured, as is likely in the common narrow stalls with halter fastenings.

Save Everything.

The saving of the various substances that are supposed to possess no value, by adding them to the manure heap, amounts to a large item in the course of a year. There is nothing grown on the farm, either by seeding for the crop or voluntary growth of weeds, that will not contribute something to the fertility of the soil if the materials are appropriated to the purposes for which they are adapted. Even weeds can be made useful in enriching the soil.

Cutting Potatoes for Seed.

There is no more sense in calling the small, immature tip end of a potato the "seed end" than in applying that name to the snout of an ear of corn, says the Mirror and Farmer, and it would be more rational to cut off the tip end and throw it away and plant the body of the potato; and this is done by some of the best farmers. If the object is to get the most from a given amount of seed, cut to one eye and put one in a hill. But it is probable that two of these pieces in hills a little farther apart would give more per acre.

On cold, wet soil, small pieces are more apt to rot. Some varieties spread or bush more than others, and some will produce several stalks from one eye. It is an axiom that like produces like, and if we want large potatoes we should plant large ones. Not whole, necessarily, for we do not use the whole tree when we graft, yet we get the perfect fruit; nor do we hear of potatoes growing in slices from cut seed. There is no vegetable product that may not be improved by seed selection, and all results in potato culture which seem to favor small potatoes or oppose large ones for planting, are probably due to some outside cause that is not taken into consideration. The arguments against planting whole tubers are, that they give too many plants in a hill, thereby crowding them and insuring a large proportion of small potatoes; and whole potatoes are more apt to remain sound, and in that condition they furnish no food to the young plant.

Shipping Dressed Poultry.

The prices obtained for poultry will depend largely on the condition in which they are when they reach the market, and the owner should endeavor to make them as presentable as possible. Dressed poultry should be killed by sticking them in the throat, through the mouth, the point of the knife touching the brain, which will kill them instantly. The bird should then be quickly stripped of feathers while warm, and then carefully picked over for pin feathers. No scalding should be done, but the "dry picked" process should be adopted in all instances. As the crops should be empty no food should be given them within twenty-four hours of the killing time. When the pin feathers are all removed throw the chicken into ice cold water, to remain an hour; then take it out, wipe dry, and pack in clean boxes or barrels, using straw between the layers, but no paper. Simply pack the birds, and do not remove entrails, feet or head.

An Extraordinary Cow.

George W. Kirker, who lives nine miles southwest of Delano, and two miles east of Poso, Cal., has a cow that takes the bakery for milk and butter, and shows just how profitable the dairy business is in that section. Mr. Kirker has kept a close account with her cowship for a year past, giving her credit for all the milk, and keeping account of all butter sold. "The sales of the year amount to \$115, which is proof enough of the profits. The cow is a full-blood Jersey.

Blood Will Tell.

As evidence that "blood will tell" the Texas Stockman cites the fact that only in the extreme north and south ends of Texas are "straight Texas

calves" found. When one is found among a bunch of feed cattle it can be told from those containing a little improved blood by the effect the feed has. The grade calf improves rapidly on feed while the Texas calf remains in the same old rut. The Texas cow and the Mustang pony both require the infusion of new blood to make them any account.

Egyptian Corn.

A Kern county, California, farmer states that last June he sowed 800 acres of land with Egyptian corn. In October he harvested 300 acres of it, obtaining thirty-six sacks or about two tons per acre. Into the remaining 500 acres 800 head of cattle were turned, and in about a month they had trodden it all down so that it looked like a field of harvest-past corn-stalks, but the ground was covered almost white with the threshed out kernels. Twelve hundred hogs were then turned in, and they are said to-day to be the finest, largest, laziest and fattest hogs in the state.

Lime Fertilizer.

Lime has the advantage of being beneficial at all seasons, though its effects in the soil may not be immediate. It never injures land if properly applied, and though its results may be unsatisfactory at first, yet the effects are lasting, the lime supplied this year proving beneficial in the future. Lime is cheap and should be used freely.

Household and Farm Notes.

The average duration of the cow's service as a milker is estimated at eight years among the well-managed dairies, but individual cows often milk well until aged.

Manure is more valuable when the liquids and solids have been saved together. Neither is a complete fertilizer alone, but together they supply all the demands of crops.

A Vermont fruit-grower suggests that as wire netting is not costly it might pay to cover cherry trees and other fruit trees that have their fruit eaten by birds with such wire.

A Warren county, Iowa, farmer has just finished digging potatoes. Out of 400 bushels taken from the ground in the past few days only five bushels were found to have been frost bitten.

Silk, of all grades and colors, can be washed in clear water which is poured off from grated raw potatoes. Dip a piece of silk in this water and wipe them on both sides with a coarse towel.

Bright yellow butterflies are among the most decorative things that can be made out of silk muslin. Perched on a picture frame or—by daylight only on a lampshade, they are lovely artistic bits.

A good way to wash kid gloves. Spread out the gloves smooth and neat. Rub toward the fingers with a flannel dipped in milk and well soaped. Then rub well and dry. The gloves will be soft and clean.

To roughen the surface of glass, place some emery powder upon the surfaces of one glass and moisten it; take another glass and rub the two surface together. This will make the kind of glass used for transparent slates.

Scrap-Book Recipes.

REMEDY FOR POISON.—A dessert-spoonful of made mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water, if drunk immediately, is a simple but efficient remedy for poison.

SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—Cream one cup of sugar with half a cup of butter; add half a cup of hot, not scalded, milk; beat one egg, and pour on top, flavoring to taste.

VINEGAR TAFFY.—Two cupsful of brown sugar, one-half a cupful of butter, four tablespoonsful of molasses, two tablespoonsful of water and two of vinegar; boil twenty minutes.

CANNED PEA SOUP.—Mash a can of peas through a colander and add them to a quart of milk that is boiling over the fire. Season with pepper and salt and thicken with four teaspoonfuls of flour rubbed in an ounce of butter. Serve with croutons.

LADY FINGERS.—One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, beaten together, one egg, one-quarter of a cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor with vanilla, cut into strips, and bake in a quick oven; roll and press out with the hands instead of with a rolling-pin.

WHEAT GEMS.—One-half tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, two eggs, one cup of milk, 1½ cups of wheat flour, a little salt, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda. This recipe makes twelve gems. It can be doubled for a larger quantity.

CARAMELS.—One cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of sugar, boil ten minutes; then add one tablespoonful of flour dissolved in a very little milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half a pound of chocolate; boil about thirty minutes; pour into a buttered dish, and, when partly cold, mark into squares.

DRIED PEA CHOPS.—Soak over night some dried peas; in the morning boil them, mash them with a lump of butter, pepper, salt and a bit of mint chopped fine; add bread crumbs and a beaten egg; stir well, form into chops, dip in beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry till brown; serve with sliced lemon or mint sauce.

BEEF SOUP.—Boil one small beef bone in about four quarts of water; when it has boiled three hours add two onions, two turnips and four potatoes, chopped; two tablespoonfuls of barley, two tablespoonfuls of rice, season with salt and white pepper; boil one hour longer, and just before serving add a tablespoonful of chopped celery.

AN AWFUL FATE.

The Way New York Proposes to Get Rid of Criminals.

The law proposed contemplates the building of a Sing Sing prison room, says the New York Journal, to be constructed entirely, of steel. The room is to contain a bedstead, also to be made of steel. In the bed is to be steel springs and nothing else, not even bed clothes.

Running to all portions of the room, and to the bedstead, wires will be placed so as to be invisible on the inside of the room.

Powerful electric batteries are to be placed outside, so that by merely pressing a small button the whole room and everything it contains will be charged with the most powerful currents of electricity.

The moment the button is pressed any living human being who may be in the room will be instantly killed.

When a man has been convicted of murder the judge in sentencing him will merely inform him that some time during a certain month he is to die for the crime he has committed.

Once inside the prison no one is to communicate with him in any way, unless so ordered by the governor.

He is placed in the steel room, and given the information that some time during the present month he will be killed by electricity.

This is all the information he receives when placed in the death-trap to never again come out alive, and he knows not what minute of the day or night he may be killed.

The warden at any moment during the month, can go to the electric button, and, without giving the doomed man the slightest information of his intentions, press it and execute the sentence of the court.

If a convicted man wishes to join a church or have priests or ministers pray with him he is to be allowed a certain time before being removed to Sing Sing to gratify his wish.

Scathing.

"As we were going down town the other evening," says the editor of our most highly valued exchange, the Peapod Bugle, "we were deeply pained by the conduct of some boys on the postoffice corner, the offense being made double by the fact that our wife, and our wife's sister, and our young lady cousin were with us. Regardless of this fact the boys referred to used language unbecoming to our ear, or to the ear of our wife, and our wife's sister, and our young lady cousin's; and we would say in all kindness, 'Boys, be gentlemen!' Bad language is not the mark of a gentleman, particularly when used in the presence of us, and our wife, and our wife's sister, and our young lady cousin; and we trust that this is the last time our columns will be filled with a reproof of this kind. It pains us to be thus called on to rebuke wrong-doing, but we will do our duty regardless of consequences. Hence we write this. Don't let it be repeated, for we are a gentleman and can not appreciate unlady-like or ungentleman-like doings."—Drake's Magazine.

When a Woman Mails a Letter.

Femininity in the postoffice is an amusing study. In the matter of dropping a simple, ordinary, white, everyday letter, for instance, she affords an insight into the character of the average woman. The looker-on had nothing else to do the other day than to watch this operation for five minutes. Out of thirty young women who went to cast their epistles in the slot twenty-two, by exact calculation, withdrew the letter before quite letting go of it to scan both sides of the note to be "very" sure the letter was securely sealed, properly addressed, stamped, and to be certain no one could look through the envelope to read the contents. Out of these twenty-two ladies three had forgotten to put a stamp on their letters, and two had to add something to the address on the envelope, while another carried off with her the letter she had intended to mail.—Boston Record.

A Home on Wheels.

The other day they arrived at Salem, Oregon, a box car that left Detroit sixteen days before. It contained P. Harwood, wife and two babies, seven cows, two horses, two sheep and an endless assortment of household and kitchen furniture and farm appliances. A stovepipe had been pushed through a ventilator hole in the car, and the smoke that wreathed the opening gave evidence those inside the car were not suffering from the cold. Mr. Harwood said the trip was made easily and quite pleasantly, considering the crowded condition of the car.

An Early Riser.

"Pat, you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning."
"Indade, and Oi am sorr. It's a family trait Oi do be thinkin'."
"Then your father is an early riser, too, eh?"
"Me feyther, is it? Faix and he rises that early if he'd go to bed a little later he'd mate himself gettin' up in the mornin'."—Richmond Dispatch.

How He Located Him.

"Have you any paper collars?" he asked as he slid into the store on tiptoe.
"Certainly, sir," replied the affable clerk. "Will one be enough? How is everything in East St. Louis?"—Clothier and Furnisher.

BALZAC'S METHODS.

Peculiarities Under Which an Eccentric Author Wrote.

Balzac's method of working was eccentric. When he had well considered the subject upon which he proposed to write he would cover some thirty or forty pages with ideas and phrases. These he would send to the printer, who returned proof sheets pasted upon large sheets of paper. The work was then corrected. On the second reading the forty pages grew to a hundred, and so on, while on the proof sheets new lines would start from the beginning, middle, or end of a phrase; and if the margins were insufficient other sheets were added, until at last the work was satisfactorily completed. A specimen of Balzac's "proof" has the appearance of a geographical map with its rivers, estuaries, and lakes; or perhaps it even more closely resembles a complicated railway system in which the lines cross and recross each other in a manner that would almost bewilder Bradshaw.

