F. G. Adams

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

—BY THE—

Kansas News Co.,

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies $2.25. Five Copies $3.50. Ten Copies, $6.00.

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The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies.

Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Breeders and manufacturer's 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 way of the original package man is mighty rough.

Capacity of new water works reservoir at Leavenworth 11,000.000.

Leavenworth is agitating the matter of public drinking fountains.

An original package house has been opened at Osage City. Residents indignant.

Congressional convention of the First district at Holton September 10. Morrill will be there.

It is said that wheat is practically a failure west of Beloit. It is very dry ont there, and heavy rains would not save the wheat.

Dr. Philip Krohn, of Atchison, an erstwhile expounder of the Methodist faith, has been ordained a minister of the Congregational church.

The Farmers' alliance of Thomas county have declared in favor of Prof. Canfield of the state university, for congressman from that district.

Agent Cooper, who was arrested at Salina charged with running an "original package" house, pleaded guilty and the police judge refused an appeal bond.

Atchison complains of unfair treatment at the hands of the chief executive of the state, asserting that what she asked for has been refused, and what she had taken away.

In the jury list for the coming year certified to the Atchison county clerk are the names of three dead men. It doesn't seem possible that good men are so scarce in that section.

The editor of a colored paper at Leavenworth who recently drew $5000 in a lottery, has taken a high moral stand against lottery and policy playing, which is so prevalent in that city.

A Cherryvale man has left his wife and gone to Marshal, Mo., to live with another woman. The man who marries a Kansas woman and then deserts her ought to be bastinadoed and banished the state of lovely women.

As the result of a death bed request the remains of S M Martin, a wealthy resident of Mulvane, who died two years ago, were yesterday exhumed and inspected by his widow. He was still very dead.

The Leavenworth Times professes to find relief in the sudden termination of what promised to be a lively fight in the First district by the withdrawal of E. N. Morrill from the congressional race. There was a time when Col. Anthony desired nothing better than a sanguinary political battle.

The Shawnee county officers began an attack on the Topeka package houses a few days ago and most of the villains who were running them are now in jail or have fled to Missouri in alarm The original package foolishness is about at an end. The Senate has passed by a big majority the bill subjecting liquors to state law as soon as they cross the line, and it will speedily pass the house. We will then have more effective prohibition than ever, as the shipping in by express companies can then be stopped.

Ed Purdue of Huron, shipped about 4,000 bushels of corn from that station every day last week.

Rossville township Sunday School was held last Sunday, and Dover will be held tomorrow. County President J H Foucht attends.

A valuable Topeka race horse was killed in St. Louis last week by running into a fence.

At the Grant school, North Topeka. a picture of Gen. Grant was unveiled on Thursday evening with appropriate exercises.

Decoration day was thoroughly wet and not much decorating was done. It was, however a good day for wheat and strawberries.

A difficult surgical operation was performed in Lawrence by Drs. Roby and Menninger of Topeka, assisted by Drs. Anderson and Gardner, of Lawrence. The operation consisted in removing from Mrs Grattan Gregg, who resides in the western part of the city a seventy-one pound tumor. Mrs Gregg is a large fleshy woman and before the operation measured five feet and seven inches around the abdomen. The patient did not lose to exceed two ounces of blood during the whole operation and it is expected she will recover.

Linwood Lodge No. 108 K of P carried off the $50 prize Album at Topeka Grand Lodge. The boys are proud of their success and well should they be. It will probably give a lesson to some of the older and larger Lodges of the state, induce them to show themselves and join with their brothers in showing to the world the strength of the magnificent body of men linked together by the trinity of Friendship, Charity and Benevolence whose deeds of valor and acts of love are to relieve a worthy brother in distress and apply the healing balm to the wounded hearts of the widow and the orphans

To one who has a keen sense of the ridiculous, our system of politics offers a vast fund of amusement. One very ludicrous example was put on the board in the Capital City one day this week. According to the program there were to be only about two dozen actors but enough supes got in to make the number about sixty. The purpose was to quietly lay out the work for the coming political season. The e men met according to an old custom and conducted themselves with all seriousness. They imagined that by some divine appointment an immense responsibility rested on their shoulders. It became them to say what should be done, and then the people were to act the part of dummies and do it. To a witness of the great political farce as it is played in this country, it is difficult to judge which is the more ludicrous, the cool assumption of those who take the part of leaders, or the readiness with which the rustic party followers take up their tasks under the belief that they are acting some of the leading parts.

LAWRENCE.

F M Hale has sold his 40-acre farm north of Lawrence for $4,000.

The funeral of Geo W Baldridge of St Louis, formerly of Lawrence, took place on Monday from the residence of C W Smith.

Twenty-five German Baptists went from Washington Creek to Johnson county, Mo., to attend an annual church meeting.

Frank Cosley, a member of the Lawrence fire department, was seriously hurt on Tuesday by being struck by a horse on the way to the fire.

Charles Roberts, who attempted to kill Deputy Sheriff Harbaugh goes to penitentiary for one year, while William Colman for burglary, goes up for five years.

TOPEKA.

School closes next Friday.

Rob't Giles left Friday for New York city.

The Capital has again brought out the story of Montana Charley.

H C Safford declines to be a candidate for re-election to the legislature.

There will be a social at the residence of Mrs Thos Page, next Friday evening.

While your eyes roam over the contents of the News, don't forget to subscribe for it.

The first original package house in North Topeka received a car load of liquor Wednesday

The Charles Wolff Packing company is building an $8,000 packing house at the foot of Quincy street.

A man was hurt at the Central mill Wednesday. He was under the corn dump and he was crushed. Dr Marable says chances of recovery are slight.

Mrs Will Paramore gave a party on Thursday evening in honor of her sister, Maggie Riley. Many little friends were present and a most enjoyable time was had by all.

Hank Lindsey and Geo. Wolff are building a large building on Madison street, between Second and Third streets, for a horse and mule market. The building will cost $3,000

The house of Clark West, on Muddy creek, was entered last Sunday by two boys, John Coleman and Spencer Gregory, and robbed of $3.00. The boys were arrested soon after, and now await a trial in the Topeka jail.

On Friday evening at the Grant school a large picture of General Grant was unveiled with appropriate exercises. Addresses were made and the music was furnished by the Schubert club and Sunflower band.

The young ladies of the elocution department of Bethany college will give an entertainment on Tuesday evening next at the Grand opera house which promises to be one of unusual merit. They will present one act of "Julius Cæsar." The pupils have been thoroughly drilled by Miss Dunklee. Some excellent vocal and instrumental music and other interesting features will be included in the programme. Louis Heck will assist in the orchestra.

OAKLAND.

Charlie Gormley is foreman of United States shoe store at Leavenworth.

Married, on Saturday May 24, 1890 J Hartzel and Miss Sargent, both of Oakland.

Some of the members of the M E church met and cleaned their church Wednesday.

Great preparations are being made at the auditorium for the June festival to be held June 5, 6 and 7.

The militia met at the park Friday evening. Mr Shapter being absent, Mr Davis was appointed drill-master.

Thursday night the ladies of Union Sunday school gave an ice cream and strawberry social in Oakland Park which was well patronized.

Oakland affords a fine resting place for the over-worked denizen of the capital city, and electric cars make it easy of access, and visitors come out by the hundred.

Pictorial Enterprise.

Chicago's new cartoon paper, Light, has, within a very short time, demonstrated its right to live; and not only to live, but to prosper.

With the last number, it has branched out as a colored cartoon sheet, and now takes a place along side of *Puck and Judge*, of New York.

Light is bright, witty and original, and is sure to cut out a large field for itself. The talent employed on its pages is equal to any of the older cartoon papers.

PERFUMES

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LAND OF FLOWERS!

DOUSSAN'S

Sweet South

In 1 oz. Sprinkler-Top Bottles.

EACH 65 CENTS.

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LYS DES INCAS! SPRING MIST!

LUNEAS! NEVADA!

IMPERIAL PINK!

ROUSSEL ROSE

EDEN BOUQUET!

LILY OF THE VALLEY!

All 50 cents per bottle. PICCIOLA!

The most delicate and most lasting odors made. Our trade-mark patented on every label.

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If your druggist don't keep them send amount to us and we will forward prepaid.

DOUSSAN FRENCH PERFUMERY CO.,

46 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

Marked Interest

is now shown by eastern people in the settlement of Oregon and Washington, particularly that region adjacent to Puget Sound. The reason for this is the almost unlimited resources that have lately been opened up, and the surprising growth of Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and other cities and towns along Puget Sound.

The Union Pacific on account of its Fast Time, Short Line, Through Pullman Palace Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Elegant Dining Cars, and Free Pullman Colonist Sleepers, from the Missouri river, is the favorite route to this region, and tickets via this line should always be asked for.

For complete information relative to this remarkable section, time of trains, rates, pamphlets, etc. call on your nearest ticket agent or address the undersigned,

R. E. HAYNES,
Perryville, Kan.
H. B. HARRINGTON, Topeka, Kansas.
Or E. L. LOMAX,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
Omaha,

The Chautauqua Assembly.

The Sixth session of the Kansas Chautauqua assembly will be held at Oakland Park, Topeka, June 24 to July 4 inclusive. The program for 1890 will eclipse that of any former session, and will be excelled on no assembly platform. J. B. Young, D D, is superintendent of instruction. Among the prominent speakers engaged are G C Lorimer, DD, the eloquent Baptist divine; G W Miller, DD, scholarly, strong and eloquent; Robert M'Intyre, America's greatest word picture painter; Prof. C W Richards, Ph. D. one of the best scientific lecturers in the nation. He brings with him over 1,700 pounds of apparatus, etc., for experiments to illustrate his lectures; Dr. Gillet, a popular Assembly speaker. Prof. F. S. Cravens is the musical director, assisted by his talented wife. Mrs. Ella Dillon Martin will have charge of the Primary Department. C L S C Recognition Day will be unusually interesting this year, with songs, marches, passing through the golden gate and under the arches. The program is full of information about Assembly matters, railroad rates, cost of living, sketch of speakers and workers, etc. We would urge our readers to send a postal card with their name and address to C A Rudisill, secretary, Topeka, Kansas, for a copy of it. You will be astonished at the immense attractions offered to those who will attend the Assembly. Concerts, readings, lectures, recreation, study, etc. During the eleven days, there will be nineteen lectures. The grounds are being improved and ample accommodations will be made for the many thousands who will attend this popular Chautauqua of our State. The Electric Railway has doubled their capacity for tranporting passengers to the park.

Chautauquans will notice that C L S C Recognition Day has been changed from June 27 to July 3.

Census work will begin next Monday. It will be done very rapidly and be very complete. All should help the enumerators and be prepared to give all the data possible.

DON'T DRINK DIRTY WATER.

NEVER FAILS.

USE SEED'S REVERSIBLE SELF-CLEANING WATER FILTER

Mailed FREE for 50 CENTS.

Agents Wanted.

Avoid ill-health and disease from drinking impure water. Get the best and cheapest Reversible Self-cleaning Water Filter ever made. NICKEL-PLATED. FITS ANY FAUCET.

J. H. SEED, 23 CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK.

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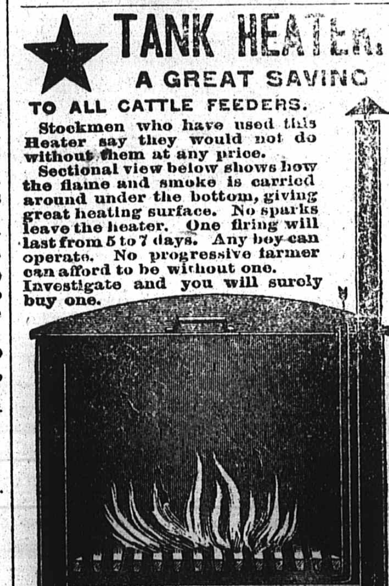
A GREAT SAVING TO ALL CATTLE FEEDERS.

Stockmen who have used this Heater say they would not do without them at any price.

Sectional view below shows how the flame and smoke is carried around under the bottom, giving great heating surface. No sparks leave the heater. One firing will last from 5 to 7 days. Any boy can operate. No progressive farmer can afford to be without one. Investigate and you will surely buy one.



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For $3.00

As fine as any Artist will sell for $10.00.

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ONLY COSTS 5c. PER PACKAGE.

One Coupon in Every Package.

Unexcelled in Quality and Quantity.

Ask Your GROCER For It.

If he does not have it write to us and we will see that you get it.

WARREN PROVOST & CO.,

28-30 Humboldt St., - Brooklyn, N. Y.

Those who have witnessed the boat races on the Harlem River, New York City, will be interested in one of the pictures of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper this week. The boat clubs are preparing for the Decoration Day races, and all is eager anticipation. Another page is suggestive of the hardships undergone by the soldiers during the Civil war and of the reminiscences now peacefully discussed on former battle grounds.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subcriber or not, is reaponsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *primo facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

WILLIAM MORRIS, the socialistic novelist, is writing a novel, but not in the Anarchistic vein. He is a literary artist as well as an artist of wall paper patterns.

THE taxes on 100 acres of land in Samoa are only thirty-nine cents per year, and if the owner growls about that, the tax receiver sends him a present of $2 worth of whisky, and begs that he won't let his angry passions get the better of his patriotic impulses.

AN Indiana paper tells of a girl 17 years of age in Mitchell county, that state, who took a kicking horse by the hind leg and held him quiet while the blacksmith nailed on the shoe. She has no photographs for sale, and her father doesn't allow her to have any young man hanging around.

THE general public needs encouragement, not to borrow, but to expend their labor and care as to earn a little more year by year. As a rule a man can improve his circumstances more rapidly by earning one per cent more this year than he did last than by borrowing money at one per cent. Nobody needs an extra inducement to borrow by making borrowing easy.

THE Scotch ship Highlander reports seeing a shark basking in the Indian Ocean that was sixty-five feet long, and with a mouth large enough to take in a pork barrel, and there is no need of any other sailor trying to beat the story, That shark is long enough, and has got mouth enough for any business that is likely to be assigned to him, and there is no call for a bigger one.

ALL superstitions are contrary to reason. A man is no more likely to die within a year if he dines with twelve others than if he dines by himself. Perhaps he is less likely to die so soon, because good company aids digestion, and good digestion tends to the prolongation of life. Yet very sensible and hardheaded people dislike to dine with thirteen at the table, if they chance to make the count.

PUBLIC policy should determine what kind of punishment should be inflicted on murderers. The leading object of it should be to lessen the frequency of the crime of taking human life. The question is not one of sentiment, but of expediency. Most persons who have carefully studied the matter have come to the conclusion that fear of the death penalty does prevent many from taking the life of another.

A WRITER in the Naturalist tells how he tames scorpions and centipedes. Like many other feats of magic, the thing is easy enough when you know how it is done. Our scientist just nips off the tip of the scorpion's sting and the poisoned hooks of the centipede's jaws. After this has been done, he says, the insects can be handled with perfect impunity. But who wants to handle scorpions or centipedes, anyway?

SCHOOLING alone will not make a good doctor. He must be a man with natural apitude for his work, and with the education which comes from practical experience as well as that which is gained in schools. But without the latter he is apt to be a bungler, unless he is a genius of uncommon brilliancy, and even in that case scientific knowledge acquired in the usual way will greatly faciliate his progress and increase his usefulness.

THE Chinese are in some respects far in advance of our boasted civilization. When a house in the Celestial Empire becomes uncomfortably dirty, instead of turning everything upsi de down for a week or two, to the destruction of health, temper and happiness, they simply burn the house and the old man goes to his club, his wife to her mother's, while the contractor is building a new one. Thus the season so much dreaded in this country becomes a genuine holiday.

FOR the first time in many years, the United States senate is now composed of three classes of members exactly equal in number. The last time that there were three exactly equal classes of senators was during the brief period from the admission of Oregon, as the thirty-third state, in 1859, until the the southern senators began to leave their seats when their states seceded. With the admission of Montana, the number of states became forty-two, and the eighty-four senators are divided into three classes, of twenty-eight each, whose terms expire in 1891, 1893 and 1895.

OLD BARNES' TRICK.

SECURING THREE MEN'S SERVICES A YEAR FOR NOTHING.

Each Madly in Love With a Charming Daughter and Thought He Alone Was the Favored One.

