

L. G. Adams

# SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.  
—BY THE—  
Kansas News Co.,  
G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

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The Kansas Farmer advocates the planting of a second crop of corn.

It is said that a new labor paper is to be started in Topeka called "Bread and Butter."

It is probable that General McCook lately appointed a brigadier general, will be given command of the department of Arizona.

The Alma News announces that it will support the Alliance ticket instead of the republican, while not withdrawing altogether from the party.

The grievance committee representing the Santa Fe trainmen have accepted the schedule of wages and rules and regulations submitted by General Manager Robinson.

Congressman Funston seems to be going down and now everybody is ready to help him along. There have been men inferior to him in Congress but he should never have been sent there.

The wife of William Demetres of Hiawatha, Tuesday put \$40 of her husband's salary in the cook stove for safe keeping. She started the fire without thinking of this fact and there is now nothing left but a little pile of ashes.

Ladies and Gentlemen, attend the Chillicothe Normal School and Business Institute. Its expenses are the least, its Building is the largest, finest and best, and best furnished, and its faculty the strongest in the West. The Faculty is composed of 23 members.

Extensive preparations are already making for the state Fair. The grounds will be opened two days earlier than usual, that is, on Friday, September 12, and the exhibition proper will begin on Monday, so that six full days will be given for the Fair. The list of premiums is very large and comprehensive.

Congress fools away its time shamelessly. Demagogism was never more apparent. All effort seems to retain party power. It is even possible that it is trifling with original package bill. The federal election bill takes up time in working up sectional feelings and will serve no good purpose if passed.

Bourbon county does not come up to the support of Eugene Ware but selects delegates instructed for Funston. As Douglas county is opposed to Funston and as no better man can be named than Mr. Allen, the people's candidate, there should be a union of all honest elements in his favor.

The original package bill, more comprehensive than the Wilson bill that passed the Senate, passed the house on Tuesday by a vote of three to one. It will be accepted by the Senate without delay, and then farewell to the legalized outrage fully as infamous as the attempt to fasten slavery on Kansas.

Lillian Rivers, a young woman who created a sensation a year ago by escaping from the Bethany college, at Topeka, is courting fame again by having a diamond set conspicuously in one of her front teeth. She recently made her appearance on the streets of Philadelphia displaying this innovation and the effect when she smiled was said to be startling. Having once seen it you could well say, "Her bright smile haunts me still."

The following is the text of the original package bill that passed the house on Tuesday, as a substitute for the Senate:

That whenever any article of commerce is imported from one state into any other state or foreign nation, and is there held or offered for sale, the same shall be subject to the laws of such state: *Provided*, That no discrimination shall be made by any state in favor of citizens of any state against those of any other state or territory, respecting the sale of any article of commerce, nor in favor of its own products against those of like character produced in other states or territories; nor shall the transportation of commerce through any state be obstructed, except in the necessary enforcement of the health laws of such state.

Ex. Gov. Crawford writes a long letter to the Capital, denouncing L. L. Polk, the President of the National Alliance, Ralph Beaumont, a leading Knight of Labor, and others connected with the Alliance or People's movement, and accuses them of being schemers, duping the farmers and laboring men. It is probable that he tells some truths. There are schemers at work. There are worthless labor leaders in the movement whose hands were never calloused by labor, who never earned a dollar by the sweat of their brows. But there are as worthless demagogues in the republican party as ever drew breath outside of the democratic party. Some of them have been very high up and some very low down. It is disagreeable but it proves the principles involved to be neither right nor wrong. But this letter calls up a thought or two. Gov. Crawford is largely interested in the Kansas Farmer, which has gone back on Senator Ingalls and is warmly supporting the Alliance of which Mr. Polk is the leader. Is it possible that the Farmer intends to be on the safe side of the fence? Again, Gov. Crawford is the man who was not long since allowed a pile of money, a good many thousand dollars, from the state treasury for lobby work done in Washington, not very arduous or exacting labor. He received for this a greater pile of shekels than most men can make in a life-time. The taxpayers of Kansas have felt that this was an outrage quite as injurious to their interests, as it was for Mr. Polk, when he was in the rebel army, to get behind a log to avoid union bullets, provided he did so, which was a not an unusual thing for soldiers to do on both sides. We are not fighting Mr. Polk's battles, nor those of the Alliance. The people have been goaded on to a deep uprising by evils that the politicians of the country have allowed to grow while they were plundering the people, and the state and national treasuries. The existence of weighty evils no one denies. No one ever promised remedies more frequently, and no one broke them with more readiness than our politicians have done, — no one save the First Charles. The Alliance platform is sound and just. Its principles ought to become a part of a national policy. It is hardly probable that they will triumph in a day, and they will doubtless draw the fire of many a dearly bought demagog now lapping the cream around the lobbies of Washington.