The most graphic description of this realist at work is to be found in an article in the Figaro of December 15, 1837, called "The Misfortunes and Adventures of Cesar Birotteau Before his Birth." It would appear that Figaro promised the book for December 15, and Balzac only began it on November 17. The printing press was prepared. Balzac immediately sent in 200 sheets. "Scribbled" in five nights of fever. "Every one knows how he writes," says Figaro. "It was an outline, a chaos, an apocalypse, a Hindu poem. * * *

The time was short; no one could make head or tail of the writing, but it was transposed as nearly as possible into familiar signs. The author sent back the first two proofs pasted on enormous placards. It was frightful. From each sign, from each printed word, shot a pen stroke, gliding like a skyrocket and bursting at the extremity of a luminous fire of phrases, epithets, substantives, underlined, crossed, intermingled, erased, and superposed. Its appearance was simply dazzling. * * * The office was far from gay. The typesetters beat their breasts, the presses groaned, the proofreaders tore their hair." The proofs were sent back seven consecutive times; and then a "few symptoms of excellent French" appeared, and there was observed a connection between the phrases; but the day—the 15th of December—was fast approaching, and it was felt that the book would never appear. But Balzac and Figaro kept their word with the public, and "Cesar Birotteau" saw the light on the date agreed upon. It was composed, written and corrected fifteen times by the author in twenty days. In a letter in which he speaks of an attack of neuralgia he says: "I wrote 'Cesar Birotteau' with my feet in mustard; I am now writing 'Les Paysans' with my head in opium."

A LIVING PIN-CUSHION.

A Confederate Shot Full of Pins During the War.

There is in Georgia to-day a confederate general who was literally shot full of pins during the late war. He was an extemporized pin-cushion, says the Atlanta Journal, but the pins saved his life. On one occasion the general was lying in his tent at night. The federals were near enough to shoot into the camp. It is said he had just finished a letter home and had thrown himself down for a few hours' rest before the hot work that would begin in the early morning, when ping! a minie-bullet from a sharpshooter's rifle sped through the tent and struck the general in the left side. The blow stunned him, and he lay as dead for a few moments. When he recovered consciousness he was surprised to find himself alive. He felt a stinging pain in his breast, and tearing open his shirt found that the ball had struck a packing of pins his wife had given him, thinking they would be useful in those days, when there was no one to sew and patch, and had driven every one of them into his flesh. They had saved his life, but he was a walking cushion bristling with pin-heads.

A Dog That Knew a Great Deal.

They were telling dog stories yesterday in the agricultural department, says the Atlanta Constitution, and, after Walter de Wolf had narrated some of the remarkable instances of his dog's wonderful intelligence, Will Henderson began talking. "The father of De Wolf's dog," he said, "is nearly the most intelligent animal I ever saw. Why, he can almost talk. I used to give him a quarter every morning and he took it in his mouth way into town and would wait at the butcher's until they gave him his meat and fifteen cents change in return. One day the butcher thought he would play a joke and he gave the dog 10 cents change instead of 14. Sadly the dog looked at the two nickels for a minute, then he went out. Five minutes later he returned leading a policeman by the end of his coat. Now that was a dog worth something."

But the room was empty.

A Financial Discussion.

Chronic Borrower.—Can you lend me twenty dollars for a few days?
Wary Friend.—Why don't you pawn your watch?
"Because it is a keepsake from my dear mother, and I don't like to part with it."
"My money is a keepsake from my dear father, and I don't like to part with it, either."

A ROYAL BATTLE.

Fight Between a Tiger and an Alligator.

A small party were on a trip through the Sunderbuns. It was a hot, sultry day; in fact, a regular griller. As they went on in their boat they had observed during the morning a large number of alligators asleep on the shore. As the day rose higher the numbers gradually decreased, till at length only one or two solitary ones were to be seen. The tide turned and the party anchored out in the stream, there being too little water to come close in. The shore for some distance was sandy and bare, but about half a mile in the interior the thick jungle reared its myriad boughs to a cloudless sky.

Opposite where they were one huge alligator, stretching out its scaly length on the sands, lay fast asleep. They had observed it for some time, when one of the party, touching his friend's hand, pointed to the jungle. Slowly issuing from the close brush wood was seen an immense tiger. Softly and with silent steps it advanced, raised up one foot, poised it some time in the air, then quietly lowering it, raised the other, crouching till its belly nearly touched the ground. In this way it advanced, exactly as a cat when stealing upon a mouse. Having come to within its bounding distance it rose, lifted its tail and then, lashing it on the ground, leaped. The next second it was on the alligator's back and holding on by the nape of the neck. The monster of the deep, thus rudely shaken from his midday slumber, opened his terrific jaws and tried to seize the tiger in vain. It then employed its sawlike tail and lashed the sides of the forest denizen, but still the tiger held on.

The contest thus kept on some time. At length the efforts of the alligator became weaker and weaker, till at last they ceased altogether. Still the tiger held on. After some time he let go his hold, got off the brute's back, and seizing it by the body, dragged it some distance on the shore, and there sat over it exactly (to return to my former simile) as a cat does over a mouse. For a while it sat thus, then, rising, dragged it into the jungle. But the strangest part is yet behind. About an hour after this what should be seen but the poor alligator crawling toward the water much lacerated, but not killed, a proof that the tiger does not kill simply because he is hungry.—London Globe.

SHE DID NOT ENAMEL.

How a Noted Society Belle Proved that Her Complexion Was Real.

Here is a good story from the Epoch: The Hughes-Hallet controversy revives many reminiscences of the time when Mrs. Hallet—Emily Schomberg was the most famous society woman of her day. Her beauty was of a striking order, but her manifold accomplishments made her even more distinguished. Cosmetics were by no means so generally used in those days as now, but so marvelously perfect was Miss Schomberg's complexion that a whisper went around to the effect that she had been enameled, a process which frequently defies description, although it makes washing or dampening the face difficult.

Knowing this, a party of young people who were going to a Seventh Regiment ball at Cape May contrived to give Miss Schomberg a seat where the cinders flew freely, that they might decide for themselves whether she was willing to bathe her face before arriving at Cape May. To the surprise and perhaps discomfiture of some present, Miss Schomberg calmly took out her cologne bottle and generously applied the contents to her brow and cheeks, after which there was no further question in her coterie as to the genuineness of her bloom.

The World's Most Powerful Tribunal.

The highest court of the United States, whose centennial commemoration is at hand, hold a unique place in our form of government and one not found in any other governmental system. It wields a power greater than is exercised by any other judicial tribunal in the world. In no country of Europe or the east has any court authority to make or unmake the supreme law of the land, to limit the prerogative of the sovereign, to control the powers of the legislature, to shape the form of government.

These functions are exercised by the supreme court of the United States. It holds a power above that of the chief magistrate of the nation, superior to that of congress, higher than that of any state, and equaled only by that which made or can amend the constitution. It can change the relations between the state and the nation. It can extend or restrict either the central power or state sovereignty. In short it can make or unmake the constitutional law of the country.—Forum.

Clothing of Glass.

An inventive genius now comes to the front with a machine and process by which glass may be manufactured into a fine textile fabric. The process has been put to test and has exceeded all expectations. The fabric is incombustible, will wash, can be manufactured in any color, and is softer and more elastic than silk. Accounts of this invention do not state whether the cloth will so far retain the nature of glass as to be transparent or not. On that point will rest to a great extent its utility in ball costumes.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 8.

The Farmers' Alliance is not a political party. Nor can a rudder be called a ship, but it has a good deal to do with the directing of the vessel.

The people of Kansas, republicans included, are not in favor of the republicans idea of a protective tariff, and the attempt to force this issue will destroy the party. Evidences of this fact are unmistakable.

The Burlington Nonpareil, published at the home of Congressman Kelley, is satisfied that Blue Post G. A. R. may well enquire into Mr. Kelley's efforts in favor of soldiers, and that it will strike a rich lead. It makes quite a showing itself in naming a half dozen or more cases where old veterans have been completely ignored. So the letter of inquiry would not seem so untimely after all.

A Republican resubmissionist is a monstrosity and belongs only in the democratic party. But tariff reform, and even free trade republicans are as old, as consistent and as respectable as the party itself. They have been a considerable part of it from the very first, and the theory of a tariff for revenue only, has been a part of its platform from the first until within the last ten years. The idea of protection is a political bull introduced for base purposes. It can breed only disaffection and ruin.

One dislikes to believe that immediately after death the spirit begins to seek a state of coarse ignorance. Yet the Baker's Newspaper Union actually puts in type and prints a pretended communication through one Milo Norton from the late Bishop Vail, which shows that the genial and scholarly Bishop, since death, has forgotten his English grammar and taken to a slovenly habit of thought and style of reasoning that was unknown to him while on earth. This manner of libelling the dead is unpardonable.

The sub-treasury plan of the Farmers' Alliance contemplates the establishment, in every county where certain conditions are complied with, of warehouses for the deposit of grain, and the issue of such security, of government certificates of indebtedness, made legal tender, to the extent of 80 per cent of the value of such grain, such certificates drawing one per cent interest. The plan is eminently practical, and infinitely better than the National Bank system, as it is calculated to afford a flexible currency, entirely in the interest of producers and consumers. We do not think it would be a complete remedy for all present evils, but it would break the money monopoly at many points. A bill is before Congress to establish this system, and every member who does not support it should be beaten next fall.

St John is not advocating free trade. He is advocating tariff reform and in this there are hundreds of thousands of the best republicans with him. This whole protection business is getting to be ridiculously mixed. Nearly every leading republican wants something admitted free. Most of them want free carpet wools, especially in Pennsylvania, the seat of large carpet industries. As none is raised in this country nobody objects. One wants free sugar, and is willing to pay a bounty on the home product in lieu of protection. And now comes Geo. Martin of the Kansas City Gazette, and favors free silver ores from Mexico. The fact is, this protection idea, as lately put forth by the politicians, is unreplicable, and is mere political clapnet. The republican party must get upon some honest platform or take the consequences.

There is no dispute without passion, and yet there is scarcely a dispute worth a passion.

One may be better than his reputation or his conduct, but never better than his principles.—Latena.

What Western Farm Mortgages have done.

What has been done with this vast borrowed capital? Labor has been employed. Thousands of villages, towns, and cities have been built. Thousands of miles of railroad have been constructed. Millions of acres of land have been subjected to private dominion, have become a part of the estimated wealth of the country, and have been set to producing what the world wants. Farm buildings of all sorts have been constructed, and farm machinery purchased. The cattle industry has been enormously developed. Mines have been opened, churches and school houses have been erected. States have been founded. The growth which occupied a hundred years in the older States, has been here crowded into ten. The mortgage did this. The people were an industrious, hard-working, ambitious people. The money which has been loaned them has not been squandered. If the loans made to the West have been large, the increase, in the wealth of the West has been astounding. The money advanced to the West is all there—represented by property, real and personal, which is rapidly giving back its increase. It is all there, engaged in producing wealth.

J. W. Gleed is a prominent young lawyer of Topeka. We take the above from an article by him in the March Forum. Like most, or all other writers from his standpoint, which is the standpoint of banks, money lenders, and attorneys in their interest, the real issue is avoided. It is not necessary to show what has been done with money obtained on farm mortgages. We assume that it has been, and will be spent,—that it has helped to build towns, and railroads, improve and stock up farms. That is what it was borrowed to do.

But beyond and behind all this there lay two pertinent and important questions that are not considered by these writers.