Jeff Hadley, a stranger in the community, saw Minnie Barnes at the old log meeting-house and fell in love with her. Jeff yearned to be presented to her, but he knew no one, and, as he was not a diplomatist, his connection with the public having thus far been confined to the deck of a Mississippi river steamboat, he had to content himself with standing on the outskirts of the crowd and gazing with eating eyes at the bewitching young woman. He learned that old Barnes, the girl's father, was quite a well-to-do farmer, and the next day, on the pretext of looking for a "strayed horse," he called at the Barnes homestead. Minnie met him with delightful courtesy—she answered his questions with regard to the horse; told him with a tremor of pathos in her voice that her mother had been dead a number of years, and even brought him a glass of cream from the spring-house, where the green frog sat under the dripping moss and sang a hoarse accompaniment to the cricket's sharp-edge chant.

Jeff came again the next day, declaring that he had been told that the horse had been seen strolling in that direction. The girl told him of her bird that had died, and with the corner of her checked apron wiped a tear from her eye. When Jeff went away he ran into the woods and passionately hugged a black oak tree. Three days later he called again and when she asked him if he had found his horse he dropped on his knees and desperately exclaimed.

"Lovely critter, oh! heavenly critter, I don't know a hoss when I see him. Oh! first June apple of a backward season, lead me not into talkin' about hosses. I love a hoss as well as anybody does, but let us talk about a angel—let us talk about you. Minnie, if love was a noise, you'd think that a saw-mill had been started in your ears. Sweet lilac on a spring morning; sweet perfume of wild plum blossoms in the June air, I love you!"

Minnie lifted the corner of her apron, wiped another tear from her eye, and declared that her other bird was dead.

"Oh, let the birds die," he cried. "Let everything die 'cept you an' me. Will you be mad if I tell you that I want you to be my wife?"

"OH, LET THE BIRDS DIE!"

"No, I won't be mad, but I can't tell you that I will be. I am always going to do just what pap says. If he says that I mout marry you, w'y, I'm sure that I will."

"Hummin' bird that lives on honey, whar is yo' pap?"

"He is out in the field gettin' the hogs outen the turnips."

"Mockin' bird that sings the song of a perfumed soul, I will go and see your pap."

He found the old man in the field. Barnes could not have stepped into a drawing-room and posed as an ornament, still he was not ill-looking. He had set out so much tobacco that his shoulders were stooped and had cut so much grain with a cradle that he walked with a swing, but the expression of his face was kindly and his voice soft and persuasive.

Jeff talked some time before stating the object of his visit, and when he did declare himself, the old man, instead of showing offense, quietly remarked:

"I reckon young folks know what is suited to the'r taste, but they ain't allus got the best artickle of judgment. Come and see me at the house to-morrer."

Jeff called the next day. "Now," said the old man, 'I have found out that Minnie loves you, but that don't satisfy me for all my years of trouble and anxiety about her. Don't you think we oughter take that inter consideration? Of course you do. Well, now, here's my idee: You know Jacob worked like the mischief for Rachel, which was no more than right, considerin' the fact that Rachel's father had raised the girl, and I tell you what it is, the sooner we git back to them bible days the better it will be for us all. Now, I won't be as hard a man to deal with as Rachel's father was, I am a mighty easy man, so you work for me one year an' Minnie is your'n. What do you say?"

Jeff threw his arms about the old man. He declared that the old-time idea was a glorious one. "We'll draw up a contract," said the old man. "And it's got to be powerful bindin'," he added. "You must sw'ar that you won't speak to nobody, not even your best friend, about this transaction. You must jest go along an' do your work, and nobody must know that you ain't gittin' regular wages."

Jeff agreed to everything, signed the contract, and went out into the field where he was to work. The old man had made great preparations for a large crop that year, had bought a number of new weeding hoes, and had hired two young fellows, Sam Drake and Tall Smith. Jeff found the two young fellows very easy to get along with—they worked side by side when the weather was so hot that blisters arose on the

"DO I HAVE MINNIE?"

horse-pond—they cradled the wheat and cut the hay, singing the while the sweet song of contented labor.

The crops were all gathered and the three men went into the woods to split rails. It was an October afternoon and the grasshopper had began to grow stiff in his joints. The lizard, knowing that winter was almost at hand, bathed in the sunshine, and the horsefly with one wing ragged and torn, buzzed where the warm light fell on the dead leaf. The boys having felled a large tree had sat down to rest, when Jeff remarked, "I am mighty glad that the end of the year is so close. I am tired of this hard work, and if I could I would rest to-day, for I ain't feelin' so well."

"I reckon you would lay off to-day if you wan't afeered the old man would dock you," Sam Drake answered.

Tall Smith sat on a stump, chewing a sassafras twig.

"No, I ain't afeered of being docked nur nothin' of that sort, boys," Jeff replied. "Say," he continued, "you boys won't say nothin' if I tell you somethin', will you?"

The boys said they would not and Jeff continued: "I'll tell you why I ain't afeered of being docked. I promised to work here one year if the old man would give me Minnie—fact—what's the matter with you? Promised not to have anything to say to the girl during the time an'—"

"Hold on!" Sam yelled. "That was my contract with the old man."

Tall spat out the sassafras twig, sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"That's my contract, and I want you to understand it!"

Then there arose such a controversy that neither one could have his say. They quarreled, fought, and then finally agreed that the old man was a criminal. "Let us go to the house and one of us talk to him at a time and not let him know that the other ones are near," said Jeff. "Let us understand what right he has to make us work for him while he sets back in the shade."

They hastened to the house. Minnie was singing in the kitchen, boiling a cabbage and taking care that the cat did not snatch a piece of salt pork that lay on the table. The old man sat in the family-room greasing his rawhide boots. Jeff entered first.

"Mr. Barnes, am I to have Minnie at the end of the year?" the young man asked.

"Of course, Jeffy. How are you boys gittin' along with the rails?"

"Never mind the rails, old man. I want to know if the girl is mine?"

"Of course. We want rails enough to fence that new ground, Jeffy?"

Jeff, without saying anything more, went out, and Sam came in. "Mr. Barnes," said he, "the year is gittin' sorter old."

"Yes, Sammy, time don't hang herself on a peg."

"Ah, hah! And, Mr. Barnes, I want to know if Minnie is to be mine at the end of the year?"

"Why, Sammy, how can you ask such a question? You know she is yourn."

Sam went out and Tall came in. "Why, hello, Tall; what are you doin' here this time of day? I am mighty anxious to get them rails done and I did hope that you boys would stick to it. You know that I take a mighty big interest in you becaze you are to be my son-in-law, Tally?"

GOING FOR THE OLD MAN.

"But are you going to give me Minnie?"

"Oh, course I am. Tally, I am a man of my word."

Tall stepped to the door, made a motion with his hand, and then the other two boys came in. They raved at the old man; they threatened to kill him; they threw him out of his chair and bumped his head against the wall.

"Wait a minit, boys," said old Barnes, pressing his hands to his head, "wait a minit. If I have wronged any of you I am sorry for it. I mout have made promises that I don't know anything about. The doctor tells me that I ain't well. He says that I have lost my recollection. If I have made contracts with all three of you I don't know anything about it. The Lord knows that I love you all. Jest set here till I go and speak to Minnie. If she takes one of you the others can't object."

They could not object. Each man knew that he was the favored one. When the old man came back he declared that he could not find the girl. The lovers ran out to find her but she was gone. Several days were spent in a fruitless search: The three men brought suit against old Barnes, each man suing for the girl. The case came up before 'Squire Tonny Peggleworth. Just as the trial was called the girl Minnie entered.

"This is a very complicated case," said the Judge, "and if I agree to give justice everyone interested must swear to stand by the decision."

All the interested parties swore that they would stand by the decision of the court.

"I must consult the authorities," said the judge. "What we want is justice. The authorities," he said, after a few moments spent in turning the leaves of an unabridged dictionary, "are silent as to this particular case. I must, therefore, act with caution. Mr. Barnes, I am a widower, as you know."

"Yes, your honor."

"Mr. Barnes," the Judge continued, "we had a transaction once, and I now hold a mortgage against you for $500."

"Yes, your honor; that is true."

"Well, Mr. Barnes, and gentlemen, to settle this cause in a satisfactory manner, I will dismiss the whole affair and take the girl as a lifter of the mortgage. Gentlemen, the wedding will take place to-night. You are all invited."—*Opie P. Read, in Chicago Times.*

Destruction of Dead-Sea Myths.

Between 1870 and 1880 came two killing blows at the older theories, and they were dealt by two American scholars of the highest character. First of these may be mentioned Dr. Phillip Schaff, a professor in the presbyterian theological seminary at New York, who published his travels in 1877. In a high degree he united the scientific with the religious spirit, but the trait which made him specially fit for dealing with the subject was his straightforward, German honesty. He tells the simple truth regarding the pillar of salt, so far as its physical origin and characteristics are concerned, and leaves his readers to draw the natural inference as to its relation to the myth. With the fate of Dr. Robertson Smith in Scotland and Dr. Woodrow in South Carolina before him—both recently driven from their professorships for truth-telling—Dr. Schaff deserves honor for telling as much as he does. Similar in effect, and even more bold in statement, were the "Travels" of the Rev. Henry Osborne, published in 1878.

Thus comes out, little by little, the truth regarding the Dead sea myths, and especially the salt pillar at Usdum, but the final truth remained to be told, and now one of the purest men and truest divines of this country told it. Arthur Stanley, dean of Westminster, visiting the country and thoroughly exploring it, allowed that the physical features of the Dead sea and its shores suggested the myths and legends, and he sums up the whole as follows: "A great mass of legends and exaggerations, partly the cause and partly the result of the old belief that the cities were buried under the Dead sea, has been gradually removed in recent years.—*Prof. Andrew D. White in Popular Science Monthly.*

Lager and "Bitter."

One of the most difficult things an Englishman has to do when he first arrives in this country, says the N. Y. *Evening World*, is to get what he wants to drink. So says a well-known and popular barkeeper in an interview.

When an Englishman goes into a saloon and asks for beer it is not lager beer that he wants, but bitter ale; and when he uses what I may call the slang of his country and calls for a "glass of bitter," which is bitter ale, no one understands him.

The American, you know, drinks whisky or lager beer; the Englishman drinks brandy or ale, and he call his ale beer. If he wants something very strong, something that will put him in a state of wild hilarity, he will ask for a glass of "Burton's No. 3." He could not get it in this country, but it is a drink that will make a man much drunker than whisky. Two glasses will put him under the table. It is a powerful intoxicant, though it is only an ale.

But the ale-drinking Englishman is totally at sea here, for he can not call for his beer without getting lager, a drink which he naturally despises.

A Scientific Cannon.

A cannon, even though a small one, is not usually regarded as a necessary part of an explorer's outfit. Such a weapon has, however, been trundled into northern Thibet by the expedition which the late Gen. Prejevalsky headed. According to Russian report this cannon is expected to serve the very prcific purpose of determining the rate at which sound travels through rarefied air at heights of 12,000 feet and upward. Like firearms made for the African trade, its chief function will be to make a noise, and it has the unique distinction of being a cannon with a purely scientific purpose.

NELLIE CUSTIS AND LAWRENCE LEWIS

An Incident in the Home Life of the First President.

As may be supposed, Nellie had a great many suiters, and among them some of the most brilliant men of the day. It was very natural that Washington should desire to bind the dear child, on whom he doted, by still closer ties. Accordingly, we find that when young Lawrence Lewis, his favorite nephew, the son of his beloved sister Elizabeth, came to reside at Mount Vernon as his private secretary, Washington favored the young man's suit for the hand of his foster-daughter. Nellie was beautiful, gay, had the world before her where to choose, and was, perhaps, like all belles, a little capricious. "Grandmamma" had some other plans for her; but no restraint was brought to bear upon the young girl. There is a long letter, preserved by her brother George, written to her by General Washington when she was only sixteen years of age, on the event of her first ball. It was full of wise and gentle advice to her on the matter of love and marriage, and he gives her a number of hints about avoiding coquetry, to which, perhaps, Nellie was a little inclined. He begs her not to let her impulses run away with her; but to be as reasonable in the matter of love as she was in everything else. He was evidently afraid that some of the gay wits of the day might deprive his dear Lawrence of the wife he intended for him.

Be that as it may, a singular occurrence, related to me by one of Nellie's great-nieces, precipitated the matter. "Nellie," she said, "had a great fancy for enacting the nurse when there was anything the matter with the health of her friends." She was very fond of giving "powders," prescribing "lotions," and doing all she could, in the exceeding kindness of her heart, to restore them; for it will be remembered that, in those more primitive days, women were better domestic doctors than they are now, when every ache and pain has its professional specialist.

It so happened, one day, that the handsome young Lawrence, to whose persistent addresses she had never given as yet a very earnest attention, fell ill. He was living at Mount Vernon, an inmate, with Nellie, of the family. What was more natural than that she should bring her medical skill to bear upon him? She accordingly prepared a powder, which was duly administered. What was her horror, and that of the family, to find, after it had been taken, that a mistake had been made, and that the drug given was a poison! Of course Nellie's agony was intense, and she probably discovered then, for the first time, how necessary this life had become to hers. In her remorse and grief, she vowed that if Lawrence recovered she would marry him. Lawrence did recover, and in due time she became his wife.

The marriage was a very brilliant one. All the great people of the neighborhood, distinguished officers of the army, celebrities from abroad, and the Government officers of the new capital were present to grace the festivities, which took place on the 22d of February, Washington's birthday, at Mount Vernon. There was not a negro on the plantation that day who did not share in the joy of "Little Missy's wedding."

The young married pair lived, for a while, with the President, but finally took up their abode on an estate, belonging to the Lewis family, called "Woodlawn," which lay between Mount Vernon and Arlington. This was the home where most of Nellie Custis's long and happy life was passed. She devoted herself with noble assiduity, and with all a Virginia matron's unselfishness, just as she had seen her grandmother do before, to the burdensome duties of a plantation peopled with a large number of servants, to whom she was the best of mistresses, to the exercise of a vast hospitality, as well as to the education of her several children.—*Margaret J. Preston, in St. Nicholas.*

A New Mexican Idol.

An elliptical-shaped gray stone, probably two feet in length and about six inches in diameter, was received at the white house recently accompanied by a letter from Gov. Prince of New Mexico. He stated that the stone was of the idol age, anterior to the arrival of the Spaniards in the western continent, and it was known to be over 300 years old. Among the Pueblo Indians the stone was venerated as a household god, and examination showed that with some rude tools an attempt had been made to depict eyes, nose, and mouth on the upper flat portion, while in the center crossed hands are easily discernible. It now rests on a shelf just above Private Secretary Halford's desk, and as a companion piece there is a primitive gourd sent to the white house by a North Carolina republican.

Working the Chopper.

"What's troublin' yer, Jakey?" inquired the proprietor of a Thirteenth avenue restaurant, as he noticed his head waiter hanging around the cash desk. "De cook wants to know wottle we do wid yestiddy's pieces." "Much." "Quite some." "Wot are dey?" "Dere's half a ham, five cold veal cutlets, some liver, nineteen chicken wings, and twelve pieces of mutton." "You tell de cook, Jakey, to put them in and work de chopper, and den put on de blackboard: 'Special To-day—Excelsior Croquettes, Two for Ten.'"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Eight horses and three calves were killed in one night recently near Banning, California, by mountain lions.

HOW TO HANDLE A GUN.

Good Advice to Boys By a Veteran Sportsman.

Let me tell you how to learn to aim a shotgun. It is a very simple thing when once you have mastered it.

Lift the weapon with both hands, the right clasping the stock just below the guard, the left supporting the barrels. Look with both eyes steadily at the object to be shot at, and at the same time bring the mid-rib of the barrels straight under the line of vision of the right eye. Pull the trigger instantly.

When you are ready to go into the field to shoot game you must keep well in mind the following rules for handling your gun:

READY.

1. Never let the muzzle of your piece point at any person.
2. Always carry your gun with the muzzle pointing away from you.
3. When climbing a fence put your gun over first, after taking out both shells.
4. Never drag a gun towards you.

Nearly half the accidents that have happened to boys from the handling of guns have been owing to the neglect of the fourth of the above rules.

