

G. G. Adams

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
—BY THE—
Kansas News Co.,
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Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Brokers and manufacturers' cards, of four lines, or less, (25 words) with Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No order taken for less than three months.

The Topeka Journal has no stock in the Farmers' Alliance.

It is said that Manhattan is the only town in Kansas where the girls chew gum while they are saying their prayers.

In the Harmon case in the United States District Court, he was found guilty of sending obscene matter through the mails.

There is complaint that ordinance governing chickens running at large is being violated. Owners of chickens are liable to a fine for so doing.

A colored man at Leavenworth attempted to collect a bounty of \$3 each on seven wolf scalps, when it was discovered that the wolves had been killed in Missouri.

Investigation at Emporia shows that several township and city officials assisted in returning a fraudulent census at that place, and criminal proceedings will probably result.

A Lawrence woman announces in one of the city papers that she will not be responsible for the debts of her son. There will be nothing left now for the fellow but to get married.

The bright lady paragon of the Hutchinson News explains that a dance was not given in honor of the new chancellor of the state university for the reason that a Snow-ball would have been too cool a reception.

The story that two laborers at Wichita recently dug up \$16,000 worth of old Spanish gold is going the rounds of the press. It is pleasant to hear such reports from that place for it is known that lots of money has been sunk there.

President Manvel has ordered the Santa Fe shops at Ottawa and Topeka open to their full capacity, and he has declared his intention of consolidating all of the company's offices at Topeka and of removing all of the Chicago offices to Topeka. In treating the Santa Fe road as a Kansas institution President Manvel shows a great head.

Three Kickapoo Indians took out citizenship papers before United States Commissioner J. C. Wilson Thursday. They were Wm. Cadue, Ah-she-ta, and She-Kan-Wah. The following have taken out citizenship papers recently: Comes-as-it-Rains, Watching-the-Sun, Appearing, Thick Nail and No-Stank-ah, all very pretty names. The Man-Going-up-the-Hill is a witness in a case in the United States court.

The recent burning of Horace Greeley's house on the old farm at Chappagau was in a certain sense a public calamity, for many of Mr. Greeley's letters and manuscripts were lost in the flames. Fortunately one valuable letter from President Lincoln, authorizing Mr. Greeley to try and negotiate peace with the South during the war, was out of the house, and escaped cremation. The house was built in 1870, on the farm which was the scene of Mr. Greeley's far-famed bucolic experiences, but was not the house "back in the woods," which bore a much earlier date, and where the great editor loved to entertain his friends. This cottage was burned in 1873, but the historic pine grove, where there were many gatherings of prominent men during the Presidential campaign of 1872, is still preserved.

Jane Harvey died the other day at St. Joseph at the age of 119 years. She was the oldest woman in Missouri.

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the famous Gatling gun, is now an old man of 80, with snow white hair and cleanly shaven face.

Dr. Mary Walker is said to be ill and nearly friendless, and unable to secure her claim against the government.

Among the passengers on the steamer Trinidad, which sailed Thursday for Bermuda, were ex-President R. B. Hayes and his daughter, Miss Fannie B. Hayes. The ex-President appeared to be in the best of health. Owing to the fact that his departure was not generally known there was no friend present to bid them farewell.

Maurice Thompson is quite loyal to the South, and yet he makes this confession: "Good meats are hard to find in the South and good cooking harder to find." Those who have tried to live in the South or travel will agree with the poet-archer. It is a glorious country, but they need improved culinary methods.

A terrible plague of mice is sweeping over southern Russia in such numbers as to be irresistible. They are moving northward, ruining fields, killing small stock and hundreds of dogs. It is not to be wondered at that the Czar is nervous and the Czarina nearly insane with the plagues of Pharaoh's coming upon them.

The appointment of a "whipping boss" for the Women's Convict Camp in Georgia should suggest to the American philanthropists who are considering the methods of softening the heart of the Czar toward Siberian prisoners, that it might be worth while to pluck the beam out of their own eye, so to speak, before interfering with the move in the Russian optic.

Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, is a hoary haired man with a scholarly stoop, and still presides over the Phonetic Institute, Bath, England. He is rising 78, yet he supervises a correspondence of 30,000 letters a year, beside editing the Phonetic Journal and compiling the numerous books which he annually publishes.

According to the Civil Service Offices we had a cyclone in Topeka the day of the tornado in Louisville, Ky. In fact Topeka was the centre of the cyclone and caught the most of it. The greatest velocity of wind ever recorded here was on that day, being 96 miles an hour. A cyclone is bad enough but a tornado or "twister" is worse. If we had known we had a cyclone how frightened we would have been. Where ignorance is bliss &c., and it was bliss.

The Kansas City Globe of yesterday says: "Geo. W. Nolte, secretary and treasurer of the Topeka Land and Development company, a Boston syndicate, passed through the city last night, enroute to Montreal, New York and Boston. He says he will bring back an electric railway in his grip. Hon. Charles S. Gleed, president of the company, will follow him eastward in a few days and they will make final arrangements for the conversion of the Topeka city railway into an electric system, twenty miles in length, giving the Kansas capital nearly seventy-five miles of electric railway."

Daniel Robertson, the first white man who settled in Knox County, Ill., died last Sunday, aged 86 years.

John R. Mulvane and Geo. W. Crane are the heaviest insurers in Topeka; each carries \$150,000 on his life. Theo Curran had at one time something like \$80,000, but some of it was on the endowment plan. Geo. R. Peck, J. K. Hudson, and one or two others carry \$50,000 each. The largest amount in the world is carried by John Wanamaker, who has \$1,500,000, being the limit of all American companies. John B. Stetson and George Pullman have \$500,000 each. The largest in Kansas is \$225,000 held by James D. Husted, of Kansas City, Kansas.

The Cherryvale National bank has been authorized to begin business at Cherryvale with a capital of \$50,000. Riverview hotel at Wichita was entirely destroyed by fire. Loss, \$12,000; insurance, \$5,000.

A good vein of coal about fourteen inches thick on the C. J. Rosen farm, about 1 1/2 miles west of the Topeka sugar mill, is now in operation.

At Baldwin the newly elected city council was duly qualified and sworn in at a meeting Tuesday night, but the old council refused to turn over the books, though they were defeated by a vote of 2 to 1.

It costs Uncle Sam a big pile of money to punish his criminals. The witness fees and mileage alone of the present term of the United States district court will reach \$10,000. Two witnesses from Washington (state), for example, are here to testify in the Manhattan postoffice case, one of which receives \$220.00 for mileage alone, and the other \$218. They get five cents a mile each way.

TOPEKA.

There were 1,168 children enrolled in the north side schools for the month ending March 25. Of these 927 were white and 241 colored. The boys and girls are about equally divided. The enrollment according to schools is as follows: Grant 455, Quincy 472, Langston colored 78; Lane colored 163.

During the fire on West Gordon street last week, one lady who lived in the vicinity got into as many of her best clothes as she could and conveyed the remainder to a place of safety, and then went back home and faint; and yet there are some malicious creatures of the male persuasion who slander women by saying they can't dress quickly and won't faint unless some masculine is around to catch them.

Two funerals took place from the Kansas avenue M. E. church Sunday afternoon. At 2:30 o'clock the funeral services of Captain S. C. Higgins who died Friday morning, were held. Rev. G. W. Browning and Rev. Dr. Lippincott conducted the services at the church and Kaw Valley lodge No. 20, A. O. U. W. took charge of the exercises at the grave. The funeral services of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Craig, which died Saturday morning, were held at the same place, at 5:30 p. m. Both funerals were largely attended and both interments were made at Rochester cemetery.

The Palouse Country, Washington. This section of the Northwest is daily attracting the attention of eastern people, especially is this true since the completion of the UNION PACIFIC through this new empire, thus opening up a direct line from the Missouri river to Spokane Falls, just north of the Palouse Country.

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FRANCESCO CRISPI, the Italian Premier, is undoubtedly, since the retirement of Bismarck from the Chancellorship of the German Empire, the most potent and picturesque figure in European politics. A striking portrait of the Sicilian statesman is given in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for May, with a very interesting article entitled "Signor Crispi and the Italian Chamber," by the Hon. George Makepeace Towle. Douglas S. Denon eloquently describes "Vancouver (British Columbia): A Great Sea-port of the XXth Century." "Elephant-catching in India, with Prince Albert Victor of Wales." is written about by a British officer, and illustrated with great spirit. "Forest Destruction by Fire," Col. R. J. Hinton, is truly an object-lesson to Congress. There are papers on "Chartres and its Cathedral," "Brass-hammering and Repoussework," etc., together with the usual amount of first-class story and other literature provided in every number of this remarkably voluminous and entertaining magazine.

Last Friday one mile west of Sigel, Thos. Gibler was burning stalks, and the fire got away from him and was soon beyond control. The day being about the windiest of the season, the flames were driven rapidly over the meadow, leading over the railroad. They raged on and did not cease in their devastation until they had devoured everything within reach. At the same time young men working the Hadley farm, set out a fire which became too much for them and went through Mr. Peterfish's timber burning some timothy hay belonging to Mr. Peterfish. The boys fought until they were nearly exhausted, but the flames leaped past them. Neither fire could be checked until they met. It would be hard to tell the exact amount of damage done. The amount of hay was burned about 200 tons. Several rods of fence and forty rods of railroad track were burned.

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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.

WASHINGTON'S Birthday, according to the calendar at that time, was Feb. 11. The calendar was changed in 1752.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD is in favor of compulsory voting. Compulsory voting would be a great aid to woman suffrage.

M. DE FREYCINET, the French Minister of War, has published a decree forbidding surgeons in the French army to make use of hypnotism in their practice, or to experiment with it.

MARSHAL MACMAHON, twice president of the French republic, sent his hearty congratulations to the young Duc d'Orleans upon the step he had taken in going to France in defiance of the law.

The Deloris Land and cattle Company at Deloris, Texas, has been purchased by the Columbia Cattle Company of New York for \$700,000. The company's headquarters are at Carlisle, Pa.

MANY curious adulterations of food are reported, but this surely beats them all. An invoice of macaroni seized at New York recently contained an assortment of shawls, all wool, and a yard or more wide.

THE Pike's Peak cogway will be illuminated the entire seven miles by electricity. Carbons will sparkle on top of the old giant of the Rockies, and a night train will be run for the benefit of those who enjoy novelty.

A SMALL boy in Trenton swallowed a key, and the pleasures of his society are now enhanced by a perpetual whistling concert. Every time he breathes there comes a melancholy flutelike note from the key.

MANY of the participants in the battle of Chickamauga, both union and confederate, have agreed to meet on the site of the conflict, to settle many important historical questions. Wednesday, May 23, has been decided on.

A MEMBER of the parliament at Bucharest has just made a speech lasting thirty-six hours. The oration alone took three hours. The laws of that country are so crude that there is no provision in them upon which Senator Blair can base a suit for infringement.

CANADA'S trade with the United States is greater than her commerce with Great Britain. In 1888 she sold us \$45,572,055 of merchandise and Great Britain \$42,094,984. Her imports to this country were to the amount of \$48,841,848, or \$90,000,000 greater than from Great Britain.

PARIS public schools are over crowded, and the authorities propose to help remedy the difficulty by forbidding the attendance at them of children of foreigners. There are 60,000 foreign children in the city, and at least 5,000 of them are getting a French education free at the public schools.

AND now comes a doctor who says that nitro-glycerine would have saved John Jacob Astor's life. How unfortunate it is for humanity that all these suggestions by the doctors come too late, and that the information necessary to save life is always in possession of some physician who was not employed on the case.

COLUMBIA college will presently journey toward the front rank of American institutions of learning. Extensive athletic grounds have been set apart by the faculty and \$25,000 subscribed for their improvement. The outlook for next year's crop of demon and wizard baseball pitchers may therefore be said to be promising.

THE National Museum at Washington, through the liberality of Mr. John A. Brill, of Philadelphia, has come into possession of two stamps issued under the act of 1765, which led to the American revolution. They were required to be placed upon all documents. Mr. Brill was offered a large sum for them, but he preferred to place them where they legitimately belonged.

A CATHOLIC Indian missionary, Father Jerome, of the Benedictine order, has compiled a prayer book for the Sioux. It will be published by Bishop Marty, and will be printed in the Sioux language. Besides the ordinary catholic prayers the book will contain a catechism of christian doctrine and catholic hymns, with appropriate music.

BENCH AND BAR HUMOR.

A New York Lawyer Recalls a Few Good Anecdotes Illustrative of Legal Wit and Humor.

Many of the good, old-fashioned legal anecdotes that have seen hard service in their day and have been honorably retired long since, are great favorites of mine, writes A. J. Hummel, of New York, in the *Herald*. While they possess the rich flavor of age for me, I have found as a general thing that they were new to my audiences, particularly to the more youthful element.

One of the best of these old time stories relates to a lawyer in whose hands was placed a claim for collection. He agreed to undertake the work on a contingent fee—viz., a retention of half the amount he would succeed in collecting. He promised to act vigorously, but weeks passed and the client heard nothing. He finally wrote to inquire what had been done in the matter. By the return mail he received this reply:—"I have already got my half of the claim. If you will wait a few months I may be able to secure your half."

This brings to my mind another anecdote relating to a fee. A young man visits the office of an attorney and gives him a claim of \$106 to collect.

"Your name?" asks the disciple of Blackstone.

"Elijah Simpson," is the reply. "Not the son of my old friend Lige Simpson? Yes? Well, you don't know how glad I am to meet my old friend's son. Give me your hand," and he wrings the young man's hand with the utmost effusion, adding, "I hope you will come in and see me often. It will be a treat for me, I assure you, to have an opportunity of conversing with you about your father."

A week later young Elijah calls again. The lawyer rushes forward to greet him, seizes both his hands and shakes them, repeating his good wishes over and over, and expressing his great pleasure at having it in his power to serve Lige's son.

"Then you have the money for me?" suggests Simpson.

"Certainly, certainly. Here it is," and he hands an envelope carefully sealed to the young fellow, who tears it open and finds five \$5 bills.

"Where's the rest?" asks Elijah.

"Oh, my fee is \$81," is the reply.

As Simpson edges toward the door he says to his father's friend: "I guess I'm lucky to get \$25. I'm awfully glad you didn't know my grandfather."

I suppose you have all heard the story about the big lawyer and the little one who had a heated argument in the court-room. I have had it told with me for the hero, and I suppose that every other attorney who is small has also figured in it, and that reminds me that many a good anecdote that has gone the rounds about me has first reached my knowledge through the newspapers. Well, the story runs that the big lawyer became exasperated at his opponent and remarked, contemptuously: "Why, I could pick you up and put you in my pocket."

"In that event," retorted the little man, "you would have more law in your pocket than you have in your head."

This is after the same line as the comment of the Judge who had made a decision particularly galling to a young advocate, who had been arguing for an hour on the wrong side. "Your Honor," exclaimed the young lawyer in his indignation, "if that decision is law I will burn every book in my library."

"Better read them," was the laconic comment.

Instances of humor from the bench are very numerous. I recall a little bit of byplay I heard once in the Supreme Court Chambers. The lawyer for the motion—a man noted for his loud, sonorous voice—was not present when his case was called, and his clerk asked for an adjournment on the ground that his employer was attending a reference on Nassau street. The opposing counsel insisted there should be no delay.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said His Honor to the clerk; "you go to the referee's office and tell Mr. Blank to make the argument where he is. I'll have the window of the court-room opened, and I don't suppose I'll have any trouble hearing him."

Funny things are always happening in court. There was at one time in the Court of Special Sessions an interpreter—a barber by profession, who practiced with lather and razor when not interpreting—who talked so brokenly that when he spoke English you wished he would stick to German, and when he tried German you longed for him to tackle English again. I had occasion to ask a German witness if the defendant had not struck him with a stove pipe, and the interpreter promptly translated my remark into the Teutonic equivalent for: "Did the defendant hit you with a silk hat?"

Lived Among Cannibals.

Beresford Alfred, Baron d'Este, and his wife, nee Harney, whose first husband was the Viscount de None, are at the Southern. The Baron d'Este is a Frenchman by birth, an Italian by descent, an Englishman through his mother, and a man of many countries by virtue of travel and inclination. He wears his title lightly, as one who has seen much of the world and lived among those nations where rank is levelled by necessity; and such is indeed the case.

In conversation with a representative of the *Republic* he said that he had spent much of his life in the British

colonies. The Baron is a handsome man, with a sunburned face, speaks English like an Englishman, and does not look over 40 years of age, though he may be older. As a young man he spent several years in Australia, but in 1870, when cotton was commanding a very high price, he, in company with a number of friends, went into the business of raising the costly product on the Fiji Islands. The islands at that time were inhabited largely by cannibals, and white men, though assisted by the friendly natives, carried their lives in their hands, and went constantly armed.

"The sister of my first wife," said the Baron, "was shot down by the natives, along with her husband and their two children. The cannibals then attempted to carry off the dead bodies, intending to eat them at their leisure in the mountains, but fortunately reinforcements came to our aid and the savages were driven back. My business partner died, and some of the wretches pilfered his grave of two thigh bones, which they carried off to their mountain retreat as trophies; but I found out who had been guilty of the desecration, and succeeded in recovering the bones.