Can we not have a system by which this money may be obtained on better terms and with less risk? This whole land mortgage system, is it not simply a relic of a barbarous age, and one that might be and ought to be rendered unnecessary? It is not good logic to argue that money obtained through stress of circumstances, needed only to be used wisely. It would no more be good morals to argue that a robber did not squander the money he had stolen.

The other question is still more pertinent. After using his money wisely and even after getting back his principal by dint of work and privation, does he reap the benefits to which he is entitled, when he is forced to sell his corn at 13 cents? Can there not be a system devised by which he may have the full benefit and result of his labor?

There is no doubt about this, and all such sophomoric verbiage as Mr. Gleed gives above, very true and very pretty so far as it goes, is really so much glittering dust thrown into the eyes of the public. It is not satisfactory because the result shown is not all that it ought to be. This age is entitled to the best results.

The news that William Waldorf Astor is now the possessor of property to the amount of two hundred million dollars can hardly be received with satisfaction or even with indifference by thoughtful people. Great fortunes built up in trade, in manufacturing, in railroading, and still employed in any of these branches of industry are at least excusable on the ground that they furnish capital for the employment of thousands of men. The Astor millions were rolled up in no such way. The shrewd purchase of real estate and the holding of it until the growth of the city, urged forward by the enterprise of other men, greatly increased its value, is the system on which the Astor family has created the greatest fortune of modern times. Money has made money for the Astors, and an enormous fortune, from which no man save the owner derives the slightest good, is a menace to the welfare and happiness of the people.—Kansas City News.

The above we believe to be a wrong conception. The Astor property is probably the most honorably acquired of any of the great fortunes in the country, perhaps the only great one. It was obtained by the rise in real estate, and only men of considerable means were purchasers. Unlike the fortunes made by others, there was no cornering of markets, watering of stock, or oppressing and grinding of labor. The Astors have the credit of being generous, easy landlords; they give largely to public enterprises, and far more to lowly and unknown charities than seems to be generally known. Fortunes made by grinding labor in manufactures, are far more destructive of human happiness than this of Astors.

To envy any one is to confess ourselves his inferior.—Mlle de Lespinasse.

There is said to be a growing sentiment in Brazil in favor of making the ex-Emperor Dom Pedro a candidate for the presidency. Nothing would insure more confidence in the young Republic than this just recognition of the man whom Mr. Gladstone pronounced the greatest ruler on earth.

Stanley says that during his recent African expedition he came across a new and interesting race of blacks, the Wahoumas, who were absolutely European in type and very intelligent. They appeared to be descendants of the ancient Ethiopians, who settled in some way not known to him in equatorial Africa. These people never intermingled with the aboriginal races, but kept their blood intact, considering the ordinary negroes beneath them.

Senator Sawyer, chairman of the Post-office Committee, has introduced a bill which seems to have teeth for grappling with lotteries in the United States mails. It provides for a fine of from \$1000 to \$5,000 and six months' imprisonment for the offence of mailing a letter to a lottery company, or receiving one addressed to such a company. Any public advertisement naming the agent shall be sufficient evidence of his identity, unless he has previously denied it. It also forbids payment of money orders to lottery companies.

While three or four of the Topeka papers are either claiming to be the organ of the State Alliance, or are denying that there is any such organ, this paper occupies an independent position in sympathy with the general principles of the Alliance and kindred organizations seeking the elevation of mankind and radical, widespread reform. We believe better work can be done by an independent and honest press than by any trameled organ, and this without questioning the wisdom of desiring an organ.

The Siberian massacres are constantly being brought out with fresh details. It is rumored that a prominent exile has escaped from the mines of Kara, and is already beyond the reach of the Russian Government. The question arises, will the new extradition treaty if passed at Washington refuse him a safe home in America? Stepaniak, the great Russian exile in London, says that it will increase the horrors of Siberian exile. He may not be the best authority, but the question should be considered carefully in the Senate at Washington.

The Farmers Alliance already needs to be on its guard. It is evident that if it does anything practical it must be in the way of legislation. Many laws need to be amended or altogether abolished. The control of the next state legislature by the farmers and industrial workers of Kansas is of first importance. That there is danger to the state and county rings is fully realized by the old politicians. They are disturbed. A part of their policy is already outlined by those who aim to contest state politics.

The plan is to allow the farmers to name their various county officers while they control the legislature accompanied by promises that such laws shall be enacted as they may ask. The Alliance does not want to be caught in any such trap. The thing the Alliance will do is to let party politics, and party politicians alone, and see to it that a legislature is elected, and county officers as well, who are in sympathy with their principles, and that without regard to their party affiliations. A republican highwayman is just as bad as a democratic, and a corrupt republican in the legislature not a whit better than a scoundrelly democrat. Let the temple be purged.

WILLIAM MCGEORGE, JR., writes about "Western Mortgages" in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March. He first indicates what constitutes a safe mortgage, and then goes on to show the safety and value of Western mortgages, and the benefits that have accrued from them. "A Hint to Novelists," by the well-known English novelist, W. H. Stacpoole, points out in an amusing manner how old material might be worked up into new books. Anne H. Warton has an interesting paper upon "The Brownings in Italy," and Felix L. Oswald has a brief article upon "Weather Prophets."

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.

INTER-OCEAN MILLS.

PACE, NORTON & CO.,

NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Millers and Grain Merchants

Manufacturers of the following celebrated brands of Flour: WHITE LOAF, High Patent; DIAMOND, High Patent; BUFFALO, Straight Patent; IONA, Straight Patent LONE STAR, Fancy.

Western Foundry

MACHINE WORKS.

R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r.

Manufacturer of Steam Engines,
Mill Machinery, Shafting, Pulleys,
Gearing and Fittings, Etc.
WRITE FOR PRICES Topeka, Kans

A Girl Machinist.

Miss Nelly Patterson, one of the prettiest girls in the village of Mount Carmel, says a Connecticut paper, has just completed a four-years' apprenticeship to the machinist's trade. Today she is working at her lathe and vise in the factory of the Mount Carmel Belt Company, and there isn't a mechanic in the whole shop who can do a better job or in less time than the fair young workwoman. Four years ago, when Miss Nelly began to think of the means whereby she must earn her living, she looked over the whole field of woman's work. Among the trades or occupations which the pushing women of this country have made their own there was none she specially liked. She was a bright girl, with a great deal of Yankee cleverness, and considerable ingenuity and inventiveness. The remark was made to a friend that she was so fond of inventions she ought to become a machinist. The seed thus idly sown took root, and she applied for a place as an apprentice. For the past four years she has worked faithfully, and a few days ago her time expired, and she is now a full-fledged machinist. She is able to block up a piece of wood on the planer, or turn up an arbor on the lathe. She uses the drill or handles the file as well as any man in the shop. Her specialty however, is tool making, and to this she proposes to devote herself. She can also draw plans, figure out dimensions, and from the working drawings she can make anything. She is not afraid of the grease and grime of the shop, and her beauty is not in the least marred by a long sweep of dirt across her dimpled cheek, or a spot of oil on her nose. Her hands are not as white as those of her sisters, but they are by no means large, though they are very strong. She is a great favorite with her fellow-workmen, and is the pride of the little country village.

Some Things Young Housekeepers Should Know.

That buttermilk will take out milk-dew stains.
That bottles are easily cleaned with hot water and fine coals.
That a palette knife should be used to scrape pots and kettles.
That old napkins and old table-cloths make the very best of glass cloths.
That zinc is best cleaned with hot soapy water then polished with kerosene.

That it is well to keep large pieces of charcoal in damp corners and in dark places.

That oil cloth may be kept bright for years if properly varnished each season with any good siccativ.

That if the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the smell will be entirely removed.

That lampwicks give a better light when cut squarely across. They should not be picked off as some advocate.

That if soap is purchased in large quantities, and kept in a warm, dry place, half the usual amount will be required.

That tubs will not warp or crack open if the precaution is taken to put a pail of water into each, directly after use.

That if a cucumber is cut into strips and the pieces put into places where ants are found it will surely drive them away.

To live is not merely to breathe; it is to act; it is to make use of all our organs, functions and faculties. This alone gives us the consciousness of existence.

Griddle cakes made from equal parts of white corn meal and wheat flour, mixed with water and raised with compressed yeast are very good for an occasional breakfast.

Established in 1879.

J. H. LYMAN & Co.,

PIANOS & ORGANS.

803 Kansas Avenue.

Agent for the Unequaled Mason & Hamlin Pianos & Organs.

Agents for the Celebrated Estey Pianos and Organs.

—Story and Clark Organs.—

DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

—TOPEKA.—

—AT—

Topeka, Kansas.

A. F. LEWIS, City Ticket Agent

Worth two nickels in the slot—One in the hand.

Fogs are mist while they are present. A bawling alley—The children's nursery.

A fit summer resort for bad boys—Long Branch.

A turnup nose is far better than a cabbage head.

Effective grain elevators—Crows and blackbirds.

The earliest case of lunacy—"Time out of mind."

Lacks self-respect—A watch; its always running itself down.

A syndicate of catlemen has a perfect right to water its stock.

It hurts less to hit the nail on the head than it does to hit it on the finger.

No one has invented a machine that will follow the threads of an argument.

Among poultry people, the old hen proves her good standing by her sitting.

Since this world's fair business came up, New York people spell it Cheek-hog-ho, Ill.

A young man whose girl went back on him says that he suffers from heart failure.

Mother—There, that's twice you have come home without the lard. Son—It was so greasy it slipped my mind.

Johnny—What do they ring church bells for? Pa—To let people know there is fire in the other world, my son.

He—Will you marry me, Miss Hauteur? She—I would be pleased to, if I were a clergyman. Who is the happy girl?

Lawyer—My hair is 18 years older than my whiskers. Why are my whiskers gray first? Barber—You work your jaws more than your brains.

Caller—With no stove or fire-place in the house, how does your father warm his slippers? Small boy (ruefully)—He warms them on me, ma'am.

Minnie—I heard you were going to enter the lecture field. Mamie—What an ideal! Why I'm going to be married.

Minnie—Well, I thought it was something of that kind.

The Dial, the St. Mary's college paper, says: "St. Mary's college, St. Mary's, Kansas, claims to be the oldest institution of learning in Kansas, and, indeed, west of St. Louis and the Mississippi. It was commenced on its present site in 1848, before Kansas City was laid out or California settled, seven years before Kansas was proclaimed a territory by the bill of Douglas."

Codfish balls can be prepared the day before and browned quickly in the morning. Freshen and cook the fish. Chop it very fine and mix thoroughly with an equal quantity of mashed or boiled potatoes. Season with pepper and butter and one egg for a half dozen balls. Make into nice shape, roll in cracker crumbs and fry in hot butter and drippings.

CHICAGO STEERERS.

A Harlem Man's Experience With a World's Fair "Bunco."

Lake City Enterprise in Securing the Show—New York Dismissed with a Waive; While Patti Sheds Tears over the Chicago Auditorium—A Test of Patience.

I left New York on a limited express, says Howard Fielding, and took a seat. Presently a gentleman in a handsome ready made suit of clothes passed along the aisle, glancing at the passengers. He paused a moment beside me and then noticing my easy attitude, he said, "I beg your pardon; I didn't know you were from Chicago and was about to go on."

"You mistake me, sir," said I. "My home is in Harlem."

"Ah, excuse me; happy to meet you," said he, "for I perceive that you are a man of wealth and influence."

"True," I replied blushing modestly, "and my influence is, if possible, even greater than my wealth."