Most boys know that it is considered unsportsmanlike to shoot at any bird when it is not flying, or at any hare or rabbit that is not running. It is the law of "polite shooting" that the game must have a fair chance to escape, especially when the shotgun is used.

Target practice is well enough to train the shooter in aiming, but there is no way of learning to shoot game save going into the field and banging away at it.

AIM.

Even after you have learned to control your nerves you will find it very hard at first to hit your bird, because you will forget to aim ahead of it if flying across your line of sight, or above if rising, or below it if flying downward.

In hare shooting it is necessary to "allow" for running by aiming a trifle above the game when it is running straight away from you. This is because your line of sight is above it as you stand.

The shotgun requires the very best of care in order to do good work. It must be kept perfectly clean and must always be loaded to suit its "habit," as I call it. By this I mean that each gun has a capacity or quality for shooting a certain load best, and any other load will lessen its effectiveness. By a little experimenting you can find out the load that best suits your piece.

Carry your gun on your shoulder with the muzzle elevated and the hammers down, save when you are expecting game to rise, then you may hold it at "ready," which is as follows: Cock both barrels, grasp the stock with the right hand, as in firing, and sustain the barrels at an upward angle in the left hand, just in front of and across the breast, the breech-heel a little below the right elbow. This gives perfect freedom of action when the game rises. Moreover, it is the safest position in which to carry the gun both for yourself and your companions, if you have any.

Never be in a hurry with a gun, no matter what the apparent emergency; it is the deliberate and cool sportsman that is quickest and surest. Remember what is done as a habit is done perfectly, and all that you have to do to make a crack shot of yourself is to learn to fire habitually by the most approved rule.—*Maurice Thompson.*

A Cock-Fight in the Sanctuary.

A Panama correspondent of the Colon *Telegram* states that on Sunday morning at the Wesleyan chapel, "just before service a band of men who seemed to have been Colombians came in the yard and several carried gamecocks in their hands. The oldest of this mob, a man with hoary locks, ascended the steps of the chapel, and he was soon followed by members of the gang. The birds were put down and a cook-fight followed, accompanied with the usual oaths, noise, and curses, and offers to bet, etc."

At Yakoutsk in Siberia nine nihilist exiles were recently massacred by Russian soldiers.

HOME OF THE DOLLAR.

A Visit to the Philadelphia Mint Where Uncle Sam's Money Is Coined.

Nothing is of more interest to the public than money, as it is for money that all strive, yet how very few people there are among the millions who daily handle money, in greater or lesser amounts, who have ever been in the home of the almighty dollar—or rather its place of birth. The Philadelphia mint is known the world over, and particularly in the United States, and for obvious reasons this great institution stands very high in popular estimation. The word mint is from the Latin moneta, and means a place for making coins and metallic money, and so in the Philadelphia mint only gold, silver, nickel and copper coins are made.

For nearly a century a great part of the money circulated in this country has been made in this mint, and it is the proud boast that during all that time never a dollar has been stolen from the mint, nor has a person identified with its management been under suspicion. To all who visit the City of Brotherly Love, the mint on Chestnut street, near Broad, is a place of interest, and as nearly all the departments are open to public inspection, fully 50,000 people are annually shown the process of legalized money making. Guides, paid by the Government, are at the mint to show visitors through the institution between the hours of 10 o'clock and 12 in the morning and 1 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. They are always courteous and attentive and explain the different processes of money-making, as well as show the visitors coins in different stages of manufacture.

One entering the building and passing down the hall sees at either end a gatling gun, and the guide tells them that 150 shots a minute could be fired from each. They are stationed there merely as a precaution in case of a riot. At the end of the hall the visitor is first shown to the deposit, or weighing rooms, where all the gold and silver for coining is received and weighed. On either side of the hall, corded up like wood, behind wire screens are piles of gold bricks, each one weighing about forty or fifty pounds. As one passes into the weighing room he hardly realizes that millions and millions of dollars worth of pure gold and silver have been handled in the little room; but such is the case.

The melting room is one of interest and through the open doors one can see the melters at work handling the most precious of all metals. In this room is melted all the gold and silver used, after which it is placed in iron molds to make the bars or bricks, and is then taken to the deposit room where the assayer takes off a chip from each bar to determine its value and fineness. In the melting room all the coin used is alloyed and melted in crucibles. The pots are heated white in furnaces, and the castings after the alloy are called ingots, which are strips of metal twelve inches long, a half inch thick and which vary in width from one to two and one-half inches. The floors of the casting or melting room are of corrugated iron, to catch the particles of metal. These are carefully swept up and melted over. Each year the value of the sweepings is estimated at $25,000.

The operation of rolling follows that of casting, and is known in the mint as "breaking down." The process consists of passing the bars between pairs of rollers with hardened steel surfaces until reduced to the necessary thickness for coining. To reduce the hardness from the great pressure the strips have then to be annealed. The strips after rolling are about six feet long and are then cut into planchets of which each machine cuts 225 every minute. The fillets are then sent to the tryer who cuts a trial blank and weighs it; if it varies from the standard it is rejected and sent back to be remelted.

The coining and milling rooms are places of the greatest interest and the ones where the visitor loves to linger. The presses for cutting the blanks are arranged on one side of a large room and are fed by ladies. The fillets are fed in, in strips, the punches descending by pneumatic pressure. When the planchets are fed to the milling machines over 500 a minute of the small pieces, dimes or pennies, are milled and about 100 dollars a minute. They then pass to the stampers, all ladies, who feed them into presses where they receive the impression that makes them perfect coins. As fast as one blank is fed to the press a perfect coin drops into a box at the side of the press. So accurate are the coins that only about one in 200 on examination has to be rejected as imperfect. After examination the coins are subjected to the process of pixing, or weighing a certain number of coins, after which they are counted and put into bags ready for public use.

In all departments of this great money manufactory there are employed about 300 hands, 100 of which are women. Every day they handle enough money to make them rich, but to them the valuable coins possess no seeming monetary value, so used are they to handling it. Each department has its head, its inspectors and watchmen, and so perfect is the system that almost immediate detection would follow the abstraction of the smallest coin.

The visitor is last shown by the guide to the second floor where is the cabinet or collection department.

Here in cases can be found one of each of the different pieces of money coined at the mint. In this room is also a most valuable collection of ancient and foreign coins. Coins were never dated until after the fifteenth century, and consequently the oldest pieces of money extant can only be determined by the devices upon them. The use of coined money, however, can be traced to the ninth century, B. C. In one of the Cutler cases is a coin supposed to date back five centuries before Christ. The collection of Roman coins is large and so is the collection of Japanese money. Here are seen the Chinese porcelain coins and a Japanese gold oban. Turkish coins, upon which are texts from the Koran, and Russian coins are seen in the cases. The most interesting coin to be seen in the collection is called the widows' mite, which is a small, black piece with an unintelligible inscription. There are a number of Roman bronze coins to be seen that were made about the time the Christian era was established, one being about the time of the Emperor Augustus. There is a fine collection of German and British coins, and coins of all other nations. Among the interesting coins is a shilling of the time of Mary; her bust and that of Philip face each other. The cabinet is one of the places of deep interest in the nation's money factory, and the study of numismatics which has had such an important bearing on history can be prosecuted in this department with good result.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Family Names of Women.

There is a lawyer who does a great deal of real-estate conveyancing one of the chief whose grievances in life is the scant respect that women show toward their names. The fact that a certain alteration takes place in the name at marriage destroys, so he claims, whatever regard a woman might be expected to pay to an exact rendering, and the fact that any legal significance can in any case attach to the form seems to be quite beyond the grasp of the average feminine brain. If a girl baby is christened Elizabeth she will sign herself when called on to put her name to a deed after she is grown, Lizzie, Lisa, Elise, Lisbet, or Lisbeth, according to which diminutive happens to be her favorite for the year, and will omit her middle name, give it in full, or by initial, or sign instead of her own her husband's name, according to her sweet liking. The task of the lawyer who has to trace up half a dozen of these signatures to make sure that they all refer to the same person is not calculated to make easy the task of his wife who has to soothe his ruffled temper with a good dinner. That the married woman should in all cases retain her own family name, preceding it by her given name and following it with her husband's family name is the lawyer's plea if he is to be saved from insanity. Frances Folsom Cleveland, Julia Dent Grant, Louise Chandler Moulton, Julia Ward Howe, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and others set in this respect a good example.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Viscount Hampden in Trade.

The appearance of Viscount Hampden as a retail dealer in provisions has found an apologist in the Sussex *Daily News.* Our excellent contemporary will not allow that the ex-speaker is actuated by any low consideration of profit in vending his butter and his eggs, his poultry and his pork. He is merely "setting an example to local agriculturists by himself carrying on a dairy farm on business principles," and the writer would like to see in other people "more of the spirit of practical help and guidance displayed by Viscount Hampden." This is all very well, but it does not seem to me that the lord-lieutenant of Sussex is giving much "help" to local agriculturists by competing with them in the sale of their staple produce. The spirit of snobbishness is widespread, and there are doubtless many who would sooner buy their butter from a live lord, especially when, as in the present case, each pat is marked with a coronet and a capital H, than they would from the "local agriculturists," who have to content themselves by imprinting their produce with a rose or a cow. In Lord Hampden's trade circulars we already find "Our Weekly Hamper" advertised as a feature, and we may doubtless expect before long announcements of "Brand's butter is best," "Excellent eggs from Hampden's hens," and other incentives to purchasers to aid the lord-lieutenant of Sussex in his pursuit of the nimble ninepence.—*London World.*

Smiling Keeps Off Wrinkles.

Here is a recipe recently published in England by a recognized authority for the prevention of wrinkles, especially under the eyes: "Draw the mouth hard into the semblance of a smile. Do this before the glass, and next place the index and third and fourth fingers of each hand on the small mounds formed at the top of the cheeks and press lightly downward with the tips. Then relax the face at once; again draw up into a smile, then relax; do this with increasing rapidity over and over until the muscles are tired, always maintaining the downward pressure with the finger tips, but not so hard but that the contraction of the muscles in the smile will raise them each time."

Vermin Exterminator.

English stoats and weasels are being exported from England to New Zealand in large numbers to kill off the rabbits; and the rats, which have been food for the stoats and weasels in England, are increasing enormously in some districts. There is talk of a movement to prevent the exportation of any more rat destroyers.

For the first time in eight years an Allentown, Pa., man received a letter a few days ago.

THE POMPEII OF AMERICA.

Wonders of the Buried City of Palenque in Central America.

The buried city of Palenque, Mexico, is beyond question the most interesting ruin in America, if not in the world, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch.* The very race and language of the people who built it are lost, and no one has yet interpreted the hieroglyphics which cover its massive walls. Perhaps the strangest thing connected with this extraordinary place is the fact that, although the engineering skill indicated in its ruins is in many respects akin to that of the ancient Egyptians, antiquarians and Egyptologists have never investigated the ruins or sought to interpret these graven records of a long-forgotten race.

In 1750 a party of Spaniards were traveling in the interior of Mexico. They had wandered in search of things strange and new into the region north of Chiapas, when they suddenly came, in the midst of a vast solitude, to innumerable ancient stone buildings, the remains of a vast city still embracing from eighteen to twenty-four miles in extent, and known to the Indians as Casas de Piedars. The Indians themselves could give no account of its origin. Two exploring parties were afterward sent out by Spain, without, however, attaining any appreciable results. A third exploration was made in 1840 by American travelers. They found the ruins overgrown with so dense a forest of gigantic trees and tangled undergrowth that a person ten yards distant in any direction could not be seen. As the travelers had no axes, picks, or shovels, but only the machete, the short, broad-bladed sword of the Indians, with which to clear this accumulation of centuries of luxuriant vegetable growth and make systematic observations, but little could be accomplished. A vast number of fine buildings, however, were discovered, constructed of stone, with a mortar of lime and sand, the outer walls of which were covered with stucco and painted in pigments of various colors, and fantastically ornamented with figures in bas-relief and with intaglio inscriptions in hieroglyphics. Interspersed with these were palaces, pyramids, and temples, and there were also the remains of an aqueduct by which the city was supplied with water.

One of the buildings, which was in course of construction, stood on a pyramid 110 feet high. It was 56 feet long, 25 feet deep, and about 30 feet high. It was very richly ornamented externally, and on the interior walls were tables of hieroglyphic inscriptions carved in symmetrical lines out of stone. One was only about half finished when the work was arrested forever by the unknown catastrophe that came "like the thief in the night," and obliterated the race of builders and all knowledge of their literature.

The solution of these inscriptions would in all probability reveal things that are more interesting and important from an ethnic point of view than the discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Only one statue was discovered, that of a female figure 10 feet 6 inches high, and more resembling Egyptian portrait statuary than anything else found in this new "old world." But it can be safely regarded as an indication that that there are other statues and monuments in the forest around.

A Line of Cradles Around the World.

It has been computed that between 36,000,000 and 37,000,000 babies are born in the world each year. The rate of production is, therefore, about 70 per minute, or rather more than one for every beat of the clock. With the one-a-minute calculation every *Republic* reader is familiar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply: it will, therefore, probably startle a good many persons to find on the authority of a well-known hospital writer that, could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would be overflowing ahd at the same time extend around the globe. We have the ingenious conclusion also that, supposing the little ones grow up and the sexes be about equally divided, we would have an army 100 times larger than that of Great Britain, and a wife for each soldier besides. The same writer looks at the matter in a still more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mother's arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last corner in the twelfthmonth had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in going past at the rate of 20 a minute the reviewer at his post would only have seen the sixth part of this infantile host after they had been passing him at the rate of 1,200 an hour during the entire year! In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post: and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping 6-year-old boys and girls.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Experience of a Woman.

A kind-hearted woman at La Crosse bought five cords of wood and three buck-saws and gave all tramps a chance to earn a meal. They stole the saws, and boys stole the wood, and one day a tramp entered the house of the k.-h. w., scared her most to death, and stole her watch.

Philip Kick, who died recently near Mount Vernon, Ohio, was the father of nineteen children. His widow and seventeen of the children survive.

BRUTALITY IN A PRISON.

The Whipping Post in the Missouri Penitentiary.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republic* who has been there tells of prison punishment in Missouri. He says:

"The use of the lash in the prison is common—too common to be of any possible benefit in keeping order. A man goes to the whipping post, not with the feeling that he is being punished for some infraction of the rules, but to gratify the ill-feeling of some guard whose enmity he has incurred. Deputy Warden Bradbury is the one whose duty it is to wield the rawhide. In the middle of the room stands the whipping post and stocks. The men stand facing the instrument of torture, and the guards report the conduct of their men to the Warden. One complains that one of his men neglected his work, or was talking to a fellow-prisoner; perhaps a prisoner was caught carrying bread to his cell from the kitchen. Deputy Warden Bradbury steps up to the whipping post, pulls off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, and in a caressing way picks up a rawhide, which he intently examines to see if it is all right.

"The culprit is brought up to the post. His hands are tied to the post near the ground, leaving him in a stooping position. His neck is placed under the stocks, which are then fastened so that he cannot jerk his head away. The Deputy Warden steps up, and seizing the man's shirt, pulls it up around his neck, leaving the bare back exposed. The prisoner receives from one to twenty-five lashes, according to the offense and the number of times he has been at the post. The Warden tucks his shirt sleeves carefully above his elbow, takes the rawhide in his hand, plants his foot firmly, and with a full swing of his powerful arm, down comes the whip with a swish and a crack upon the bare back of the prisoner. Swish comes the whip again, and the prisoner bites his lip to keep from crying out with the pain, as such a thing only increases the punishment. Crack, the whip again and again strikes the quivering flesh, leaving a thick welt along the skin, and as the force of the blows increases as the Deputy Warden warms up to his work, the welts assume first a red, then a blue hue, and finally the blood trickles down over his back in little streams. Again and again the lash, soft and pliable with the warm blood, curls around the naked form of the crouching and shrinking prisoner until either the allotted punishment has been inflicted or else the prisoner faints from the pain and torture.

"He is then given over to the care of the doctors. From long practice the whipping master can make the whipping more severe in a given number of strokes on the person of one prisoner than another. In case he wishes to make the pain more intense, after one-half the strokes have been given he goes to the other side of the prisoner and makes a series of cross-cuts, making a number of bloody Xs on the back. I have seen a prisoner faint from the severity of the punishment and from loss of blood. After the whipping is over the prisoner is cared for, the blood on the rawhide is carefully wiped off, and it is ready for the next culprit. When the whipping was done by an official who was intoxicated or under the influence of liquor, the punishment was always more severe. I have seen one of the officials stagger as he walked up to the whipping post, and I know he was greatly under the influence of liquor."