Monday night the west bound passenger train and an east-bound freight, collided about midway between Willard and Maple Hill. No lives were lost, but a fireman was injured some about the head. Considerable damage done to the engine and cars. Some wheat and also a car of meat were spilled.

Students can rent text-books, select their studies and enter any time at the Chillicothe Normal School and Business Institute. This school sustains a Common School Course, Normal, Scientific, Classical, Commercial, Short-hand and Type writing, Fine Art, Pen Art, and Conservatory of Music. The Commercial Department excels, having Actual Business Exchange with Electric City Business College of St. Joseph.

### Farmer Ellsworth's Bull.

Charles Ellsworth, a farmer living in Wallon, which is a northern suburb of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., has a blooded bull, a large and beautiful animal, but of such vicious disposition as to make it prudent to keep him confined with a ring in his nose in a stable. A few nights ago, the door of the stable being open because the weather was warm, the bull released himself from his fastenings and escaped. He wasn't at all enraged, so he didn't stop to paw up dirt with his forefeet, nor did he put his nose to the ground, hump up his back, and bellow out a challenge to mortal combat. On the contrary, he started out to see how much fun a bull could have. In the first place he demolished the poultry roost and caused a hundred or more hens to make the night hideous with their squawks. Then he tore down the enclosure to the pig pens and sent two sows and their litters grunting and squealing about the premises, and then he tore down the clothes line on which a week's wash had been left out to dry. After tipping over the soft-soap barrel, the lye cask, and the rain-water tank, he encountered the tool house, which he partly demolished, tumbling the implements about. Finally he attacked a grind stone which stood under a tree, and throwing it up so that it was caught on his horns, he started for the house and banged heavily against the door.

Mr. Ellsworth was away from home, and his wife and daughter were alone in the house. From the noises they had heard they suspected that thieves were about, and Miss Ellsworth grasped a revolver and prepared herself for any emergency. When she heard the pounding on the door she supposed that burglars or tramps were breaking in, and demanded to know who the intruders were and what they wanted. Getting no reply and the banging upon the door continuing, the brave girl fired a shot at a venture, when the door flew open and in rolled the grindstone, which had slipped from the sockets in its frame and fell at her feet. At first it was difficult to tell which was the most frightened, the girl or the bull, but it must have been the bull, for he beat a hasty retreat, and when Farmer Ellsworth returned he found the animal standing in the stable in a most humiliated attitude, with the frame of the grindstone still upon his horns, for which he seemed real grateful—if a bull can feel grateful—to be relieved of.

### Ready to Retire.

Tasmania is a healthy country. There are only about a hundred thousand people in the colony, yet it boasts more than six hundred octogenarians. In this connection a good story is told. A hoary-headed couple were observed one day on a steamer bound for Melbourne. Some one asked them why they were crossing. "Ah," said the old man, "We've had our share of life! I'm one hundred and forty-six, and my missus here is one hundred and forty-two, and we're going across to Victoria to die. You can't die in Tasmania."

### He Cut Off His Finger.

Andrew Larsen, the captain of the schooner Mary Anderson, has arrived in San Francisco with one finger less than he sailed with. While fishing one day on one of the southern islands he ran across a lot of abalones on some dry rocks. In attempting to pick one off he put his little finger under the shell, when the animal closed on it, making him a prisoner. The tide began to rise, and the gallant captain still found himself held fast, notwithstanding that he had broken all the blades of his knife save one in trying to pry open the shell. When the tide went above his waist he concluded that it was better to lose a finger than be drowned, and so with the remaining blade of his knife he cut his little finger off.

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WOMEN OF NOTE.  
The yearly doctors' bill of Queen Victoria is \$4,000.

Mrs. Sophia F. Grubb, national superintendent of the W. C. T. U. foreign department, published last year seven hundred thousand pages of tracts in nine different languages.

One hundred and fifty excursionists—men, women, and children—on the steamer Ellen narrowly escaped going over the Niagara Falls Tuesday. The vessel runs between Port Day and Buckhorn island. Tuesday owing to the low stage of the water she was obliged to run around Green island. Just as she was rounding the island in the swiftest part of the river at the point the engine gave out. The anchor was heaved overboard, but it failed to catch for some distance, dragging along the rocky bottom. When it did finally get hold the boat was under such headway that the bulkhead to which the ladder was attached was torn from its fastenings. When nearly the whole chain had run out the end became knotted in the hole in the bulkheads and held the boat. The trouble with the engine proved to be a defective valve, which was soon repaired, and the boat was again got under headway, but so great was the force of the current that it took fifteen minutes to get to where the anchor had caught 100 feet up stream from the boat. There were about 150 passengers on the steamer and a pleasure barge attached to it. There was a terrible scene of confusion. Women fainted, children screamed and men bade each other goodbye. The boat was only a short distance above the falls when it stopped.