He sighed wearily, and seating himself by my side, remarked that it was a pleasure to meet such men as myself when one was traveling. I sized him up for a bunco man and wondered whether I would make a dollar by threatening to turn him over to the police.

"Will you have a cigar?" he said, offering me one. "Do you know these cigars remind me of the auditorium at Chicago. They are great. Did you ever see the auditorium? That building is the most magnificent thing in the world. Why, sir, when Patti appeared upon that stage for the first time she turned, and throwing her arms around her manager's neck, while her golden hair floated over his collar, she kissed him, and with tears running down her face, thanked him for having brought her to that spot. I have been in the grand opera house at Paris; it is nothing to the auditorium. I have visited Albert hall in London; it dwindles by comparison. I was once led by false representations into the metropolitan opera house in New York—here he waved his hand in the air with a gesture of scorn. "It's a hovel, sir; a mere hovel. How do you stand on the world's fair question, anyhow?"

"Well," said I, "we will dismiss New York—" and I dismissed it with the usual formalities—"but I know a place that is larger than the auditorium and of a more real and lasting interest to most people I ever met in Chicago."

"Where is that?" he grasped. "Shoel," I exclaimed, hitting him over the head with my pillow, "and I hope you will go to see it," said I, sinking back upon my couch, "we will dismiss the auditorium."

The night wore away, morning came and I arose to the sorrows of the new day. The first that confronted me was the porter with my shoes. "Mornin', sah," said he; "I've had a powerful hard time with those shoes. D'you know, sah, what those shoes 'mind me of?"

"Well, I really couldn't say."

"Day 'minds me of de auditor'um at Chicago. Da's de bigges'—"

"Look here," said I sternly, "if you spring that infernal auditorium on me again you'll make the remainder of this trip as freight in the baggage car, in a box, on ice. Do you see?"

He took my quarter and escaped. I made my simple toilet and went into the dining car. I took a seat at a table and a quiet, gentlemanly stranger dropped into a chair in front of me. "Good morning," he said, "it's a large morning, a very fine morning. It reminds me—"

"Now, look here," said I, "this thing has gone about far enough. I know just what you're going to say; I know just what you are going to do. You'll tell me about Patti—"

"Yes, sir, when she stepped—"

"Now let up. I know all about her tears and her pink hair and the way she made her manager suffer. What I want to know is what's the scheme? How are you fellows working this thing?"

"How do you stand on this world's fair question, anyhow?" he said, cautiously. "I'm for Chicago, heart and soul."

"Well, then, I'll let you in. You see the committee out there thought it would be a good plan to get a few men to go round the country talking this thing up, meeting people of wealth and influence and dropping into a casual conversation with them. 'Don't run down New York too much,' said the committee: 'Just dismiss it with a wave of your hand, as if it wasn't worthy of any consideration.' Then the committeemen gave us a sample wave and we all had to practice it for a couple of hours. After that they gave us a formula about the auditorium. It goes like this:

"The man with most influence here, and the best chance for wealth," said I, "is the porter of the pullman car. Like to know him?"

"No thanks," he replied hurriedly, "he's fixed already."

He went forward and I saw him fall into conversation with the other. Pretty soon he waved his hand with a gesture of scorn, and I knew that he was dismissing New York. I wandered back to the sleeper.

At Syracuse another stranger boarded the train, and was soon in conversation with stranger No. 1; and evidently referred to me, for I saw them looking at me, and at the close of their talk I caught the words, "I think you had better work him some more."

The train went on, and I crawled into my upper bunk and prepared to endure the night. On this particular night I was unusually tired. In spite of my discomfort I fell asleep every now and then and struggled with a series of deplorable nightmares. At length my misery found vent in words.

"Confound it," said I, "this berth isn't more than half big enough."

"You're right about that," said a voice in a lower berth; "it is pretty small, but sir—" and here a head popped up over the edge of my bunk and a cold, soulless eye looked into mine—"but, sir, you should see the auditorium at Chicago. That's big enough. It is the most magnificent thing in the world. Why, sir, when Patti first stepped upon that stage, she turned and—"

"What are you, anyhow; a night-mare?" I muttered, half awake; "I

have a dim recollection of having heard this before. Come, now, own up. You're a creature of my own disordered imagination aggravated by the creak in my back."

"No, sir," replied the stranger, "I'm a traveler. I have been in the grand opera house at Paris; it is nothing to the auditorium. I have visited Albert hall in London; it dwindles by comparison. I was once led by false representations into the metropolitan opera house in New York—here he grasped the edge of the berth with his teeth, while he made the customary gesture of scorn with the hand thus disengaged from active service. "How do you stand on the world's fair question, anyhow?"



"YOU SHOULD SEE THE CHICAGO AUDITORIUM."

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the formula onto the front of my vest. "There; if anybody gets after me again I'll just flash that on him."

"Well, I've got to get to work," said the stranger, "I've made only one conversion to-day."

He strolled over to another table and assailed its occupants with a tale of the auditorium. I got along peacefully enough till we passed Detroit. In the course of an hour I had worked myself into a state of mind like that of a girl who hasn't been asked to dance. I determined to walk through the train and see. In the smoker I discovered him. He was just dismissing New York as I entered. I dropped into a seat near by and watched him. Presently he suspended operations with the man on whom he had been working and looked about for another victim. He glanced at me casually and passed on. I never was so enraged with a man in my life. I was just on the point of throwing him off the train when he left it of his own accord. Then I was wild to try myself on his successor. I went through the train but couldn't find him. At length I saw a man on the rear platform waving his arm. I at first thought that he was a brakeman making signals, but when I slid the door back a little I heard him talking to himself: "We will dismiss New York"—Then he nearly threw his shoulders out of joint—"Hing it, I shall never be able to get this thing right. We will dismiss—blast this whole business, anyway; I'll resign."

"Good day," said I, stepping out upon the platform. "Going to Chicago?"

"No," said he sadly. "I've been there. Have you ever seen the auditorium?"

I opened my coat and he wilted. But I was satisfied. I was once more a man of wealth and influence. I met two other representatives of the world's fair committee before I landed in that favored city. The placard on my breast preserved me from their stories, and I was able to enjoy the compliment of being approached without paying too dearly for it. I also bluffed one or two sociable gentlemen who were waiting at the depot by the use of the same contrivance.

Once afoot in this metropolis of the west I rolled my pantaloons up and crossed one of the streets. Then I sat down in a high chair on a corner to have my shoes blacked.

"Going round to the auditorium to-night?" said the bootblack.

"Read that, you young ruffian," said I, opening my coat. He spelled out the handbill on my vest.

"Da's a ches'nut," said he scornfully. "We's fellies has got somethin' new what knocks de socks off'n de old story 'bout Patti."

"He opened his month to give me the new formula, but I was at the end of my patience. Grabbing the useless handbill from my vest I stuffed it down his throat and fled. The policeman on the corner tapped me on the shoulder. I thought he was going to arrest me, but he only asked if I had been to see the auditorium."

"Fact and Form.

The maid who knows her "shape" will charm,

With rounded limb and perfect form,

Bathes when the surf is chill or warm,

Though days be cold or torrid.

The maiden who is sadly slim,

With scrawny form and match-like limb,

You never see her in the swim—

She thinks that bathing's horrid.

The sweet-faced, pretty, charming maid,

She doesn't like the masquerade;

She'd rather leave her face displayed—

A veil is quite distasteful.

But she whose face would stop a clock,

Or terra cotta bulldogs shock.

In masquerades takes lots of stock—

They make her look so graceful.

He Died Without Regret.

And when I die place o'er me;

Shaped like a cigareta,

A tombstone white, and on it write,

"We think he's smoking yetta."

A Long-Lived Family.

The recent death of Mrs. Ann Wells at Milford, Pa., aged within a few days of 92 years, is the second death in a family of six sisters, the first having occurred a few months ago, when Sallie Rockwell, a maiden sister, died at the age of 86. The surviving sisters are Mrs. Phoebe Gairford, aged 85; Mrs. Catherine Bowden, aged 83; Mrs. Eliza Moore, aged 79, and Mrs. L. J. Valentine, aged 75, all in good health. A few years ago Lewis Rockwell, and ex-sheriff of Pike county and brother of these sisters, died at 101. When he was past 90, and blind, he walked from his home to Milford, twenty miles, to attend the quarterly sessions of court, he being a tipstaff. The father of this family was Jabez Rockwell, a revolutionary soldier, who himself lived to a great age in the Delaware Valley.

Her Realizing Sense.

Matilda Greenfield—I cain't do yo' washin' no mo' arter to-day, ma'am, kase I've gwine ter be mahied.

Mrs. Mildy—Indeed, Matilda, I am really glad of it on your account. But I hope you have given the matter careful consideration, Matilda, and that you fully realize the importance of the step you are about to take.

Matilda—Deed I does, ma'am; 'deed I does; kase I ben mahied fo' times already, and I realizes jess how careful a pussion has ter be 'bout dis marryin' bizness.—Detroit Free Press.

This Will Drive Away Warts.

Oil of cinnamon, dropped on warts three or four times a day, will cause their disappearance, however hard, large or dense they may be. The application gives no pain, nor does it cause suppuration.

IT WAS A SUCCESS.

A Tacoma Dramatic Critic Indulges in Sarcasm of the "Cuttingest" Kind.

About 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon a large load of soft, symmetrical sawdust was delivered at the back door of the Tacoma theatre by a local sawmill man, says a writer in the Ledger of that town. Whether or not this had anything to do with the improved appearance of the girls in the performance of "The Queen's Mate" last night cannot be definitely stated. At any rate, fewer of the chorus seemed to be wearing their limbs upside down, so that they were bigger at the bottoms than at the top, a condition of things painfully apparent the previous evening.

The genial manager has also persuaded four of the girls to wear gutta percha buttons on their elbows to avoid scratching the paint of the new scenery. Of course, this innovation makes it rather unpleasant for the girls at first, but they will get used to it.

This climate is not at all favorable for chorus girls. The constant drizzle and fog necessitates the wearing of macintoshes and rubber boots on their voices while traveling to and from the theatre. This is very annoying to the girl who has been in the habit of wearing her voice decollete, but then personal comfort must give way to professional interest when the occasion demands it. One rash girl neglected to wrap up her vocalizer before leaving the hotel. The result of it was she stood so long by the radiator drying her voice that she delayed the performance fifteen minutes and was fined for want of tact.

Another change which Mr. Hanna was compelled to make in the chorus was in regard to cheek painting and graining. On the opening night the brilliant sulphurino in the proscenium valance did not glint with all the glitter of which it was capable under favorable circumstances. Last night, however, the girls were requested to tone down their facial tints and leave off the priming coat. It was done and the sulphurino blazed forth with all the splendor of an Italian sunset. No proscenium arch, no matter how gorgeous it may be, can compete with the head end of a bunched chorus which looks like an exploded vermilion factory.

Anger.

A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. However, there are times when an outburst of temper is inevitable. "Needn't tell me de dumb man didn't say nuffin dat night he fell ober de wheelbarrow," observes Opie Read.

It is allied to martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. Indeed, many a beautiful formed mouth is made hideous by the fiery tongue within it. It is a curious coincidence that the woman who has a temper of her own is seldom willing to keep it.

Anger, in its common aspects, is one of the basest passions of ignoble minds. Strive to keep your temper and your temper will keep you out of much trouble. Ill-natured people who aspire to be loftier than the ordinary run of mankind should ponder over the remark of Bulwer: "Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation."

As we have already intimated, there are times and occasions when anger is entirely justifiable. One of these occasions when a woman has a right to make everybody in the neighborhood climb a tree is thus described by a rural poet:

"The wind it blode and foct the dust
Up from the rode, then man she kust,
Kase dad's new shirt was on the line,
And kacted the dirt as it wera flien."