Reis in Brazil.

Hotels are few and ill-conducted in Brazilian coast towns, but there are excellent French and German restaurants in Bahia and Pernambuco. When one has the bill to settle he finds that the score runs into the thousands. The basis of currency is an imaginary unit, the reis, 1,000 of which make a milreis, worth apart from exchange, about 50 cents. The lowest nickel coin is 100 reis, worth 5 cents. Below these are copper coins, 20 reis, being equivalent to 1 cent. If one dines with a friend at a restaurant the score will amount to 7,500 reis—a result startling to the uninitiated. When real-estate transactions are conducted the figures rise into the millions, and when trade statistics are computed billions and trillions are brought in. Reversing the process, one pays 2,000 reis to a boatman to go ashore from a steamer, 1,000 reis or a milreis for a bottle of beer and some cheese, 500 reis to a guide for pilotage through a public building, 200 reis for a ride on a street-car, 100 reis for a turn on the lift from the upper to the lower turn, and another 100 reis for having his boots blacked.

Beating the Nickel in the Slot.

"Gimme a nickel's worth of buckshot," said a St. Paul gamin wearing somewhat disordered raiment. His head, says the *Pioneer Press,* just topped the counter in a bazar devoted to sporting goods.

"I suppose he will load them into a rusty pistol and accidentally shoot some one of his intimate friends," suggested a bystander.

"Oh, no," replied the proprietor of the gun store, "he has no firearms. He is going in to beat the nickel-in-the-slot scheme, and I suppose I am particeps criminis."

"How?"

"Why, he will put them on the street-car track; the car will convert them into the exact size of nickels and pennies; and, of course, you can anticipate the financial panic liable to ensue in St. Paul shortly, with a gum-machine at almost every corner."

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SATURDAY, MAY 31.

The June Cosmopolitan has a portrait of a Leavenworth girl.

Some one from Atchison mentions Prof. J. H. Carfield for the United States Senate in place of Ingalls.

Shawnee county will hold a convention June, 10, to elect 32 delegates to the Emporia Congressional Convention.

The Wichita résubmissionists came up to Topeka and held a convention last week, and went home very sore, with fleas in their ears.

The sale of intoxicating liquor can no more be regulated in this age, than could the sale of indulgences in the age of Martin Luther.

There should be no opposition at Emporia to the renomination of Congressman Kelley. If he is to have competition it should not be in his own party.

The First Swedish Baptist Church of Topeka tendered a vote of thanks to Gov. Humphrey for declining to be made a cats paw of the resubmissionist.

Those interested in the Kansas Chautauqua Assembly would do well to write to L. A. Rudisill, Topeka, Kan., for a copy of the program. It is a splendid paper.

Census work will begin next Monday. It will be done very rapidly and be very complete. All should help the enumerators and be prepared to give all the data possible.

The Wichita resubmissionists have now learned that their neck of the woods constitutes but a small part of the state of Kansas, and that resubmission is an addled egg that the heat of angry passion can never hatch.

Ex-Gov. Harvey who has returned to this state and now resides in Riley county has decided to become a candidate for Confress in the Fifth District against John A. Anderson. Both are good men, but it will be just as well to let Anderson remain.

Representative Morrill declines to be a candidate again in thr First District. The farmers are making a good deal of opposition, and so is the Leavenworth Times. He does not care about entering into a squabble with doubtful results and so will retire.

Another vicious Topeka dog has got in his work, this time on a little child two years old, biting it severely on the arm and breast. This time the officers killed the beast but not until it had bitten one of them. The bone yard is the best place for nine tenths of the dogs.

Commencement exercises at the State University will commence June 5. There will be 63 graduates in the different departments, as follows: Academic, 27; law 29; pharmacy, 2. The senior law class is the largest that has been enrolled since the department was organized.

There was one fellow at the Wichita resubmission meetinf held in Topeka last week, who offered a resolution favoring resubmission of the prohibitory amendment, all in the interest of the republican party. The republican party will be better off without than with the support of such friends.

When we reach a state of civilization some what higher than we have at present, there will be no such thing as people announcing themselves for office. If they have merit they will also have modesty enough to remain subject to the will of the people and not put themselves forward as beggars for place.

Political splits are to be the Kansas rule this year. In the Sixth District a split nominated McNall, a man totaly unfit for Congress. Another faction will put up a candidate and the Farmers' Alliance, not satisfied with either, will bring out their own man. Indications are that in several other districts there will be no more harmony than in the Sixth.

One paper speaks of Gov. Humphrey as the Czar of Kansas, because he did not see fit to attend the Wichita resubmission cabal that was brought up to Topeka. The Czar is a very cruel man. We believe he did not even attend the meeting of pharmacists held at the same time. If a house-breakers convention were to be held in Topeka our Czar might use his own judgment whether he would attend or not.

The Santa Fe has obtained control of the St Louis and San Francisco roads.

The Leavenworth County Farmers Alliance resolved in convention to support no man for Congress or the United States Senate who is either a banker or a lawyer.

Miltonvale has organized a cornet band composed of ladies.

Towns in various parts of Kansas are still giving "necktie socials." This is an evidence of mossbackism not hitherto noted.

Southwestern Rooks county was visited by a severe hail storm Saturday, which killed small animals and seriously injured the growing crops.

At Oswego Saturday Dr. H. A. Eberle was examined on the charge of obtaining $270 on a fraudulent promissory note and bound over to the district court in the sum of $1,000. He went to jail.

It has leaked out that the alliances in the vicinity of Salina have denounced Congressman Anderson as having "played the farmer and laborer racket long enough." A mass meeting of the county alliances will be held in Salina this week to discuss the political situation.

Topeka is to have a musical festival June 5, 6 and 7.

Jack Williams, a negro employed on the state house at Topeka Saturday, lost his footing and fell from the base of the dome to the ground, a distance of 130 feet. He was instantly killed.

The democratic editors of Kansas held a meeting at Topeka Saturday and effected a permanent organization. Twenty-six papers were represented. Some resubmission republicans are expected to join.

Phillipsburg has voted $20,000 for a water works plant.

McPherson will make an effort to secure a line of the 'Frisco railroad.

The Council Grove Republican claims a female pedestrian club for that city.

A Herrington man was jailed on account of non-payment of a dog tax of $1.

Mrs. Lee Deering, living near Edwardsville, was thrown from a wagon by a runaway team Friday and badly injured. Her child in her arms was not hurt.

In the sale of the 'Frisco to the Santa Fe Cherryvale sees a prospect of the establishment of that city as headquarters for six divisions and ultimate unprecedented prosperity of that road.

It has about come to pass in Kansas that a man cannot commence digging a well without the neighbors gathering and some one making a speech. So far as general improvements are concerned, a very fraternal feeling appears to pervade the state.

Out in Oakland township, Cloud county, a man is digging for a bag containing $13,000 in gold, inspired thereto by the finding of a note in a sealed bottle which reads: "Dear Dick: —— paces east of James Moger's claim house you will find $13,000 in gold. I am going to N. Y." It is supposed to have been written by the leader of a band of robbers which formerly infested that section.

The city of Kiowa will have an old time cowboy reunion on July 4.

Atchison has the only lady census enumerator in Kansas.

It is estimated that the damage to the Doniphan vineyards by the late frosts will be $10,000.

The Oberlin Herald says Webb McNall drew the prize of the Colby convention, but that it is a booby prize.

The Emporia Carriage company of Emporia, capital stock $100,000 filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state yesterday.

It is rumored that the Central Branch road will be extended to Denver, then leased to the Missouri Pacific and shops built at Atchison.

The northwestern part of the state is now the only locality complaining of dry weather, good rains having fallen in all other sections.

Atchison county has twenty-six alliances and a new one is born every week. In a little while there will be one in every school district.

The Marion Record declares the action of the Farmers' alliances in that vicinity in putting up a ticket is a mistake. The shoe must pinch.

It is said that the resubmission club of Leavenworth is making an effort to prevent the confirmation of Mr. Richey as postmaster of that city.

In the district court at Wichita R. W. Lock of Albany, Mo., was convicted of burglary and robbery in the first degree. The penalty is not less than twenty years in the penitentiary.

Statistics as to the number of mortgages made and released in Kansas since January 1, secured by a Lawrence mortgage company, are very flattering and show that the state is in an extremely prosperous condition.

The Emporia Republican remarks with a feeling born of disappointment: The sergeant-at-arms of the senate, Canady, has tendered his resignation. This makes another good opening some deserving Kansas man will not fill.

A young man named Louis Moll, living near Olathe, committed suicide by shooting himself with a shotgun. He laid the gun on a chair and pulled the trigger with a string. Poor health is supposed to have been the cause.

Books and Magazines.

That "children's delight," Babyland, makes its appearance for June. There is no other magazine published that is made especially for the babies—and by babies we mean the little ones from six months to six years of age. A specimen copy will be sent to any mother by the publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

Those who have witnessed the boat races on the Harlem River, New York City, will be interested in one of the pictures of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper this week. The boat clubs are preparing for the Decoration Day races, and all is eager anticipation. Another page is suggestive of the hardships undergone by the soldiers during the Civil war and of the reminiscences now peacefully discussed on former battle grounds.

Our Little Men and Women for June is filled to overflowing as usual with pretty pictures and amusing and entertaining stories and poems. The value of such a magazine in a family of young people cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. It is constant entertainer and educator. Such articles as those on the "National Flowers" are very instructive; and yet every child can readily understand and enjoy them. $1,00 a year. Specimen copy five cents. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

The Pansy for June is as inviting as ever to its young readers. The illustrations are numerous, many of them full-page. Serials by Pansy and Margaret Sidney, special articles by Felix Oswald and others, and numerous short stories, poems, etc., combine to furnish a highly interesting number. The whole influence of The Pansy is helpful and healthful. The magazine is only $1.00 a year. The publishers. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, will send specimens free to readers of this paper.

St. Nicholas for June has an exciting and instructive story, "With Stick and Thread," by L Clarke Davis, relating a boy-fisherman's triumph in capturing a "red drum" with rod and reel. No angler can read it without a desire to start at once for the fishing-grounds. Another striking story is "A Divided Duty," by M. A. Cassidy, telling of a little boy who had one brother in the Federal and one in the Confederate army. Being unwilling to decide against either, he compromises by having a parti-colored suit, one side gray and one side blue. A novel feature is "A Living Chain from Adam to Abraham Lincoln," or a list of historic personages, each of whom has been seen by the next in order, since the beginning of the world. Besides all these, nearly every one of which is strongly illustrated, there are the departments, and other features of interest.

THE JUNE CENTURY opens with another article by Albert Shaw, whose paper on "Glasgow" recently attracted so much attention. This time Mr. Shaw treats of "London Polytechnics and People's Palaces." John La Farge's Artist's Letters from Japan, are quite unique in thei treatment of a subject which is growing in popularity—namely, the life, art, religion, and thought of the Japanese. Perhaps the most striking feature is the beginning of another anonymous novel called "The Anglomaniacs." The scene is laid in New York. The Life of Lincoln has a sequel in this number consisting of numerous memoranda of great interest and value. A drawing is reproduced in connection with these, showing the stage and proscenium boxes of Ford's Theater as they appeared on the night of the assassination. Nine Thousand Manuscripts received in one year by THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

The question of hours of labor is discussed by General Walker in the "ATLANTIC" for June. The author of the article will be remembered as the writer of a criticism of Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," which appeared in the Atlantic, and to which Mr. Bellamy replied at some length. General Walker has made social questions a study. Charles Dudley Warner's article on "The Novel and the Common School," is a keen analysis of the duty of the public schools in the supply of reading for our young citizens. Dr. Holmes discusses "Book-hunger," the uses of cranks, and tells a curious story. "Do you want to know why that name is given to the men who do most for the world's progress? It is because the cranks make all the wheels and all the machinery of the world go round. I suppose the first fool that looked on the first crank that was ever made asked what that crooked, queer looking thing was good for." Mrs. Deland's "Sidney" and "Rod's Salvation," furnish the fiction and several short papers of interest.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The June Wide Awake opens with a frontispiece by E. H. Garrett which illustrates a story by Annie Bronson King, entitled "Little Sir Lionel." The number is almost entirely given to short stories; among them are "Spot, the Mustang," by D. B. Waggener of the Philadelphia Times, "Martha's Travels," by Katharine B. Foot, "Ickery Ann," by Mrs. Ella W. Peattie, "Missmilly," by Mrs. Jessies Benton Fremont, "The Rubber Boy," by Florence E. Weld, "Blossom," by Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, and "The Indian Guardian," by Grace Dean McLeod. Two serials are begun: "The Quest of the Whipping-Boy," by Georgiana Washington; and "The New Senior at Andover," by Herbert D. Ward; this latter is a picture of school-life at Phillips Academy some thirty years ago, and is full of live boys, live fun and live work. Alexander Black continues his illustrated "Contessions of an Amateur Photographer," Mrs. Sallie Joy White's "Business Opening" is for those girls who would become "Stenographers and Typewriters." A curious Prize-offer is made, the subject-matter of which is entitled "The Perplexities of a Crymangle."

Wide Awake is $2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

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THE HOME MAGAZINE, conducted by Mrs. John A Logan has:—in the May numbec a beautiful illustrated poem, by Clinton Scollard, entitled; "A Rose for Remembrance."

Portraits of Bismark, Caprivi, Gen. Crook.

An illustrated article on Rome, by Mrs. Logan.

A Trip to Hebron, by Mrs. Lane.

A Chapter of Chronicles, by Amber.

"Janet; a story" by Mrs. Oliphant.

Finely illustrated description of the interior of the Blain Home.

A Sketch of Amelia B. Edwards, with portrait.

Bright Bits from Bright Books, with extracts from "A New England Girlhood."

Washington Society Notes.

Lincoln at Home.

Memorial Day.

Illustrated articles on Home Dressmaking.

Illustrated articles on Fancy Work.

The Trilliums, a lovely spring poem, by Alto Bates.

The Necklace, a short story by Guy de Maupassant.

The Dining Room with Spring Soups, and recipea.

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Kansas Chautauqua Assembly.

The above Assembly meets at Topeka, Kansas, June 24th and continues until July 5th, 1890.

For this meeting a rate of one fare for the round trip has been made by the Union Pacific System from points on its lines within 150 miles of Topeka. Tickets will be on sale from June 24th to July 4th inclusive, return limit July 6th, they will also be on sale from all points in Kansas, at the rate of one fare for the round trip on June 24th, 25th and July 2nd, return limit July 6th.

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Holding Court in Texas.

I was practicing law in Bosque county, Texas, and acting justice of the peace, just after the "six shooter" law had been passed. The law was very severe, the lightest penalty for a violation being a fine of twenty-five dollars and confiscation of the weapon. Officers all over the state were enforcing the law rigidly, especially in the country, as half the fine was given the officer who arrested such an offender. One day I was holding court in a little schoolhouse, trying a neighborhood case, with about forty or fifty men present. I was just about to adjourn the court when there rose from a little clump of trees in front one of the most insignificant looking little men.

He was mounted on a mustang and had another tied to the tail of his mount, leading him in Texas fashion. The little fellow dismounted and came in to get a drink of water. While he was drinking I noticed that he had a very fine pair of revolvers strapped to his saddle-bow. I whispered to the constable to seize the pistols, and then began questioning the stranger. Before he had finished telling me that he was bound for Tom Green county I had the pistols on the table in front of me and he was under arrest.

The little fellow was very much astonished, and protested his ignorance of the six-shooter law, but as that is not a legal excuse I assessed him twenty-five dollars and declared his pistols confiscated. He seemad almost heart broken, and after searching his pockets he said,—

"Jedge, I've got twenty-five dollars here. It's all I have in the world. Take that and gimme my guns."

On being told that the law was imperative in regard to confiscation he continued in an almost tearful voice,—

"Well, jedge, law is law, and I reckon you'll hev to keep 'em, but, jedge"—and here there were tears in his voice—"my maw gimme them pistils, and jedge, I'd like to hold 'em in my hands jest once before I leave 'em forever."