### G. A. R. Encampment at Boston.

For the G. A. R. Encampment which meets in Boston, Mass., August 10th to 16th, the Union Pacific has made a rate of one first class fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale from August 6th to 10th inclusive, good for going passage from August 6th to 13th inclusive, and for return passage on trains leaving Boston August 12th to 20th inclusive, allowing until August 25th for return to destination.

For those who do not care to return as soon as August 25th a joint agency for the extension of tickets has been established in Boston, and those applying to this joint agent may have their tickets extended until September 30th, 1890.

The Union Pacific is in every way the most desirable route for comrades to take who are going to the encampment. It not only has the finest vestibule trains, consisting of magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman Palace Dining Car and Pullman Colored Sleepers, but runs on fast time and makes close connections in Union Depots with all eastern lines.

Another feature to be considered is the fact that baggage can be checked through from starting point to destination, thus avoiding the annoyance of rechecking at the Missouri River.

Agents of this Company will upon application furnish more detailed information relative to rates, tickets, time of trains, etc.

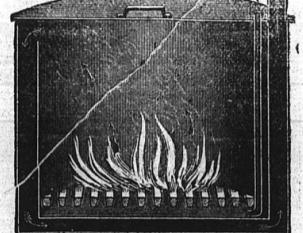
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**NEWSPAPER LAWS.**  
Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether it is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that referring to take newspapers and periodicals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

LET us in schools as elsewhere practice that frequent recurrence to the fundamental principles of civil government which our constitution says is absolutely necessary to preserve the blessings of liberty.

A BOSTON artist sketched an average sunset—just such a one as is seen a hundred times a year—and had five witnesses to verify the accuracy of his work. His sketch had no sooner been hung out than 90 per cent of the critics declared that no man in America had ever seen such clouds in the sky.

WE sometimes suffer from excessive heats and colds through the inexactness of the atmosphere, but within historical times it has not ceased to obey its ordinary laws of circulation long enough to cause any general catastrophe. Geological history, however, informs us that things have not always run so smoothly on this planet.

NAPOLEON armed his soldiers with muskets carrying a two-ounce ball, and it was half a century before the weight was reduced to one ounce. Ten years ago it was concluded that a little bullet would kill as well as a big one, and now it takes forty bullets to weigh a pound. Warfare is getting to be almost sensible in its details.

IN making a summary of the progress that has been made during the past fifty years in railway building as it has advanced in all respects within the United States, and anyone who has lived as a witness of the progress made within the time named, is simply filled with amazement at the wonderful change that has been wrought under his own observation.

THE Mexican War cost the United States about \$150,000,000 in money and nearly 20,000 men. The army lost about 1,000 men each month during the occupation of the Mexican capital. The peaceful invasion of Mexico is giving an immense impetus to our industries, is opening an entirely new market to our manufacturers, and giving employment to a large amount of American capital and a great number of men.

THERE is absolutely no reason why the American republics should not live together in unity. They have all plenty of room for home developments and wars between them would be of an intestine character productive of no good to the world or to themselves. There is no race antipathy or religious feud to stir up strife, no community is crowded, requiring more territory for the expansion of its energies, and peace is the best policy.

MONEY for missionaries is not subscribed for the purpose of sending white men to savage lands to become savage themselves, but that seems actually to have occurred in Liberia. A missionary there has recently been turned out of the service because he chose to sink to the level of heathens rather than try to elevate them. After he was expelled from the mission service he went to live with the savages in their own uncivilized way. Such black sheeps are not often found in the missionary bands.

A FASHION note states that ladies who desire to be quite up with the mode now have their monograms in gold, studded with diamonds, on the outside of their purses. This will be good news for the street thief who is in the habit of snatching purses from the hands of ladies and who has so often, after risking his liberty, found upon examination that some dainty Russian leather case has contained two street car tickets, seven cents in change, four samples of gingham, the address of a washerwoman and a recipe for polishing silver. Now he can watch for the diamond monogram and be sure of making at least his expenses.

REFERENCE is often made also to Washington's farewell address as the noblest composition of its kind in history, and one that melted all his countrymen to tears of love and admiration. It is also a fact that about the time the father of his country was settling down in the quiet shades of Mount Vernon a newspaper said of him: "If ever a nation was debauched by a man the American nation has been debauched by Washington. If ever a nation was deceived by a man the American nation has been deceived by Washington. If ever a nation was about as patriotic now as our grandfathers were, and it is barely possible that we have better managers."

### Dreams.

Some tiny elves, one evening, grew mischievous, it seems, and broke into the store-room where the Sandman keeps his dreams. And gathered up whole armfuls of dreams all bright and sweet. And started forth to peddle them a-down the village street.