"I was once on the point of tasting human flesh myself. Some of the natives had been assisting us to build a house, and the completion of the work was celebrated with a feast. In the course of the dinner I helped myself from a dish whose contents resembled pork, and was about to taste of it when a friendly native nudged me with his elbow and whispered one suggestive and sufficient word—'Man.' I needed no further explanation; but it must have been a great disappointment to the cannibals, who would have been much pleased to think that a white man had eaten human flesh. Our life was certainly a dangerous one, but cotton was selling high and we made money. In 1875 the English took possession of the island. I gladly joined their forces, and the cannibals were all either killed or made prisoners."

In 1878 the Baron left the Fiji Islands for India, where he went into the business of raising sugar. He also spent some time in Madagascar, but for the past few years has been living in Paris.

—*St. Louis Republic.*

DRIFTING AWAY FROM GLORY.

"They talk about the power of the press," said the editor, publisher, proprietor, pressman and compositor combined, as he put his feet on the pine table and leaned back in his splint-bottomed chair, "but I think I can see that that power is on the wane. Yes, hang it, I'm sure it has decreased 80 per cent in the last three years."

"In what respect?" was asked.

"Well, mostly in respect to railroad passes. Look a-her! Five years ago I had passes over a dozen different railroad lines—annual passes, understand—while to-day I've got to pay my fare the same as a ditch digger. Doesn't this prove that the power of the press is on the wane?"

"Possibly."

"Why, man, its conclusive evidence, and if something isn't done to restore our prestige the day will come when we won't get a darned cent knocked off our hotel bills, nor a free ticket to a theater. Yes, I've seen the day that I could send a friend to New York and back on passes by four different routes, but to-day I'd have to take the tow-path myself."

"That seems sad."

"It's sadness boiled down, sir. It isn't the loss of the pass so much as the spirit which withholds it. It's that breaking away of the railroads, that insubordination and independence, which I bemoan, and which can lead to nothing but disaster to a free press. For instance, in days gone by I'd sit down with a railroad guide and write to a dozen different passenger agents for an annual. I might have no earthly use for some of them, but it was to maintain our prestige, you see. Every agent would respond, and announce that he took great pleasure in so doing. He'd even ask if I couldn't use two."

"And how is it now?"

"Here is a letter to answer your query. I wrote to the K. and K. folks for a trip pass to Albany and return, and it was refused. I then sent another letter saying that I did not propose to pitch into the management of the K. and K. unless driven to it, but if driven to it they must abide the consequences. Here is the letter in reply, and they tell me to pitch in and be blanked, and add insult to injury by putting my circulation at 250 copies, when I have been working 300 right along for a month past. You see the spirit, sir. It is one which can not be curbed and quenched too soon, and I am thinking seriously of issuing a circular and calling a meeting of the State editorial fraternity. We are drifting, sir—drifting away from the glory, honor and power which once surrounded every editorial sanctum, and unless we put on the brake, the day will come when even no farmer will bring us a bag of apples, and no circus feel it obligatory to leave free tickets."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Husband and Wife Reunited.

Wifely devotion seems to have been carried altogether too far by the Biddesford woman who, when her lord and master got sent to jail for thirty days, promptly got drunk herself for the sake of being sent up after him.—*Leicester Journal.*

The London city council has now swallowed up the ancient court of burghesses of the city and liberties of Westminster. One by one the old landmarks disappear.

AN ENORMOUS STUMP.

Undoubtedly the largest stump in the State of Washington is the one located just below Snohomish City, on the farm of W. S. Clay. It is a huge cedar, and its diameter is 20 feet—a surface sufficient for a hundred men to stand upon. The tree was burned down some sixteen years ago says the *Seattle Press*, and its wood was used for fence-rails, shingles, etc. There was enough material in the tree to furnish rails for the fencing of a large Texas farm.

The wood is red cedar and is similar to the timber from which lead pencils are made, and would also be cherished by any builder for the special wood finish and decoration of a house. The farm upon which the stump is was taken up as a homestead by Royal Haskell in the year 1873. Mr. Haskell continued to improve the farm for a period of ten years. It was by his hands and his sons' that the giant tree was prostrated by the agency of the flames; and its bulk—to other trees as the elephant to the horse—formed an article of plentiful distribution and utility.

A log ten feet in diameter is the largest that can be sawed by any mill now on Puget Sound, and even then there has to be two saws, one above the other, each with an immense sweep. Allowing two feet in every twenty for the tapering of the tree, there would need to be five twenty-foot logs cut off a tree, the diameter of which is twenty feet at the bottom, before it could be sawed by any of our mills. The red woods of California have to be quartered by blasting before they can enter the mills. The same plan has to be followed in Washington, where the tree is of exceptional size.

Two years ago the stump was photographed, when five horses, standing abreast, three free apart, and thirty men were upon it. Such a photo is now in possession of the writer and others in Snohomish. A circle, whose diameter is 20 feet, must be 63 feet in circumference, and contain an area of 314 square feet. The tree belonging to the big stump was 80 feet in height and its volume was, therefore, 6,374 cubic feet. This was a giant! Poetry has lauded the majestic oak, but its size is often eclipsed by Washington's cedars.

The people of this State are aware of the high estimation of our shingles in Eastern markets. They are manufactured entirely from the cedar tree, which is usually larger than the ordinary fir. It is no exaggeration to say that a tree like the giant above mentioned would last a shingle mill of considerable capacity through three months' sawing. No cross-cut saw yet manufactured is large enough to make a cut through such a tree at the butt; and if there were, it would take two men two days to saw a tree of that size down.

A Horse's Memory.

"Say, friend, you are on my horse," said one gentleman to another as he reined his horse before the door. "Your horse! Oh, no! Why, I bought this horse two years ago."

"You did?" answered the other.

"Well, I lost my horse. It was stolen just two years ago."

The conversation took place under the far-spreading oaks of an old-time plantation home, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. A planter was surprised to see his horse return home after two years, and ridden by a gentleman who evidently had bought the horse in good faith. After some conversation the old owner of the horse, with much earnestness, said: "Well, sir, if you will dismount, unsaddle the horse, and he doesn't go to the fence, take the bars down, walk to the well, and if he doesn't find water in the bucket let it down the well, and then off to his old stable I will give up, and that horse isn't mine."

"At your word," the horse is yours if he does all that," cried the visitor, and, leaping from the horse, unsaddled it. What was his astonishment when the horse went straight to the fence, let down the bars, crossed over, went to the well, and, finding no water, let the bucket down, and then, as though he had left home but yesterday, walked to the old stable. The animal remembered the trick and the owner recovered his horse. There are those living now who can attest to the truth of this story, though it happened years ago.

How He Managed It.

"The prairies of the west are great places for wind," said a wild west telegraph operator to a N. Y. *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."

IS THE EARTH A DYNAMO?

A Metallurgical Engineer Advances an Interesting Argument on the Subject.

The earth is a great dynamo, revolving around its axis at a peripheral velocity at the equator of more than 1,000 miles an hour, a much higher speed than is attained by any dynamo made by man, writes Jacob Reese in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

By virtue of the dynamic action of the earth electricity is drawn into it. And as the dynamic action is largely due to its velocity, and the velocity being greatest at the equator, the dynamic effect will be greatest at that point. Hence the greatest amount of electricity will be drawn to the earth at the equator and the least at the poles.

Temperature being the measure of molecular activity (as weight is the measure of matter) the temperature will be highest at the equator because the molecular activity is greatest at that point; and so the temperature will be less and less as we pass from the equator toward the North or the South poles, because the peripheral velocity grows less and the dynamic action is diminished. The phenomena we call sun rays are produced by the electric currents drawn to the earth by its dynamic action.

Matter *per se* is imponderable and inert; it is endowed with energy by the physical forces, and is thus made electrical. The different elementary bodies are endowed with energy in different degrees, hence they vary in their electric capacity. The phenomena of weight and specific gravity are caused by the dynamic action of the earth drawing all matter containing electricity to it, and consequently drawing all matter containing electricity, and as the matter is differentially endowed with electric power, the dynamic effect in drawing it to the earth will vary accordingly. We thus find that the difference in the weight and the specific gravity of matter is caused by the dynamic action of the earth.

Matter may be divided; the end of physical division is the molecule. Sir William Thompson, an expert in molecular physics, says that "there are nineteen million million million molecules in a cubic centimeter of any gas." From this we learn that the particles that compose the atmosphere are infinitely small. The dynamic action of the earth drawing the electric sun current through the atmosphere forces these minute molecules into such a high state of activity that they exhibit the phenomenon we call sunlight. Sunlight being produced by the molecular activity of our atmosphere, is confined to it, and darkness prevails between our atmosphere and the sun.

The electricity drawn into the earth by its dynamic action increases the molecular activity of the material, and as the electric currents approach the center of the earth they focus, and by their aggregated action the molecular activity of the earth is increased to that velocity that exhibits incandescence. Thus we find that the heat of the earth is not produced nor is it sustained by the combination of fuel, such as coal, oil or natural gas, but is generated and sustained by the dynamic action of the earth.

The greatest peripheral velocity, and the greatest dynamic action being at the equator, the greatest amount of incandescence matter will be found beneath the torrid zone, and for this reason volcanic action will be confined to that locality.

The normal path of energy is from the higher to the lower degree of activity, hence the electricity drawn to the earth by its dynamic action passes from the higher peripheral velocity to the lower velocity near the axis, and from thence out at or near the North pole and from there to the North Star, thus producing the Northern lights and an arctic open polar sea, for the electric current passing out at the North Pole will put the water into such a high state of activity as will prevent its freezing, notwithstanding the low peripheral velocity of the earth at that locality.

Where Pumice Stone is Found.

We often hear it remarked, and particularly after an eruption of a volcano, pumice stone ought to be plentiful and cheap, as quantities must have been ejected during the volcanic disturbance. As a matter of fact, however, none of the white stone in general use is obtained from active volcanoes. It comes from deposits of the article discovered in one or two quarters of the globe, the best of which is at present to be found in the Island of Lipari, situate in the Tyrrhenian Sea. The island is mountainous in character, and consists of tuffs and lavas, and of highly siliceous volcanic products. The district where the stone is found is called Camyo Blanco or Monte Petalo (1,500 feet above the level of the sea.)

After riding a considerable distance partly along precipitous paths sufficiently dangerous to be interesting, and partly through vineyards and over the grassy plains, one almost suddenly comes upon a seemingly snow-clad, narrow valley inclosed by hills, also quite white, and the whole glaringly bright on a sunny day. Into these hills workmen are ceaselessly digging deep burrows, working within by candle light. In their excavations they come across many lumps of pumice stone, which are placed in baskets, subsequently being conveyed along the valley to the seashore, where small boats are loaded and sailed to the seaport near by, where the stone is sorted, packed and shipped to distant parts, either via Messina or Leghorn.

The late Dowager Empress of Germany left a fortune of 7,000,000 marks.

AGRICULTURAL EMPORIUM.

Cyclopedia of Useful Studies For the Farm and Home.

Intelligent Chapter on Alfalfa—Salt's Value For Cows—Barb Wire Cuts—Valuable Hints For the Home, and Useful Recipes For the Household.

Alfalfa.

Having recently received a number of letters and inquiries in regard to alfalfa, I am now going to answer some of the numerous questions asked me, writes a Garden City, Kan., correspondent of the Practical Farmer.

How much seed does alfalfa make per acre? How much can you sell the seed for per bushel? Is alfalfa good feed for hogs? Is it a good bee plant? Well, in answer to these questions or queries I have to say: Alfalfa makes from five to ten bushels per acre, which is worth \$4 per bushel, and makes the farmer from \$20 to \$40 per acre for seed crop, and we cut it three times a year, once for seed and twice for hay. It makes from three to six tons of good hay per acre, which is worth in Garden City \$4 to \$5 per ton, can be handled as cheaply as any other kind of hay. For hog-feed alfalfa can not be beaten. Hogs never die of cholera that are fed on alfalfa, they will fatten on it in spring and summer and keep in good condition in winter on the hay. Alfalfa for winter feeding to hogs should be cut before it blooms and put up in good condition. I know of a number of hogs in Finney county that have never seen an ear of corn, and they now look as well as any stock hogs I ever owned in the east, when we fed them on corn the year around. Bees would certainly do well in a field of alfalfa, as there is a very heavy bloom and it is very fragrant and richly honey laden, and blooms from May 1 to November 1. Alfalfa, like the orange tree, blooms continuously if allowed to grow without cutting, there being ripe seed, green and bloom on the same stalk, and all simultaneously. We fatten a great number of steers in this country during the winter on alfalfa hay and sell them direct to the butchers and shippers at good prices, they preferring alfalfa to corn-fed cattle—the meat being much more juicy and sweet. In regard to alfalfa as a milk producer, I would say that it will produce a better flow of milk than any feed that can be given to cows. I have tried chopped feed, timothy and clover, but alfalfa excels them all. When do you sow alfalfa? There is quite a difference of opinion on that question but, I would say, sow it any time from March 1 to September 1; quite a number of our farmers have sown it September 1 with good results. Thoroughly prepare your soil, and put your seed in the ground and not on top, and I will insure and guarantee you success, seed but 2 inches in the ground will make 6 inches of root before the top comes up, which insures it against drought. May 15 of 1889, I sowed twenty acres of alfalfa which was at that time covered with a growth of oats 12 inches high. I used a press drill with corn-planter runners, sowing 20 pounds per acre. We cut off a good crop of oats, and when I was last on the farm last September the alfalfa was 10 inches high and looking well. Can alfalfa be plowed up? Yes, if you have three extra good horses and a good sharp plow. The roots are long and thick, and they grow from 6 to 8 feet and are as large as a fork handle at or near the top of the ground. Alfalfa does not freeze out as red clover does in the east. There was \$60,000 worth of alfalfa seed grown in Finney county last year.

Where It Comes From.

It is said that nine-tenths of all the oil of peppermint used in the world comes from one little county in New York state. Wayne county is a small county, but it is one of the leading in points of agriculture in the great Empire state. One branch of agriculture is that of raising peppermint. Two crops of peppermint are raised on a field. The sets, or parts of old plants, are planted in April and May, in rows two feet apart. They grow to the height of two feet. If the leaf is pressed, the odor is very profuse. The gathering season is in August, and the plants are cut close to the roots with a scythe. They are cured by wilting in the sun like hay for about twelve hours, the oil being expressed more freely than when it is fresh. From the roots the next year's crop springs.

Value of Salt for Milking Cows.

An experiment made the past summer with cows proved that when a handful of salt or about two ounces of it, was given every day, the yield of butter was increased one-fifth; and when salt was withheld the yield fell off in the same proportion. The reason, beyond question, is that as salt is required for full digestion of the food, more of the food was changed into milk. Keep rock-salt within reach of the cows.

Barb Wire Cuts.

Some plan must be adopted to prevent so many colts from cutting themselves with barb wire. It is useless to talk of any other kind of fence. Colts get out oftenest when two herds meet at a fence in adjoining pastures. Colts raised on the same farm are not apt to cut themselves. Colts moved from farm to farm are more likely to get hurt. We think if a smooth wire were

put on posts 3 feet high, 4 feet from the barb wire fence, says the Des Moines Register, it would keep the colts away from danger. Boards on top of the fence are not practical, because they would require extra posts. Willow hedges north of the osage orange line of growth, which is about the Rock Island Railway, would answer well around a horse pasture. Most farmers can afford to prepare for horse pasturing, summer and winter. The damage to one colt, if prevented, would pay for considerable extra preparation. Thousands of promising young horses are ruined for the eastern market by being lamed, or by unsightly scars from barb wire. It is well settled that colts can winter in a blue grass pasture with very little grain or hay, or none at all if the grass is abundant and the snow not too deep. We think a willow or osage orange hedge around such pastures beneficial in many ways. Where the pasture is on an open prairie it should have wind-breaks of some kind. We notice that grain growers grub out such hedges, but grazers can afford to let them grow.

To Scald Milk Properly.

It is recommended that the milk supply of cities, at least in hot weather, be scalded as soon as received by the consumers, to prevent its souring. To scald milk properly, the following method is advised: Take a thin glass bottle provided with a rubber cork, fill it with milk nearly up to the neck, and place it uncorked in a kettle of water, which should then be gradually brought to a boil. When steam has commenced to escape from the bottle cork it lightly, and continue the boiling from thirty-five to forty minutes, and the process will be complete. A bottle of milk thus prepared, it is said, will remain sweet a month if kept in a cool place and tightly corked.—Journal of Health.

Measuring Corn in the Crib.

D. C. Thompson, Pendleton Co., Ky., asks for a reliable rule for measuring corn in the crib. The best rule for measuring corn in the crib is the following: Multiply the length, breadth and height together in feet to obtain the number of cubic feet. Multiply this product by four, strike off the right-hand figure, and the result will be the number of shelled bushels in all, very nearly.

The Striped Cucumber Beetle.

In my gardening experience of over thirty years, says W. F. Massey, I have never found any need for protectors to keep the striped bugs off of cucumbers, squashes or melons. These beetles usually attack the plants when in the seed-leaf state, and seldom do much harm afterward. As soon as the seed-leaves appear the bugs appear also, but a handful of bone flour dusted over each hill will keep them away.

Apples Medicinal.

The medicinal virtues of the apple are being sounded on all sides in Europe. It is said to neutralize the evil effects of eating too much meat, and the German chemists state that it is richer than any other fruit or vegetable in phosphorus, an element that is useful in renewing the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal cord.

Hand-Fed Calves.

If the calves are to be fed by hand, the better plan is not to allow them to suck at all. Take them from the cow and keep in a dry, warm place, and feed regularly. This will be better than allowing them to suck a few days and then take away.

Farm and Household Hints.

A tablespoonful of kerosene in a boiler of clothes will greatly facilitate the rubbing.