I said he might take a last look at them, and handed them to him. Quicker than lightning he had cocked them, and the constable and I were staring straight into their muzzles.

"Naow," he said, and his voice rose to a screech, and he seemed to be quite a foot taller, "naow! take my maw's pistils will ye? I'm a-going down to that little ravine to eat my dinner, and if ye want these yere pistils, come and git em!"

Keeping us covered he backed to his ponies, mounted and rode off. Then the constable said,—

"Jedge, I reckon I can stand twelve dollars and a half. Don't you guess the State can stand that much and the pistols?"

I thought it could. and it did.

Henry Clay on the Goat.

The following anecdote of Henry Clay has just been published for the first time: As he came out of the Capitol at Washington one day, seeing a frightened woman in the street striving to ward off the attacks of a sportive goat, he gallantly, in spite of his years and office, seized the goat by the horns. The woman thanked him and sped hurriedly on. Mr. Clay would have liked to move on also, but the goat had its own views about the interference with his innocent amusement. As soon as the woman's deliverer loosed his hold on the two horns, the animal rose majestically on its hind legs and prepared for a charge. In his own defense Mr. Clay now took the animal as before by the horns and thus for a time they stood, while a crowd of street boys gathered about, immediately amused at the unusual spectacle of a senator and a goat pitted one against the other in a public street. As long as Mr. Clay held the goat by the horns, all was well; but the moment the quadruped was free, came a fresh preparation for a charge. Not a boy offered assistance, but after a while one ventured forward to make a suggestion.

"Throw the billy down, sir." Mr. Clay at once accepted and adopted the report of that committee, and tipping the goat up essayed to pass on. Before he could fairly turn away, however, the goat was up in lofty preparation for a new charge. Mr. Clay gave his enemy the floor once more and turned to his new adviser.

"And what shall I do, now?"

"Cut and run like the devil," replied the lad.—Omaha Bee.

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by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing. and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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A Startling Conjuring Trick.

The apparent cutting off of heads is among the most successful of recent conjuring tricks. The stage is hung completely in black velvet or felt. The effect of this arrangement of light and shadow is to throw the stage into impenetrable gloom. The conjuror appears suddenly clothed in white. Then Mephistopheles appears so suddenly that it seems as if he had jumped out of space, but really coming through an opening in the black cloth. A pretty woman in a light cloak and evening dress appears. She has first wrapped herself in a black domino of the same material as the stage hangings, leaving her arms and head free. Over this she now slips a framework of light wire, covered with a fine evening dress. This framework has no back, and she can slip out from it behind, leaving the shell with dress. For the lady to sit on, two pedestals suddenly appear. These are white, and appear by having a covering of black pulled from them quickly. One of these is about two feet high and the other about five feet high. The lady sits on the smaller one, and Mephisto orders the conjuror to cut off her head. After some demurring he finally seizes a carving knife, puts a light cloak over the lady's shoulders and cuts off her head. Taking it with one hand under the chin and the other holding her hair, he carries it across the stage and places it on the other pedestal. She walks across the stage in her black domino or behind a black screen shoulder high, only her head showing, and finally stopping with her head on the pedestal that is about five feet high. To replace, the same gliding back is again employed, and she again resumes her dress case and the trick is over.

Split Gold Coins.

"Two tens for a twenty, please," said a gentleman to the cashier in the county treasurer's office.

The cashier took the "twenty" and rang it on the counter. It had that peculiar dull ring that characterizes counterfeit coins. He rung it a second time and then inspected it critically.

"Is that bogus?" asked the owner of the coin.

"Oh, no!" answered the cashier. "It's good as wheat, but split." Continuing, he said, "that is the first split twenty dollars I ever ran across. The stamping machine at the mint sometimes comes down too hard on the coins and splits them; but it is seldom the larger coins split. It's mostly fives that suffer. But they are very careful at the mint and stop every split coin they detect. Now, in the thousands of dollars handled here every year I rarely find a split coin. I don't think I've found more than four or five in a year, and, as I say, the coins were mostly five dollar pieces."

The split twenty dollar gold piece looked perfect, and, so far as the eye could detect, bore no flaw of any kind. The only fault with it was the "ring," and the split made it sound "dead" when thrown on the counter.

Presence of Mind.

How few people are blessed with presence of mind when danger threatens! A lamp explodes; five out of six run screaming from the vicinity, leaving it to do its deadly work unchecked; the sixth snatches up a woollen shawl or blanket and smothers the flames. A woman faints in a public place. A struggling, suffocating crowd presses about. Suddenly three or four in the crowd begin to exclaim, "Stand back! Give her air!" But not one of them makes a move to stand back himself, and the crowd gathers more and more closely, until some one with the gift of leadership comes to the rescue. The wheels of a carriage become interlocked with those of a heavy wagon. The horses are terrified and restive; an accident seems certain when a man cries, to the one next him, "Help me lift the carriage clear!" In the flash of an eye it is done and the peril averted. Leadership lies in thought; cultivate it, you who can.

Leghorn Straw Farming.

What is known as Leghorn straw is raised on the hills which rise on each side of the rivers Pisa and Elsa, south of Florence, Italy. Its adaptability to the uses to which it is destined depends principally on the soil on which it is sown, which soil, to all appearances, exists only in this small district, out of the bounds of which the industry is unknown. Any variety of wheat which has a hollow, flexible stem can be used for seed. The soil must be tilled and prepared very much as it is for corn, but the seed is sown five times as thick as is usual for other purposes; this is done in the month of December or February. When the straw is full grown, and before the grain begins to form itself in the ear, it is uprooted and firmly tied in sheaves the size of a handful. Each sheaf or menata, as it is called, is spread out in the shape of a fan to dry in the sun for three days, after which it is stowed away in barns. The harvest being over and the fields empty, it is again spread out to catch the heavy summer dews and to bleach in the sun, during which process it is carefully turned until all sides are equally white.

She Couldn't Play.

"Won't you please play something for us, my dear Miss Swindle?" says the hostess.

"Oh, I caunt, really, I am so horridly out of practice!" cries Miss Swindle.

"Oh, Miss Swindle! When you always play so beautifully at any time!"

"I? I play beautifully when I really don't pretend to be anything more than an amateur? I only wish I could play."

"Do play, Miss Swindle!" says one of the guests, coaxingly.

"Oh, do," cries another.

"Please do, Miss Swindle," cries a third. "I have heard so much about your exquisite playing and have always wanted to hear you. Please do play!"

"Oh, thank you! But I really am quite out of practice, and I simply play a little for my own amusement."

"O-o-o-oh, Miss Swindle!" cry all the guests in chorus.

"Really, I don't pretend to play well," insists Miss Swindle.

"Do play something for us. Let me escort you to the piano."

"Well, if I must, I must, I suppose," says Miss Swindle, reluctantly; "but I shall play horridly and I really don't know a single thing to play, anyhow."

About an hour later the hostess said to her husband,—

"We really must do or say something to get that stupid Miss Swindle away from the piano. She's played six long pieces now and is beginning on the seventh, and Heaven only knows when she'll stop. Everybody's either yawning or giggling. I don't know what ever made me so stupid as to ask her to play, anyhow!"

Rich Men's Sons.

Examples of this law of heredity are plentiful among the financial leaders. The Astors and Vanderbilts of this generation have shown themselves well worthy to uphold the great monetary dynasties founded by their ancestors, and there is not in either family a spendthrift or an unworthy member. W. W. Astor has done some creditable literary work. Jay Gould's sons are likely to carry out his projects and increase the magnitude of his fortune. Robert Bonner's heritage is well cared for by his sons. The Ames family, which started its fortune by making shovels and increased it in Credit Mobilier, has an able member to-day in Oliver Ames, who has twice been Governor of Massachusetts. "Old Hutch's" son in Chicago is at thirty the president of a bank and director of a score of financial institutions. James L. Flood, son of the bonanza prince, and most prominent of the scions of mushroom wealth, has been at the head of the great Nevada Bank.

Ways that are Dark.

A new device for stealing pocketbooks and hand bags in the street is rather ingenius. The actual thief arranges matters so that he passes the intended victim just as his female confederate, who has been walking exactly in front of her stops suddenly, and allows the owner of the object to be stolen to run against her. The victim is either sorry for her own carelessness or indignant at the confederate's apparent stupidity. In the former case she apologizes, in the latter the confederate salutes her in such language that she hastens away frightened and ashamed, and in either case she is too much occupied to notice when her purse is snatched from her fingers or her bag is cut from her arm. Beware of the women who are suddenly struck with admiration of something in a shop window, and pause abruptly to admire it, creating more or less confusion by the movement.

Precious Stones at Wyoming.

A topaz of considerable value was recently found in Popowagi Canon. About a year ago, L. P. Webster secured several stones, and, being impressed by their beauty and hardness, sent them to Johann Drummond, in Amsterdam, Holland, to be cut and polished. The result of the operation was recently returned to him in the form of five brilliants varying from one-quarter carat to one carat. Mr. Drummond has written to Mr. Webster that the gems so closely resemble diamonds that only experts can detect the difference, and that aside from the diamonds they are the hardest stones ever cut in his establishment. The gems possess a beautiful bluish tint.

Naming Ships of War.

The naming of vessels of the navy is regulated by law. Vessels of the first class are required to be named after States, those of the second after rivers, those of the third after the principal cities and towns, and those of the fourth as the president may direct. The law is not always observed as closely as it ought to be, but in the main it governs naval nomenclature to-day.

Writes Backward.

A little English girl four years old writes with her left hand, and writes backward, as characters are reflected in a mirror from ordinary writing. Her friends have to read them by means of a looking glass. The child was taught writing with a sister, but she would do her own way, with the result that she writes fluently in this fantastic style.

Volcanic Islands Sinking.

Letters received from the British ship Egeria, which has been engaged for a considerable time on sounding operations in the South Pacific, state that she has just completed a survey of the Union group of islands, and a line of soundings has been carried from those islands to Fiji, and thence to Tonga, for the purpose of cable-laying, should a cable at any future time be deemed necessary.

On the first of October the Egeria left Tonga for the Falcon Island, one of the Tonga group, which was thrown up five years ago by a volcanic eruption, and was then stated to be five miles wide, but to the surprise of the scientific officers on board, they found it to be only half its original size. The place proved to be composed entirely of volcanic cinders, with small, but sulphurous springs here and there, and in some places the ground was so hot as to render walking exceedingly uncomfortable and in other places actually dangerous.

Lieutenant Marescaux and a party of men were employed in putting up mark flags for surveying purposes, and had placed a mark on the highest point of land on the island, about two hundred and fifty feet from the level of the sea and about twenty yards from the extremity of the cliff. Soon after this work had been completed those on board saw a large mass of ground fall away into the sea and this was followed by a white vapor which rose from the water. In less than three days from the hoisting of this mark the flag staff erected by Lieutenant Marescaux and his party had completely disappeared with the whole of the intervening ground between it and the sea.

Many pieces of the cinders which cover this volcanic head have have been taken on board the Egeria, and although very much resembling ordinary coke, when placed in the fire they run off in liquid form. It is considered that should there be no further upheaval this island will be entirely submerged in a few years.

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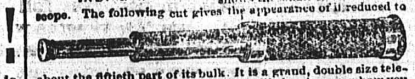

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GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS.

The Wise Remark That Was Frequently Made by a Grandmother.

"Girls will be girls," says Grandmother Gunn—
The oldest maxim under the sun,
And May, and Jennie, and Belle, and Kate
Go trooping out at the garden gate—
Trooping out for an hour's fun,
Nodding their thanks to Grandmother Gunn.

Four little maidens all in a row,
Hearts as clean as the pure white snow,
Out in the garden at high-spy.
Mother watches them with a sigh:
"Saturday eve and the work undone."
"Girls will be girls," says Grandmother Gunn.

Four little maidens fair—ah, me!—
Tired as maidens fair can be,
Mother scolds, in her careful way,
Till four little maidens slip away,
And four little hearts, brim full of fun,
A refuge seek in Grandmother Gunn.

Eight little lips that do not speak
Tenderly press her faded cheek
Till Grandmother sighs and wipes her eyes,
And four little maidens all surprise,
Lean their arms on grandma's knee
And argue their case right skillfully.

"Is it wrong, grandma, to fall asleep
Where the sun and shadows play bopeep?
Is it naughty running the whole day long
Where the brook is singing the goodest song?
Is it naughty having the mostest fun?"
She smiles and they know their case is won.
"Girls will be girls," says Grandmother Gunn.

"Girls will be girls." How the years flit by!
Four little maidens their fortunes try—
Sleighing, boating, never a care—
The merriest maidens anywhere,
Life on the wings of a joy-bird flies;
Still watchful mother tenderly sighs:
"They think of nothing at all but fun!"
"Girls will be girls," says Grandmother Gunn.

"Girls will be girls." How the glad years go!
Four little maids their fortunes know—
Each with a lover tall and grand,
The handsomest lover in all the land.
Still mother sighs and shakes her head,
Deaf to every word that's said,
Until at last, on one fair night,
Four little maidens, all in white,
Trustfully gave both heart and hand
To the handsomest lovers in all the land.
Says mother, "Oh, what have the children done?"
"Girls will be girls," says Grandmother Gunn

"Girls will be girls." How the good time flies!
Grandmother Gunn 'neath the daisies lies;
And mother sits in grandma's chair,
With grandma's face and grandma's hair;
And four little mothers, shy as a nun,
Tenderly mourn dear Grandmother Gunn.
And four little babies, cooing sweet,
Lie all day at their grandma's feet,
Sometimes naughty and ready to fret,
Till four little mothers are all upset.
Grandma alone says, "It's only fun—
"Girls will be girls," says Grandmother Gunn.

"Girls will be girls." How the years flit by!
Each moves on to the mile post nigh.
Living over the dear old days,
Each one steps into mother's place;
Each one learns, as the life-sands run,
That "Girls will be girls," like Grandmother Gunn.

—Will Allen Domgoold in Detroit Free Press.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.

A yellow gleam of dying sunlight stole into a small, plainly furnished room in the second story of an old tenement-house. It stole over the bare floor and trailed itself across the small white bed in a corner and the white face upon the pillow—a pitiful little face, with the great dark eyes fixed upon the dingy ceiling, while one thin, frail hand stroked the head of a half-starved kitten which nestled upon the coarse covering of the bed.

"Most done, mamma?" asked the child's soft, weak voice.

"Most done, darling. Be patient a little longer," came the low, soft answer, and the child sighed plaintively and said no more. There was a small fire in the little grate, for it was winter outside; but inside the winter of poverty reigned, and "it is always winter with the poor." Between the fire and the one window, as though to catch the little light which lingered in the western sky, a writing-desk was standing, and, seated at the desk, a woman worked away for dear life, the small hand which held the pen fairly flying over the paper. She was young, with a pale, pensive face, and sad, thoughtful brown eyes; her plain black dress told its own story of desolation and bereavement.

Slowly the moments went by, and still the pen flew over the paper. The thoughtful look deepened on her face, and the lines around the firm, patient mouth grew tenser; she turned the last page, and with a sigh of relief laid her pen upon the rack.

"Thank heaven!" she ejaculated fervently, "it is done. I will carry my manuscript to the office at once—it is barely sundown—and if it suits Mr. Lawrence will pay me, and then I can get Eddie's medicine, and some wine for him, poor child! And I can pay the rent; it's overdue," and she sighed wearily. "And I can order a little coal, and still have a trifle left for a reserve fund. But if the story should not suit!"

She caught her breath with a gasp of horror, and the small hands trembled as she tied on her hat before the cracked mirror.

"If it should not please him—or—if he declines to pay me at once—I—heaven help me!"

And the poor little overworked author, with the roll of manuscript in her hand, approached the bed.

"Eddie, darling," she said softly, stooping to kiss the child, "can you stay alone till mamma comes back? I must carry my story to the office, you know, dear, and when I come home I will bring you——"

She hesitated, checking the promise upon her lips. How did she know that she would be fortunate enough to procure the needed money? So she kept back the rash promises and hurried away. She had worked for a certain publisher for a year or more, ever since she had been left a widow with her little child to provide for, and she had been quite successful; but, as a beginner in the profession, she was not well paid as yet, and with Eddie's sickness and its inevitable expense the poor widow found it hard to keep the wolf from the door.