Oh, you would never, never guess how queerly these dreams sold; Why, nearly all the youngest folk bought dreams of being old; And one wee chap in curls and kilts, a gentle little thing, Invested in a dream about an awful pirate king.

A maid, who thought her pretty name old-fashioned and absurd, Bought dreams of names the longest and the queerest ever heard; And, strange to say, a lad, who owned all sorts of costly toys, Bought dreams of selling papers with the rage-gedest of boys.

And then a dream of summer and a barefoot boy at play Was bought up very quickly by a gentleman quite gray; And one old lady—smiling through the grief she tried to hide— Bought bright and tender visions of a little girl who died.

A ragged little beggar girl, with weary, wistful gaze, Soon chose a Cinderella dream, with jewels all ablaze; Well, it wasn't many minutes from the time they came in sight Before the dreams were all sold out and the elves had taken flight.

S. Walter Norris in St. Nicholas.

### A DOMESTIC CHRONICLE.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Cavendish, entering his wife's room, "I've sent that girl of yours about her business."

Mrs. Cavendish looked up with a start. She was buttoning Bob's apron, patiently following him about the room as he frisked after the cat.

"What?" said she, in a dismayed voice. "I spoke distinctly enough, didn't I?—have—discharged—Lucy?"

"What for, James?"

"Insolence; that's all."

"But Lucy never could have been insolent," pleaded Mrs. Cavendish, twitching off the last button from Bob's apron in her perturbation.

"Oh, couldn't she, though? I just wish you had been there, that's all."

"What did she say, James?"

"I told her she was half an hour behind with the breakfast and asked what she meant by it, and she told me she was doing the best she could and couldn't do better if all the world depended upon it."

"But, James, the poor girl is nearly frantic with the toothache this morning."

"I can't help that; she has no business to answer me impudently. It wasn't the words so much—it was the manner."

"Poor Lucy! And you have discharged her!"

"That's you all over," said Mr. Cavendish, angrily. "I believe you'd take anybody else's part against me. Yes, of course I discharged her. I told her to have her things outside of the house in two hours or I'd fling them out of the window."

"But, James what am I to do?" said Mrs. Cavendish, who had by this time captured Ethel, the second child, and was buttoning her boots with nervous rapidity. "With one of my sick headaches coming on, and Willie and Pen down with the measles, and not a soul to lift a hand for me!"

"That's a pretty question to ask," said Mr. Cavendish, standing with his hands in his pockets. "One would think you women were made of sugar or salt nowadays. My mother had ten children—ten—and did every stroke of work for 'em herself year in and year out; and here you make such a rumpus because you happen to be left without a servant for twenty-four hours—because, of course, I shall expect to stop at Wiggins' and send you up a Swede or a Norwegian this afternoon."

Poor Mrs. Cavendish burst into tears. "James," said she, "Lucy was the best girl I have ever had. You should not have sent her out of the house in this way. How would you like it if I went down to your wholesale boot and shoe place and discharged your clerks?"

"I should say you did perfectly right," returned Cavendish, "if they answered you impudently. Now don't snivel! If there is anything I hate it is a scene. I'll go downstairs and boil the coffee myself—any one can make coffee—and you hurry down with the children as soon as you can. There's plenty of bread and butter and cold-ham, anyhow. Nobody ever starved on that."

Mr. Cavendish had "camped out" a good deal during his bachelor days, and succeeded in preparing a remarkably good pot of coffee. The bread and butter and cold ham were not bad of their kind, but the children cried aloud for milk. The Cavendishes kept a cow, and the milk had not yet been brought in.

"And that is what kept Lucy!" involuntarily cried Mrs. Cavendish. "Condensed milk is good enough for anybody," asserted Mr. Cavendish. But Bob and Ethel declined to drink it on any terms.

"Starve 'em to it," said the father, drinking his hot coffee in prodigious gulps. "Healthy children have no business to be dainty."

And he caught up his hat and ulster and made a bee-line for the train.

Mrs. Cavendish looked miserably around at the disordered table, the ash-choked fire, general desolation of the room. Her headache was gradually working itself up to the supreme moment of desperation. The children above stairs were crying for breakfast; Bob was sailing his shoe in the cedar pail of water; Ethel was feeding the kitten from the can of condensed milk.

"Ma," piped up Bob, "there's a tramp at the kitchen window!"

But it was no tramp. It was Miles, the stableman.

"Oh, Miles, I am so glad!" said Mrs. Cavendish. "You have brought us the milk?"

"I haven't that, mum," said Miles. "The cow's lost, an' it an't meself is going to track her through the swamps an' bogs. If the master wants his cow took care of he's got to pay me a dollar a week more wages."

"Got to, Miles?"