Dampness is as injurious to young stock as cold. Dryness and warmth conduce to health and save food.

As a rule all but one of the work teams should be mares, and the mare should bring a good colt every year.

A good pig should average about eight or ten pounds gain daily from birth to slaughter until 12 months old.

Four a teaspoonful of kerosene into each quart of boiled starch, for a gloss; this will also prevent irons sticking to thin goods.

Clover hay, cut very fine and scalded, is an excellent ration for growing pigs that have been weaned. A mess of the cut clover given once a day will promote their appetites and keep them in health.

Every animal on the farm should pay for all the feed it can eat, and if it will not do this and pay a profit the sooner it is got rid of the better. With good stock there is no economy in stinting the feed.

Seasonable Recipes.

FOR STAINS ON WHITE GOODS.—Oxalic acid dissolved in a little water is very good, but must be washed out immediately and handled carefully as it is poison.

WASHING COMPOUND.—Two lbs. soda ash, 1 lb. borax, 1 lb. sal soda; powder and mix; 1 tablespoonful to every 4 pails of water in boiler, and soak the clothes in it if desired.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup each of sugar, molasses, butter, raisins and cold coffee, three cups flour, or sufficient to form stiff batter, one teaspoonful soda and two of cinnamon.

COCONUT PIE.—Grate one coconut stew slowly in one quart of milk, pour it upon one-half a loaf of baker's bread crumbled very fine; when cold add one pound of sugar and one quart pound of butter beaten to a cream; stir them well together, then add six eggs beaten light; bake with a single crust.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Best Arrangement for an Ideal Course of Study—Specific Training for Special Pursuits.

Opinions on Educational Topics by Educators and Teachers in all Sections of the Country.

The Coming School.

The future can be predicted only from the progressions of the past and the visible tendencies of the present. The history of educational thought furnishes us all the foundation principles for the coming school, and all possible educational ideals to choose or build our own from. It also yields us examples, in abundance, of bad or good methods, or short-lived and enduring institutions. It has given us, in Froebel's work, the beginnings of a philosophical training by the state; in Pestalozzi's, some splendid suggestions for the next stage of public education; in the work of specialists, the means of systematically continuing the subjects commencing in the course of previous mind-training; in the schools of Athens, types of the final processes in general schooling; in the professional and trade schools of later times, a means of special training for pursuits. This completes an ideal course of study. It is arranged as follows:

1. The kindergarten, providing a comprehensive rudimentary training for all the elements of character.

2. The primary school, continuing this training; establishing clear concepts of all familiar objects; exercising the more complex mental powers; connecting related things in memory; fixing habits of study, and teaching the three "R's."

3. The secondary school, gathering correlated facts into their several departments of science; cultivating the special gifts of individuals; teaching, with each science and art, the literature that belongs to it; necessarily conducted by specialists.

4. The tertiary school, for the deeper study of the classics, arts, and sciences, and the higher cultivation of the logical, critical and rhetorical powers.

5. The special school, in which some profession or other industrial occupation shall be thoroughly learned.

If it is true that the whole boy goes to school, moral and manual training must accompany mental training in all schools. If it is true that the mind is a unit, the same conclusion follows. If it is true that we act from motives, moral training is a school necessity. If it is true that all knowledge is related, all the powers through which knowledge is acquired must work together.

The educational thought of the present is developing a true notion of the importance in mental growth of the individual concrete concept. It occupies a central place in thought, being the product of sense-action and the basis of mind-action. It can safely become our next fetish, since of such are the stepping-stones to even true progress. In its worship the teacher need not lose sight of anything good, for all lines of growth lead to it or from it. Even physical exercise, manual training, and ethical culture may be included in the processes of concept building, which is the chief legitimate work of the primary school.

The most formidable obstruction in the way of the coming school is our habit of placing young and inexperienced teachers in charge of primary classes, where breadth of thought, definiteness of plan, and skill in execution are infinitely more needed than in the subsequent work. To make one's self thorough in a single branch of study, with sufficient general intelligence to see and show the dependence of that branch upon others, is the task of the specialist in the secondary school proposed. It is indeed a difficult task, requiring the patience and devotion of genius. But most every human being has a natural genius for some one thing; and, given the requisite training, there would be no lack of specialist teachers. Far higher in the scale of genius is his who can, while planning a day's work for a little child, have and hold in view the whole of that child's character and destiny; and, if to plan is easier than to fulfill, what shall be said of the skill that shall faithfully carry out in daily, hourly detail, aims so broad and deep and high?

With inexperienced young girls in our lower classes, it is quite impossible to conduct education in accordance with any known law. Even in the higher classes, under the tuition of competent teachers, true principle cannot be applied, because there is no foundation, or a very poor one, unless the pupil has received some training at home. This is the secret of the "crum" so complained of. To continue the practice of placing the weakest teachers where the strongest are needed is the greatest pedagogical error of our day.—Journal of Education.

Educational Notes.

Intellectual athletics are needed daily.

No teacher has all the wisdom of the profession.

A new setting for old methods is always welcome.

Do not ask the same of slow children as of the quick.

The world never needed a good thing more than now.

Do not deluge your school with information on any subject in which you are a specialist.

There will be prose enough in the life of every child if you put into it all the poetry you can.

Edward Rowland Hill: If in any case the salary of a teacher seems too high, it is not the fault of the salary.

Give a business turn to all your

arithmetic work in the way of writing numbers, as well as in the way of combining them.

Prof. N. S. Shaler, Harvard University: Teachers must frequently be turned away from their calling for the refreshment which they need.

None of the great theories are adapted to the work of any teacher without special modification. In the nature of the case they are general, while all good teaching is specific.

R. W. Stevenson, Columbus, O.: Every course of study for a public school should be constructed to meet in theory and in practice the requirements for right and useful living.

Supt. J. B. Monlux, Hastings, Neb.: In order to secure a genuine nationality, we must have a national system of education, based on the broad ground of experience and good sense.

Eva D. Kellogg, Sioux City, Iowa: Let us improve the numberless opportunities to bring the outside world into the schoolroom; to flavor every day's work with the woody taste of outside life.

State Supt. A. S. Draper, New York: If there is any one thing that the school work of this country needs, it is that no person shall be permitted to teach who has not received some practical training.

Mary E. Burt, Cook County Normal School: The theory that textbook literature is all-sufficient in the education of children is more mischievous than that textbooks should be entirely dispensed with.

James MacAlister, Philadelphia, Pa.: No thinking mind, no intelligent instructor, can withstand the witness which the kindergarten bears against formalism and tradition, and in favor of freedom and progress in education.

The teacher's tone of voice and inflection in the ordinary work of the schoolroom has more influence upon the elocutionary style of the pupils than the direct teaching of reading. The schoolroom tone forms the habit rather than the reading lesson tone.

Ohio teacher: What effect does teaching have on you? Does it make you selfish? Does it make you domineering and dictatorial? Are you sorry when school opens and glad when it closes? If you feel so you had better stop. You have likely missed your calling.

Prof. N. S. Shaler, Harvard University: After each vacation the child returns to his work with a mind disused to the tasks of the schoolroom. Indulgence in the half-intellectual existence of vacation destroys the habits of study which it has cost so much pains to inculcate.

Joshua H. Davis, Somerville, Mass.: Children never conceal their joys, but are often reticent concerning matters that mar their happiness, and are inclined to endure in silence much that overshadows their lives. Hence the liability to overestimate the pleasures of childhood, and to forget that sorrows also are incident to that period.

Supt. J. M. Berkey, Somerset County, Pa.: Let us retain the veterans in the teaching service so long as they stand in the front rank of progress and keep pace with the spirit and needs of our schools; but if they are not successful, not willing to advance in the profession and to increase their efficiency from year to year, then let them step down and out.

Boston Herald: School gardens, i. e., gardens for practical instruction in rearing trees, vegetables, and fruits, are being added to nearly all the public and private schools of Austria. There are now already 7,769 such in existence in the Austrian monarchy alone, Hungary not included. They also comprise botanical museums and appliances for beekeeping.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Boston: Never before has there been witnessed so prevailing an interest throughout our whole land, in every variety of education,—common, industrial, and collegiate,—as during the last few years. But history, discussion, and elaborate addresses have yet accomplished the needful results. A dense cloud of illiteracy overshadows large parts of our land. We hardly dare to anticipate the extent of illiteracy which the census of the next year may reveal.

Supt. A. C. Goodwin, Owensboro, Ky.: Looking into the desk of some of the teachers, the most conspicuous thing is disorder, and extending the observation to the pupils' desks, rags, papers, apple cores, and confused piles of books, will frequently be seen. In other rooms we see no ink-stained desks, no old dirty rags, no apple cores, no scattered pieces of paper, no confused heaps of books ready to tumble out at the slightest jostle. Here we find work neatly and expeditiously done, without hesitation and without erasure.

Supt. J. B. Monlux, Hastings, Neb.: Not until our graded and high schools are governed by the finest ability that our normal schools and colleges can furnish, and our country schools are controlled by those who have enjoyed special training, not less than may be afforded by our high schools; not until our common school, the connecting link between the home and the state, receives the attention demanded by its importance as the foundation of our educational system, and until that interest is manifested in providing teachers who appreciate the importance of their work, will the state realize the full fruition of her labor, in nobility of character and general intelligence of her children.

Capt. Elisha Oakes of Vinalhaven, Me., has 90,000 live lobsters in his pond, from which he is shipping from Boston.

THE SOAP-PEDDLER'S WARNING.

And How It Was Interrupted by an Eccentric Little Woman.

A fly-by-night peddler occupied the entire end of Eddy and Market streets a few evenings ago and sold soap, says the San Francisco Examiner. His wares were not warranted to cure California fleas, nor yet to knock out Boston's fistic cultivator, "J. L. S." But he claimed pretty nearly the entire earth for that soap of his; said that it could give a man a pointer on a horse; a sure cure for dandruff; tell the lucky number in the next lottery drawing, etc., besides removing spots, stains, and smut from the wearing apparel. He was a very voluble talker, and a nuisance as well. He churned out "Sweet Violets" and "The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la-la," on a 10-cent mouth harmonica, while he lathered his head with his soap and produced a foam which would have done credit to the storm-tossed ocean.

Quite a crowd gathered around the fakir's wagon. They watched him manipulate a pack of cards, draw a glass of sherry from a bottle of ink, untie fourteen knots from a silk handkerchief in two consecutive seconds, and draw a live rabbit from a near-by newsboy's ear.

"Now, gentlemen, you have seen all there is to see in the way of legerdemain. I'm no Heller, nor am I a Herrmann. I'm a simple, plain, three-cornered, old-fashioned, slab-sided, country-cut soap peddler! Before I attempt to extol the virtues of this highly-prized article, which babies cry for, mothers jump at, and fathers pay the small price of 15 cents to keep peace in the family, I would like to give you a word of warning. It's got nothing to do with the soap. Here it is, free, gratis for nothing, in just two little words—don't marry! Marriage, gen'l'men, is the b'g'inning an' end of all troubles. Like a young bear, when you once get married you've got all your troubles ahead. I—"

Just then a stout, energetic little woman, with light hair and blue eyes, pushed her way through the crowd. Her face was flaming red, her hands were clenched, and it was perfectly patent to the by-standers that there was trouble in store for somebody.

When the fakir caught sight of the woman he wilted. Not one word could he say. He blew out one of his gasoline torchlights in a feeble manner and attempted to draw reins on the sad-looking horse attached to his outfit.

The little woman elbowed her way right up to the wagon and seized the soap fakir by the coat-tails. She pulled him down from his seat to the sidewalk. He was as pale as a ghost, while the little woman continued to be as red as a rose. She drew a cowhide from under her wrap and began to beat the fakir, clinging to him with her right hand gripped on his coat-collar.

"J-o-ohn," she gasped between blows, "you m-n-i-serable, o-c-ontemptible s-s-pecimen of a man, you deserted me, didn't you! You left me to starve in Los Angeles. (Whack!)

You told me you came from back east. (Thump!) You swore you had lots of money. (Swash!) You didn't have a bean, and I don't believe you ever will have one. (Biff!) But I want you to understand that I'm a California woman, I am, and I never forget a man who does me dirt. I washed, and you cooked, and worked for you, and you know it. You married me and you left me when you got tired of me. I never want to see your face again, but I've been waiting six months to give you what you're getting right now.

"There, you ugly, deceitful wretch!" "There" meant a lash in the face, which made the soap-peddler yelp with pain. The crowd howled its approval of the woman's action. The woman herself disappeared among the throng on Market street. The bruised and battered soap-peddler blew out his remaining torch, touched up his antiquated steed, and silently stole away.

The Sleeping-Car Wreck.

Manager Bennett has three bright youngsters, ranging from 3 to 7. The other morning he was awakened by a heavy crash in the children's room, followed by a prolonged howl. He rushed in. The smallest kid was raising the roof, while the eldest stood, half frightened, contemplating a heavy bureau which was tipped on the floor.

"Papa," he shouted, "Frankie's in the upper berth. Frankie's in the upper berth."

With considerable difficulty Mr. Bennett raised the wreck and skidded it on to the track. Then he opened the upper drawer, and young Frank popped his head out and surveyed the group.

"We was playing sleepin' car, pop," he exclaimed. "I got in all right, and Fwed tried to climb in the lower berth when the old car tipped over. But we didn't bweak nuffin, did we pop?"

"Nothing more valuable than your necks, you young train robbers," was the fond parent's comforting reply.—Washington Post.

Joys of Perfect Health.

Health is perpetual youth. It is to feel the body a luxury, as every vigorous child feels, or as the bird when it shoots and quivers in the air, not flying for the sake of the goal, but for the sake of flight; or as the dog when he rushes wildly across the meadows or plunges into a blissful stream. But neither child or dog enjoys his cup of physical bliss with a felicity half so cordial as the educated conscientiousness of knowing how to keep well and to feel that you have turned that knowledge to good account in preserving the health and saving the life of a fellow-being.—The Sanitarian.

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An Old Dish Cooked Over.

For some months past the Kansas Farmer has been interested in the Farmers' Alliance. It is reported that it now proposes to give less attention to politics and more to agriculture.

All along the position of the paper has been an anomalous one. A year or two ago its editor, Judge Peffer, wrote a book in favor of a high, or protective tariff. His name appears to-day as the vice president for Kansas of the American protective league.

Some months ago he published a series of articles, entitled, "The Way Out." The substance was the "Way Out" of the present financial stringency was for the government to loan money to the people at a low rate of interest. The idea was put forth as something new, and Judge Peffer has been giving lectures before alliances, setting forth the advantages of the plan, and it has been called "Peffer's Plan, and approved in some alliances.

The idea is old, stale, and would prove unprofitable. It is an old greenback party notion. It has been advocated by some men for a quarter of a century. It is now a second-hand notion.

Not to speak further of its antiquity, instead of affording a way out, the plan might better be termed the "Rapid Road to Ruin." Unless some very radical changes are first made in financial management the whole idea is monstrously fallacious. At best it would only bring temporary relief, and the last end of borrowers under such a system would be worse than the first.

Firstly, it would encourage the custom of borrowing, a thing that wants to be checked. There is a possibility of such reform as will make so much money borrowing unnecessary. This is the end to be sought. This involves a radical change in our financial relation, the abolition of rational banks, the present methods of manipulating stocks, bonds, options and futures, a penitentiary offense—the making it a crime to obtain money by most of the speculative means now employed and regarded legal.

Until this is done, any way out that comes only by the issue of more money, either by government loans or silver coinage, would give temporary relief, and give the scalpers greater power in the future.

Several bills looking toward these ends are now before Congress. They are mostly sops thrown out to appease public discontent. It is not probable that one of them will pass into law, nor are they intended to do more than to blind the people. They are the offspring of political demagogues, in the old political parties. So, too, are the captivating, impractical and untimely theories of government loans, under present conditions, the offspring of ignorance, or of demagogues in the new parties.

The evils that afflict this nation are grave enough and numerous enough. It is cruel folly to deny them or ridicule them. But there is a little to be hoped from those who expect a remedy from a wave of some magic wand, as from the party demagogue who sits in Congress to do the bidding of Wall street.

The Farmers' Alliance, which has had an almost miraculous growth in this state, which has foundations laid in reason and justice, and is the controlling party to-day, may yet be swept away by the hands of the politicians in sixty days' time.

Make the price of corn thirty cents a bushel instead of fifteen, and the power of the alliance will go down in proportion. And yet the price of

corn really has nothing to do with the principles upon which the alliance is founded.

The serious reforms needed in this country to-day, form the concern of many of the best minds of the nation. The unrepresentative tendency of this age cannot escape the observation of thoughtful men. The revolt against it may be seen in many phases outside the Farmers' Alliance. This organization is but one form of its development. The low price of grain and the decline in the price of cattle, may have opened the eyes of some farmers to evils, that will again become invisible, or secondary, as prices may go up once more.

To gain a new lease of power, such an increase in prices may be artificially produced. In this the money power and the politicians are alike interested. It will come only as a last resort, but it will come, if necessary, to their continued triumph.

Then may be seen the folly of those who expect great results in short time, instead of waiting with patience the fruition of thought and education. Possibly then may be known the weakness of a too rapid and too careless growth.

The Harmon Lucifer case, of Valley Falls, is on trial before the United States court this week.

A Topeka balloon ascension Tuesday afternoon, ended as usual, in gas. These free balloon shows are usually inflated.

Topeka had a six thousand dollar fire Tuesday afternoon. A good many small fires visit the capital this year.