Annie Roberts had not always been poor. She was an orphan, and had been adopted by a wealthy old man, childless and alone—his wife having died soon after their marriage. He had reared Annie with the expectation of becoming his heiress at his death; for he had no living relative save a nephew for whom he had no special liking. When Annie was 16 (she was Annie Clive then) Harry Roberts began to call upon her. For some unaccountable reason the old man did not fancy young Roberts; but he was good and noble, and Annie loved him, and at last she became his wife. The old man died soon after, and no will being found it was presumed that he had disinherited his adopted child, and the estate reverted to the next of kin——Stephen Lancaster, the nephew referred to.

Harry Roberts and his winsome wife did not mourn over the loss of the fortune; he had a good situation and for a time everything went on smoothly. But alas! he sickened and died; and poor Annie, with her child, was left to face the cold world alone. She took courage for Eddie's sake, and fought her battle bravely. But, after all, the world looked pretty dark to her that chill November day as she hurried down the long wind-swept street toward the publisher's office. Such an accumulation of debts, and Eddie sick, and—she could not shut her eyes to the fact — her own health was failing. What would become of her child if she were taken away?

Arrived at the office she was shown at once into the presence of Mr. Lawrence, whose business it was to read the manuscript and judge their merits. She was accustomed to his brisk, good-natured ways, and he had frequently read her articles while she waited patiently for his verdict, trembling with apprehension lest he refused the hard work of her brain and pen. She laid the roll of closely written paper in his hand now, with a wistful glance into his face.

"If you will—if you can read it now," she faltered, "I will wait."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Roberts," returned the gentleman, blandly, "But the fact is, we are overstocked at present, and——"

"You do not wish it!" she gasped, sinking upon a chair which stood near. "Oh, what shall I do?"

Mr. Lawrence gazed into her face with critical eyes.

"Do not distress yourself!" he said, kindly.

"I will see what can be done for you to-morrow. In the meantime, Mrs. Roberts, I will glance over your story myself, and report as soon as possible!"

"Very well."

She arose pale and trembling; for the short, dark day was drawing to a close, and she must hasten home to her dying child. How could Mr. Lawrence know that she was starving; and that perhaps her child would be dead before to-morrow? But she could not tell her sad story—she could not beg; so, with a faltering "good-evening" she left the office.

Out on the crowded street, not a block away, her foot struck some small object lying upon the pavement, and, stooping, she picked it up.

Heavens! a well-filled pocket-book!

She stepped inside a sheltered doorway near and paused to collect her thoughts. Visions danced before her eyes of the comforts that she would bestow upon her child. Poor little fellow! his illness was partially owing to the lack of proper nourishment. The mother's heart leaped at the thought of how the pale face would light up with pleasure; and then all at once she remembered, with a sharp, keen pang that the money was not hers; and if she kept it she would be a thief.

She opened the pocket-book; it was full of crisp greenbacks; and there on the inside was the name in gilt letters—Stephen Lancaster.

She flew like the wind down the street, and was ere long at the handsome house which had once been her own home, and standing in its master's presence, a fine-looking man with blue eyes and wavy brown hair. He gazed at her in surprise.

'I have been looking for you everywhere," he said, calmly. "I have advertised for you for weeks, but all in vain. Had we not now met, Annie, I should have given up in despair. I am glad to tell you that my uncle did not disinherit you. He made a will leaving all to you, and I have found it, where he had securely hidden it. The fortune is yours, Annie; this is your house; even the money in that purse is your own property. Heavens! I have killed her!"

For, pale and death-like, Annie had sunk down at his feet. It was only excitement and weakness, however, and she soon recovered, for joy seldom kills. Restored to consciousness, she sat down to talk the matter over.

"I will accept the fortune, gladly," she said, softly, after a thoughful silence, "only on condition that you share it with me. I would not enjoy it at your expense."

Yet he had not scrupled to possess the fortune, though he knew that she, a weak woman, needed it. Her noble conduct shamed him, and from that hour he was a changed man.

He left the city shortly after and they did not meet again for months. In the meantime Eddie was removed to his new home and it was not long before he was well and strong once more.

People say that Annie Roberts is going to change her name to Lancaster when Stephen returns to the city, and the future looks very bright to both. And all this comes from the simple finding of a pocket-book.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Rockaway lad, fifteen years old, has constructed a one horse-power engine that is a success

ONE OF NATURE'S CURIOSITIES.

A Mysterious Bottomless Lake Which No Living Thing Can Survive.

"Devil's Lake," in Calhoun County, Alabama, seventy miles east of Birmingham, is one of the most remarkable natural curiosities to be found in America. The lake is oval in shape and covers about four acres of ground. No vegetation of any kind grows on its banks and nothing lives in its waters. Even snakes and terrapins shun the waters of Devil's Lake, and fish placed in it die in a few hours. The water is clear limestone, with a peculiar taste, which makes it unpalatable to man or beast. Horses and cows will not drink it, no matter how thirsty they may be.

Deep down below the surface of the lake may be seen what appears to be the charred and blackened trunks of large trees. They stand upright in the water, but have neither root nor branch and never rise to the surface or sink to the bottom. The lake has no outlet and the volume of water in it is the same all the time.

A strange fatality attaches to this lake. Once it was the favorite resort of the boys of the neighborhood for bathing and swimming, but now they never go near it. Fifteen boys have been drowned in its waters in twice as many years. A few of the bodies were recovered, but those who were drowned any distance from the banks sunk to the bottom and were never brought to the surface.

The depth of the lake has never been ascertained. Soundings to a depth of 700 feet found no bottom, and the people in the vicinity say the lake has none. The Indian legend of the origin of the lake is that before the white man came to this country two tribes became involved in a war, and after a number of bloody battles the smaller tribe was almost exterminated. Then the old men and chiefs of the weak tribe sued for peace and arranged for a council. While the pipe was being passed around a signal was given and the chiefs of the strong tribe suddenly sprang up with drawn tomahawks and murdered every one of the chiefs of the smaller tribe.

Then the war was renewed and carried on until the weak tribe was exterminated. A few moons after the massacre of the chiefs a fire broke out in the pine forest where the massacre occurred. The fire burned in this spot for eight moons and the ground sunk down out of sight; the fire disappeared, and in its stead appeared a lake. The Indians gave the lake a name which means "lake of death."

North Carolina's Breathing Cave.

In the range of mountains in western North Carolina, known as the "Fork Range," a most singular phenomenon exists. It is the "Breathing Cave." In the summer months a current of air comes from it so strongly that a person cannot walk against it, while in the winter the rush of air inward is just as great.

The cool air from the cave in summer is felt sometimes for miles in a direct line from the mouth of the cave. At times a most unpleasant odor is emitted upon the current from dead animals sucked in and killed by coming in violent contact with the walls. The loss of cattle and other stock in that section during the winter months is always great, and is accounted for in this way: They range too near the mouth and the current carries them in.

At times, when the change from inhalation to exhalation begins, the air is filled with hairs of the various animals; not infrequently small dry bones have been carried for over a mile from the mouth of the cave as though shot from an air gun. The air has been known to change quite suddenly during exhalation from cold to quite hot, accompanied by a terrible roaring and gurgling sound.

Many scientific men have visited the place, but the phenomenon still remains unexplained; the residents of that section fear a volcanic eruption. Something is wrong sure.—*Nashville American.*

Black Pearls.

It is not often that women have admirable jewels and are not aware of the fact. This story, told by a New York paper, may or may not be true, but it is worth repeating: When the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor died she left all her personal property, including her splendid collection of jewels, to her husband. When the late John Jacob Astor was about starting for Europe last summer he sent the precious casket of jewels as a gift to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. William Waldorf Astor.

Mrs. Astor, who was in town only to say good-by, sent the box to a safe-deposit company unopened, and then returned to Newport.

During the summer she saw a woman at the Casino wearing black pearls.

"Oh, I'd like to have some black pearls!" she exclaimed.

"But you have all the Astor jewels."

"Yes, but I've never opened the jewel case and don't know what's in it."

"What!" gasped a half-dozen women in various stages of collapse. "Well, you just send for it at once."

The case was duly forwarded, and therein, sure enough, were the celebrated Astor pearls, a set unequaled in the world for size, color, and symmetry.

The Latest London Idea.

An American bar and a winter garden on the roof of the new premises of the Pelican club in Soho are the latest London idea.

GOT RID OF A BOGUS SWELL.

A Smart Woman's Ingenious Scheme for Beating a Pawnbroker.

"I feel awfully ashamed of it now," said a demure little brown-eyed woman to a N. Y. *Sun* reporter, "because the pawnman was real good to me. It was this way: My friend Ada showed me a pendant, a circle of beautiful small, white diamonds about a ruby that glowed like a flaming-red heart; it had fire enough to melt a rock. Ada said it was a shame that the ruby was not genuine, because it made the pendant of no value to her.

"'I don't care,' said I; 'it looks so much like a real stone that I do not believe any one could tell it was bogus. Why, see, there is even a little flaw in it, just as you often find in rubies.' But Ada said as long as it was not genuine the pendant was of no value to her, unless she had the diamonds set over.

"'Why not pawn it?' said I.

"'I couldn't,' said she. 'I'd be frightened to death. Besides, how do you do it?"

"'Oh, just go in and ask him how much he'll give on it,' said I, though I had never been near a pawn-shop. I was in too deep to expose my ignorance now.

"'Would you dare to do it?" said she.

"'Certainly!' I replied bravely.

"'Will you do it for me, dear?'

"Now, that took my breath away. To put my friend up to mischief was one thing, but to be up to it myself was another. However, I could not admit I was afraid now.

"'Ye-es,' I said half-heartedly.

"She made me start at once. We went down-town, and while she waited in a store I climbed the stairs to the office of a swell broker with my heart beating until I was nearly suffocated. I sat down in the private office, and, with a face as long as the statue of misery, I handed out that pendant.

"'How much?' said the man.

"'I don't know,' I replied. He disappeared and came back and said '$150.'

"Then I knew he thought the ruby real, as I had expected him to do, and the pendant therefore worth about $600, but the sum offered was about double the real value of the pendant; so I looked sorrowfully at the gem for a moment and then said:

"'Can you do no better for me?"

"'Nope,' said he. One more long look at that memento of better days, and then I said in a voice suffused with tears:

"'I'll take it.'

The broker had been watching me closely, and I think he was moved by my apparent distress, which my fright helped me to assume, for when he brought me the ticket and money he said in the gentlest way.

"My dear lady, if you wish to redeem this at any time send us word and we will send it to you and spare you the pains of coming here. He was so kind that I'm sorry I cheated him, even if he did want a $600 pendant for $150."

The reporter related this story to a reputable Maiden lane jewelry manufacturer. He said that the secret of the girl's success lay partly in the fact that the bogus jewel had a flaw in it and that it was set with superior, if small, diamonds, but chiefly in the bearing of the girl. She showed to his eye that she was not accustomed to the air of a pawn-shop, and so he was more easily deceived. It is a regular though small branch of the jewelry business to make jewels like this pendant, which are worked off on pawnbrokers through just such means as were employed in this case.

How We Look at Things.

You and I see everything to some extent differently. You see things from the standpoint of your previously acquired groups of ideas; I from mine. Strictly no two persons can see the same thing in the same way, for it can never happen that two persons have precisely the same groups of ideas relating to any subject. These depend upon our past experience or our education, on the beliefs of our times, on our various sects or parties, on our pet theories, our interests, and our desires. Here is a simple illustration. Suppose an artist and an engineer, standing side by side overlooking a tract of country. What they perceive is the same; what they apperceive is wholly different. To the engineer the country presents itself as a possible line for a railroad, with here advantageous grades and there economic bridges. Before the artist is spread out a landscape, with light and shade and harmony of colors. Suppose, again, a plot of level ground in the suburbs of a city. A college student riding by apperceives it as a possible ball-ground; a young girl as a tennis-court; a speculator, as an addition for town lots; an undertaker, perhaps, as a possible site for a cemetery.—*Prof. G. T. Patrick in Popular Science Monthly.*

A Romantic Man's Quandary.

Three young ladies employed in one of the manufactories in Middletown wrote their names upon a slip of paper and enclosed it in a box which was shipped to Boston. The slip of paper fell into the hands of an old gentleman who, a week later, made his appearance at the factory. He was introduced to the young ladies, and, after paying attention to all, returned to Boston to decide, it is said, which shall become his wife.—*New London Telegraph.*

Parisian Bonbons.

Paris sends to foreign countries annually $500,000 worth of bonbons.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The woman who never said "I told you so" is entitled to a monument.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

A "corner" which is not worth a fig—raisin' the currant values to date on dried fruit.—*American Grocer.*

A grain of common sense may be of more value than a scruple of conscience.—*Texas Siftings.*

Gladstone's axes are in great demand. That is because he is such a good feller.—*Norristown Herald.*

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some are United States Senators.—*Washington Star.*

"Get thee behind me, Satan," is said by some people because they feel like they need a little pushing.—*Washington Star.*

The dog may have his day, but the cat certainly takes the cake so far as the night is concerned.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The time when a Congressman is "out of order" is when he has been out all night with the boys.—*Boston Courier.*

It's wonderful how much women can stand until you see them doing it in a car where all the men are seated.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Jack—"Miss Kaw owns 10,000 acres of corn land in Kansas." Bob—"Job's turkey! Is she so poor as that?"—*Washington Star.*

"He fairly dotes on her, but her father won't let him in the house." "The old man must be something of an antidote."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Teacher—"What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?" Small Boy—"Pull down the blinds."—*Texas Siftings.*

A man is like a chicken; he will leave a plate of meat to run after another chicken with a bone in its mouth.—*Atchison Globe.*

"Is Smifkins working for the Government now?" "Yes—er—that is to say, he is employed by the Government."—*Washington Post.*

"Do you believe in signs?" "Certainly! When I see 'free lunch' in a window I believe I can get something to eat within."—*Boston Herald.*

"In Congress" and "incongruous" are terms that sound much alike, and indeed they aren't always so different in meaning.—*Washington Post.*

It is a mighty hard-hearted woman who can't weep over the poor little orphans left by the bird which adorns her hat.—*Terre Haute Express.*

"I am sorry your hired girl left you. But you say you expect her back." "Any moment. I see the kerosene can coming down now."—*N. Y. Sun.*

There probably never was a woman who said an unpleasant thing to a man that she did not add that she was telling him for his own good.—*Atchison Globe.*

The fashion editor of a frontier paper, about the time of an Indian scare, said he was sorry to observe that whoops were coming in again.—*Texas Siftings.*

Squiggs—"I never see you and Miss Maryann out together any more. Have you quarreled?" Bliggs—"No, not exactly. We're married."—*Binghamton Republican.*

An impecunious Terre Haute young man, who has become a brother by brevet to seven heiresses, calls them "the little sisters of the poor."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Penelope—"Isn't it detestable to hear a man keep time to the music with his feet?" Jack—"O, the music probably appeals to his sole."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Where is the man with enough moral courage to try and find out conclusively whether a suspicious-looking bill is counterfeit after he has once accepted it?—*Washington Post.*

Shopper—"You may give me a dollar's worth of those strawberries, please." Dealer—"Sorry, ma'am, but we don't slice strawberries. I'll sell you a whole one for $1.50."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Talk is cheap." "O, is it? If you'd hear the plumber and the carpenter and my cook talking for two hours at my expense yesterday you'd have thought it blamed expensive."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Tommy—"Are all bald-headed men near-sighted, papa?" Papa—"I think not; why do you ask?" Tommy—"At the pantomine I never see any bald-headed men in the back part of the theater."—*Boston Herald.*

St. Peter (to newly arrived spirit)—"Madam, you will have no need of that sealskin sacque in this summer land." Mrs. De Fashion—"O, let me wear it, please. Never mind if I do nearly roast. I'm used to that."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"I cawn't for the life of me see," said Gus De Jay, "what some people were put on earth foh?" "My dear Mr. De Jay," said Miss Pepperton, "you shouldn't cultivate this unfortunate habit of introspection."—*Washington Post.*

Boston Mother—"You won't go to Heaven, Willie, if you are such a naughty boy." Willie—"O, well, I don't expect to go everywhere. I went to the circus yesterday and to the theater the day before. Besides, I'm in Boston."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Miss Rosebud—"O, well, you must not blame her; she is one of the period." Bronson—"Period? She a girl of the period? She doesn't know what a period is. Why, she never stops talking except with an exclamation point."—*Harper's Bazar.*

WORK ON THE FARM.