"Yis'm!" boldly retorted the man. "I an't to be put upon no longer, Dr. Miller's man—"

"Very well," said Mrs. Cavendish; "you may go!"

"Ma'm!" echoed the astounded servant.

"You are discharged," said Mrs. Cavendish, firmly—"at once!"

Miles slunk away and disappeared. Mrs. Cavendish went up to her room, and after ministering as well as she could to the wants of the poor little victim of measles she threw herself on the bed with a wet towel bound around her head and despair in her heart.

"There's one comfort," said Mrs. Cavendish, gloomily smiling, "if he discharged Lucy, I have sent away Miles!"

Mr. Cavendish had an unusually busy day in the city. As he was hurrying toward the depot in the afternoon he remembered that his mission to Mr. Wiggins' famous "intelligence bureau" was yet unfulfilled.

"Confound it!" said Mr. Cavendish to himself. "However, to-morrow will do just as well. My mother did without any help at all."

At the station no buggy was in waiting.

"I wonder what that lazy villain Miles is about?" said Mr. Cavendish, a dark frown gathering upon his brow. "He may think he's got a snug place of it, but I'll teach him I'm not to be trifled with."

When he reached Althea lodge everything was disorganized. Ethel was pulling the feathers out of the peacock's tail; Bob was galloping around the barn-yard on the back of Pounce, the pony.

"We're having such fun, pa!" he cried. "Pounce hasn't been fed, 'cause I couldn't find the key of the oat bin, and the cow is lost. Such fun!"

"Where is Miles?" roared the father.

"Ma's discharged him."

"What for?"

"Cause he talked sauey to her."

Mr. Cavendish stood a moment staring at the pony and the peacock, the boy and the girl.

"Ethel," said he, "let that bird go. Robert, get off the pony at once and come into the house."

Ethel obeyed reluctantly, Robert with alacrity.

"We've got company," chirped the latter youth. "Company, pa! I 'most forgot to tell you. And ma's in bed with headache, and there's no one to get them any supper. Hooray!"

Mr. Cavendish hurried into the house. The parlor was undusted, yesterday's flowers were wilted in the vases, and the fire had died into a mass of feathery cinders. Through the open door was visible the dining-room, with the remains of the breakfast still visible—as dispiriting a scene as could well be beheld.

And there, in the midst of all this forlornity, sat Mrs. Burgoyne, his sister from the west, to whom he had frequently boasted of the perfection of his wife's housekeeping arrangements, and a Mrs. Ridgway, who once, years ago, had been a sort of old, sweet beat of his. Of all people, he was most anxious that his home should appear pleasant in the eyes of those two women! And now—

He made the best of it, however. He extended to them an ostentatiously hospitable welcome, hurriedly built up a blazing canal coal fire in the grate, and hastened upstairs to where poor Mrs. Cavendish was deluging her forehead in cologne and endeavoring to twist up the wet braids of her heavy hair into company order.

"Julia," said he, "what does this mean? Miles gone—"

"I discharged him," said she, resolutely. "You said I was perfectly justifiable in doing so if he spoke impudently to me. And he did so."

"But what am I to do?"

"Precisely the question I asked you this morning."

Mr. Cavendish had nothing further to say for himself. He simply muttered some kind of an anathema between his closed lips.

"Do you know," he said, "that there is company down-stairs?"

"Yes; but until this moment I have been unable to leave my bed."

"My dear," he said, compassionately, putting his arm around her shoulder, "does your head ache so hard?"

"It is better now, James."

"I do believe," slowly observed Mr. Cavendish, "that I have been a fool."

"Open confession is good for the soul," said Mrs. Cavendish. "Lucy came back to me about two hours ago. She said you had sent her away, but that she could not bear to leave me at such a time. She is getting dinner down-stairs now."

"She's a tramp," cried Mr. Cavendish.

Scarcely had he introduced his wife to the ladies in the parlor than the folding doors of the back room slid open, revealing a bright fire and a well-spread table, decorated with spring flowers—daffodils, tulips, and a few purple spikes of lilac. A pair of ducks had been roasted in the best and most tempting style. There were sweet-breads and chicken salad by way of entrees; a delicious steam pudding sent forth its perfume from the kitchen, and Lucy was just bringing in the tomato soup.

Mr. Cavendish nodded good-humoredly toward her. She courtesied respectfully.

"You needn't worry about the horse and cow, sir," she said, in a low voice. "Peter Frink from the Low farm is coming to attend to them."

While the family were discussing the steam pudding and prune pie, Lucy slipped into the parlor, and, to use her own terms, "straightened up" the disorder there, and the last impression taken away by the visitors was one of neatness and comfort.

Mr. Cavendish drew a long breath as he watched the retreating footsteps of his company toward the road that led to the train.

"Julia," said he, turning to his wife, "I've come to the conclusion that times have changed since my mother did the work for ten children without any servant."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Cavendish.