A Stab at History.

The historical theory that Frankfort-on-the-Main was founded by the Franks has been thoroughly shaken up by the recent discovery there of several relics of the Romans of the time of Christ. Stone work and glass of the old Roman style has been unearthed under the city. A sewer of Roman construction was found fourteen feet under ground. A tile bearing the inscription, Leg. XIII, gave the best clue to the presence and work of the Romans, since it is known that the Fourteenth Legion came back to Germany from the north in the year 70 after Christ and made its headquarters at Mayence. Another proof that the Romans had a settlement at Frankfort was furnished a short time ago by the finding of a Roman sarcophagus under the Eschenheimer Landstrasse.

A Primitive Costume.

One of Bishop Taylor's African missionaries declares that while apparel does not make the man, the want of it renders the work of the missionaries very embarrassing, when you come across a man, "he says," wearing only a stove-pipe hat and a Congo Free State smile, it is hard to preach him without a feeling of self-consciousness. "But we should think it would be much harder to preach him if he didn't wear a smile. Missionaries should look on the bright side of their work."

No. 43,276.

"This isn't exactly what I ordered, Miss," said the gentleman at the church fair.

"Why, didn't you order oyster stew?" asked the lovely young girl.

"Yes," said the man, "but you didn't bring me oysters too."

So she went and got him oysters two

TALK OF THE DAY.

It requires an acute ear to hear a cough drop.

Landlady—"How do you like your eggs?" Boarder—"Fresh."

The peal of a banana has a falling infection.—Yonkers Gazette.

The squirrel seeks a warmer climb by going to the sunny side of a tree.

An engagement is a delicate thing. You can't drop one without breaking.

The man with a strong mind who is asked to mind the baby generally doesn't mind it.

The true humorist never smiles—that is, unless somebody else pays for it.

It is not well for a stranger to go alone to a bank when he wishes to get a loan.

The Washington Star thinks it is "love and liquor that makes the world go round."

After the proposal—And do you love him, child? Love him, mamma? I've seen his bank book.

White the true American does not believe in a king he will bet his last cent on four of them.

The less a pair of lovers have to say, when sitting up o' nights, the longer it takes them to say it.

Two of the wealthiest men in the west are said to have been messenger boys. It pays to go slow, after all.

People who are perpetually preaching that honesty is the best policy do not always keep their policies paid up.

"The plot thickens," as Fogg remarked when he sank ankle deep in the mud on the site of his late kitchen garden.

Teacher: "James had sixteen apples and ate fifteen." Small boy in mental arithmetic: "How in thunder did he do it?"

Dignity is a good thing; but if you're in the rear of a big crowd, and wish to see the procession, don't stand on it. Get on a barrel.—Puck.

An item on etiquette says: "Do not smack your lips at the dinner table. It might have added that it is not de rigueur to smack other people's lips there, either."

Little Miss Fanny: "I say, Bob, can you tell me what a widower is?"

Master Bob (aged 8): "Don't know, Fanny, unless it's the husband of a widow."—Judge.

Minister (to choir leader)—"I see you have dispensed with Mr. Deerpone's services." Choir leader—"Yes, sir; I thought a change of base desirable."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Prisoner at the bar," said a North Dakota judge, "your offense deserves to be punished by the state with a term of ten years in prison; but as the state is very hard up at present I will give you only five years."

An American editor incautiously signed his name to a typewriter testimonial, in which he says: "Your typewriter is a splendid companion for a busy editor." The decree for divorce has not been granted, but it is pending.

Boss—"This makes the third day now that you haven't shined my shoes." Cuffy—"Dar's no blackin' in de house, sah." "Why didn't you tell me before?" "Bekase I was afreud you mout buy a box."—Texas Sittings.

Mean business man—Seems to me you take a good while for lunch. You've been gone an hour and a half, and yet restaurants are as thick as hops about here. Poorly-paid clerk—I was hunting for a place within my means.—New York Weekly.

The peace-maker: "Don't you know it is very wrong to fight, little boy? What does the good book say?" Tommy (who has just polished off the class bully): "I dunno. I ain't read it no further than David an' Geriara."—Puck.

Little sister: "Ma wants you, Sammy. Where have you been?" Sammy: "Fishin'." Little sister: "Did you catch anything?" Sammy (sadly): "Nothin' at all." Little sister (reassuringly): "Oh, but you will when you get home."

Landlord—"Sir, I to you come, notice to give, that you have not me paid for six months a penny. Of that I not a word will say, but you are, to my wife love-making, and that must immediately to an end come next month!"—German Wit.

One day Ernest had been seriously lectured by his mother, and finally sent to the yard to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon and said: "I couldn't find any switch, mamma; but here's a stone you may throw at me."

Sunday school teacher—"Now tell me what the Epistles are?" First scholar—"I dunno." Second scholar—"I does." Teacher—"Well, Johnny, what are the Epistles?" Second scholar—"The Epistles are the wives of the Apostles."—America.

Anxious Wife—Doctor, how is my husband? Doctor—He will come around all right. What he needs now is quiet. I have here a couple of opiates. "When shall I give them to him?" "Give them to him? They are for you, madame. Your husband needs rest."

A man will trust his friend with his family happiness, his honor, life itself, but when he goes down to a game of poker with the same friend he'll watch him—well, if you've ever played poker you know all about it; if you haven't it isn't necessary that you should.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Minnie: "I had such a shock last evening. Just as I started to go into the house a great, horrid man jumped out from behind a tree and tried to kiss me. What do you think of that?" Mamie: "I think it is the most causeless and uncalled-for thing I ever heard of."—Terra Haute Express.



"WE WILL DISMISS NEW YORK."

I suggest some place in New Jersey. "That is too near New York, sir, let us dismiss New York,"—and again he waved the air with his scornful hand.

"But Chicago, sir, is the place. There we find everything that can interest and amuse the visitor from abroad. Did you ever see the auditorium? That building is the most magnificent thing in the world. Why, sir, when Patti did I mention Patti? Thanks. I have been in the grand opera house—I think I told you. No doubt you feel as I do on this subject?"

"Well, I really don't know."

"Think of it, sir; think of it. Going to Chicago? Yes? Don't fail to see the auditorium. Why, sir, when—as I said before. I will try and see you again. There is a man in the forward part of this car I'd like to talk with for a minute. He looks like a man of wealth and influence. Happen to know him? No? I thought I'd get you to introduce me. Know anybody of wealth and influence on the train?"

"The man with most influence here, and the best chance for wealth," said I, "is the porter of the pullman car. Like to know him?"

"No thanks," he replied hurriedly, "he's fixed already."

He went forward and I saw him fall into conversation with the other. Pretty soon he waved his hand with a gesture of scorn, and I knew that he was dismissing New York. I wandered back to the sleeper.

At Syracuse another stranger boarded the train, and was soon in conversation with stranger No. 1; and evidently referred to me, for I saw them looking at me, and at the close of their talk I caught the words, "I think you had better work him some more."

The train went on, and I crawled into my upper bunk and prepared to endure the night. On this particular night I was unusually tired. In spite of my discomfort I fell asleep every now and then and struggled with a series of deplorable nightmares. At length my misery found vent in words.

"Confound it," said I, "this berth isn't more than half big enough."

"You're right about that," said a voice in a lower berth; "it is pretty small, but sir—" and here a head popped up over the edge of my bunk and a cold, soulless eye looked into mine—"but, sir, you should see the auditorium at Chicago. That's big enough. It is the most magnificent thing in the world. Why, sir, when Patti first stepped upon that stage, she turned and—"

"What are you, anyhow; a night-mare?" I muttered, half awake; "I

have a dim recollection of having heard this before. Come, now, own up. You're a creature of my own disordered imagination aggravated by the creak in my back."

GHOSTS OF TAMARACK.

Spectral Forms Go Stalking on The Hill.

Atty Forms That Inhabit The Snow-Sheds. A Headless Man in The Yards at Summit—Superstitions That Awe The Railroad Knights.

"Go down through the shed and flag the supply train," was the order conveyed to a brakeman by his superior the other day "on the hill," while the train lay in a drift of snow.

"Look out for ghosts at Tamarack," ejaculated one of the snowfighters who had been trying to snatch an hour of rest.

The brakeman smiled grimly.

There was no defiance in the look that he gave, but it was easy to discern a bit of fear.

The mention of Tamarack was the signal for a general conversation upon the subject of spooks. There is more or less superstition among all mankind, and railroad men have their share of it. Yet there are no braver men in the world, and no occupation where fearlessness is demanded to a greater extent. It is quite often possible to impress with a spook story the most valiant of engineers who would face the boldest risk with no thought of fear. Nothing natural could daunt him, but the supernatural causes him to quail.

Tamarack is the dread and dismay of more than half of the trainmen on "the hill." It is neither a city, village nor settlement, but merely a side-track with the necessary switch in the dark shed, four miles above Cisco. The name is coupled with many dismal memories of engineers, firemen and brakemen who have been killed in collisions through the carelessness or inadvertence of those whose duty it has been to attend the switch. It is said that no less than fifteen men have thus met with fearful deaths in the dark shed at this point, six having been killed in a collision there some eighteen months ago.

Now, when trains approach the spot, in the dismal shadows of the timbers seem to lurk the ghostly forms of maimed and crippled men, spectral bodies clad in robes of white, wandering souls returned to haunt the scene of their disfigurement from the flesh. Many sturdy men refuse to be convinced that it is fancy that outlines the dreaded forms. Men who are not superstitious in anything else are before the very thought of Tamarack.

Everything about the spot conspires to impart a feeling of terror in the minds of those beset with superstitious fears. Even by day the shed is dark nearly throughout its stretch of eight miles; the studding has become black and grimy from the smoky belchings of the locomotives, so that even the occasional ray of sunshine that strays through a crack in the inside of the shed marks the gloomy air.

"You can call it superstition," said a strapping fireman who was listening to the talk, "but there's ghosts there sure, for I know men who've seen 'em."

The brakeman who had to make the tour of the sheds stepped out unnoticed.

"I know a conductor on a freight," continued the big fireman, "who wouldn't pass Tamarack without locking his caboose for a thousand dollars. I braked for him three months and we passed that switch once a week during all the time."

"Come in here and don't leave me alone," cried the frightened conductor.

"But I must set the brakes."

"Oh, damn the brakes," he said as he caught me by the arm and hauled me into the caboose. Then he shut the door and locked it, and I couldn't get him to look out of a window until we'd gone a mile."

Jim McMasters, conductor of the rotary plow train, listened to all this. "I ain't got a bit of superstition in me, but there are lots of men who swear that there are plenty of ghosts on the hill."

Several of the men twisted themselves into a position where they could face McMasters. Trainmaster Agler had ordered that the rotary must work that night and as it was regarded as dangerous work by night the ghost stories did not put them in a very cheerful frame of mind. But Jim proceeded:

Now there's Ed Murray. We all know that he isn't superstitious any more than I am. But Ed swears he saw a ghost in the yard at Summit one night. His train had just pulled in and he started down the track with his lantern. Ahead stood a locomotive that sent a stream of bright light from the headlight along the track so that he could see as plain as day. Right ahead he saw a headless man standing on the track. It was just as plain as ever a man saw anything. The ghost wasn't one of these white things with wings either. It was dressed like anybody up here and wore a heavy rough overcoat. Murray looked at the apparition several times to make sure. There it was and no mistake, a powerfully built man but without a head. Ed was paralyzed. He got over to the station as quick as he could. The headless man began to move towards him down the track but in a moment disappeared. Ed was too frightened to watch very closely and couldn't tell in what direction the startling apparition had gone. He wasn't in a hurry to get out of the station. If ever you see Ed Murray he'll tell you that he saw that headless man and that there's no doubt of it."