Useful Hints and Suggestions to the Busy Agriculturist.

Care Needed in Manuring Land—Necessity of Changing Chicken Ground—Raising Potatoes Under Straw—Growing Crops Cheaply—Household Notes and Hints.

An Important Subject.

A correspondent of the Orange Judd Farmer complains that on his farm manure has been a detriment rather than a help to his crops. He asks the reason why and is given this answer: The writer recollects that the poorest corn raised under his supervision in 1887 in Illinois was on ½ acre which had had a liberal application of stable manure that spring, and had also had a smiliar application for eleven years previously. The rainfall for May, June, July and August in 1887 was 9.67 inches, and for June and July it was 3.27 inches, while the normal rainfall in the locality for these periods is 16.18 and 8.09 inches respectively. The manure had only aggravated the effects of the drought. Prof. Shelton, writing from Manhattan, Kan., and referring to wheat, says: "The barnyard manure had a most unfortunate effect; it loosened the upper soil, thus permitting it to dry out to such an extent that a large proportion of the wheat never germinated."

The cause of the trouble, as indeed is intimated by the correspondent, is not far to seek: "Our main and almost only trouble here in raising crops is lack of moisture," doubtless contains the gist of the whole matter. The plowing under of stable manure causes the soil to dry out too rapidly, a serious evil in any locality of scanty rainfall. The application of well rotted stable manure to land after it is plowed—the manure being worked into the surface with a dise harrow or other instrument before seeding, has been practiced by wheat farmers in many localities with good results. This method largely obviates the difficulty of causing the soil to dry out. The stable manure which was applied to the potatoes was put on too late to supply any substantial benefit as a fertilizer, while as found by our correspondent, straw or prairie hay would be more effective as a mulch. We would suggest to our correspondent to apply his manure well rotted to land intended for wheat or corn after it is plowed, working it into the surface before seeding. If he gets no benefit with this method his land must either be fertile or his manure very poor.

Changing Chicken Grounds.

One of the difficulties of successful chicken farming on very small places is not the lack of range and exercise, but the fact that the same ground must be run over from year to year. Some who have plenty of room make this same mistake from negligence, placing the chicken crop year after year on the same spot. Lice may be kept off from chickens anywhere with sufficient care, but the foulness of chicken-droppings in time completely saturates the soil, and breeds diseases that destroy the flock. The henhouse must be a substantial building, but it can be kept clean by care, and insects destroyed by frequent fumigation. But it will be an advantage if the henhouse is not so large that it cannot be readily moved. In some places we know the henhouse location is changed every few years, and each time to a spot that has been plowed and seeded since chickens were there before. It is better, any way, not to have very large chicken houses. If a large number of fowls are to be kept, then build more houses, and have them scattered as much as possible. This may make more trouble in feeding the fowls, but it will be far less than the loss and expense of sickness caused by huddling too many fowls in one place.

Potatoes Under Straw.

There are two or three advantages in growing potatoes in this way. One is that no cultivation being necessary the hills can be planted closer together each way, giving a larger yield The mulch aids materially to retain moisture in the soil, and this in a dry season especially is quite an item. No cultivation is necessary, and in a busy season often this will be an item.

The plan is much better for late than for early varieties, as the mulch rather retards the growth, at least at first. In many localities there is more or less a drouth nearly every summer, during the latter part of July and August, usually at a time when late potatoes need moisture; and a good mulch at this time will aid in securing this by retaining moisture in the soil.

Were it not for interfering too much with other work, the best plan of applying a mulch is to prepare the soil in a good tilth, mark out the rows and plant the seed, covering with soil, but taking pains not to cover too deep. Then after the plants have started, just showing above ground, apply the straw. But care must be taken not to wait too long. The only objection to covering with straw as soon as planted is that if the weather should be cold and wet there is considerable risk of the seeds rotting, and especially in low, wet land. On higher or well-drained land the danger is much less.

Study the Demand.

What the farmer most needs after thoroughly acquainting himself with the science of agriculture—not agriculture as his father and grandfather and great-grandfather understood it—is to study the public demand and in the cultivation of his soil cater to that demand. If there is a better market in his vicinity for potatoes than for corn or wheat, why raise potatoes? If onions, all he can raise of them, command a better price than anything else, onions are the vegetable he should raise. He should study and work for the best results. At the Ohio agricultural experiment station the yield of potatoes had been increased eighty per cent by the use of phosphoric acid. Our grandfathers scarcely, if ever, heard of phosphoric acid. That is one of the experimental discoveries. It ought to be received by the farmer as a suggestion of possible success in many other agricultural lines. The farmer should be ready and eager to avail himself of every new improvement just as merchants and manufacturers are.

Growing Crops Cheaply.

The price of the farmer's commodities is mainly determined by causes that he cannot control. But the cost of producing them depends very largely on himself. If there be anything in soil or location that makes the production of any crop necessarily more expensive for one farmer than for others, he should change to something in which competition is not so active. Every locality has advantages for cheaper production or better marketing for some product. It is a part of the farmer's business to study the capacities of his farm, and then learn everything possible about the methods of producing most cheaply what his farm is adapted to. The farmer who does this need not complain that farming does not pay.

Farm Notes.

Clover chopped fine and sprinkled with bran and meal, is a cheap and excellent food for hens and ducks.

Sunflowers will grow wherever corn will thrive. They produce a large amount of seed, but need plenty of manure.

For feeding purposes it is estimated that 100 pounds of beets are worth 19c; 100 pounds of ruta-bagas, 15c, and 100 pounds of the flat turnip, 11c.

The cheapest way to kill very young weeds is to harrow the ground. As a large space of ground can be harrowed in a day it will require but little labor and saves arduous work later on.

An emulsion of one quart of kerosene in five gallons of strong soapsuds is an excellent remedy for the caterpillars that infest apple trees, but kerosene is fatal to peach trees. The proper way, however, is to tear out all the nests that appear in the trees and burn them, which work should be done late in the afternoon.

Every weed that is allowed to secure a stand will deprive the crop of a certain proportion of plant food and moisture. Every weed that is allowed to go to seed increases the work of eradication a hundred fold.

Much time can be saved by keeping up what might be termed small repairs. A little item that a few minutes' work would have repaired, if done at once, if let go is often the cause of a half day's delay at some future time.

In the desire to secure size in the strawberry the more desirable qualities of hardiness of vine and flavor of the fruit are being overlooked. A well flavored, solid berry, even if small, is better than some of the large, hollow, insipid berries that are more attractive in appearance than in quality.

Hints to Housekeepers.

In doing up sateens do not use any starch.

Cut a cucumber into strips and put into all places where ants are found and it will surely drive them away.

To polish a copper kettle rub with lemon and salt. Cut a lemon dip in salt, and rub over the copper surface.

A little borax put in the water before washing red or red-bordered tablecloths and napkins, will prevent their fading.

It is just as necessary to keep salt from absorbing bad odors as cream. A sack of best salt standing where there is a smell of fish or any objectionable odor will absorb the flavor.

To clarify molasses, heat over the fire, pour in one pint of sweet milk to each gallon of molasses. The impurities will rise in scum, which must be taken off before broken by boiling.

Many housekeepers need warning against the frequent use of feather dusters. These dusters simply chase the particles from the furniture into the air, where they are inhaled. A soft cloth is good and a chamois skin is sometimes better, for a duster.

Unless rooms are very much used, carpets need not be taken up oftener than once a year. A thorough sweeping, followed by wiping them with a cloth wrung from clear water, will remove the dust quite thoroughly. Ammonia and water brighten the colors and take out spots. Moist sawdust or pieces of wet newspaper scattered over the carpet will gather the dust.

A Curious Formula.

Here is a curious way to tell the day of the week of any date given: Take the last two figures of the year, add a quarter of this, disregarding the fraction; add the date of the month and to this add the figure in the following list, one figure standing for each month, 3-6-6-2-4-0-2-5-1-3-6-1. Divide the sum by seven and the remainder will give the number of the day in the week, and when there is no remainder the day will be Saturday.

As an example take the day, March 19, 1890. Take 90, add 22, add 19, add 6. This gives 137, which divided by 7 leaves a romainder of 4, which is the number of the day, or Wednesday.

THE ORLEANS FAMILY.

Descendants of Louis Philippe, King of the French from 1830 to 1848.

Three recent incidents, says the *Youth's Companion* have called special attention to the descendants of King Louis Philippe of France, who are generally known as "the Orleans family."

The revolution in Brazil resulted in the expulsion from that country of the comte d' Eu, husband of the Brazilian princess Isabel and a grandson of Louis Philippe.

Feb. 4 the duke de Montpensier, fifth and youngest son of Louis Philippe, died in Spain.

In the same week, Feb. 7, the young duc d'Orleans, great grandson and heir in the direct line of Louis Philippe, made his rash entry into Paris, though by law he was forbidden to set foot on French soil.

Thus the Orleans family have come into considerable notice of late. There is no doubt that they still hope, as they have long hoped, that the French republic may some day be overturned, and that their own house may be restored to royal power.

Of the five sons of Louis Philippe three are still living. The eldest son, the former duc d'Orleans, was killed nearly fifty years ago by a fall from his carriage during his father's reign. The eldest son of this duke is the count of Paris, now 52 years of age, and the young duc d'Orleans, just 21, is the count of Paris' eldest son. The comte de Paris, moreover, has one brother, the duc de Chartres.

The second, third, and fourth sons of Louis Philippe, still living, are the duc de Nemours (father of comte d'Eu), the prince de Joinville, and the duc d'Aumale, The two latter have long been recognized as men of marked ability. De Joinville has served with distinction in the French navy, as his brother d'Aumale has in the army, and both are able and forcible writers.

The duc d'Aumale is the only one of the Orleans princes in whose favor the law of exile, forced against the family four years ago, has been revoked. He made a gift of his magnificent estate of Chantilly to the French institute while still in exile; and the tender of this gift, coupled with the belief that he is too patriotic to conspire against the republic, caused his readmission to his native land.

While the duc de Montpensier, the youngest son of Louis Philippe, who recently died in Spain, was far from being an able man, he has played a somewhat notable part in the history of the last fifty years. As a young man he did some military service in Africa, and at the age of 21 he married Maria, the sister of the then reigning Queen Isabella II. of Spain. The marriage was vigorously resisted by England and other powers and came near causing a great war, for it was feared that it might result in the control of Spain by France.

But no such result followed. The duc de Montpensier was made captain-general of the Spanish army, and plotted more than once to get the royal power in Spain, but being neither able nor popular his plots always came to nothing.

The comte de Paris, who is the chief of the Orleans family, being the heir now of both the houses of Bourbon and Orleans, is perhaps chiefly interesting to Americans on account of his service on Gen. McClellan's staff in the early part of the civil war, and because he is now writing a long and minute history of that war.

With his brother, the duc de Chartres, he served upon the staff of the union army for about a year, with the rank of captain. He is known as an amiable and scholarly man, ambitious to wear the crown, but lacking in those qualities of tact, judgment, and boldness which might, on occasion, win success. He married a daughter of his uncle Montpensier in 1864 and has two children.

The Orleans princes are widely connected by marriage or blood with the reigning European families. There are family ties between them and the houses of Spain, Austria, Russia, the Sicilies, Denmark, and several of the minor German houses. They have played a stirring part in politics, war, and one and all are men of large wealth. Yet it seems doubtful if France will ever change the republic for another Orleans dynasty.

Gen. Crook as a Huntsman.

"Gen. Crook was very fond of hunting," said Lieut. Kennon, "and was one of the best shots I ever saw. When he was a young officer he always did the hunting for his mess. In those days sometimes the mess bills exceeded the officers' salaries, and I have heard Gen. Crook tell how they made him caterer, and by his intimate knowledge of the Indians' economical methods of cooking and his luck at hunting the mess was soon able to declare dividends. I have been with him on many hunting trips, and I never saw a better or a steadier shot. Sage hens are not the easiest game to bag, and yet I have seen him repeatedly drop a bird out of a flock with each barrel; not only that, he would kill a chicken every time. His eye was so quick that while aiming he could select the chicks instantaneously. With all his experience and trials Gen. Crook was as simple as a child. He was straightforward and truthful, and had no patience with concealment or trickery. He never broke his word to white man or red man."—*Washington Star.*

The Bulgarian government is about to expend $15,000,000 upon the construction of railroads.

THE ORDER OF TRAMPS.

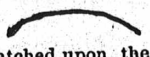
How They Are Enabled to "Work" Good Country Folk—The Sign Language.

The approach of spring and its accompanying warm weather is always a warning to residents in suburban villas and country houses that they may soon expect visits from the ladies and gentlemen who belong to what we will call the "Most Honorable Order of Tramps."

The order is a very numerous one, and the ways of its members are, like the ways of Providence, past finding out. While taking their annual walking tour they usually appear in the best of spirits, and one often wonders how they succeed so well in suiting the character of their stories to the various persons from whom they beg. They very seldom offer needles or tapes to persons who make a practice of giving alms, and as rarely do they ask alms of persons who always make it a practice to get some return for charity promiscuously given.

The explanation is to be found in the fact that the most honorable order make use of cabalistic signs, which they scratch upon walls and gate-posts, and which accurately denote the dispositions of the persons owning the same.

The scratching is performed with a piece of iron, about four inches in length and having a chisel-like end. This end also comes in handy for forcing a window or lock in cases where the occupants of the house are not at home. When a tramp starts upon his annual summer tour he finds that the sign posts at the cross-roads are marked for his convenience, and when he sees the Greek R surmounted by a curve he turns to the right, but when the sign is reversed he takes the opposite direction. We will suppose that the next sign he meets with is



carefully scratched upon the gate post outside a trim-looking country house. This tells him that the occupants "will buy if you have what they want," and he consequently takes a minute or two to arrange his box of needles without points, buttons without eyes, and tapes which will break at even the sight of a thread. He is never at a loss for "patter"—tramp for talking—and it is not often that he fails in palming off some of his worthless trash upon the good natured customer.

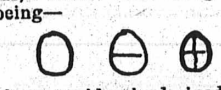
When he succeeds in making a sale he tramps gayly on and is soon comforted with observing the sign

which means that "they are good for food." The wanderer's lunch time has, perhaps, not yet arrived, and he goes on, trusting to meet with even better luck. We will presume that he meets with it, for presently we may hear him say:

"This is good enough; I will try for a bit of buz crust here." The reason for this decision is that he finds the following sign—

This means that he may reckon upon a "regular good feed;" and the sign has not been conceived without a certain amount of humor, because if we place a few dotted lines round the sign, it will speak for itself.

Religious folk are favored with three signs, which mean "religious," "more religious," and "most religious," the signs being—



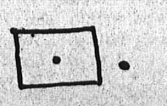
The last is evidently derived from the Greek, but how the tramps picked up their classics is a mystery. One thing, however, is certain, and it is that whenever the traveling cadger comes across these signs he immediately pitches up a hymn tune and as invariably talks about the dear wife he has recently lost or the children he has left ill at home.

In another sign the order have gone to the Egyptian language for the word "certainty"—

So far the signs have been of an encouraging character, but when our tramp meets with

"No good," he follows the example of the priest and walks by on the other side, and he never wastes time over a house marked

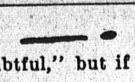
"Spoilt." The next sign to be noticed is a staggerer, and it is really a good one—



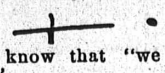
The four sides of the square denote a prison, and the poor tramp inside is warning his pals outside against calling at that house, for if they do they, too, may find themselves in the "jug."

This sign always causes a certain amount of trepidation, for it signifies "dangerous," and all callers have to keep a sharp lookout for a dog or a game-keeper with a gun—not a pleasant condition of things when a fruitful orchard or well stocked hen-house is temptingly near the road.

The use of the foregoing signs is confined to the country districts, and in large towns another set is used.

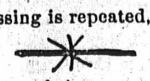


Means "doubtful," but if the line is crossed thus—



the tramps know that "we shall get something."

If the crossing is repeated, the outlook



is still better, and there is a chance of getting "something good."