"And I was entirely wrong when I sent Lucy away; and were quite right when you discharged Miles. Henceforward, my dear we'll try and mingle a little common sense with our house-keeping. Eh—shall we?"

And Mrs. Cavendish smiled as she assented.—*Helen Forest Graves in Philadelphia Saturday Night.*

### What Water Costs.

From an article on "The New Croton Aqueduct," by Charles Barnard, in the *Century*, we quote the following: "It is a curious commentary on the demands of modern civilization to observe the effect of building this dam. The million people in the city need a reserve of drinking water, and twenty-one families must move out of their quiet rural homes and see their hearths sink deep under water. The entire area to be taken for a reservoir is 1,471 acres. Twenty-one dwellings, three saw and grist mills, a sash and blind factory and a carriage factory must be torn down and removed. A mile and a quarter of railroad track must be relaid, and six miles of country roads must be abandoned. A road twenty-three miles long will extend around the two lakes, and a border or safety margin three hundred feet wide will be cleared all around the edge to prevent any contamination of the water. This safety border will include a carriage road, and all the rest will be laid down to grass. As the dam rises, the water will spread wider and wider over fields, farms, and roads. Every tree will be cut down and carried away. Every building will be carted off, and the cellars burned out and filled with clean soil to prevent any possibility of injury to the water. Fortunately there is no cemetery within the limits of the land taken for the reservoir. Had there been one it would have been completely removed before the water should cover the ground. Fifty-eight persons and corporations, holding one hundred and eleven parcels of land, will be dispossessed in order to clear the land for the two lakes and the dams, roads, and safety borders."

### The Struggle of Sea and Land.

We stand on a bluff at the sea-shore. The surf is undermining it. That deep cutting into the bank is its work. An overhanging mass of earth is thrown down and becomes the toy of the waves, which reduce it to gravel. This in its turn becomes ammunition to be hurled against the shore. Wherever this process is going on, the land falls back before the advancing sea, and considerable results are evident in a short time. The Island of Heligoland has been reduced, within a thousand years, from a considerable island to a mere rock. The strings of rocky islands along many coasts are remnants of destroyed shoreland. Thus the land yields with hardly a struggle to the supremacy of the sea. Loose alluvial terraces give way in a body. The Zuyder Zee so came into being 600 years ago, and Holland, part of which is below the level of the sea, would have been likewise overflowed if it had not been defended by artificial dikes. Subsidences of ground have also been sometimes observed during earthquakes. In other places the sea gives way. Rivers carry out masses of detritus and deposit them along the shores, causing the land to advance. By the operation of this process Roman ports on the eastern coast of Italy have been left away inland, and whole alluvial districts of the upper Italian plain have been wrested from the sea.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

### A Gale Coach.

The gale coach in which the Princess Sophie, recently married to the crown prince of Greece, rode to her wedding was built for the Count de Chambord in expectation of riding in it at his coronation. The king of Greece bought the coach for 26,000 francs.

### ADVICE TO SPEAKERS.

Sir Morell Mackenzie Gives Interesting Information to Oratorical Gentlemen.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, the great English throat specialist, has just published in London a pamphlet, in which he gives advice to public speakers. It is a great mistake, he says, in substance, to think that speaking is a purely instinctive act which requires no special training and exercise. Even in ordinary conversation speaking is an art, and a difficult one, the supreme development of which is oratory. A man to spare his voice makes himself heard with little or no effort, while an untrained orator wears himself out quite rapidly. The culture of the voice ought to begin from the cradle. This does not mean that a mother might find the means of making her baby bawl according to pre-established rules, as though it were a conservatory pupil, but as soon as the child begins to prattle it ought to be surrounded only by persons who speak well, or at least pronounce distinctly and correctly. The ancients were exceedingly particular on that point.

Continuing, Sir Mackenzie says that a speaker should make himself heard by every one of his auditors, not by bringing his voice to a high pitch, but through a methodical and constant regulation of its volume, as did Mr. Bright, whom you could not hear without feeling that he was keeping in reserve three-fourths of his vocal power. An orator, too, must not hear his own voice well. It is a somewhat general mistake to think that the assemblage does not hear you because you do not hear your own voice very distinctly. The reason is that when there is no resonance in the hall your voice does not come back to you, and consequently goes the surer to your listeners.

Moreover, you never hear your own voice as others do, because it strikes your sense of hearing not only through the surrounding air, but also and directly through the "trompe d'eustache," the bones and the muscles of the head and mouth. The phonograph teaches us the truth of that principle. We easily recognize through it the voices of others, but not our own.