Presently and while ghosts were still the subject of discussion the brakeman, who had been sent past Tamarack opened the door of the gloomy car.

"He never went at all," exclaimed one of the men.

The brakeman swore that he had actually fulfilled his orders, but none of the boys believed him. But nobody seemed to blame him for not passing Tamarack on that dark and stormy night.

Tribute to Books.

Among the most graceful of American prose writers is Donald G. Mitchell, in whose *Dream Life* occurs this glowing passage on the influence of books upon character:

"It is a glorious thing when once you are weary of the dissipation, and the *ennui* of your own aimless thoughts, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read, deep and long, until you find the metal of his thought tinkling on your brain, and striking out from your flinty lethargy flashes of ideas that give the mind light and heat. And away you go in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to the consciousness of your real capacities; you feel sure that they have taken a new step toward final development."

"In such a mood it is that one feels grateful to the dusty tomes, which at other hours stand like wonder-making mummies with no warmth and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new-found friends, and gain a hold upon the heart, and light a fire in the brain, that the years and the mold cannot cover nor quench."

A Narrow View of the Case.

"I always laugh," relates an old resident, "when I remember an experience I had when a boy. I lived in the country and one day another boy and myself had occasion to go to town. He owed me fifty cents and was to pay me when we reached town, where he intended to get change for \$1. In going to town we had to cross a creek. It was early in winter and the ice was strong enough to hold me, but he was a great deal heavier, and in following me he broke through. He at once began to yell and scramble for dear life. The water was quite deep and he was in considerable danger. I worked with might and main for fifteen or twenty minutes and finally succeeded in pulling him out."

"By jove," I exclaimed, as I puffed and panted after my exertion, it was a pretty tough job getting you out of that creek."

"Yes, god darn it," he replied, "and you wouldn't have done it if I hadn't owed you fifty cents."—Wisconsin.

The Way of the World.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth
Must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, and 'tis lost on the air;
The echoes rebound
To a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they will turn and go;
They want full measure
Of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline
Your nestled wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give,
And it helps you live,
But it cannot help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train;
But one by one
We must file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

It Served All Purposes.

One of the Spanish provincial papers publishes a singular obituary notice. It says: This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweler, Siebaldo Illinago, from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the other is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. Signed, His disconsolate widow, Veronica Illinago.

P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from Calle de Comercio to No. 4 Rue de Missionaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent.

A Boomerang Advertisement.

An Atchison man was carelessly constructing an advertisement the other day, so that it read "Correspondence solicited; address 'Black Diamond' Cole," says the Champion, received several replies from certain Atchison ladies who did not quite understand its nature. One was from a maiden lady, who said if the writer meant business in a matrimonial way she was willing to correspond. Another was from a young girl just out of school, who said if he would not be rude she would be delighted to receive letters from him. As the man in question has been married for a number of years, a new sensation in the divorce court may soon be expected.

Will Heaven Help the Self-Helpful?

Newsboy—Please, mister, will you give me 2 cents to get a night's lodging?
Minister—But 2 cents won't pay for that, my little friend.
Newsboy—No, sir. But if I had 2 cents I could pitch with the other boys, and perhaps win a pile.—New York Sun.

PERILS OF THE OCEAN.

Thrilling Experience in Crossing the Fretful Waters of The Atlantic.

The Chief Officer Carried Overboard and Then Washed Back Again by the Next Sea—The Crew Thought She Would Turn Upside Down.

If there ever was a season of anxiety where the storm-tossed crew was in constant peril and where each succeeding fear was chased by scenes of greater fright, it was the journey of the steamer *Washington City* which sailed from Hamburg on January 5, and from Portland, England, January 8, and reached New York not until February 3. She encountered heavy gales and high seas up to the 17th, at times rolling badly and shipping much water. On the 17th it commenced blowing from S. S. W. At 10 o'clock that night it had increased to a hurricane, and at 2 o'clock the next morning it blew with fearful violence, accompanied by snow and hail and vivid lightning. The sea was running mountains high and dashing over the deck.

At about 11 o'clock a tremendous sea came aboard on the port side, lifting Chief Officer Lengeloff off his feet and carried him over the side. He gave himself up as lost, but another sea, which came rushing along, threw him back on deck. He was dashed against an iron rail, and his ribs and side were badly injured, and he was unable to leave his cabin for eleven days after.

At noon on the 19th the hurricane moderated to a heavy gale, but with a heavy sea, the ship going clear under water, and the deck being cleared fore and aft of everything. The hurricane deck forward, all the boats, and a number of deadlights on the vessel's side were stove in, and the ventilators and the after and binnacle compasses were carried away. The roar of the wind and the furious dashing of the sea at this time were something frightful. The cabin doors were stove in, the stove hole and engine room were flooded and the fires were almost extinguished. The vessel was then lying in the trough of the sea, and rolling so dreadfully that those on board thought she would turn over. She remained in this dangerous position for over twenty-four hours, when her head was again brought to the sea.

On the morning of the 21st the sea was still running mountains high, and the steamer was laboring heavily and taking water all over. On the 25th, in latitude 47 degrees, 45 minutes north, longitude 48 degrees, 35 minutes west, heavy field ice was run into. She remained in the ice all that night, and the next morning it became much heavier and the vessel had to go dead slow through it. When daylight broke nothing but ice was to be seen, the glistening mass extending on all sides as far as the eye could see. A tremendous iceberg was in sight about nine miles distant. It appeared to be about 800 feet high and a quarter of a mile long, and had a high peak which looked like a castle. There was a heavy swell on at that time, and large cakes of ice were surging about the steamer's side in a dangerous manner and threatening at times to crush her.

By evening the ship entered clear water, but, owing to the proximity of the ice, the engines were stopped, and the ship lay till daylight. On the morning of the 27th nothing could be seen on all sides but ice and icebergs. The ship's head was turned west, and it was not till noon that she got into clear water again. The wind then began blowing from the northwest again, and large bodies of ice were tossing and crashing dangerously near the ship. At 6 P. M. very heavy ice was again encountered, and the vessel continued almost uninterruptedly steaming slowly through it all night, only occasionally being stopped by it. Several of the bow plates were started and the ship commenced to make water. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 28th it commenced snowing heavily and the sea began rising. By 6:30 the ice began to get thinner, and half an hour later clear water was reached. On the morning of the 29th the wind and sea increased, with thick snow, and by ten o'clock the gale was at its height, with a tremendous sea, which swept over the deck from stem to stern, several of the crew being knocked down and badly injured. Tarpaulins were torn from the hatches, and it is thought the cargo is badly damaged. At one o'clock the ship was obliged to lay to. At this time a regular blizzard prevailed, it being impossible to see the length of the ship or the dry, blinding snow.

On the afternoon of the 31st heavy field ice was again met, extending from Sable Island to the Nova Scotian coast. She steamed through it all that night and the next day, only leaving it when twelve miles off Beaver Light. Oil was used for twenty-four hours during the hurricanes of the 17th and 18th, but the wind was so strong that it had no effect.

What He Called Him.

Buffalo Express: There was a very mad man at one of the hotels the other day. He had left an order at the office to be called at 7 o'clock in order to get a train. The next morning at 7:30 the porter rapped loudly on his door and said: "Mr. B., wake up, wake up. Are you awake?" Finally a sleepy response issued from behind the door. "Ye-es!" Then quoth the porter: "Well, go shlap agin, sor. I called you to let you know that your train had gone, sor!"

ASTOUNDING FIGURES.

Interesting Facts About the Fortunes of the Vanderbilts.

F. H. Swords, a banker of London, sat in the Continental corridor recently reading a newspaper, says the Philadelphia Press. Suddenly he pointed to a paragraph in the latter and said:

"Listen to this statement: 'The Vanderbilt estate is now calculated to be worth at least \$300,000,000.' Mr. Swords folded his paper, and leaning back in his chair continued: 'Of course I do not know whether that statement is true, but I saw it published in the Standard several weeks ago.'

"The sum seemed so enormous that I spent quite a while in calculating the physical proportions of that number of silver dollars. Here is a little slip in my wallet here that may give you some idea. If Adam, when he first looked around the Garden of Eden, say 600 years ago, had been met by Satan and had been employed by him at a regular salary of \$50,000 per annum and his board and clothes, and if Adam had carefully laid his silver dollars away in barrels each year, and have lived to the present time, he would have now \$300,000,000. Again, if a man born in the Christian era, 1890 years ago, had lived and been steadily employed at a salary of \$14,000 per month, \$443 per day, and his living expenses besides, and had saved every dollar of it, he would not to-day have \$300,000,000."

"If it were necessary to transport this number of silver dollars it would require 537 freight cars, each of a capacity of twenty tons. If these cars were put into one train it would be more than four miles long. If it were possible for 300,000,000 silver dollars to be laid on the ground in a straight line, with edges touching each other the whole distance, the line would reach farther than from London across the Atlantic ocean and over the North American continent to San Francisco. A sidewalk of 300,000,000 silver dollars could be laid six feet wide and more than fifteen miles long. If 300,000,000 dollars were laid one on top of the other they would make a column 475 miles high. If taken down and arranged in the form of a cube each side of the latter would be thirty-five feet long and wide, and it would weigh more than 10,000 tons. If such a weight were dropped from the roof of the new city hall the concussion would be great enough to destroy that part of the city."

Love Letter Writing.

The latest device of girlhood is a fancy for stuffing pillows with their old love letters. There is one thing about the contents of these pillows that can be depended upon with a marked degree of certainty—they are sure to be soft.

Now, the question naturally arises, says the N. Y. Sun, Must the pillow be stuffed with letters from a single person, or may missive from Jack and John and Algernon be tumbled promiscuously together? Is it a test of loyalty that when once a girl really falls in love, or thinks she does, that she discard from her pillows all letters save those of the subject of her deepest affection? And how does marriage effect the fate of the pillows? Do husbands enjoy having their wives' faces buried in a mass of soft nothings that other men have written to them? And what dreams may come, and what skimp, flat, little pillows some poor girls must have; but how nice it is for some men to reflect that their adored ones slumber softly on these words of love, and what an excellent place to store away the litter of letters."

A Monster Eagle or a Monster.

The Sutter City (Cal.) Enterprise was chosen as the organ for the following remarkable story: "M. De Costa, who is hunting game for the market some two miles west of town, informed the Enterprise that on Tuesday about 11 o'clock a large eagle, which no doubt has its home in the highest crevices of the Buttes, suddenly swooped down on a wounded goose which the gentleman had tied as decoy with a rope attached to the bow of a light duck boat or double-ender and rose up in the air with the goose and boat to a height of twenty feet, when the rope gave way, the boat falling across the fence, completely demolishing it. The eagle measured eight feet from tip to tip. Mr. De Costa further stated that he could easily have killed the bird, but concluded that a bird that showed such game qualities should be allowed to part unmolested. No doubt the recent storm drove the eagle from its usual haunts in search of food."

The Desert of Sahara.

The Sahara is said to be growing. The fertile strip of Egypt is less than it was within historic times, and the sands are invading Tunis. A French scientific commissioner reports to his government that the whole southern part of Tunis is gradually becoming desiccated. The commissioner, E. Blanc, can not suggest any measure for saving the oasis of the desert from extinction. Sufficient water can not be obtained by any means to support vegetation.