Denotes that the lady "has given recently," but hope is revived when the tramp sees

because he may confidently expect that the lady "will give again." By the assistance of these signs the happily lazy tramp knows exactly where to call, and also how to frame his appeals, and it is therefore no wonder that he frequently succeeds in finding his way to the weak spots in the charitable armor of our country friends.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Found a Big Bone.

An immense bone of some prehistoric animal has been unearthed by the workmen engaged in building the piers in the Missouri River for the Winner Bridge. The bone was found in caisson No. 6, at a point about forty-eight feet below the surface of the river. About eight feet of the substance protrudes from the boulder and sand-made bed of the river. It is eighteen inches thick at the largest point, although a thicker portion may be brought to light when the workmen get the specimen fully out of its bed. The exposed end has the appearance of the socket of a joint, but the general dirty condition of the bone renders an examination impossible at this time. There can be little question that the substance is a bone, and that of a member of some prehistoric race of mammals.

The foundation for pier 5, where the great bone was found, is nearly in the middle of the Missouri River; at any rate it is almost exactly in the strongest current of the muddy stream. The depth now attained is forty-eight feet and it is expected that the foundation will be put down to eighty feet, or at least until bedrock is struck. The big bone is too large to have belonged to a pterodactyl, even if that genus of fossil lizards of the secondary strata were known to prehistoric America. The ichthyosaurus, a gigantic fossil marine reptile, can not well be accused of having fathered the specimen, because the largest of his kind would scarcely have had a bone eight or nine feet long in his makeup. It most likely belongs, however, to the extinct species *elephas primi-genius.* These elephants were about twice the size of the living tribe, but the finding of their bones has been confined almost altogether to the colder latitudes.

Late naturalists have placed the mammoth of the warmer parts of North America in a different class from the animals of the north. Of the southern tribe only a few bones and teeth have ever been discovered and if the find at the Winner Bridge proves all that is expected of it the scientific world will be largely the gainer. The size of the bone found does away with the probability that it belongs to the extinct genus mastodon, although that animal was allied to prehistoric North America. Occasionally isolated bones and teeth of the mastodon have been found on the banks of the Missouri, but no bone as large as that found Monday evening was ever found in connection with the species in this or any other country. The specimen is a good one if of a mastodon; if that of a mammoth it is still more valuable.—*Kansas City Times.*

He Wouldn't Exchange Positions.

Col. Visscher was in Kentucky when the famous whisky ring gained celebrity and its members long terms in the penitentiary. Col. Visscher knew all of them intimately, but no one was more surprised than he was when the ring was "busted." He says now that he once received a vaguely expressed offer to participate in something that was not explained to him, but he refused, preferring newspaper work. This vague offer he subsequently understood when the ringleader who tendered it was wearing striped clothes in the penitentiary.

"I knew Col. —— well," says Col. Visscher, "and visited the penitentiary in which he was confined. Col. —— was always ready for a joke, and when he asked me how I was getting along I replied:

"'Well, Col. ——, I'm not rich. I have 85 cents in my pocket, but I'm happy.'

"'I am worth $300,000,' said the whisky king. 'You might have been worth a greal deal, too.'"

Col. Visscher reflected a moment, and with a twinkle in his eye replied:

"Col. ——, you say you are worth $300,000. I have only 85 cents, but I would not trade my pile for yours and trade clothes."

The whisky king looked at his convict garb and was good humored enough to laugh heartily over the sally.—*Seattle Press.*

Removal of Boiler Scales.

Engineers use kerosene to remove the scales which form on the inside of boilers. The oil is poured into an empty boiler and the water then turned on. The oil floating on the water, comes in contact with the scales before the water does.

Almost Fatal Kindness.

During the late civil war Mrs. Wheeler, the Eugene healer, served as a nurse in the Union service. She had many thrilling experiences and among them the Eugene (Ore.) Journal has heard of the following: She was present at the battle of Spottsylvania. At the commencement of the battle a Union officer rode up to her and handed her a package of papers with the request that she should keep them safe until the battle was over, and then, if he (the officer) should not live to call for them, to deliver the package at headquarters.

In the course of the fight a flank was turned and Mrs. Wheeler and the rest of the hospital nurses captured by the rebels. Upon searching her person, of course, the papers were found and proved to be the work of a Union spy, who had been inside the rebel lines, she was at once arraigned before a court-martial composed of rebel officers, and notwithstanding her statement of how she came by the papers and repeated protestations of innocence, she was formally convicted of being a spy and sentenced to be hanged at Sunrise the next morning. She was then taken by a guard of three soldiers and confined in a small guardhouse, which had but one small aperture admitting light and air, and through the aperture she saw the erection of the gallows on which she was to perish. What a grim perspective!

Inside the guardhouse there was nothing but the bare floor of earth and two dry goods boxes standing against a wall; no chair, no bed.

That night one of the guards entered the guardhouse with a piece of corn bread and a tin cup of water for her supper.

Mrs. Wheeler spoke.

The guard stopped.

He then retired and locked the door upon her again. Later on in the night she heard a voice at the aperture say: "Move the small box!" She moved the box and discovered an aperture, which proved to be a tunnel. Through this tunnel she worked her way on her hands and knees for about one-fourth of a mile, when she emerged from its mouth and found a man and two saddled horses standing there.

Mrs. Wheeler mounted one horse, and the man, who was disguised, the other. For six miles they rode on in darkness without speaking, but at the end of that time the man spoke and said:—

"You are now safe within the Union lines; ride on," and the man disappeared in the darkness like a shadow.

Mrs. Wheeler rode on until she came across a picket, who took her to General Heintzelman's headquarters.

Some time ago, while taking a little outing at Anderson's on the McKenzie river, Mrs. Wheeler and her preserver met and recognized each other after a lapse of twenty-six years. Her preserver's name is well known—Dr. B. F. Russell, now postmaster at Thurston. He was one of the three guards. He was the disguised horseman.

An Olden Time Pie Eater.

In the long ago there lived in Sunday River Valley, Maine, a woman by the name of Jackson. She was better known as Mother Jackson by the settlers of the valley.

Jackson's people invited the neighbors to help them husk their corn on a certain night, saying that they should have a good supper and all the pumpkin pie that they could eat.

One, Dudley Foster, told her he would come, but if he did not have all the pumpkin pie he could eat, she must pay him for a day's work.

"Well," said Mother Jackson, "Dudley, how many pies can you eat?"

"I can eat five pies anyway."

"Now, Dudley," she said, you cannot eat one pie. If you don't eat one pie for your supper you shall give me a day's work. If you eat all of one pie I will pay you for a day's work."

"Done," said Dudley. "I will take that bargain."

The husking came off at the time appointed with all the fun of such gatherings. Dudley called for his pie. Mother Jackson had made one for him. She had baked it on a platter as large as she could get into the old stone oven. It was several inches in thickness and about as large as a linen wheel rim. She brought out the pie and placed it before Dudley, telling him to eat all he could. If he ate it all she would pay him for a day's work.

Dudley thought he could eat the whole of the pie and went at it. He actually ate three-fourths of the pie, but had to give it up as a bad job, and, as "The Norway Advertiser" tells the tale, had to do the day's work according to the bargain.

Gov. Humphrey appointed as commissioners to the world's fair Charles K. Holliday, jr., of the Topeka Democrat, and Rees Price of Hutchinson, with Frank Lanyon of Pittsburg and J. F. Thompson of Sabetha as alternates.

Read the advertisement of Prof. Smith of Lexington, Ky., whose College received the Gold Medal at the World's Exposition for business education. Summer session now open.

It's Good Enough.

"There! I guess that will do," said John, as he took a shovelful of ashes out of the stove. "The pan isn't empty, but it's near enough; nobody will see it. If I can get the store swept in about five minutes, I can finish my story before any one comes."

The floor was swept very much as the stove had been cleaned. The open spaces presented a good appearance, but out of the way corners and underneath boxes and barrels told a different story. However John said it was good enough. The story was finished, and the paper hidden out of sight before the clerks arrived. Then Mr. Willis, the proprietor, came in, bade them all "good morning," glanced around the store, and went into his private office. Presently he called John.

"Take these letters to the office as soon as you can. They will be just in time for the nine o'clock mail. Come right back."

John hurried to the office, as he had been bidden, but, having deposited the letters safely, saw no more reason for haste. Indeed, he even indulged in a game of marbles before returning to his work. When he entered the store again, Mr. Willis made no comment on his tardiness, but remarked,—

"Well, John, I have almost learned my lesson."

John stared.

"What lesson, sir?"

"Why, the one you've been teaching me lately."

John was more puzzled than ever, and all the day long he wondered what lesson he could possibly teach Mr. Willis.

The next morning John's work was done as speedily, and no better, than the day before.

Mr. Willis came before the clerks and sent John out on an errand. While he was gone, the gentleman, with a quiet smile, began to investigate the corners that John thought nobody would see. When he returned Mr. Willis said:—

"John, I told you yesterday that I had almost learned my lesson. To-day I know it thoroughly. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been teaching me how well I could get along without you. I thought the stove needed cleaning and the store sweeping every morning, but it seems they don't. So I shall not need you longer than this week."

Why Everybody Laughed.

A certain young newspaper man who toils for his ducats not far from the "North American" office recently became the proud father of the handsomest baby in the world. (He says it's the handsomest and he ought to know.) Last Saturday was his day off and he and his wife thought they would give the town a treat by taking the baby out and exhibiting it to the admiring multitude. They made two short calls on friends and the lady concluded to do some shopping, too, while she was out.

The baby is a fine, healthy youngster, and after a while it began to get heavy. Hubby had been carrying it, and to relieve him and allow him to stretch his cramped arms the young mother took a turn with it. Before long the proud father was again staggering along with the precious load, and after that they took turn about in carrying it. Then a brilliant thought struck the father. Why not buy a baby coach! They needed one anyhow, and might as well buy it while they were out and wheel tootsy wootsy home in comfort.

To think was to act, and in a little while the fond parents were pushing a gorgeous coach down Chestnut street, with the hope, expressed by the father, that some of the boys on the other papers could see the finest baby they ever laid their eyes upon. At first they were oblivious to everything but how well the baby looked in the coach, but hubby finally began to notice that people coming toward them seemed to see something funny. He could not understand what it all meant and concluded to investigate.

"You wheel the coach while I go ahead and see what's the matter," he said to her.

He passed the coach a dozen yards or so and then turned back. One look at the coach made him blush and then shake with laughter. They were near Ninth street, and he told his wife to cross over while he wheeled. She crossed the street ahead of the coach, then turned, gave a glance, and with a feeling that beat sea sickness and the grip combined clutched a lamp post for support.

There in front of the coach was the placard which the careless dealer had forgotten to take off, marked in big black letters, "Our own make."—"Philadelphia North American."

Our Cities.

Like those of older countries, American cities are becoming congested. They are growing outward and inward on two ever-diverging lines; the rich are daily growing richer, and the poor poorer. The criminal and the needy are being shut up alone in their slums, and the wealthy are walking apart in their distinctive quarter. Recreation is drawing away from the toilers, leaving them a life without light or relaxation. A man may now die in an attic in many American city and none know who he is—or care. The old-fashioned town, where every house-holder was his own landlord, is now the rarity, not the rule. In a score and more cities which could be named, "free soup" is ever and again announced for the people—ay, even "free bread." It matters not that the benefactor may be seeking election or local influence; his acts surely indicate the state of things below the surface. The utmost of squalid wretchedness, streets upon streets where life is only grime, dark dens reeking with the stench of disease and uncleanness, the sweater's rookeries—all these are established features in the large cities of America, and are the more striking because quite unlooked for. The cause is obvious enough; a wholesale immigration of toilers who cling to crowded marts; a steady inflow, from the rural districts, of young men and women who are allured by city pleasures; the influence of the press, which naturally magnifies the opportunities of great cities, to the disadvantage of rural life. And yet it is only in the country that work and consequent happiness is surely to be found. If a small percentage of workers, native and foreign, would but migrate to green fields and become agricultural laborers, rather than fight against overwhelming competition in city markets, the avenues of industry might be cleared and elbow room found for all.

A Stove Used as a Bed.

In the north of China the climate is quite cold, and there are no stoves or fireplaces in the wayside inns. In some of the general rooms are small charcoal braziers, but the bedrooms, which are very scantily furnished, contain neither stove nor bed. In their place is a brick platform long enough for a man to stretch himself at full length upon and raised a foot or two from the floor, with an opening in the side. Into this aperture the servant pushes a pan of burning coals, and when the bricks are thoroughly heated the traveller spreads out upon them the bedding he has brought with him, and lies down to rest on his stove.

An Ingenius School Boy.

A school boy who wanted an answer to an arithmetical problem, dropped into a grocer's store on his way to school and said he wanted certain commodities at certain prices. After exhausting his list he said,—

"Now, if I give you half a sovereign, what shall I get in change?"

The grocer told him, whereupon he thanked the man and turned to go.

"Wait for the things," called the grocer; and his disgust can be imagined when the urchin said he was late for school, and, as he hadn't learned his arithmetic lesson, he had adopted that method of getting the problem worked for him.

Tinfoil.

In the manufacture of tinfoil, tin is melted and run into blocks weighing from two hundred to four hundred pounds each—and in this form the metal is kept for ordinary use. The old method of reducing it to the necessary thinness for foil was by hammering it by hand as the gold-beaters beat gold-leaf; and this process is still in vogue to a limited extent. This however is a very laborious process, as the sheet must be constantly beaten without intermission to keep up the heat generated by the continuous strokes of the hammer; and the great drawback to it was that only one surface or face could be produced. The introduction of rolling-machinery has completely revolutionized the trade; so that, in place of importing, we now export. The metal is given a beautiful polish on both sides; it is then cut to order by cutting machines. The great advantage of the machine-rolled foil over the hand-beaten foil is that, while the latter is full of minute holes as not to be visible to the naked eye, the former is, as a rule, perfectly intact—and thus, being air-tight, forms a wrapper that cannot be equaled by any other substance.

The Buddhists in Burmah.

The Buddhists in Burmah do not consider the question of expense in beautifying their temples. Here is the description of the new vane of the pagoda at Rangoon: The vase is about three by one and a half feet broad, and thickly crusted with precious stones and lovely fans of the red Burmese gold. One ruby alone is worth six thousand rupees, and there are several hundred rubies alone on this beautiful thing. On the tip of the iron rod on which works the vane is a richly carved and perforated gold ornament called the Semboo. It is somewhat egg shaped and a foot in height, tipped by an enormous diamond encircled by many smaller ones, crusted on like barnacles. All over this exquisite oval object are similar clumps of diamonds, no other stones being used for this part.

Ex-County Treasurer Milton Bradley left his home in Eldorado about a month ago for a ten days' hunting trip, and has not been heard from since. It is supposed that he has died in some secluded place of heart disease, to which he was subject, or been foully dealt with. His finances are all straight.

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Gen. Butler's Bad Eye.

General Benj. F. Butler's left eye has had nearly as much to do with making him famous as his record as a lawyer, a politician, or a soldier. He wore that left eyelid in its well known drooping fashion for three score and ten years, but in his old age he decided to conform with the generally prevailing ocular style and called in a surgeon.

The operation by which the caricaturists were robbed of one of their strong points, and which restored the beauty and usefulness of the General's extraordinary optic, was performed recently at his home in Lowell, Mass. It was no concern for his facial beauty that induced the patient to submit to the shears. He has borne a drooping appendage of flesh over his left eye since birth, but as long as his right eye was intact he could see well enough to satisfy him.

But this useful organ grew tired with the strain of seventy-one years and demanded aid from its comparatively idle brother. So a specialist was called in. He decided that the right eye was worn out, while the left was perfect in every respect, except the drooping lid. Enough of this would have to be removed to reduce it to normal size. When he appreciated the situation the General consented to an operation, which was successfully performed. The lid was treated with cocaine and the cutting was done with a surgeon's scissors. A piece of flesh one and a half inches long and an inch wide was taken away. The surgeon then brought the edges together and secured them with a half dozen stitches. The effect was to pull the lower portion of the lid upward where the overhanging fold used to be, thus exposing the eyeball to the light. The whole thing was over in fifteen minutes. The wound healed splendidly, and a perfect union of the edges was accomplished within a week. The right lid, which is beginning to droop, will be operated on in a similar manner at an early day.

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