"One of the most extraordinary edifices in the world, in an acoustical point of view," writes Sir Mackenzie, "is the Mormon temple of Salt Lake City. Its form is that of a beehive and 14,000 people can be comfortably seated within its walls; still, from one end of nave to the other, you can literally hear a pin fall. The demonstration of that fact is invariably made by the sextons.

"When visitors are present at the services they are posted in some place along the wall. A sexton walks then to an opposite wall, stops, and drops a pin in his hat. Every one hears the infinitesimal noise made by the fall of the pin.

"Brigham Young boasted to have received the plan of his temple from heaven and never to have known anything about acoustics. The truth was that he had simply imitated the St. Paul's cupola, so famous for its resounding gallery."

Sir Mackenzie ends his pamphlet by warning public speakers never to drink anything but water while delivering an oration. Any other beverage is apt to cause an irritation of the vocal chords, which might become diseased in the long run and be the source of much discomfort.

### Four Billion Cigars.

"Four billion of cigars? Yes, sir; that's the annual consumption of the lovers of the weed in this country. Just think how huge a pile of tobacco that would make. Why, it would take half a dozen expert counters three years to count 'em. And yet—well, they are not what they should be, and the smoker has himself to blame for it."

The speaker was T. H. Delano, the editor of *Tobacco*.

"Themselves to blame?" was incredulously asked.

"Precisely. Half the number of smokers who use cigars smoke to please the eye rather than the lips and the palate. They prefer a nice, smooth, silky-looking wrapper on their cigars to a rough and apparently coarser wrapper, and they make the choice irrespective of the smoking qualities of the two, for it often happens that the handsome wrapper conveys to the mouth a metallic taste which is altogether wanting in the other. The preference, which amounts to a hobby with some people, has had a curious result. It has set domestic cigar leaf tobacco away in the background and given the lead to an importation which is finer in fiber, lighter in color, and more attractive to the eye, but not so grateful to the appetite. Had it not been for this whimsical taste of the American smoker the native leaf could still hold the place it occupied ten years ago as the almost universal wrapper for his weed and the fragrant filler as well. Now it is only the filler!"

—*New York letter to the Richmond Dispatch.*

### Stylish Bedclothes.

The latest caprice of rich and dainty ladies is a penchant for silk sheets, richly embroidered in delicate silk flosses. One of those costly affairs is of pale lavender, with a wreath of violet sachets embroidered around it and violet sachets fastened in the corners. The heavier quilt beneath is filled with lavender-colored down, sprinkled with dried violets. A new bedspread, in marked contrast, is made of linen sheeting embroidered all over with white silk in bold conventional designs wrought out in "short and long" or "grandmother's stitch."

## WASHINGTON HIGH LIFE.

### SOCIAL EXTRAVAGANCES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Pathways Paved With Gold—China Plates That Cost \$100 Apiece, and Tea Served in Gold Tea Sets—Rich Oriental and Private Dinners.

Special Washington Letter.

The United States is the richest nation on the globe. Our possessions amount, all told, it is said to \$80,000,000,000, or \$1,000 to each man, woman, and child in the country. We are fast approaching the condition of Rome in its most prosperous days, and the old motto of "Easy come, easy go," is in force. Our citizens spend more, proportionately, than any other nation. We have dudes who can sport their 100 suits of clothes, and our statesmen order their trousers by the dozen. Our society belles wear silks and jewels that queens could hardly afford 100 years ago.



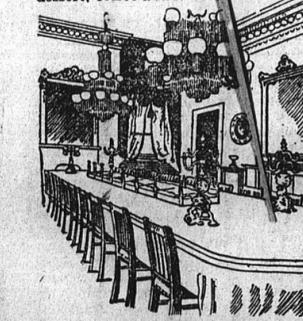
A SWELL OCCASION.

Of late years, and partly in consequence of the growth of wealth, Washington has become a rich man's city. Owing to its beauty of location, and the vast improvements undertaken by the Federal Government, as well as its social attractions, wealthy people have moved here from all parts of the country, and hundreds of magnificent residences have been erected in the fashionable quarters of the city, and the national capital probably boasts more millionaires among its winter population than any other city in the country. In fact, the era of Jeffersonian simplicity is a matter of history.

The extravagance shown at Washington during recent social seasons would make Andrew Jackson turn in his grave, and the economical soul of John Adams would quiver with indignation if it could appreciate the wasted money of to-day. President Adams could not grow fat on his snack of oat cake and lemonade while he read paragraphs describing the luncheon of Mrs. Senator Stanford, which the Pacific coast ladies ate off china plates that cost \$100 apiece, and the tea of which was served from a gold set of six pieces, and the sugar dropped into it with gold sugar tongs. George Washington's plain meals of toast and tea, at which Martha herself made the toast while the guests waited, would hardly compare with the simple little dinners of Senatorial millionaires, where each plate represents a cost of from \$10 to \$50, and Zach Taylor's love for fitch and eggs would hardly be satisfied by one of Vice President Morton's terrapin stews.