The death of Sam'l J. Randall removed not only a great democrat but a great American. He was too great for any one party, but belonged to the whole country.

During the burning of a Topeka livery stable on Tuesday, an escaped horse became so bewildered that he ran half way up the stairs in the Veal block across the street before he was caught.

John Marshall is a candidate for district clerk. Mr. Marshall is well and favorably known to all Topeka, and has done much towards advertising our city far and near. Now Topeka people can reciprocate.

Judge Foster, of the United States District Court, charging the grand jury, on Tuesday, hinted that they might very profitably prepare the way for Maj. Hudson, of the Capital, to enter prison doors, for taking excessive fees for legal publications. The judge is sore.

The State Fair Association has been a good deal dissolved and a good deal reorganized. It was at first decided not to hold a fair this year, but after the reorganization a change of policy was instituted. Orrin T. Welk is president and E. G. Moon continues secretary. A fair will be held, and it is expected to exceed all that have yet been held.

Bear constantly in mind the folly of the idea that there can possibly be an over production of farm products, so long as there are people suffering from hunger in the very midst of abundance. Over-production, or in other words, a supply exceeding the demand, may seem to be the case. But this appearance is only on the surface. We must look deeper for the explanation of the trouble.

The first girl ever employed as a clerk in the Government departments at Washington was a school teacher named Jennie Douglass. Her school being broken up by the war, Gen. E. F. Spinner interceded with the Secretary of the Treasury to give her a clerkship. Mr. Spinner had been a banker, and often got his wife and daughters to trim bank notes for him, as they performed this work more rapidly and neatly than his clerks. He stated this fact to Secretary Chase, who very reluctantly consented to the innovation of a girl in the Treasury Department. The legal tender notes came from the engravers in New York in sheets, with blank margins all around, four notes on each sheet. General Spinner gave her a pair of long shears, and taught her to trim the whole length of a sheet at a single clip. She proved an apt pupil, and the very first day did more work than either of the young men, who received one hundred dollars a month, while she was paid fifty. This was in 1862. During that year seven young women were appointed to clerkships, and now they are employed by the thousands in various departments.

Work was begun Monday on the state house.

Horse thieves are doing a lively business in the vicinity of Emporia.

It is authoritatively stated that Judge D. C. Metaker is in the race for congress in the Fourth district against Representative Kelley.

Ernest Buck, age 22, committed suicide at Paola by taking carbolic acid. Excessive drinking of late induced the act.

In the disbarment proceedings against Attorney H. L. Burgess at Olathe, fourteen charges were filed against him.

At Columbus Jerry Ailip, charged with the murder of Charles Williams, a blind man, and his son, at Galena on the night of March 8, was found guilty of murder in the second degree.

John Barber, colored, has been arrested at Topeka, charged with enticing Birdie Thompson, a good looking mulatto girl, away from her home and keeping her confined in his room two days.

The town of Endora petitions for the release of Douglas Monroe, 15 years old, from the Lawrence jail, who has served two months for petit larceny. A jail is no place for boys of fifteen any way.

Congress is playing to light houses and the show is in keeping with the attendance. For what has this great body been waiting for five months? There has been far more death and mourning this winter than legislation in Washington.

Holders of Chetopa real estate are not near so anxious to sell as they were before the discovery of oil on the Huggins farm. In less than a year's time this same discovery will enhance the value of every piece of property in Chetopa at least 50 per cent.

The teachers and pupils of Madison school at Topeka, Monday afternoon, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the restoration of the national colors to Ft. Sumter in Charleston harbor by raising a handsome flag, the gift of Hon. Harrison Kelley, upon their school building.

Robert I. Lee, of Topeka, has sold his great stallion, Robert McGregor, to a Kentucky man for \$40,000. He is the most valuable horse ever owned in Kansas.

The College Echoes prints a cut of the proposed college building of Lane University a solid and gorgeous-looking structure of limestone range work, with a massive square tower and massive chimneys. It will be the most substantial educational building in Kansas.

Miss Bisland's account of her rapid trip around the world, which excited such general interest at the time, begins in *The Cosmopolitan* for April, with a number of illustrations made from photographs taken en route, and from drawings from Robert Blum. An excellent portrait of Miss Bisland is one of the illustrations. An extra package recently arrived at the German Consulate of New York for Mr. Poultnie Bigelow, the author of the article on the German Army in the April number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. When opened, it proved to be two large volumes, handsomely bound, one of them inscribed in the handwriting of the young Emperor, who is now attracting the attention of the world by his efforts to improve the condition of the laboring man. The inscription was affectionate and proved that a man, engaged in the cares of great empires, can turn aside and recollect the friendships of his youth. The handwriting was firm and perhaps indicative of the traits of the distinguished German Kaiser. His portrait, which appears as the frontispiece of the April number, introducing Mr. Bigelow's article, was drawn from a photograph which had also been presented to Mr. Bigelow by the Emperor.

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Western Farm News.

Geo. R. Peck has been selected to deliver the annual address before the literary societies at Washburn college.

The colored people of Douglas county will organize about May 1st, what will be known as an Ingalls Club.

A collection is to be taken up in all the churches of Sweden for the benefit of Lindsborg college, Kansas, on the first of August.

Mr. A. H. Humphrey, president of the Baldwin City Bank, died at his home in Baldwin, Sunday, April 13. Mr. Humphrey was 71 years of age, and leaves a wife and four children.

There is a good deal of complaining by some of the citizens of Lawrence of the small boy shooting and killing the birds. In some places boys are even given a premium to kill English sparrows.

T. K. Shirley, who spent several weeks soliciting for Stevens county, writes to the JOURNAL that the night on which the car arrived in Liberal, a crowd of drunken Hugoton men broke into the aid house and took forcible possession of the goods, distributing to suit themselves. He says that many deserving people got little and others none, while the parties themselves appropriated a large portion of them to their own use.

United States district court opened Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with District Judge C. G. Foster upon the bench. There are over 100 cases, all criminal, and about eighty cases which will be brought before the grand jury. Among the most interesting cases that will be tried are the Harmon case, for sending obscene matter through the mails; the Frank Woodruff case and the Central Detective agency and other snide detective cases. Woodruff was assistant postmaster at Lawrence, who was short in his accounts. The other cases are principally for selling liquor without government license, counterfeiting and tampering with the mails.

There is a man now living in Salt Lake City, one of the old settlers, who when quite young married an Indian woman. Years went by, and he amassed a large fortune and lived in an elegant house, surrounded by every luxury. One day an acquaintance, who had imbibed something of the morals of the place, said to him: "Why don't you get a young and pretty wife, who will suit your beautiful house? You might give that old squaw enough to live upon in a quiet way. As it is, she's a perfect million-stone about your neck." With blazing eyes he turned upon him, saying: "That old squaw, as you call her, helped to make every cent of money I have to-day, and so long as we live we share our fortune together."

Gov. Osborn in an interview a few days ago said: "We have been rolling up republican majorities by pressing home on the farmers the old time doctrine of Horace Greeley, that protection would build up factories at our doors and furnish a market for the sale of our products. Unless something is done to show Kansas people that protection as practiced by the republican party works out that result, we shall have trouble. We cannot any longer furnish the big republican majorities and let the manufacturers down east, who are rich, get all the benefits, while we have nothing but mortgages to show for it. This thing has got to have mutual advantage or it cannot go on Kansas with her unbroken republican delegation of seven in congress is at least going to have something to say about it."

Spain has a novelty in the way of a submerged railway. It runs through the surf off Orton, near Bilboa, 650 feet out into the ocean. The mines of Orton are extremely rich in iron, but there is no harbor there and great difficulty has heretofore been experienced in getting the ore off to ships. Now that the submerged railway has been built it is a simple matter. It runs out into deep water and an iron tower seventy feet high, worked by counterbalances, runs from the cliffs to the waiting vessels, which are moored bow and stern in the roadstead. When the tower arrives at the ship its top, bearing its load of ore, is about even with the vessel's deck. As soon as the iron is loaded on to the ship the weight of the counterbalances pulls the tower back to the cliff, where it runs up to the mouth of a chute and automatically opens its mouth. The chute comes down from the mines and when it has dropped on the tower enough ore to overcome the weight of the counterpoise, the tower starts away to sea again. This sort of thing is kept until the vessel is filled. All that is necessary to do to start the tower on its peregrinations and put the submarine railway in operation is for the miners to drop ore into the chute.

Big Bank Failure.

Purcell, proprietor of the Manhattan Bank, made an assignment to John W. Webb, his cashier; the liabilities are \$561,000, assets not known. The assignment was precipitated by the action of the British Land & Mortgage Company, which advertised a public sale of collateral given by Mr. Purcell to secure \$200,000 due April 1, and which he failed to pay. Stringency of the times and exceeding difficulty in making collections were the principal causes assigned for the failure.

The Manhattan Bank was the oldest in the State west of Topeka and Mr. Purcell was the wealthiest man in the county and one of the wealthiest in the State and a leading business man of Manhattan. He was supposed to be absolutely safe, with unbounded credit. For several months there had been vague rumors that he was embarrassed, but the public would not believe it. The failure is the greatest disaster that ever befell the county because of Mr. Purcell's immense interests and long standing business connection. Every thing is quiet in the city, although the failure is the chief topic of conversation. There is no run on the other banks. There are a good many depositors, mostly in small amounts, and business men will not be seriously embarrassed.

A suit was begun in the district court by E. B. Purcell suing the British Land & Mortgage Company of America (limited) for \$100,000 damages, alleged to result from the public offer to sell the Purcell securities. Mr. Purcell secured from the court an order restraining the mortgage company from disposing of 5,200 shares of the mercantile company's stock deposited with it by Mr. Purcell as collateral.

The woman suffragists of the country hope to send Susan B. Anthony to the United States Senate from the new State of Wyoming one of these days.

An order has been issued forbidding duelling in the German army, "except in cases where a council of men of honor, to which all the circumstances shall have been referred, shall declare that a duel is necessary."

The current number of the Magazine of Western History contains an interesting article by W. W. Admire, entitled "A Scrap of Kansas History." The article comprises twenty-two pages and is well illustrated.

It is positively stated in official circles that Queen Victoria is seriously considering the step of abdicating the British throne, in which event the Prince of Wales will become King of England and Emperor of India.

Edward Damm, of the United States Army, is making a sensation in Berlin by an exhibition of a monster balloon for war purposes. The balloon is called the Bismarck. It is lifted by electricity, and is capable of signalling at a great distance. It will be adopted by the German Army.

Great mistakes are often made in trying to economize. It is a safe rule to follow that the best is always the cheapest. A cheap physician may cost you your life. If you have Malaria in your system, you will not only be miserable but unfit to work. Lost time is money lost. One dollar spent for Shallenberger's Antidote will cure you in twenty-four hours. Sold by Druggists.

The municipal government of Oskaloosa, Kan., which was administered last year by women, was turned over Monday to the sterner sex, the mayor and all the members of the council being men. The women stepped down and out of their own motion, and worked and voted their successors in office. The management of the affairs of the city was highly efficient and successful. Things are in much better shape than they were a year ago, and the experiment of female government at Oskaloosa has the credit for the improvement.—Fort Scott News.

Of all the prominent persons named by Crowell as paid supporters of the saloons in the Amendment campaign, Miss Kate Field is the only one who has the truthfulness and frankness to confirm his statements. In an interview in the New York Herald for April 3, she said: "I do not deny that I received \$250 a day and my expenses for the speeches I made during the campaign referred to. They may have helped the party which was fighting the Prohibition movement to their great victory, or they may not have done so. It is not for me to say."

The Louisiana Lottery was chartered in 1898 for twenty-five years. Its charter expires, therefore, in 1923. The next Legislature meets in May. It will be urged to pass a bill submitting to popular vote a constitutional Amendment making the charter of the Lottery perpetual. If the Amendment is adopted it will probably become a law in 1922 and the Lottery will continue. The Lottery has been a curse not to Louisiana alone, but to the entire nation. It incites the gambling fever which, once fairly started in a man or woman, overrides all restraints of law and morality and defies the claims of honor and honesty.

A Lady's Perfect Companion. Our new book by Dr. John H. Dye, one of New York's most skillful physicians, shows that pain is not necessary in childbirth, but results from causes easily understood and overcome. It clearly proves that any woman may become a mother without suffering any pain whatever. It also tells how to overcome and prevent morning sickness and many other evils attending pregnancy. It is highly endorsed by physicians everywhere as the wife's true private companion. Cut this out: It will save you great pain, and possibly your life. Send two cent stamp for descriptive circulars, testimonials, and confidential letter sent in sealed envelope. Address FRANK THOMAS & Co., Publishers, Baltimore, Md.

Topeka is now connected with Chicago by a through Western Union telegraph wire.

A small child of N. K. Fritz of Pratt drank carbolic acid by mistake and died in a few minutes.

A prairie fire near Americus burned eight horses, a barn and about 3,000 bushels of corn for J. K. Pesterman.

Vast beds of an exceeding fine quality of marble have been found near Iola, and two stock companies have been formed to develop the find.

An unknown negro made a desperate assault on Mrs. John C. Elliston, a bride of three weeks, in a suburb of Wichita, but was frightened away in time.

L. Jackson, a colored man 21 years old, was arrested Saturday night at Wichita on suspicion of being the assailant of Mrs. Elliston of the night previous.

A fire started by some men clearing a field south of Atchison, spread to some fruit farms adjoining and did considerable damage to the trees and shrubbery.

Last year the city officials of Cottonwood Falls were all women. They declined reelection this year, and as a consequence the city is now governed by men.

The Farmer's Alliance of Brown county has repudiated the action of the recent county presidents' convention at Topeka and expressed entire confidence in Senator Ingersoll.

David Beebe, an old settler of Salina, committed suicide Saturday by strangulation. Temporary insanity, caused by severe sickness and financial embarrassment, is given as the cause.

Alden Williams, 92 years old, who lives nine miles south of Spencer, Ia., was struck by a freight train near Wagstaff station and severely injured. He is now lying at Paola in a dangerous condition.

Capt. J. D. Parker, of Fort Riley, has presented to the natural history department of the university twenty specimens of fossil fishes, which are of great value. Five or six different species are embraced in the collection.

It has just been discovered that by making false census returns the officials of Lyon county have been enabled for the last two years to draw largely increased salaries. It is not yet known who the guilty ones are, but the crime is a felony.

At Valley Center, twelve miles north of Wichita, Robert Nelson, a prominent business man, inhumanly beat his wife with a big stick until forced to desist by the neighbors, and then left the village fearing rough treatment at their hands.

William Regan, the burglar who recently entered the residence of Mrs. B. F. Booker at Topeka and politely held an extended conversation with her, but departed with her money and diamonds, has pleaded guilty to burglary in the first degree, but has not as yet been sentenced.

Many of our Kansas yards are now like Kansas girls—all peach blossoms.

Richard Lindsey, of the Kansas City Times, succeeded D. T. Palmer, as Topeka correspondent.

Pres. Fairchild, of the Agricultural College, is of the opinion that "no organization, however extensive, is worth its cost, unless its aims are definite and clearly understood. Farmers need to settle upon the one line of action that is needed first and follow it; then the time will come to settle another line, and act accordingly."

While the Leavenworth county alliance was in session at Tonganoxie a sharp and sweeping gale of wind from the south took the roof from the building and carried it several feet to the north, leaving the audience exposed to the wind and sun, and as the flight of stairs downward to the street was narrow, there was confusion in the crowd. No one hurt.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards was interviewed, not long before she sailed for home, by a representative of the New York Sun, who asked what had impressed her as peculiar in America. Miss Edwards said: "That which most surprises and impresses me is the number, size and importance of women's colleges, the enormous forward movement for education for everybody, and the universality and activity of women's clubs."

Senator Cullom's bill providing for the loaning of money to farmers at 2 per cent, is the first measure which has ever been presented to congress from the republican side of any value as a protection or encouragement to the farmers. It is a measure which greenbackers have long advocated. Gen. Weaver could not have formulated a better. If such a measure should pass, then indeed would "the solitary places rejoice and the wilderness blossom as the rose."—View, Fairbank, Ia.

And this is not done with any purpose of having it enacted into law.

The board of railroad commissioners have delivered an opinion in the matter of the complaint of the citizens of Lawrence against the express companies doing business in that city, for refusal to deliver packages south of Adams street. "To hold that an express company can set aside or vary such a custom or usage," says the board, "is to assert that it may make the laws under which it carries on its operations. We are clear that the establishment of arbitrary delivery limits within the city of Lawrence is unwarranted, and results in unjust discrimination toward those living within the excluded districts. The board therefore directs that such discrimination cease, at least in so far as it respects that part of the business carried on by the two named express companies which are not interstate."

Golden Bricks.

Life is the best school, and conscience the best guide.

Nine-tenths of man's ills come only as they are invited.

The man who is always sober is always on the right road.

Persons who have dirty back yards leave dirty memories.

Our best friends are not those who come with taffy.

Never ask a man for his advice unless you are willing to accept it.

Retailing scandal and injurious reports of others is like drinking swill.

One sure way to bring unhappiness is to quarrel with what you have.

No man should expect more of good will from others than he has for them.

To neglect to train a girl to active usefulness is to land her in future misery.

The sturdiest and tallest trees grow in the field of indifference to public opinion.

The man whose wife does not know how to keep house neatly is not fully benefited by his marriage.

When persons marry they should cease trying to offend each other with words intended to sting.

Never accept the advice or rely on the judgment of a man who is not posted on what he talks about.