A Long Head Had Pa Brown.

Mrs. Brown—"I'm afraid Johnnie won't eat this worm candy if I tell him what it is, and if I give it to him without telling he'll be suspicious." Brown—"Hide it away in the corner of the pantry."—Judge.

WHIPPING OUT THE DEVIL.

An Instance of the Dire Consequences of Heathen Superstition.

A strange case of superstition was recently investigated before the coroner of Bombay. A Hindoo mill hand, says the London Times, named Rmija Daji, had for some time been suffering from swollen knee-joints and pains in various parts of the body. He went to the mill to get some wages due to him, and on his return was taken ill on the road. He was brought home on the back of a friend in an almost unconscious state, and was placed in a sitting posture, being held up by his father. A man named Deo, who was present, suggested that he was possessed of a devil, in order to expel which Deo swayed himself about in front of the sick man, seized hold of his hair, and demanded of the devil who he was.

Not receiving a reply he struck the deceased violently with a ratan, when the latter fell back in a dying condition; but before his death another friend took the ratan and beat the deceased, both men swaying their bodies to and fro and professing to be possessed with the spirit of a god. The flogging was intended to drive out the devil. Daji died almost immediately without a complaint. The widow narrated all these facts to the coroner and described both floggings as being very violent. The medical evidence showed there were several bruises on the back and an abrasion on the right hip, but that the cause of death was hemorrhage from rupture of the spleen, which was probably not due to the flogging. The jury found a verdict accordingly, adding that there was no evidence to show how the spleen became ruptured."

DRAW WATER DAY AND NIGHT.

How the People of Tripoli Keep Verdure Green in Dry Weather.

The Friday market in Tripoli, held in the oasis a little distance from the town, is picturesque in the extreme. On all sides the exasperating grating of well-pulleys produces a motif too Wagnerian for uneducated ears, in a pastoral symphony played by a full orchestra of buzzing insects, grasshoppers, whirring shrilly, and the sun-scorched palms crackling their dry branches. In each garden rise the two arms of a well, between which an enormous leathern bag mounts and descends on a rude wooden pulley, the chief instrument of the above mentioned music discharging at each trip a flood of water.

The negro laborer uses a camel, an ox, sometimes his wife to give the motion to the machine by going up and down an incline plane. The movement does not stop day or night during the nine months of the dry season, and it is thanks to that water, which is life, thanks to constant care, that the verdure of a semitropical vegetation bloom gayly in the sand.

Under the protection of pomegranate, fig, orange, lemon, and banana trees, through whose heavy foliage the sun percolates, flourish maize, and wheat, vegetables, and flowers of all sorts. Above it all the stately palms balance their heads in the superheated atmosphere.

AMERICAN PLUCK.

A Boston Naturalist Interviews a Mexican Volcano.

A dispatch from the City of Mexico states that William B. Richardson, the young Boston naturalist, has succeeded in reaching the top of the Volcano Colima. The feat was a daring one. Richardson pitched his tent at the upper line of pine trees and just below the lower line of ashes and lava. The trees above had all been burned, and it was impossible to walk in the deep bed of ashes. From this point Richardson and his Indian followers could hear the sound of air from numerous rents in the side of the volcano. The Indians were much terrified, and could be induced to remain only by the earnest persuasion of the naturalist. One night during the eruption they could distinctly see the deep red glow of melted lava as it ran down the line, a fiery stream, burying itself in ashes, trees, or in beds of brooks and older beds of lava. One dense cloud of ashes covered the party thickly and drove birds lower down.

A Prayer.

Father of light, if we could only know
In surely that the little good we do
Served in its way to help some other soul,
And that our piteous habit here below
Of hoping what our aching hearts want
true
Would some time bring us to the longed-for
goal,
Then would our way seem hopeful, clear
and sweet,
And we would journey on with willing feet.
Is it so much, this guerdon that we ask?
Now fear as heavy as new-broken wings
Hangs on us, lest we do unconscious wrong;
But if upon us groping at our tasks
Came the clear light that this assurance
brings,
There would be comfort for us sweet as
song,
And radiance, and the breath of peace be
there,
Like soft leaf-whisperings echoing every-
where.
—Francis E. Sheldon.

Naughty, But True.

Young Cprate (on a parochial visit)
—You go to Sunday-school, little girl?
Little Girl.—Yeth, thir.
Y. C.—I hope that the little girls
and boys whom you meet there never
do or say anything naughty.
L. G.—Well, thir, Bobby Brown said
yesterday that Billy Thomas was a
damn fool, but then he th, you know.
—Truth.

St. John in Topeka.

Taking up the prohibition question first, he said:

"In this, as in all other reforms, the things hardest to overcome are ignorance and prejudice. It was ignorance and prejudice that sustained African slavery. So intense was that ignorance and prejudice that it led to the mobbing of men, the burning of houses and the hanging of men in effigy for opinions sake, and strange it may seem in this day and age of enlightenment, it is nevertheless true that so intense was the spirit of political intolerance and persecution that when Martin Van Buren ran on the free soil ticket in 1848, the democrats in the legislature of Arkansas, introduced a bill to change the name of Van Buren county to Cass and despite the appeals of the nine intelligent members of that body, the measure lacked but a few votes of adoption.

"The liquor traffic, like slavery, exists through ignorance and prejudice, perpetuated by the democratic and republican parties, as it was perpetuated by the democrats and whigs years ago.

"The democratic party," continued the speaker of the day "has no settled convictions upon any question, except to get offices—which the republican party, being in possession of them, is actuated solely by a desire to hold fast to all it possesses and reach out for more."

Mr. St. John proceeded to score President Harrison. He said:

"Harrison was paraded before the people in 1858, as a 'Christian temperance man.' In 1880, 2,000 saloons ran wide open in violation of law all day Sunday—in Washington City—and on Monday 1,000 saloon keepers marched in his inaugural procession. How many slave holders marched in Lincoln's inaugural procession? Not one. Why? Simply because they were not in sympathy with his party. May God hasten the day when this country can have a president so pronounced upon the liquor question, that not a saloon keeper will march in his inaugural procession. From the inauguration this 'Christian President' went to a big dance in the pension office, where 400 gallons of Roman punch was consumed. The press tells us that at a recent great feast given in the White House by the president five wine glasses were set at each plate.

Surely history repeats itself. In first and fourth verses of fifth chapter of Daniel, we find, that, 'Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand.'

And further: 'They drank wine and praised the goods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.'

Now strike out 'Belshazzar, the king,' from the first verse and insert 'Benjamin, the President,' and insert monopolies and trusts, pig iron and wool, in the second, and the parallel so far as these two verses are concerned, will be complete. Then, just think of the vice president of the United States being engaged in the liquor business. What a dreadful example these high officials set before the young men of the nation, and yet you tell me that we are going to get prohibition from that source.

Continuing, the ex-governor said: 'New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, all republican states, during the past year, gave overwhelming majorities against the home and for the saloon, while Pennsylvania, which gave Harrison 80,000 pluralities, crowned the saloon with 189,000 majority. And it is remembered that in all these struggles between the home and the saloon every vote of the prohibition party was loyally given for the home. With the aid given to the republican party it ought to have carried prohibition to victory, but it did not want to do it. Its policy is to adopt high license throughout all the states. It has already carried its plan in Rhode Island. Iowa is now trembling in the balance, and Kansas will be the next object of attack, and it is a very significant fact that at the late meeting of the republican league of this state, notwithstanding the talk and excitement about resubmission, that organization failed to utter a single word against resubmission—but as usual, dodged the question. The truth is, nationally, this government never had an administration more thoroughly under the control of the rum power than the present one, and the republican party of Kansas endorses and defends it. The democratic party is in the same boat. And the interests of morality, sobriety and good government alike demand that these old parties shall go and a re-organization of political forces shall follow, under which the saloon will be blotted out forever, and the high place, as well as the low, shall cease to set an example to lead the young to destruction of both soul and body.'

The governor said there would have been no prohibition in Kansas had it not been for the republican party, but the amendment would never have been submitted to the people had it not been for the democratic and greenback parties. When the question was before the legislature it was necessary to have the votes of ten democrats and fifteen greenbackers.

The governor then paid his respects to some of the leaders of the republican party who, he said, are now rushing into the newspapers to tell what a great success prohibition is, but these same men, he said, were never heard from when the temperance people were battling for prohibition—where did Senator Ingalls stand in that fight? asked the governor. He stood about where he stood in the fight for the suppression of the rebellion. Where did Mr. Plumb stand?

Referring to the tariff the ex-governor said:

'I take the position that our whole tariff system is wrong in principle, because it imposes its duties upon what we consume instead of upon what we possess, thus making the common day laborer bear as great a financial burden upon the necessities of life, which rich and poor alike, are compelled to have, as is placed upon the millionaire. To illustrate: A laboring man at sundown takes the dollar he has received for his work, and buys fifteen pounds of sugar at that rate, as if he had not one cent, amounting to 30 cents, o

nearly one third of his day's wages. The railway, or bank president, who gets a salary of \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year, buys at the same time, place, price, quality, and amount of sugar, and bears the same tariff burden, and no more.

'Never in the history of this nation has farmer's tariff duties and their mortgage indebtedness been greater than they are today. And yet politicians tell us that the 'farmer is protected.'

'The truth is, the legislation of congress for the past twenty-five years has been in favor of monopolies, combines and trusts, and against the interests of the common people. When I say 'common people' I mean the masses whose labor produces the wealth our present system enables a favored few to absorb.

'With corn at 13 cents per bushel in Kansas and 50 to 75 cents in the east; potatoes 10 to 25 cents in the west and 75 cents to \$1 per bushel in the east; oats 10 cents in Kansas and 40 cents in New York, I would like to know who gets this great difference in the market price between the two extremes and just where the farmer's protection comes in. Hard coal in Pennsylvania sells at \$1.50 to \$2 per ton; here we pay \$10 to \$11 per ton, while it is cheaper for the farmer in western Kansas to burn corn than soft coal, the product of our own mines. Farms plastered with mortgages, interests accumulating, taxes high, and the farmer paying tariff tribute on everything that he buys, under the hallucination that he is being protected, surely calls for a change in our present policy.

'Tariff is a fraud upon the people and a sham so far as protection of the farmer is concerned. The man who receives fifteen pounds of sugar and pays the groceryman \$1 imagines he has invested that dollar in sugar, but the truth is he pays only 70 cents for sugar, and the other 30 cents for the glorious privilege of being protected.

'During the war period, 1861 to 1865 inclusive, tariff duties averaged only 34 per cent. A direct tax was then levied upon income, not only of well to do citizens, but upon corporations. Stamp duties were imposed upon all deeds, bonds, mortgages and other written instruments, including bank checks. This class of special taxation affected the poor people but little, as they had no incomes above exemptions, no interest in corporations and rarely made deeds, mortgages, bonds or bank checks, but they did feel the tariff duties, laid upon the necessities of life. But it being 'war times,' they bore their burdens patiently and patriotically, feeling that no sacrifice was too great for an imperiled union.

'But when the war was over and the safety of the nation no longer in jeopardy, the people asked to have these financial burdens lightened. What was the response to their appeals? Why, instead of reducing the tariff duties, which rested so heavily upon the poor, congress entirely removed the burden of the income tax, and stamp duties, from the rich, and commenced piling the tariff duties, higher and higher, until today they equal nearly 48 per cent. In this way a few have been favored at the expense of the many. Under this system a dozen men have been enabled to accumulate property equaling in value about one, one-hundred-and-fiftieth part of the assessed valuation of all the taxable wealth in the nation, and this moneyed power has gained absolute control of all the available means of transporting the product of the farm to market, thus placing this great agricultural west at the mercy of this greedy power. It matters not how large your crops may be, prices are kept down by these combinations, so that the result is about the same, you are just barely allowed to live, and that is all. Never in the history of the world has monopolies, combines and trusts had such a hold upon the country as they have now. And this condition has been growing upon us, notwithstanding old party promises, freely made from year to year, to give the people something better.