The preaching of others will never get us into Heaven, as every person must make the climb for himself.

Many a man has cured himself of sickness by going to work and ceasing to set on a nest full of worry eggs.

The dirtiest robber of all is the person who detracts from another's good name and thus robs his betters.

Some wives are never happy till they have said something to make their husbands feel sore and miserable.

The woman who really loves a man will never lay in wait with words that burn or that are intended to humiliate.

The less you have to do with any person whose talk is about his neighbors, the better off and happier you will be.

Man's principal wealth as he starts in the next life will be his education and what he has learned that is useful to others in this.

Place no reliance on the love of a woman whose great desire is property, or on the love of a man who loves only physical beauty.

What a helper is death when it takes children from parents who abuse and neglect them, and old people away from children who feel that old age is burdensome.

Julia Ward Howe is said to be the best Greek scholar of her sex in America.

Red lights on the rear car of railroad trains, it is said, were adopted at the suggestion of the late Mrs. Swissbell after a railway accident in which she had a narrow escape.

A Michigan girl, Miss Ward, 17 years of age, with an income of \$150,000, has become engaged to Prince De Bolcion Carmien, of France. It is not stated what his income is.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw has just concluded a most successful month's work in Kansas. She starts at once for South Dakota, to aid in the campaign for the woman suffrage amendment.

Judge D. C. Metsker and Gen. A. B. Campbell propose to enter the lists as competitors for the republican nomination in the congressional race. Judge Metsker wishes the office for one term and afterwards, it is said, will renounce all further claim to the office. Campbell might as well wait till Metsker has had his term.

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BERNARD'S LETTER.

We were all poor in our village, but some of us were poorer than others—so poor that we had not black bread enough to eat—so poor that, when the hard winter came creeping upon us like some cruel, hungry tiger, we had no brands with which to scare it off.

In Bettina's cottage, where she sat and spun while her childish old grandparents nodded in their chairs beside the fireplace, all was as clean as it could have been in a palace; but she had hard work to fill those two old mouths and her own also. There was no one else to do it.

The lady at the great house bought her flax and paid well for it. But, after all, Bettina had but her two hands; and two little brown hands can not do all the world's work.

"Wait patiently," Bettina said to me sometimes. "What does it matter? We love each other; we trust each other; let us be content."

But I could not be content. I felt I would win Bettina I must leave Savoy and go to America. I told Bettina so, and though she wept, she said, "Go—go, Bernard, and I will pray for you. It is all a girl can do."

At last I had money for the voyage. I had saved it little by little for two long years, and now the parting hour had come.

"It is that we may be with each other always some day that we part now," I said.

Her tears fell over my neck. We pressed each other in a long embrace. At last I tore myself away, and blinded by my tears set off upon my journey. We crossed the sea in safety. I stood at last in a strange land and among strange people.

A year passed by—twelve long months; so long, counted by love's reckoning, and yet I hoped and strove. One more year and she would come to me. The months would slip away like the beads upon the rosary of one who prays for blessings. I should feel her hand in mine when they were all counted. I should press my lips to hers—all would be forgotten but our meeting, and while I lived the old people should share our happiness.

With such thoughts as these in my mind I entered the great factory where I worked one day. I said to myself as I threw off my jacket, "At noontime I will write to Bettina."

What do we know of noontime at dawn? What do we know of night at midnight? Nothing.

I remember thinking this. I remember crossing the long room. I remember a sudden flash and crash, and the oaths of men and a girl's mad scream. After that a sense of pain awakened me, and I found myself lying in the dark, with my own hand, cold and clammy, lying in a great, warm soft hand that held it very tenderly.

I tried to rise. I could not.

"Where am I?" I said, and my voice sounded low and hoarse in my own ears.

"Who is this?"

"It is the doctor," said a voice. "Be calm my friend."

"Is it night?" I asked.

"It is night."

"Why do you not light a lamp?"

He made no answer.

"What has happened?"

"Do you not remember?"

"I remember a noise."

"It was an explosion," he said, after a pause. "You were hurt. There were many killed outright."

"Doctor," I said, "is it night?"

"It is night!" he said solemnly.

"But only for me! I know that I am smitten blind!"

"Try to be calm, my friend," he whispered. "It is hard—but try to bear it!"

What can we do but bear what God sends upon us? But I did not bear it well. Can you wonder? All was gone—all my hopes of life, and even all that I had won in the last year. Some wretch had stolen the little moleskin pouch from my bosom. I was a beggar and blind! I prayed to die, but I lived and grew strong again.

One day as I sat by the hospital window, I formed a resolution. I said to myself: "I can be brave enough to spare Bettina something; and I will do it though my suffering should be increased by the act. I know that if she knew the truth she would grieve bitterly and remain true to me. I know that if I were sent home, and the doctor says I might be, she would even marry me, and try to feed me as she does her helpless ones. That shall never be! I will send her word that I am dead, and then, when she has grieved awhile, youth will triumph; she will marry the young farmer who loves her so truly, and is good as well as rich, and she will only remember poor Bernard tenderly as one who loved her in the past. And young Bernard is really dead. The blind beggar is not the same man."

The good doctor shall write me a letter, and so as he passed I called to him and told him all.

"It will be best for her," I said. "I will set her free. She will grieve bitterly, I know, but the other lover will one day blot out my memory. Tell her I died with her name on my lips—I do. As I die, heart and soul, here before you, I have but one thought—it is Bettina."

"And you think she does not love you as well?" he said.

"She loves me even as I love her," I said. "Ah, doctor, it is because I love her so that I would spare her all I can. You will write."

"I will write," he said. "Stay—come to my office. I have a nurse here now who can break the news tenderly, I believe, if any one can. She has waited on you for a day or two saying very little. I forbade that. But her

hands are soft, her touch kind, I think."

"Heaven bless her! She is gentle as a mother," I said. "Yes, let her write the letter."

He took my hand in his and led me to the room he called his office. Then he left me a moment, and when he returned I heard the rustle of a woman's garments following him.

"This is the nurse who will write the letter," he said.

"I thank her," said I. "Be gentle, madam; my Bettina has a gentle heart."

"What shall I write?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"Write that I am dead," I said.

"Write that I love her to the last. Write that I bade you tell her when her grief had passed to wed another, and be happy."

"Happy, and you dead?" she said.

"And she loves you."

"Madam," said I, "we have a proverb in our country that 'the dead trouble is better than a living one.' A blind beggar whom she loved and who hopelessly loved her, would be heavier on Bettina's life than the memory of her dead Bernard. I can do little now, but I can do this. Write, madam."

The pen moved over the paper. Soon she said: "I have written. Shall I read it to you?"

I answered: "Yes, if you will, madam."

She began: "Die, unhappy girl! Your Bernard has perished. What is life to you any longer? He is dead. Had he lived, blind, or maimed, or helpless in any way, there would be hope for you. You could fly to him; you could comfort him; you could toil for him; you could be his sunlight. Alas! no such joy awaits you. He is no longer anywhere where you can find him. Lie down and die. That is all you can do. He is dead."

She ended in a flood of tears. I started to my feet.

"Why do you write thus?" I cried.

"Who are you? How did you come by that voice? Speak!"

Then I felt two little hands steal about my neck and a wet cheek touched mine, and a whisper came: "Bernard, it is I. Did you not guess? Do you not know your own Bettina?"

She clasped me closer. I heard the door close; the doctor was gone.

"The good doctor!" she said. "The first day of your illness he found a letter you had begun to me—and sent it with word of your misfortune; and a letter to one who could bring me to you if I desired to come. Ah, heaven bless you, he knew a woman's heart better than you did! When the letter came my dear grandparents were lying dead. I only stayed to look upon their grave before I came to you. You were so feeble that he dared not let me tell you who I was at first. To-day you were to know. Ah, Bernard, to-day, when you would have written to me that you were dead. Bernard, how could you do it? How could you do so?"

"It would have been best for you," I said.

But she clasped me closer.

My life has been a dark one ever since; but Bettina's hand has led me day by day, and the good doctor's kindness has been shown to us in teaching me such work as I can do. I shall never see the sweet face that I remember so well. But I know its beauty and its goodness, and the love-light in the eyes, too well to forget them. And I know that I am dearer to her for my misfortune, and I am happy.—*N. Y. Evening World.*

Storm and Calm.

STORM.
Over the leaden sea the wind blows shrill,
Hurling the billows on the sullen shore;
It thunders with the battle's brazen roar,
Piling the waves in many an angry hill;
The tempest bellows with a maddened will,
What surging harmonies its trumpets pour,
In choruses that to the heavens soar,
And all the sky with rumbling tumult fill!
While variations of its wind-swept wall
Are intermingled with the sudden booms
Of seething breakers on the shore of night,
Out of the inky darkness and the gale
Calmly, defiantly the lighthouse looms,
All glorious in its wreath of living light.

CALM.
New morning on the pulseless ocean throws
Its white-winged kiss, and in the smile of day
Dissolves the sea's pale drapery of spray,
While the new moon beneath its bosom goes,
It shimmers faintly in the kindling rose
Of dawn that flecks the weary wastes of gray
A soothing quiet stretches far away
That seems the incarnation of repose;
The music of the sea—that never stills—
Breathes its celestial spirit on the calm,
Like a soft prelude from the lute of sleep;
While the first sunbeams tremulously all
Yon idle sail that, spread for isles of palm,
Rests like a day-dream on the shining deep.

—B. K. Munkittrick in Harper's Weekly.

A Crucial Test.

Maine Lawyer—"What is your opinion of the character of Deacon blank?"

Witness (cautiously)—"I never heard nothin' ag' in him."

"Don't you know him to be an honest man?"

"Wall, he's been fair an' square in all his dealin's with me, and with others so far as I know."

"Isn't that sufficient to prove him a man of sterling integrity?"

"Wall, I dunno. I never traded hosses with him."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Slightly Off.

A little pupil of the Clinton School, having been called upon to air her knowledge of Columbus, said that he was "an advatager, alligator, and exploder." The words the child was wrestling with were "adventurer, navigator, and explorer." And the child's name is not Partington, either.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A Jackson County, Missouri, man is suing for a divorce from the woman he wedded thirty-eight years ago. He says his wife made him do the washing and the general housework.

QUEENSLAND'S WONDERFUL WELL.

It Throws a Fountain of Water a Hundred Feet Into the Air.

The artesian well at Charleville, on the Warrego River, Queensland, is the newest and most remarkable instance of the natural resources of marvellous Australia. The well is situated quite near the railway station, but in one of the most unlikely places that could have been imagined. Who on earth would have expected that this artesian well, which is the best in the world, or at all events yields the largest amount of water, was sunk on the top of a sandy hummock? Yet so it is. The site was chosen by the hydraulic engineer, J. B. Henderson, for reasons only known to himself, but which have been amply justified.

Crossing the swampy flat leading to this hummock, attention is drawn to a wide channel cut through the drift sand, and it is explained that the outflow of water had done this ere the apparatus for controlling it had been obtained. The bore itself looked a harmless enough kind of thing. It might have been taken for a rather high standpipe placed in an idiotic position in the bottom of a hole sixty or seventy yards long, thirty broad, and ten feet deep. But a moment's observation showed that the harmless-looking stand-pipe had made the hole. As a matter of fact, the water when it was tapped rushed up in such volume that it washed away the sand around the bore in a few minutes, and cleaned out the foundations of the derrick and threatened to wreck the whole contrivance. If they had not got a plug in it pretty soon, it would have washed Charleville into the Warrego. On top of the pipe there has been fixed a right-angle bend, so that the water can be turned in any direction.

When the visitors arrived at the bore it was seen that the water was trickling in a tiny stream from this bend into the thirsty sand below, but in a few minutes the scene was changed. Mr. Woodley of the Queensland Boring Company, which sunk the well, opened the valve, and with every turn of the wheel the thin stream thickened and deflected from its former perpendicular course. Gradually the volume of water increased and began to roar through the pipe almost like steam blowing from a safety valve. Every moment the sight became more interesting, and when the valve was fully opened it was a spectacle to wonder at. Rushing from the bore and by its own force ejecting itself for a distance of thirty feet in a horizontal direction came a column of water white as milk in appearance. In a second or two it churned up the sand before it into coffee-colored mud.

This was the first singular thing noticed, for the falling white torrent driving before it, as it seemed, the brown mud, produced a whimsical effect like the pouring of milk and coffee into the same cup at the same time. But this did not last long. In a few moments a little pond was formed, which filled up until the level of the surrounding ground was reached, and then there was seen at first a rivulet, and then a stream rushing down the hill-side. When it is said that this well fills a 500-gallon tank in thirteen seconds it can be readily understood that all this did not take long. The valve was next closed and the right-hand bend removed. On the second opening of the valve there was witnessed a spectacle at once beautiful and majestic, and which was well worth the long journey from Brisbane to see. The water rose in a snowy column like a stalagmite of wood to a height of thirty feet, and descended in a hissing torrent set and close as to quite obscure the pipe itself. It was a marvel of beauty, and a picture that will never be effaced from the memories of those who witnessed it.

Subsequently a nozzle, one inch in diameter, was attached to the pipe, and when the water was turned on it ascended in an even jet to a height of nearly one hundred feet, returning to earth in a heavy shower, dissipating in mist clouds through which the rainbows played with an effect that was as beautiful as it was wonderful. It seemed that the visitors would never tire of looking at it. They simply stood and gazed, hardly saying a word, for in the presence of this marvelous phenomenon speech seemed poor and commonplace, and the mind simply gave itself up to childlike wonderment.—*The Queenslander.*

Life in Far Shetland.

The houses here are much the same as crofters' houses all over Shetland, with low walls, an arch-shaped roof, thatched with straw and weighed down with heavy stones, to secure it against the hurricanes of winter. The fire is on the floor, a little in front of the wall farthest from the door, and the smoke finds, or at least is expected to find, its way out an open chimney in the roof. In some houses there are internal chimneys of wood, which arrangement adds much to the comfort of the occupants. In all, there is the spinning-wheel and the ever-clicking knitting-pins, as also the ancient stone quern for grinding their bread into meal. The meal so prepared is called "burstin," small cakes baked of it are "burstin-broomies," and when eaten with cream it is known as "burstin-pram," all which words may exercise the etymologist. Each crofter has, as a rule, one or more cows and ponies, with a number of sheep corresponding to the extent of his holding. Some families are, in their rank, evidently comfortable and well to do. Others are as evidently poor.

The puglist's motto.—There is more pleasure in giving than receiving.

Swallowed Two Wars and More.

There were a number of us in one of the London taverns made famous by Dickens, when a great big fellow slouched in and made himself very disagreeable with his mouth. One of our party was a man from Boston, and some way or other he and the big man came to exchange words. The first we heard of the row the big man was saying:

"You Yankees is great on the brag, and that's all you can do."

"Well, I dunno," replied Boston.

"But I do. When did you ever do a bloomink, blasted thing?"

"How about 1776?"

"Never heard of it!"

"How about 1812?"

"Never heard of it!"

"Did you ever hear of Bunker Hill?"

"I have, sir. That's where 600 red coats licked the life out of 4,000 bragging Yankees!"

"I guess not."

"Not! Does you dare to dispute the Liverpool Kid?"

"You'd better read what history says."

"I have done that 'ere, you bloomink idiot, and it says as how all you Yankees run at the f. st fire! Don't it now?"

"I never heard that it did."

"Don't it say that?"

The big fellow had pushed up his sleeves and put up his fists, and it was plain that a row was on hand. He was big enough to eat up two such men as Boston, while he had friends to look out for the rest of us. Our companion therefore took the most prudent course and acknowledged that history might say so, and probably did say so. This satisfied the big fellow, and he turned away and glanced at a Frenchman, also a tourist, who had come in later.

After a long stare he walked up to Crapo and shouted:

"Blast yer bloomink parley vons, but we've always licked ye out of yer boots on land and sea!"

"You speak von big lie!" shouted the Frenchman, hot in a minute.

"What! Call the Liverpool Kid a liar to his face!"

"Aye! and I shall now give you von awful beeg licking!"

"Johnny," got out of his coat in a jiffy, danced around with his hands up, and to our utter astonishment the Kid went right down into his boots and slunk out of the room, having no more pluck than a hen. We sat there for five minutes before any one spoke. Then it was the Boston man, who said:

"Just think of it! I can lick six fellows like that banty Frenchman, and yet that big duffer made me swallow two wars for independence and Bunker Hill on top of them!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Stage Laughter.

The average actor, who can portray pretty much all phases of sentiment, is a bad failure when his part calls for audible laughter. From this condition it seems to be a fair conclusion that jollity is more difficult to simulate than sorrow. How many well-known actors are there who laugh naturally on the stage. McKee Rankin, who has certainly mastered the technicalities of his profession, has a stage laugh that sounds like a distressed cackle, according to the *Dramatic Times*. When Lawrence Barrett laughs the cords of his neck swell with the effort, very much as they do when he is spouting heroic speeches at the top of his voice. Mr. Barrymore has a laugh that reveals his teeth, but reveals not the slightest spark of geniality. Mr. Kelcey laughs totally without expression. Mr. Drew smiles and smiles and utters no sound.

Aside from the various uncanny noises produced by laughing actors, their facial expressions while undergoing the process of cachinnation are painful to witness. They look uneasy, self-conscious and strained, as though the effort hurt them. To be obliged to laugh on the stage is to every leading actor an ordeal of startling proportions. Comedians may find the path of laughter less thorny, because they are allowed to embellish it with eccentricity beyond the borders of burlesque. But sentimental actors seem so fearful of losing their dignity that they dare not laugh with the ring of true enjoyment.

A player may, with the slightest exercise of his gifts, reduce an audience to tears, and yet be the most hopelessly absurd and unreal laughter alive. Clara Morris can bring tears from the stoutest auditor without a particle of feeling on her own part. But when she tries to laugh her watchers grow alarmed. We have not heard a hearty or gentlemanly laugh upon the stage for many years, and we do not understand why it is that actors who can perfect the smallest details of other simulacra totally fail to conquer the spirit of laughter.

Looking for a Night Job.

Past Commander James S. Fraser, of the Grand Army of the Republic, of this state, told some friends the other night a story about a man he sent down to the custom house to get a job as night watchman. Collector Erhardt sent the man to the civil service board to be examined, say the *New York Star*. The man was quite intelligent, and answered all the questions put to him until he was asked what the distance was between the earth and the sun. He hesitated for a long time, and finally acknowledged that he did not know.

"You don't know?" asked the commissioner, severely.

"Mister," said the applicant, "I didn't think I would have to answer a question like that. I'm looking for a night job!"

Mr. Erhardt's favorite diversion is said to be running a scroll-saw.

STANLEY'S MARCH THROUGH AFRICA.

The Picturesque Cavalcade Which Accompanied the Great Explorer.

On the march from camp to camp Stanley and his choice following of picked pegazis and soldiers cut a picturesque and prominent figure in the long procession of nearly a thousand people in Indian file on the winding African road. Thirty or forty men of the expedition had been rewarded with flaming red blankets for good service, and had been promoted by Stanley to the honor of carrying his tent and personal effects. Stanley rode a very good donkey, which was presided over by a young man with a red turban, red knee-breeches, and red shirt, and seemed particularly proud of the exalted position to which he had on his personal merits climbed. Behind the long procession of the great explorer's red-blanket brigade, with boxes, tent, etc., on their heads, and with the red blankets proudly trailing to their heels behind. The scarlet brigade, with Mr. Stanley on the donkey in the lead, hurried along, passing the others as a fast train passes a slow one, and usually reached camp in advance. If the sun was shining Stanley hoisted a big greenish umbrella. The rest of Stanley's people were divided into companies or divisions, of each of which an officer had command and was responsible for certain goods.

Of the Europeans Stanley, Emin, Casati, Jephson, and Bonny rode donkeys; Parke, Stairs and Nelson walked. Parke had never ridden a step of the way across Africa. Two picked carriers conveyed Emin Pasha's little girl in a litter, and of the Egyptian and mongrel women some rode donkeys, some walked, and some were carried on stretchers.

Men and women carried infants on their shoulders, though not always, for one of the sad sights of the daily march was poor little pickaninies of 6 or 7 years old, sore-footed and weary, hobbling along and crying all the time to be carried. What a time it must have been to these small miserables trudging along day after day on the endless road, thirsty, hungry, tired, stubbing sore toes, stepping on a thorn now and then, weeping and snuffling, losing sight of their mothers if they had any, jostled and passed by rude, brutish men, who wished them dead and out of the way—poor little wretches!

Then there were Wanyamwezi porters bringing ivory, who had joined the caravan for safety to the coast; Emin's Egyptian officers, and a motley assortment of negroes from the Equatorial Province, wives and concubines of the officers and soldiers, some in the primitive costumes of their country and tribe, and others wearing clothes. Altogether these various elements must have swelled the total to nearly a thousand souls.—*N. Y. World.*

Hardening the Brain.

While we were waiting at the depot in a small town in Arkansas, a colored woman came up and asked if any one of the six white men was a doctor. One of them proved to be, and she rolled her check apron in her hands in a fussy way and asked if he wouldn't "jist step ober to de cabin an' see what ailed her ole man." He found that he had time, and said that he would go, and two or three of us went along to see what we could see. As we drew near the cabin the woman halted us and said:

"Ize bin all de doctah he's had, an' Ize willin' to allow dat I might her made some mistakes. When he was first taken I gin him turnip-seed tea. Was dat right, doctah?"

"I guess so."

"Later on I changed to a poultice of wild onions. Was dat right?"

"It might have been."

"Den I soaked his feet in hot water wid wood ashes in it, an' put a mustard poultice on de back of his neck."

"Yes."

"Den he allowed he felt wuss, an' so I changed de mustard to his stomach an' soaked his head. He dun complained all the mawwin', an' now Ize got mustard on his feet, a poultice on de middle, horse raddish on his neck, an' he's takin' sassafras tea to warm up de inside."

"Well!"

"Wall, if dere has bin any mistake, doan' let on to de ole man. Jist skip it ober."

We went in and the doctor examined the patient and found he had a broken rib, and told him what to do for it. As we left the cabin the woman followed us out and exclaimed:

"Fo' de Lawd, doctor, but what a blessin' dat you dun come along! I was dun doctorin' de ole man fur softenin' of de brain, an' if I hadn't cotched you to-day I was dun gwine to try to harden 'em up by mixin' sand wid his porridge!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Farming in Spain.

Consul Turner writes from Cadiz to the state department that farming in Spain is in a primitive state. Grain is cut with a small reaping-hook and threshed as in the time of the Cassars, by tramping it out with asses hitched to a stone-boat. The plow is a crooked stick pointed with iron. In the towns are to be seen heavy wooden carts drawn by oxen. Most of the carrying, transferring, etc., is done by donkeys. Sand, brick, lumber—in fact, almost everything that has to be moved—is carried on their backs.

A tearful widow at Charleston, W. Va., obtained an order for \$4 worth of groceries from the poor commissioners. Next day the provisions were spread as the refreshments at her wedding banquet.

STORIES ABOUT PROMINENT MEN.

Two Good Ones of Lincoln—Zach Chandler, Thurman, and Senator Pettigrew.

Abraham Lincoln must by future generations which read the history of his life, not yet altogether made, be regarded as one of the most unique characters in history. Even to those who by force of circumstances were most in his company he was ever developing a new side. Grim, revengeful Stanton, his War Secretary, never quite knew how to take him. Stanton was for exterminating such elements as dared to ask questions. It is related that once some one had refused to understand an order, or at all events had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln; "write him now, while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone-cruncher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe; "that's a good one." "Whom can I get to send it by?" mused the Secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln; "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that's necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."

Bravery was not the least of President Lincoln's many admirable qualities. He utterly refused to shut himself up during the dangerous stages of the war, and had he been less unyielding in this regard a detective would have sat behind the curtain in the box at Ford's Theater to grapple with the assassin who murdered him. Lincoln had more of the spirit of Andrew Jackson in him than most people imagined, and occasionally it came out, even when it went counter to the fixed rules of diplomacy. In the matter of the Alabama he felt that a great deal of red tape had been employed. When Mr. Adams notified Mr. Lincoln that perhaps another Alabama might escape, he did one of the most remarkable things recorded of any statesman. He thought for a few moments, and then reached for a small visiting-card which lay upon a desk. After bringing the stub of a lead-pencil to a point he scratched on it these words for Adams to read: "Tell Palmerston that another Alabama means war." No Alabama escaped.

"Old Zach" Chandler of Michigan was a character in his State and in the Nation—an old school apostle of Republicanism. He died soon after the close of the Garfield campaign, and his last political work was done for the martyred Ohioan. He related to his friends a story of his work in the Buckeye State, interlarded with emphatic expressions of disgust at the way he was used. At Akron some man without the fear of God in his heart stole his new Detroit hat and left him a battered one of straw. At Tiffin another wretch stole his gold-headed cane, which he had carried continuously since 1857. This was bad enough, but at Cleveland he fell into disgrace. Red Ribbon Reynolds had been there, all the bums had been converted to temperance, and every person in the hall wore a red ribbon in his button-hole. He made notes, thinking to say a few words about the evils of intemperance and to saddle the opposition with the rum vote. Some fool opened the window at his back and as a result the notes fluttered down among the audience. He had begun his temperance introduction and was intensely annoyed at the interruption. Thrusting his hand into his pocket he pulled out something to hold his notes to the desk. There was a snicker all round, which developed into a roar. He thought something was wrong with his clothing, but an attempt to ascertain only intensified the merriment. At last, as he was about to beat a hasty exit, his eye took in the paperweight—a mammoth corkcress.

No matter what may be a man's personal convictions on the temperance question he is bound to respect those of his wife. The venerable Senator Thurman was never considered rabid on that issue, but his wife, for reasons of her own, was fully imbued with the "touch not, taste not, handle not" principle. It is related that upon one occasion Senator Thurman's friends visited his house to apprise him that a new political honor had been conferred upon him. He was pleased, but after they had been seated a few moments the conversation lagged and the old Roman seemed to be ill at ease. His wife tried her best to entertain the campaigners and the Senator excused himself. He presently appeared with his boots and top coat on. "Gentlemen," said he, "we will now go out and get something to smoke. My wife is the boss here, and we never have anything to drink in the house." Mrs. Thurman looked pleased as she closed the door after them. "As I was saying," added the Senator, "she runs the house, but, thank God! she doesn't run the town."

They do say that the Senatorial poker club is on its last legs, and all because Mr. Pettigrew of South Dakota has taken a hand. They can't seem to hold him even, and the Southerners who used to bet "a hundred niggers" on a one card draw don't ante on less than three. One night recently a pretty stiff game was in progress and a fat jack pot excited his cupidity so much that he took four cards when it was opened for fifty. The first bet was fifty, and Pettigrew raised it back the same amount. The third player had cold feet and dropped out. The opener stood pat and "tooted" it another fifty, which Pettigrew doubled. This went on for a few moments, prockety crock, and then they raised the bet to \$100.

The other fellow was nervous, and at the first opportunity called. Pettigrew laid down his hand—ace, king, queen, jack, and ten spot of clubs. "Great Scott!" was the chorus. "Guess that's my pot," said Pettigrew. "What in here—did you draw to?" asked the man with a king full on ace. "That type-writer," said Pettigrew, pointing to the queen. Then they all went away.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Ludicrous Errors.

The method of lending money on furniture, which has sprung so far and rapidly into public favor, is constantly begetting ludicrous errors in chattel mortgages, said a clerk in the recorder's office to a St. Louis *Globe Democrat* reporter. This is due to the fact that so many illiterate men with small capital and a passion to increase it like sixty are indulging. We are compelled by law to copy every instrument put here for record letter for letter. If there is an error we copy the mistake, but underscore it to indicate that it is not the fault of the office. Not long since a man presented a mortgage that described "a blue mule with red plush trimmings." Whether it was an article of parlor or street car furniture I do not know, but I suppose he did.

Another curiosity was the description of a "marble top stove, a bureau with seven baking utensils, a lutecio-colored silk dress, mixed with yellowish blue fringe lace and flour barrel fixin' behind, and a patent apparatus for stirring eggs up fine." "Lusterless silk (2), a fry'ng pan, egg hatcher, cracked spittoon, sausage machine and Reuben's chromo" is an extract I got from an incongruous collection one day. "A bureau with a lookin' glass an' drawers to set what's left over in," was the sentence used by one man to keep track of a sideboard. An S tete-a-tete was recorded as a "settee with both ends warped skin ways and the back in the middle," while an invalid chair was marked down by an expressionist as a "double bicycle chair, devilish easy to set in any shape." But one I remember excelled all. It spoke of a fine taxidermist's cabinet as a "glass case full of dead birds that don't stink and a squirrel to boot."

But their orthography is great. Curtains often go as "kirtins," center table as "sent her tabil," and bedstead with mattress as "begstid wit ticks," while "soin masheen," "x10shun table" and "sereetwar" for esriroire are common, though "chickens in a peeno" for a Chickering's piano is not. But these must be rendered, on our books true to copy, which led to a very quaint engrossment soon after the legislature reduced the number of notaries public from 700 or 800 to 100. One of the ousted notaries, in writing his last acknowledgment, took occasion to remark at the bottom that the members of the last assembly were a class of men which he designated by a hyphenated trio of words which few Americans will be called without trying to whip somebody, and the application of which is popularly considered a justification for trying to whip anybody. But his opinion was recorded and will stand for years as a concise sizing up of a defunct legislature.

Love Among the Otters.

An old sportsman is quoted in the *N. Y. Tribune*, as follows: "In Choke Creek last summer one day I came upon two otters, one larger than the other. I soon saw that the small one was a female, and the other a male. She was shy of the big one, and whenever he tried to be friendly by getting nearer to her she acted so cross that he went back. He got so near once that she cuffed him and then plunged into the stream and swam around for a while. Then she returned to the log and drove him back to his own spot. "It went on in this way quite a while, and then another male otter came puffing and paddling to the creek till he struck the pool. Seeing the female, he crawled upon the log and caressed her. She seemed to take kindly to him, but the moment he spied the other male there was war in the camp. One was just as ready to fight as the other, and while they had it hot and heavy on the shore the female dived and swam up and down and squealed. "It didn't take the newcomer long to lick the other male, and the whipped one turned tail and scampered into the bushes. Then the female joined the boss and appeared to be proud of him. Instead of trying to meddle with them the desperate otter dived into the creek, caught a large trout and swam to the opposite bank."

A Machine for Making Pancakes.

An Illinois man has invented a pancake machine which threatens to revolutionize the present way of making that article of diet. The batter is placed in what may be termed a hopper on the top of the small machine, which is placed on the breakfast table. When cakes are wanted the machine, which works by a spring is set in motion, and the batter passes between two very highly polished rollers heated very hot by a spirit lamp. The cakes are thus rolled off and cut in the required shape by a sharp knife and thrown upon the plate which is held ready to receive them.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Hawk and Turkeys.

In Stockbridge township, Michigan, a hungry hawk swooped down on some young turkeys. The mother turkey tried to drive him away, but failing to do so sped away, and in a few moments returned with a whole flock of able-bodied adult turkeys and made a combined attack on the barn-yard pirate and beat him off.

ANIMAL LIFE SUSPENDED.

Curious Experiments with Frogs and the Spawns of Fishes.

Familiar instances of suspended vitality, or rather latent, are afforded by seeds, which may be kept for years without showing action, but are yet capable of being recalled to the exercise of the functions of life, says *La Monde de la Science*. Other instances are afforded by the lower organisms, which will remain dry and sterile for indefinite periods, to be brought into full activity at any time by supplying the due degree of moisture and warmth. Coming up to the higher forms of life, the same phenomena are usually manifested in insects, one of the normal conditions of whose life—the nymph or chrysalis state—is characterized by the exhibition of the external appearance of death. During this stage the vital processes are tempered down till only enough are in effect to maintain a merely vegetable existence; yet the insect is capable of slight motions when subjected to a shock or pressure. The duration of this apparent death varies according to the species and to external conditions. There are species that require two years of incubation before going through their metamorphosis. Others pass to the perfect state in a few days. Butterflies demand a certain degree of heat, below which they will not issue. The opening of the chrysalis takes place naturally when these atmospheric conditions are realized. If the season is late the hatching is also late. Hence we can prolong the duration of the chrysalis state indefinitely by properly adjusting the temperature, delaying to that extent the metamorphosis of the imprisoned mummy into the free and winged insect. Reamur, by putting chrysalides in an ice-box, was able to keep them alive and retard their development several years.

Going up higher in the animal series, eggs, which are analogous to the seeds of plants, present a remarkable example of retarded life. One of the most interesting features about them is the independence of their vitality, which persists even when the individual that has produced them, and within whose organism they are still contained, has ceased to live. This fact has been recognized in pisciculture, where artificial fecundation has been successful with eggs taken from dead fish. The persistence of life in frogs is very long. Spallanzani preserved some frogs in a mass of snow for two years. They became dry, stiff, and almost friable, but a gradual heat brought them back to life. Toads have been shut up in blocks of plaster, and then, having been deprived of all air except what may penetrate through the material, and of all sources of food, resuscitated several years afterward. This question presents one of the most curious problems that biological science has been called on to explain. The longevity and vital resistance of toads are surprising. Besides the experiments we have cited, nature sometimes presents some already made, and vastly more astonishing. Toads are said to have been found in rocks. Such cases are rare, but it would be as unreasonable to doubt them as to believe in some of the miraculous explanations that have been made of the matter.

The phenomenon is marvelous, it is true, but it is supported by evidence that we are not able to contest; and skepticism, which is incompatible with science, will have to disappear if rigorous observation shall confirm it. The toad was observed in one case in the stone itself and before, recovering from its long lethargy, it had made any motion. One of these toads was presented to an academy, with the stone which had served it as a coffin or habitation, and it was ascertained that the cavity seemed to correspond exactly with the dimensions and form of the animal. It is remarkable that these toad-stones are very hard and not at all porous, and show no signs of fissure. The mind, completely baffled in the presence of the fact, is equally embarrassed to explain how the toad could live in its singular prison, and how it became shut up there. M. Charles Richet had occasion to study this question some months ago, and came to the conclusion that the fact was real, observing that even if, in the actual condition of science, certain phenomena were still inexplicable, we were not warranted in denying their existence, for new discoveries might at any time furnish an explanation of them. "The true may sometimes not be probable." But science takes account of the truth, not of the probability.

How to Eat an Orange.