'Millions of the people's money has been withdrawn from circulation, through unnecessary and unjust taxation, and is today locked up in the United States treasury, and instead of lowering the duties upon food, fuel and clothing, it is proposed to reduce this surplus by removing the tax from tobacco. You ask, 'What would you do?' I will tell you.

'First—If I possessed the power, I would give to the people a world wide market, in which to trade wherever they could buy the cheapest. There you say, 'I knew St. John was for free trade.' Call it free trade if you will, yet I am for greater protection than any democrat or republican in the state of Kansas. But I am for a protection that does full justice to the poor and no injustice to the rich. A protection which places its burdens on what we possess instead of on what we consume. A protection that equalizes the opportunities of mankind to make a living. To illustrate. Suppose sugar deserves 2 cents per pound protection. Give it to it, but let it come as a bounty, directly from the government, and the money to foot the bill be raised by a levy upon the taxable wealth of the nation. The result of this would be, that the rich and poor alike would get their sugar at 3 cents less per pound, and the millionaires in and out of the United States Senate, who have been shouting for 'protective tariff,' would, when they paid their taxes, discover that the burdens of the tariff had been shifted from what we consume, to what we possess, and the fact would suddenly dawn upon them, that our industries are no longer in their 'infancy,' having to be nursed like a sick kitten at a hot jamb and fed on catnip tea everlastingly.

'Second, I would place the railway and telegraph lines, under the sole control of the general government, to be operated, as our mail service is, in the interests of the whole people. Then the government would carry a single car load of corn, at the same rate, as if a thousand cars were being shipped, or letters being mailed, by the same person, at the same rate. Thus a farmer who has but one car load of stock or grain to ship, could each the market with it, at the same rate of freight, that the speculator would

have to pay, though he shipped a thousand car loads. As it is now, small shippers are shut out by immense combines, backed up by almost unlimited capital, against which they are powerless to contend. To the objection that this would be a dangerous centralization of power, let the answer be, that this being, 'A government to the people,' it is safer to have the power centralized in the hands of such a power than to have it in hands of merciless corporations.

Third—I would have United States senators elected by direct vote of the people and in due time the senate would cease to be the hot bed of monopolies and trusts.

Fourth—I would do away with the 'Block of five' rascality at elections by inaugurating the 'Australian ballot' system.

Fifth—I would forever prohibit the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and thus save 75,000 lives annually, protect the purity, safety and happiness of the homes of our land and stop the waste of \$1,500,000,000 every year, through the legalized liquor traffic of the nation.

Sixth—Last, but not least, I would place the ballot in the hand of woman. Give us these reforms, said the ex-governor, and in ten years crime will have greatly decreased, while anarchy, disorder, pauperism and drunkenness will be things of the past and our civilization lifted to a higher standard of excellence, and mankind brought nearer to God.'

Books and Magazines.

Literary Note.

Murat Halstead will begin in the April number of the Cosmopolitan, the conduct of a new department called 'Review of Current Events,' in which he will discuss the leading topics of the day with a non-partisan touch. The same number will contain the first article by Miss Bisland upon her 'Flying Trip Around the World.' 'The Fighting Forces of Germany,' by Poulton Bigelow; 'Princeton College,' by Professor Marquand; and several other important articles, all elaborately illustrated. The novelette of the number will be 'George Washington's Last Duel,' by Thomas Nelson Page. Archibald Forbes, the renowned war correspondent of the London Graphic is preparing for the Cosmopolitan a series of articles on 'The Great Battles,' in different periods of the world's history, treating them all with the vivid description of an eye-witness, and his comrade, Frederick Villiers, will illustrate them in the same realistic style. The Cosmopolitan will soon publish several articles by Henry George growing out of his visit to Australia.

'The danger of an ignorant person in sending an electric wire carrying a strong current is as great as that to which a person ignorant of the ways of snakes would be subjected if he undertook to take the place of the skilled oarsman... accustomed to put his arm into a tall jar containing rattlesnakes and take them out.' This extract will show the general drift of an article on 'Dangers from Electricity' by John Frowbridge, which appears in the 'Atlantic' for March. The opening article of the number, however, is a paper upon the 'Trials, Opinions, and Death of Giordano Bruno' by William B. Thayer; 'Woman Suffrage, Pro and Con,' 'The Value of the Corner,' and 'Looting through the Paris Exposition' among many other things, Dr. Holmes is particularly amusing 'Over the Teacups,' and seems to wish that people would write less poetry. He closes with some odd verses on the rage for scribbling. Mrs. Deland allows her hero, from conscientious scruples, to decline to save a drowning woman—a novel position for a hero! The reviews, clever, as usual, bring this well composed number of the magazine to an end.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The March St. Nicholas begins with an exciting adventure, 'On a Mountain Trail,' told by Harry Perry Robinson. Two miners fight a pack of ravenous wolves with dynamite, blowing the brutes into what the boys call 'smithereens.' Mr. Taber illustrates the story with vigor. A delightful story is 'Jack's Cure,' by Susan Curtis Redfield. Jack runs away from home, and soon concludes that there is 'no place like home.' Rogers has an excellent illustration. Mrs. Preston tells of 'George and Nellie Custis,' the children of Mount Vernon, who seem to have been not so essentially different from our own boys and girls. Alice Maud Ewell depicts for us a Virginian comedy of the old days when housewives were ducked for gossiping. Another of Mr. Brook's Comedies for Children will be gladly welcomed by young amateurs. There are three natural history articles: A doll, seventy years old, is described by Margaret W. Bisland; a true, but most marvelous, escape from a cyclone's fury is written and vouched for by M. Louise Ford; some suggestions for making kites fly properly are offered by Harper Pennington, and Harry Stillwell.

The March Century.

The most striking picture which have appeared in the Joseph Jefferson Autobiography accompany the present (March) instalment. The frontispiece is a full-length portrait of Jefferson as Dr. Pangloss, there being six large portraits, in various characters. Three very timely and important subjects are treated by specialists. The first is Municipal Government, Dr. Albert Shaw describing the workings of the local government of Glasgow. The subject of Irrigation is treated by Prof. Powell. The third great subject is discussed in a paper by Prof. Fisher on 'The Nature and Method of Revelation'—the concluding one in his very timely series. The number has editorials on 'Municipal Government,' 'Our Sins Against France,' and 'University Extension.' This number is also notable for the beginning of the most authentic and original account yet published of the 'Frehistoric Remains in the Ohio Valley.' In the next number Prof. Putnam will describe the famous 'Serpent Mound.' The number contains

also illustrated 'Letters from Japan,' an article on 'Gloucester Cathedral,' 'Some Wayside Places in Palestine,' referred to in current International Sunday-School Questions.

Household Hints.

The best throw with dice is to throw them away.—Old Proverbs.

No one is satisfied with his fortune, nor dissatisfied with his own wit.

Add the beaten whites of eggs to mashed potatoes. It is an improvement.

Potato Soup.—Four large potatoes, 1 onion; boil in 2 quarts of water until soft. Press through a sieve, and add one pint of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper. Let boil up again and serve.

Boil macaroni thirty minutes. Put a layer of it in a baking dish upon generously grated cheese, a little mustard, a dash of cayenne and salt. Fill the dish having cheese on top. Nearly cover with milk and bake until brown.

Kentucky Chicken Pie.—Fry two spring chickens until a nice brown. Line a five quart pan with rich crust. Put in the chicken with gravy and half a teacup of butter. Season with pepper and salt. Bake until the crust is brown.

Floor Paint.—The ingredients are: One gallon of oil, yellow ochre 4 pounds, turpentine 1 pint, red lead and litharge 1 pound each. Mix the night before using. This amount will give two coats to a floor 14x16 ft. The color is a pleasing reddish brown, and it is a durable paint. Let the last coat dry a week before using the floor.

Potato Puddings.—Three eggs beaten together, two teacupfuls of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two large potatoes; put in the potatoes while hot, after putting them through a sieve; mix together the eggs and sugar, then pour into the butter and potatoes. Beat all together and season with nutmeg. Bake in paste with one crust. This is very nice.

Apple Pudding.—Take one quart of milk, a well-beaten egg, a tablespoonful of melted butter, 2 teacupfuls of baking powder, and flour enough to make a batter as for griddle cakes. Partly fill pudding dishes with chopped sour apples, pour the batter over them and bake an hour, or until the apples are tender. Eat with a hot sauce of butter and sugar.

To Cure Bacon.—For a brine for 50 pounds of meat, take 3 1-2 pounds of salt, 2 pounds of brown sugar, 10 ounces saltpetre, and water sufficient to cover the meat. Boil the brine until all scum has risen, skim and let cool. Pack the meat loosely, and pour the brine over it. Let it remain six weeks, and it is ready to smoke.

Potato Yeast.—Take 12 large potatoes, boil them in two quarts of water. When done pour the water over two cups of flour. Take a small handful of hops, add boiling water to them, and boil a few minutes, strain into the mixture. Add one cup of sugar and half a cup of salt. When cool add two good cakes of yeast. This will keep for two weeks in a cool cellar, and makes delicious bread.

Open Apple Pie.—Pare the apples, cut them in halves and remove the cores. Line a deep pie dish with a nice crust, sift a little flour over the bottom and lay in the apples as close as they can be packed; strew sugar on the top and a little nutmeg and some bits of butter. Bake not too fast until the apples are well cooked. Eat hot, with cream and sugar.

Sausages Without Cases.—Chop fine 6 lbs of pork having about twice as much lean as fat, add 3 oz of fine salt and pepper and sage to taste. Mix the seasoning well through the meat, pack as firmly as possible in stone jars and keep well covered in a cool place. As wanted, form into flat cakes with the hand and fry to a nice brown. To keep them during the winter or longer, fry as above, pack in jars and cover with hot lard. Keep well covered.

Shrewdness of Plants.

[From the Youth's Companion.] Even plants have an eye to the main chance. They are as much devoted to getting on in the world as individuals of our own race are. Nor is there any great difference in the objects which their plans take in. They like comfort, and secure it in perfectly legitimate ways.

The sliness with which the plant sometimes gives a hint of its wishes manifests a spirit of fun. The spacious leaves of the Victoria regia lie spread out on the still waters of the Amazon. There is no occasion for the plant to develop a tough integument in these leaves.

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SEEDS

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Yet, what would take place when the fishes came to the surface, as they often do in pursuit of prey or to escape when they are themselves pursued? The immense leaves would be punched through and ripped from center to edge.

This mammoth lily protects itself against harm from this source by developing prickles and spines on the under side of the leaf, so as to deter fish from thrusting their noses against that surface.

Plants are blessed with hearty appetites for food and drink. That they may make the most rapid growth, it is necessary that this appetite be indulged most freely.

Moreover, like human beings, they are subject to disease as a penalty for over-indulgence. If the leaf, for example, drinks too much, even of water, its tissues will be ruptured.

To guard against this danger, each leafboth in plants, like the saffrage, is furnished with a water gland to provide for the escape of the surplus water.

There is no dispute without passion, and yet there is scarcely a dispute worth a passion.

One may be better than his reputation or his conduct, but never better than his principles.—Latena.