Until the last few years, since oranges have become popularized, it was a matter of no little difficulty and concern to those who desired to eat gracefully to hit upon the best way to eat an orange, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The thick and easily broken skin of the Spanish and Italian oranges admitted of but little variation in method. This skin was carefully removed and the fruit separated in its natural sections, and eaten piece by piece. With the thin, tough peel and tender interior skin of the Florida orange this was a matter of greater difficulty. Fastidious people objected to the style which is the delight of childhood, viz., punching a hole in the orange with the forefinger and extracting the juice by pressure and suction, and soon the fashion was set of dividing the orange in halves at the equator, if the expression may be permitted, and digging out the pulp with a teaspoon. Some genius improved upon this by cutting off only a small slice of the top of the orange at about the

arctic circle, so to speak, then with a sharp knife cutting out the core, a second circular cut just inside the skin separates the pulp, and if the operation is dexterously performed the fruit can be eaten with a spoon without spilling a drop of the juice, a recommendation which has made it more popular than any other method.

The native Sicilian who does not care if he does get a little of the juice smeared upon his countenance, takes his long, sharp knife—every Sicilian carries a long, sharp knife for family purposes, as he generally has a vendetta or two on hand—and cuts the orange spirally around, so that it becomes a long strip of peel and pulp. He grabs this strip at either end and draws it rapidly across his mouth, absorbing the juice as it passes. It is not pretty, but it is remarkably effective. A modification of this style is known as "New Orleans fashion." It consists in dividing the orange diagonally into four sections, cutting across the core. It is not, however, considered good form, by orange experts.

A Severe Rebuke.

A severe but well-merited rebuke was administered not long ago, says the *N. Y. Evening Sun's* Woman-About-Town, to a society girl by a young man who has the courage of very creditable conviction upon a certain common lack of the nicest courtesies among young women who are really very well bred, and who would not offend for the world if they stopped to think. "During one of my busiest weeks I invited a young woman to go with me to the theatre on a certain first night. When the evening came I reached her home shortly before 8 o'clock. I waited in the reception-room for some time. Then the mamma appeared. We chatted for a quarter of an hour longer. Still no signs of the young woman. I looked at my watch; it was just time for the curtain to rise at the theatre. I particularly wanted to see the opening of the play.

"Then I rose and took one of my checks from my pocket. 'Madame,' I said to the mother, 'here is the check of Miss D.'s chair, and the carriage is at the door. Will you be kind enough to ask her to come when it suits her best. For myself, I want to see the opening of the play.' And I walked out.

"And what did the young woman do?" asked three breathless listeners all at once.

"She came in the course of half an hour. She had good sense enough to take the rebuke in the right way. She knew she deserved it."

"Oh, but I would never have forgiven you!" sighed the chorus.

She Wanted Small Change.

She was a sweet-faced, demure little woman, and as she sat in the ladies' waiting room of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Jersey City, more than one man had his eyes on her and wondered who she was. By and by a young man in a check suit and carrying a great deal of cheek took a circuit around and sat down beside her. He had scarcely dropped into a seat before she gave him a sweet smile and inquired if he would please do her a great favor.

"Ah! with all the pleasure in the world!" he made haste to reply.

"I want some small change, and if you will be so kind as to take this bill and—"

"Certainly—certainly—most happy to do so," he said as he received it and started for the ticket office. He handed it in without looking at it and asked for change, but the ticket man shoved it back with the remark:

"Wonder how many more fools she will strike before her train goes!"

"What do you mean?"

"Look at that bill."

It was a \$5 Confederate note; and as the young man stood staring at it with blinking eyes the ticket man added:

"You are the fifth one within two hours. She brought 'em along for just such an emergency, and the proper thing for you to do is to take a back seat and make yourself as small as possible until your train goes."

The crushed young man did even better than that, he left the depot altogether, and his demeanor was that of a man who intended to hunt up a pile driver and let the hammer fall upon him half a dozen times.

A Favored Child of Fortune.

A one-armed printer is as much of a curiosity as the armless man who dexterously handles a knife and fork with his toes.

There came to Cincinnati two days ago such a wonder, and he is now working as a "sub" in the *Enquirer* office. His name is Harry Renrod, he is 27 years old, and hails from Washington, where he learned the trade on the *Republican*. Penrod six years ago went on a trip out West, and while gone lost his left arm in a railroad accident. Only a short stump, extending but a few inches from the shoulder, remains. Nothing disheartened by a misfortune that would have rendered most men helpless, Penrod set to work to manage the intricacies of his craft with one hand, and he succeeded so well that he now sets as big a "string" as the best printer, and he justifies his own matter and does it well. In "setting" type, Penrod places the stick on the case in front of him and then nimbly shoots the type into place, working very rapidly and with as apparent ease as a man with two hands. Penrod has worked as a "sub" on all the great newspapers of the country and makes a competent livelihood. He is the only one-armed printer capable of earning a full day's wages at the case.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

A paper in Canton estimates that 75,000 people die in China every year by fire and flood.

A wash of equal parts of glycerine and lactic acid will remove moth and freckles from the face.

Colonel Ingersoll says "epithets are so cheap that you can make money on lies at fifteen cents a hundred."

The Indianapolis News: "It is only a question of time when the wisest of us will make a foolish break."

The steamship Savannah made the first ocean voyage in July, 1819, sailing from New York to Liverpool in twenty-six days.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler, the artist, will paint an eviction scene. She has gone to Ireland to study the surroundings.

When one is fatigued and sore from much walking, it is very refreshing to bathe the feet in warm water and rub with extract of arnica.

The Alexandrian Library was in Alexandria, Egypt. It is said to have contained 400,000 valuable books (manuscripts). It was burned A. D. 640.

There are a dozen factories in Amsterdam kept busy night and day making genuine old spoons, knives and forks for idle American tourists.

Andrew Carnegie having founded free libraries in all the places he made his money, has started to build a mammoth hotel at Braddock, to be occupied solely by his employees and their families.

A silk handkerchief, so often recommended for wiping spectacles or eyeglasses, is not good for this purpose, as it makes the glasses electrical, and causes the dust to adhere to them.

The Russian government has ordered the planned great railway line across Siberia to be begun. When the line is completed it is estimated that the tour of the world in fifty days will be feasible.

The Russian government will attempt to lift two English steamers which were sunk off Balaclava during the Crimean war. It is believed that in one of the vessels is a chest containing \$200,000.

Bordered gingham are so wide that the width serves for the length of the skirt, the border forming the skirt trimming. The borders are wide, and are of Scotch plaid, or have graduated stripes of the new chine designs in vogue.

Tamagno, the great tenor, who gets \$100,000 for fifty performances and has other valuable perquisites, including eight seats every night he sings, has a brother who sings in the chorus for the affluent income of \$17 per week.

George A. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, who was for twenty-seven years a resident of Concord, N. H., has given \$30,000 to the Concord Hospital Association for a new building, to be named the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, as a memorial to his wife.

Captain E. B. Allen, of Harwichport, has invented a fire escape by which, as he claims, seven persons can be rescued every minute. One of the features of the invention, according to the design, is the arrangement for rescuing from the flames unconscious people, children and invalids.

To prevent your glass jars from cracking when putting in hot liquid stand a table-spoon upon them. There is a prevailing idea that this process has something to do with electricity, but the true solution is that the spoon absorbs some of the heat, and also carries some of it out into the open air.

A new explanation of short-sightedness comes from Breslau, Germany. A director of the Ophthalmic University there declares that in 300 cases that he has studied the presence of tight collars upon the muscles of the neck has so disturbed the circulation of the blood as to affect the eyesight.

It is related of Bishop Potter that he was once taken to task by a few of his denominational brethren on the charge of exhibiting a conceit of himself at variance with the spirit of humility. "It is not conceit," said the bishop, with that ponderous bearing that silenced opposition, "it is not conceit, brethren; it is the consciousness of superiority."

The advent of a lot of ballot girls of Barnum and Bailey's circus in Bridgeport, Conn., has caused two corset factory girls to loose their situations. Desirous of emulating the high kickers they practiced during lunch hours and were surprised by the shocked foreman. He dismissed the offenders with the remark that "no kickers were wanted there."

Sir Julian Pauncefote and Secretary Blaine have become warm friends. They liked each other from their first meeting and further intercourse has strengthened their regard for one another. Sir Julian has even gone so far as to read Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress." Whatever may come between them diplomatically they will always be well disposed toward each other.

There are allowed at the United Naval Academy at Annapolis one naval cadet for each member or delegate of the United States house of representatives, one for the District of Columbia and ten at large. The president appoints the ten at large and the one for the District of Columbia. The course of naval cadets is six years, the last two of which must be spent at sea. Candidates must be between fourteen and eighteen years of age, physically sound, well formed and of robust constitution. The pay of a naval cadet is \$500 a year.

The Portuguese men are rather below the medium height, of olive complexion, and have brilliant black eyes. For the most part they are very handsome. The women, on the contrary, are excessively homely, but dress in very good taste. Both gentlemen and ladies copy the Parisian fashions. The prettiest women are the fisher maids, who go about the streets barefooted with their baskets of fish on their heads, after the fashion of the Egyptian women with their pitchers of water. Some of these girls are remarkably pretty, and, strange to say, their feet are small and delicate looking and their forms graceful.

[An Article contributed to Colman's Rural World, by Clarence M. Stark, Littleton, near Denver, Colo., President Stark Bros' Nursery Co.]

Whole Root vs. Piece Root Trees.

ED. RURAL WORLD:—No consistent argument can be found to show that piece root grafted trees are equal to trees grafted "in the natural crown" (as Downing expresses it), except upon the hypothesis that it is a desirable thing to have orchard trees mainly or wholly "on their own roots." If the true method of propagation be to grow trees from cuttings, or what is practically the same, to use just a little of the seedling root as will give the clone a start, depending upon the clone to throw out the main system of roots for the support of the future orchard tree, whatever materially interferes with the production of such cutting trees is contrary to the laws of nature; and, as a small piece of root cannot support a vigorous growth, thereby necessarily forcing the clone, if it survives, to put out roots of its own, it is contended by the advocates of piece root grafting that the smaller the piece of root the better, because then the more nearly will the tree be on its "own roots." For they take it for granted that the one thing needful is to get trees "on their own roots," assuming there can be no question that such trees are harder, more productive, longer lived, and in every way superior to trees which have the natural collar of the seedling left intact together with its full natural system of roots radiating downward in all directions. But the facts do not bear out the assumption. And besides the

Misleading inference is often conveyed that whole root trees are set on their own roots; for the fashion is to ignore the fact that properly grown whole root trees possess an ample supply of fibrous horizontal own roots for surface feeding, and are just as truly "on their own roots" as piece root trees, though unlike the latter their own roots are not their chief stay and support.

The whole argument if it is consistent with itself admits that the effect of the piece root "manufacture" of apple trees is to produce, in direct violation of nature's laws, cheap nursery trees without a natural crown and without the natural system of roots which a seedling only, and a cutting never, can give to the future orchard tree; for if this were not the case it is plain that the method could not enable the "wholesale manufacturer" to sell his abnormal piece root grafts at a price which tempts anybody who can plant turnips for greens in the Spring to buy and, forsooth, become a "nurseryman." What matters it though the sole stock in trade of this "home" nursery be the result of ignorant care for, whether still not cared for at all, "first class" apple trees (such nurserymen never grow any second class), say items short, "as occasionally happens in all nurseries," will be ordered from a wholesaler while the buyer facilitates himself upon having patronized some enterprises and possessing "acclimated" trees? We would not

Disparage small nurseries; far from it. But we feel that the culture and propagation of fruit trees and plants, particularly the apple, is a matter of greatest national importance, closely connected with the welfare and happiness of countless thousands. A practical propagator or any intelligent young man eager to learn who establishes even the smallest nursery in any community and carefully attends to his own grafting, budding, propagating and other professional work, selling what he knows to be good well grown stock, is a public benefactor. But who can number the

Decrepit young orchards scattered over the entire country largely attributable to a vicious system of growing short lived trees, more like cuttings than nature's plants, by wholesale nurserymen. Perhaps the ideal tree is one wholly on its own roots—a natural sucker from the original tree of the variety. Yet even such trees often lack deep penetrating roots and are overturned by storms; but they always have a crown formed by nature, the absence of which is a grave defect, still not the most serious fault, of piece-root trees. That these sucker trees are unobtainable is no reason for not taking the next best trees that "this art which does mend nature" can produce—trees properly budded or grafted on natural seedling stocks.

In making piece-root grafts, "using a long

and a short

Piece of root, the main dependence is that the cutting or clone will put out roots of its own. But the fact is overlooked that a tree propagated from a cutting is less hardy than the same variety grown on an ordinary seedling; this has been fully demonstrated. A leading member of the State Horticultural Society of California utters the warning: "I would caution planters against plum trees raised on Myroblan stocks which have been grown from cuttings; a seedling is much the hardier and more vigorous." And in our Nurseries at Louisiana, Mo., notably in the case of the Wild Goose and other Plums, we have had two-year-old trees grown from cuttings to winter kill badly, while the same varieties on *Chickasaw* and *American* seedlings as well as on the less hardy Myroblan were uninjured.

In the next place, as Pres't T. T. Lyon has said, it is plainly

Against nature to take a clone which has grown high up in the sunshine and air, place it almost wholly underground, quite out of its proper element, and then expect that it can so completely change its nature as to make a perfect root system, a crown, and a top—all from a short clone formed by nature for special conditions alone. Yet these are precisely the requirements imposed in piece-root grafting. A one-year-old seedling which, as all nurserymen know, grows naturally with long tap roots, is cut into pieces an inch or two long and a six or seven inch clone spliced to each bit of root. When planted only about one inch of the clone is above ground, and but one out of the half dozen or more grafts made from the seedling will have a natural collar—and even it is too deep underground. Besides, as Peter M. Gideon, Sup't Minn. Experimental Orchard, says, this collar piece has been cut so short that only fibrous and no tap roots result.

The third count against piece-root grafts is the imperfect and

Unnatural Union of the clone and all pieces of the root except the collar section. This defect is the consequence of the difference in texture of the wood and bark, as well as a lack of analogy between the albumen of stock and clone. The result of this is two imperfect and dissimilar systems of roots, also an abnormal enlargement at the point of union, the root part in an average two-year tree often being one and one-half inches in diameter and the original clone less than an inch thick. This enlargement and the difference in color above and

below the junction, as well as their irregular and often "horny" systems of roots, afford tests by which with very little experience any one may distinguish piece-root trees. It is impossible to detect the point of union in rightly grown two year collar grafted trees. Speech is the difference, even while young, that when whole root and piece-root trees of the same variety and size are mixed together, there are but few who could not soon learn to separate them readily. Indeed, E. Moody, one of the oldest and most experienced nurserymen and orchardists of western New York, declares he can distinguish at a glance the two classes of trees even in bearing orchards.

In the fourth place, and this is their

Chiefest fault, one fatal in the extreme and wherein lies their absolute and utter condemnation, the clone emits not only a scant but almost invariably a shallow system of roots. Hence unnumbered thousands of these trees fall before storm and drought, wet and cold. For all who have observed with any degree of care know that cuttings—be they grape, quince, LeConte pear or the *clon-cuttings* of piece-root apple grafts—while making an abundance of fibrous horizontal roots, rarely and almost never put forth any strong, deep-reaching, or tap roots. Cuttings are well enough for grapes, currants and such things as do not require far-reaching brace-roots, but apple trees thus grown will cause some disappointment. Especially should they be avoided in regions where irrigation is practiced; for in these regions high winds prevail, and when the water has long been turned on only those who have seen it can form any idea how completely the soil is soaked, and how often the winds turn out such trees by the roots. In Colo., we have seen many examples of this—not in old worn out orchards, but in apparently vigorous young orchards just beginning to bear.

Trees grafted on pieces of roots are by no means destitute of all value; but the longer the piece of root the better the tree. One trouble has been that grafts on bits of roots 2 inches or less, are far more plentiful than on pieces 3, 4 and 5 inches long.

But unquestionably much the

Best trees

are those on whole roots—by which is meant such as are grafted or budded, on vigorous first class stocks, just above the crown with the natural collar left undisturbed, using but one seedling for one tree. In whole root grafting a 4 inch section is used and the long root of the seedling is shortened to 5 or 6 inches, the same as when transplanting for bedding; besides making the graft convenient to plant, this induces more strong side roots to put forth, as well as several vigorous deep-extending roots instead of the one straight tap root that, otherwise, would usually result. Thus the grafts are 5 or 6 in. long, allowing one inch for the splice, and involve special care and preparation, as well as considerable more work in planting than piece-root grafts—the latter being but 5 or 6 inches much oftener than 7 or 8 inches in length. And as the joint is planted fully 3 inches below the surface, own roots are sent out from the clone. Budded whole root trees, if budded low—just above the collar—are equally as good as grafted, if properly planted so that all the seedling stock be underground; but they are not on their own roots and for cold regions are less desirable than grafted trees.

We are free to confess that we too were opposed to the very idea of whole root trees until we investigated for ourselves; being led thereto no less by the writings of eminent horticulturists than by observing

Old orchards still healthy which were planted from our nurseries long before piece root grafting was begun there, while much younger orchards of piece root trees were falling. In a small way at first the propagation of whole root trees was commenced both by collar grafting and budding, using always first-class seedlings for the reason that second and third class seedlings, being weak and dwarfish at one-year are more apt to continue feeble. And in this connection we cannot refrain from mentioning, as an illustration of a characteristic type of unfairness and prejudice, the case of a nurseryman who exhibited what he called first-class budded 2-yr. trees, 3 or 4 ft. high and evidently grown on cull stocks, along with well-chosen piece root two-year-olds, to show the superiority of the latter. It may be that the effect was not exactly what he anticipated when we brought forward very finely rooted budded one-year-olds, standing fully 5 to 7 ft.

We grow piece root trees—and just here we will say that we have never sought, and do not now seek, free advertising; so the publisher will please charge our account with all "shop talk." We must grow these cheap trees because of the

Keen competition in the nursery line as in all others; for there are planters who always want what is lowest in price. But we know that whole root trees are the better and plainly so state. Then all who buy piece root trees do so on their own judgment, not upon our advice or recommendation. We have already cited the opinions of Pres't T. T. Lyon, E. Moody and P. M. Gideon, while that of the *RURAL WORLD's* own Judge S. Miller, we all know; therefore it is only necessary to quote a few extracts giving the

Results of experience

of others whose names are to-day among the most eminent in the annals of American Horticulture. If there be any such names among the advocates of the piece root system, a somewhat diligent search has failed to discover them.

Downing wrote years ago, in the great work of his life, "Fruits and Fruit Trees of America": "Large quantities of trees are propagated by using pieces of roots, thus forming from the root of one stock two or more grafts. This practice, although quite common, is of very doubtful value, and by prominent horticulturists considered as tending to debilitate and reduce vitality—the seat of vital life in fact resting in the natural crown of the seedling, and that, once destroyed cannot be renewed. It is therefore apparent that but

One healthy permanent tree can ever be grown from a single seedling stock."

P. Barry, one of the foremost horticulturists now living and the leading American authority, describing the operation of budding in his well known book, "Barry's Fruit Garden," speaks of high and low budding and the necessity for the latter; after giving the reasons why stocks should be budded as close to the surface of the ground as possible, even removing some of the earth, he sums up the whole matter in few words—"Low budding makes the best trees." Of the kindred operation of grafting he wrote, less than a month ago: "I would say very good trees are produced on pieces of roots 3 or 4 inches in length; but there is no doubt but that the cut next to and including the collar is to be preferred. In either case, the trees get on their own roots."

Prof. J. L. Budd, of the Iowa Agricultural college, says, "At one time I made 1,000 crown root grafts, and another 1,000 of the same varieties on pieces of root. The crown root grafts, when I came to take them up, had fewer fibers but more

Strong, far-reaching roots than the others. I planted them all in an orchard, and the result was very much in favor of the crown root grafts. In later experiments I find it is always true that the crown root grafts have stronger roots and more of them, and have many far-reaching roots, and in my opinion are the best." In evident allusion to the above, one of our Colo. papers some time ago published the following over Prof. Budd's signature: "You received with the slip about crown grafted apple trees. The plain truth is, that in the light soil of Colo., trees grafted at the crown will be almost certain to root kill in winter as not one seedling in a thousand is as hardy as the Fameuse apple. A Duchess or any other really hardy tree will be long lived if grafted on a short piece of root with a long cion; such grafts set deep in nursery will root on the hardy wood of the cion in nine cases out of ten, and are better in every respect than budded or crown grafted trees on whole roots." As this does not quite accord with Prof. Budd's late opinion, recently given to the readers of the *RURAL WORLD*, perhaps it may be of interest to reproduce the gist of the same: "I know from experience that the upper part of the seedling root makes a better tree than the second or third section. A Duchess or any other absolutely hardy variety will make a good tree if grown from a cutting, and when grafted on a short piece of root it practically is a cutting, as the piece of root only starts it, and roots are thrown out always from the cion.

Fully 90 per cent of our three-year-old apple, pear, cherry and plum trees are on their own roots; they have been grafted with a long cion on a short root and set deeply. Yet the crown graft is the best, and our nurserymen could afford to make only one tree from one seedling."

Franklin Davis, Ex-Vice-President of the American Pomological Society thus writes of the evils of piece root grafting: "The roots from these small pieces cannot be so well developed as to properly shade the tree or hold it up; hence they are often uprooted by storms. We must

Plant the whole stock

leaving the crown as nature formed it; then we have the whole root strong and unimpaired by division to feed and develop the tree. And as the tree is not only held in its place by its roots, but also receives the most of its nourishment through them, it is plain to see why it will grow larger, live longer and bear more." Of whole root trees he says: "The superiority of this mode of propagation has been acknowledged by intelligent nurserymen and orchardists, yet nine-tenths of the apple trees sold are grafted on pieces of root. Nurserymen have not grown trees on whole roots for the reason that it costs more to propagate them that way, and has been difficult to get many planters to pay that additional cost; but we are glad to see the interests in some sections awakening to their interests. We know such trees are the best; and in making an improvement so important as planting an orchard there is no economy in purchasing an inferior article."

Whole Root or Crown Grafted Apple Trees are the coming trees for Western orchards, a fact we have foreseen for some years. We began their propagation, and have since grown many hundreds of thousands, because we were then satisfied, as we now know, that they are the best. And while we note with pleasure the many recent endorsements by high authorities, horticultural literature has long indicated the now conceded fact, that whole root apple trees are the trees to plant for permanent orchards. Perhaps no stronger or more authoritative western endorsement has been written than the following, which is condensed from a valuable paper entitled,

"How to Keep Our Orchards Healthy," read before the Mo. State Horticultural Society so long ago as 1884, by N. F. Murray, the Vice-Prest. of the Society, and who was recently honored by an unanimous re-election. Mr Murray has long been known as one of the largest and most successful commercial orchardists in N. W. Missouri, and a horticulturist of much experience and wide observation. He says:

"This is a very important question, and one not only affecting the interests of the orchardist, but also the commercial interests of our whole country, as well as the health and happiness of the fruit hungry millions who wait for the rich, luscious, and life-giving fruits of our orchards. We must seek to find out, as far as possible, the causes of the unhealthy condition and premature decay of our western orchards, before we attempt to prescribe remedies. That our orchards are in a deplorable condition no one will deny. We look up and down the bluff lands along our rivers, and out over our broad, rich prairies, for healthy orchards, but look in vain. In place of finding the rich, bright, green and glossy leaves, the sign of health and vigor, we see a scant and sickly foliage in which the keen eye of the experienced horticulturist will read starvation, premature decay, and death.

"It might be well for us here to enquire how long we may expect our orchards to last—and out, if we can,

How long

each species and variety of our standard fruits is likely to live under favorable conditions and fair treatment, in order that we may know what to expect. We will first speak of the apple, the standard and king of all fruits. Mr. Knight of England, famous in horticulture, has placed the duration of the apple tree, when worked and grown on a healthy seedling stock, at two hundred years; and speaks of trees over one thousand years old, and still in healthy, fruiting condition.

"S. W. Cole, of Massachusetts, in his book published in 1850, tells of apple trees *twelve feet* in circumference; and claims that the apple tree, in a wild state, with moderate, regular growth, would live one hundred years, or more, and states that he had fruit from a tree in Plymouth two hundred years old. Mr. Cole also says that under high culture, they often fall at one-half that age. I have myself seen trees of the Roxbury Russet that were planted near Marietta, Ohio, by the celebrated Israel Putnam, in 1796, that were 70 years old, still healthy and bearing well. The original Grimes Golden Pippin tree, in Brook Co., West Va., was some years ago, *eighty years* of age and still in good health.

"From my own experience and observation in the Ohio River Valley, I feel safe in placing the average life of apple orchards there at sixty years. As we come westward we find it much shorter. Some writer claims the average age in Illinois to be twenty years, and in Missouri twenty-five years. From an experience of 16

[Mr. Murray wrote six years ago] in Northwest Missouri, I would not feel safe in placing the average above thirty-five years.

"In tracing the cause we fail to find it in any one of the numerous theories advanced, nor do we find it in the geographical position of the country, nor in the climate, nor yet in the soil.

"I believe one great cause underlying this question is that in our

Mad rush and greed to multiply trees, to satisfy the demand for cheap nursery trees, we departed from one of the great and grand laws of nature that should never have been violated, when in place of making one root for each graft, from each seedling, *grafting at the collar*, we went to cutting them into small roots, often making from two to five or even a dozen roots from each stock.

"This practice may suit the nurseryman who feels that he must grow *cheap* trees, so he can compete with others who follow the same practice. The public have no right to complain so long as they are unwilling to pay more than ten or fifteen cents for their trees, but such stock will never make the large, healthy, lasting trees that once flourished in our country, and that were started before this pernicious style was introduced.

"That this is one of the chief causes of the short duration of our apple orchards we learn from our own experience and from the fact that it has been almost universally practiced, east and west, for nearly fifty years, and that we hear our own lamentations re-echoed by our eastern brethren, victims of the same mistake.

"Now, I think that in order to have our orchards healthy, we must, as far as may be, go back to first principles, and pay more attention to the *laws of nature*. We must renounce both the *forced overgrowth* and the *starvation* systems.

"We must start with seeds carefully selected from healthy trees—grow them one year, then graft just above the collar."

Several Western nurserymen recently have been

Denouncing whole root trees

in the horticultural press, many, perhaps all, of whom truly believe that piece roots are better—all the more reason why they should heed the numerous warnings given by the highest authorities. Let us, then, do the best we know and all earnestly strive to advance our beloved Horticulture—man's first occupation; do all the good we can, rejoice at any another's success, adopt better methods, and join with all brother nurserymen to grow the *best trees* we can for the orchards of the future. For, as Prof. Budd well says, "The crown graft is the best, and our nurserymen could afford to make only one tree from one seedling." Answering for ourselves we beg to say that beginning the propagation of whole root apple trees with a plant of 17,000, setting the same season 240,000 piece root grafts, the number planted last year had increased to nearly one and one-half million, 600,000 being on whole roots; the plant this year is nearly two million, *over half* being on whole roots.

And now we must ask the reader's indulgence. A few nurserymen, who evidently grow neither whole root trees nor trees on

Marianna Stocks,

but who feel aggrieved over the persistent demand for a better tree than they grow, have been filling the papers with free advertising of their own stock and at the same time, in the absence of any other objection to urge against whole root trees, trying to give the impression that they are sold at exorbitant prices. One man who pays four prices for an apple tree on whole roots is as effectually robbed as if he had his pocket picked," while another disinterested and unselfish nurseryman tells the dear people that plums on Marianna roots are not "worth four times as much as those worked on Myroblan stocks." Against our usual custom, we will here notice these oft-repeated assertions, lest by their very repetition they may come to be accepted as true.

We have already shown the fallacy of the arguments for piece root trees; as to "four prices," while we neither know whether others charge "four prices," nor often publish our own, thereby giving competitors a chance to figure just under us, we will say that our retail prices for apple trees, of all the leading varieties, have long been 15 cts. each for piece root, and 25 cts. each for whole root trees—and these prices include all costs of packing, risks of transportation, together with *delivery* in good order to purchasers in any State or Territory, *freight and all charges paid*. If these be "four prices," well and good. We also sell plum, prune and apricot trees on Marianna roots at the same price as on ordinary plum stocks.

One of these nurserymen, advocating piece-root apple trees and plums on *peach* roots, after vigorously denouncing the "four prices," further says, "Plums grafted in 1870 on

Myroblan roots have sprouted

and made a worthless thicket—poor trees and very little fruit," which, by-the-way, is the usual experience with the Myroblan stock; and worse still, it is only half-hardy and a far more prolific breeding ground for borers than even the peach. He also triumphantly asks, "Where are your plum trees on Marianna roots 15 or 20 years old that will afford us any tangible proof that they are better than on peach-root or a hundred other native varieties of plums?" By his question he shows either that he is behind the times on varieties, the Marianna having been introduced only some seven years ago, or then it is a palpable attempt to overreach. He also wants authorities cited in support of whole root trees and Marianna stocks (we trust he now has them, authorities undisputed and irrefragably conclusive), yet he himself advances as "arguments," his mere assertions only, the very thing he accuses others of—*consistency personified*. Another "argument" is against nurserymen who advertise for salesmen, "experience unnecessary." He, like some others, apparently expects nursery salesmen to have a college education, as well as a diploma from himself or other like scientific authority. It seems profoundly incomprehensible to him that some nurserymen may have means to instruct their salesmen, educating them as it were, so that they can act about as intelligently as even this authority himself.

In the same Journal the other nurseryman like unto him, writes: "While the Marianna stock promises to be very valuable, it lacks the test of years and adaptability; it is a cheaper stock than Myroblan and buds take to it more readily, hence trees can be grown cheaper on Marianna than on Myroblan." It is very plain that the one has plum trees on peach roots to sell, the other trees on Myroblan, and that neither has trees on Marianna roots—strange, too, when it is a "cheaper" stock than the other-

lously half-hardy, sprouting, borer-ridden Myroblan. Marianna stocks with this writer must be cheap indeed if cheaper than Myroblan, for the latter are bought in France at a cost of \$5 per thousand or less; for our part, we should be

Glad to get Marianna

stocks, even if grown from cuttings, at three times the price—far, besides furnishing everything, we pay nearly double, merely as a bonus to encourage our propagators to do their utmost to grow every Marianna possible. And, stranger still, that in this age of wild competition when nurserymen, in order to produce trees at the lowest possible cost, use the cheapest plum stocks obtainable—even the peach and next the Myroblan—this grower should not avail himself of the "cheap Marianna." But strange as all this may be, surely 'tis passing strange that the Marianna should "lack adaptability," yet "buds take to it more readily," than to the Myroblan! However this paradox, like the adversity, has its uses,—for it clearly exposes the true animus of the writer.

As for peach stocks, J. J. Thomas, for more than a quarter of a century the able editor of the "Country Gentleman," says in his chief work, "The American Fruit Culturist," that "The peach has been occasionally employed as a stock for the plum. A very few varieties take readily and grow freely, but the great uncertainty which attends its use, and the failure with most varieties indicate the propriety of the rejection of the peach for this purpose."

Well, notwithstanding all that

Interested nurserymen

may say to the contrary, thinking men will investigate for themselves. The fact is that the Marianna promises to be the most perfect stock known for the plum, prune and apricot. We feel a pardonable pride in its success, inasmuch as we first discovered its value as a stock and first used it, having budded in 1868 over 50,000. That it has been a success may be gathered from the fact that, with the aid of other and more perfect methods of propagation than from cuttings, our plantings have steadily increased until this season it exceeds one million. Of course there are no trees on Marianna "15 or 20 years old," but it is evident that it cannot be worth less than "any one of a hundred other native plums" for it has all their advantages, besides being better in that it is perfectly free from their one great fault of suckering; and is also very hardy, a vigorous grower, and more nearly exempt from borers and diseases than any other plum stock in use. Plum, prune and apricot trees on Marianna, shipped to California and elsewhere, have thus far given perfect satisfaction and resulted in a heavy demand for more. In a paper read before our State Horticultural Society in 1888, we ventured the opinion that the time is coming when the importation and use of foreign plum stocks not only will have ceased, but all other plum stocks and the peach stock for the plum, prune and apricot will be superseded by the Marianna! To-day, but with added force, we repeat this prediction.

How easy a thing it is to condemn the use of advanced ideas and methods by others even without any experience of one's own, and especially so if the "shoe pinches." But before trying to

Discredit the Marianna

stock, it might be safer to learn more definitely who favor and use it; since we began to herald the merits of this stock, many others have adopted it. Would these our horticultural teachers "full of wise saws and modern instances" have cared to go before their readers decrying the merits both of whole root trees and of Marianna stocks if they had kept sufficiently abreast of horticultural progress to acquire, among other possibly useful information, a knowledge of the suggestive fact that this stock has been adopted and is now used by an authority at least as high as that of the Am. Pomological Society! Mr. Herkman says, "The tree is of a remarkable hardy and thrifty habit and so far seems to be less liable to die back than the Wild Goose," and in a letter he writes us that he has never used but one other plum stock besides the Marianna. Another prominent nurseryman, among the several who have begun to use Marianna stocks, says: "The tree possesses great value as a stock upon which to bud other varieties, it being remarkably hardy and of a very thrifty stocky growth. All of the plums that I am offering this season are grown on Marianna plum stocks." Still another says, "The Marianna as a stock is No. 1, don't sucker, is a strong grower and imparts its vigor to what is worked on it." Not the least significant point here made is the great vigor of trees on Marianna; especially so when it is remembered that trees on the Myroblan are always dwarfed. B. D. Herrman, of Central Iowa, writes the *Practical Farmer*: "The Marianna stock is better than the Myroblan; and being a seedling of the native Chickasaw, it is better adapted to this climate; it does not sucker from the roots." W. Jennings, in *Southern Horticultural Journal*, says: "A row of Kelsey plums on peach roots were rendered worthless by root-knot, while other rows near by on Marianna stocks were perfectly free. This indicates that where root-knot prevails, the

Marianna is invaluable.

I am quite satisfied that it is an excellent stock for the F. Simoni and all the Japan Plums, but for other stone fruits must have time for further observation."

It is in no spirit of boasting that we have given a few items showing the progress made with improved methods, but simply to prove that "the world does move" and horticultural science lags no whit behind, as well as to show to our friends and customers how fully their generous aid and encouragement has helped us to perfect our system of culture and propagation, and to extend the business, in some measure at least, to the grand proportions resolved upon by the writer and his associates, when, with the high hopes of youth, they took the helm. And perchance also it may serve to indicate to some that the energy and time expended in opposing the use of perfected processes by others could perhaps more profitably be devoted to improving their own methods. Take it for granted such opposition had raised us; what would it have profited the opposers? Unjust abuse generally does more good than harm. "Burning down" another's business will not build up one's own. Besides, this is a large country and there's room for us all. No one person or firm can expect to do all the business.

A farmer living near Frankfort sent eight cars of fine stock to Chicago and in the midst of the train was a placard the entire length of a car, which read: "No More Grasshoppers—Plenty of Prohibition!"