Apicius spent a fortune on his stomach, and we read of dinners in ancient Rome made of nightingale's tongues. The dinners of Washington could not be more expensive if their pepper and salt were grains of gold dust, and in this letter I will write of bills of fare that will make your mouth water.

At Mrs. Stanford's luncheon, where the gold tea set alone spoken of was used, it took two hours and a half to serve the twelve courses, still it was only a luncheon, and its bill of fare was as follows: Raw oysters, consommé in cups, baked bass and potatoes, macaroni, roast beef and tomatoes, Roman punch, brown squab, salads, cheese and olives, fresh strawberries and cream, parlottes, ices, dessert, coffee and sweets.



STATE DINING ROOM.

Nor are the state dinners at the White House, where the dear people pay the bills, by any means ascetic affairs. They are gorgeous in the extreme, and the guests sit for hours at the table. The Executive Mansion is provided with magnificent services of china and a goodly display of silver, and the republic need not be ashamed when it banquets the ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary of effete European monarchies.

It is not in their food alone, however, that these Washington dinners are noted. The serving of the dinner and the preparation of the table are quite as important as the dinner itself. At state dinners at the White House the table is a veritable bouquet, and both cook and gardener become artists in getting up ornaments

for it. The cook sculpts his figures in wax, and the gardener makes his decorations of flowers. There are always corsage bouquets at the plates, and at a state dinner not long since these were entirely of orchids, which is by no means the poor man's flower.

Take the decorations of Mrs. Stanford's dinner on a recent occasion. The center of the table was an old gold satin scarf, bordered with blue plush, and the ends were embroidered in the patterns of a havana leaf. A silver vase was filled with Jacqueminot roses, and at the ends of the table were tall silver candelabra, each of which consumed a silver brick in its making. The names of the guests were on cards at each plate, and upon each of these cards was painted a water color sketch representing the flowers of California, and these were given to the guests as souvenirs.

At another dinner Mrs. Stanford had a center scarf of canary satin on this long table, and the end of it was covered with duchesse lace woven in one piece. The plates of the dinner were decorated with paintings and the cards were bordered with the Stanford monogram in gold. Senator Hearst is the other millionaire California Senator, and the dinners Mrs. Hearst gives are very fine. At the ball at which she introduced Miss Anthony, of Boston, 75 guests were seated at supper at one time, and at another dinner calla lilies, roses and dainty little baskets of fruit and ears of corn were eaten by the guests, who knew that they were only ice cream, molded into these shapes.

Secretary Wanamaker has undertaken to introduce some simplicity in official dinner giving, at least in the matter of beverages, but he is frank to confess that his efforts to reform society in this direction have proved a failure. In fact, the people both in society and official life prefer a spread such as used to be given by the late Secretary Whitney, and is now offered by Vice President Morton and his amiable wife, in which the matter of cost is not counted, but the carter and decorators are given carte blanche to produce their most extreme effects. It flatters guests to be treated with such distinction, and, as they don't have to pay the bills, they may be pardoned for not caring for the cost. In fact, the official in Washington who sets up to reform matters will only become a butt for fashionable ridicule. He must either withhold from giving any dinners or receptions whatever, as did the late Attorney General Garland, or else follow the motto, so characteristic of the period of greatest Roman extravagance, "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do." I heard a group of ladies, after attending the last official reception of the Postmaster General, spend an hour in ridiculing the parsimony in the way of refreshments, when as a matter of fact, the simplicity complained of was dictated by principle and not by a desire to save money.



CORNER AT A PINK TEA PARTY.

The truth is, the millionaires have the upper hand in Washington society. They "set the pace," as it were, and others must follow, or drop out.

At a Senatorial reception the walls and mirrors of the room were draped with rose colored china silk, and the mantels were set with poinsettia blossoms and annunciation lilies. In a doorway between this room and the ball room there was an umbrella covered with California moss, sprayed over with carnations, and a pendant fringe of gilded cypress cones. At the same time the mantels in the back drawing room were draped with Nile green silk, held up with bunches of silver and gold pine cones, with pampas grass suspended in the center. The hall and library were decorated with palms and calla lilies, and the lower room off the main drawing room was fragrant with roses on the stands and tables.

And still the man who owns this house began life poor, and I doubt not the day has been when he thought the prettiest flower in the world was the potato blossom, when he hoed the rows on his father's farm in Missouri.

Another curiosity in the wining and dining and entertainments of Washington lies in the teas. It is fashionable to give teas in colors, and these colors do not necessarily match the dress or hair of the ladies giving them. A Senator's red haired daughter might, I doubt not, give a white tea, in honor of the horse which is supposed to be perpetually with her. But, seriously, these kaleidoscopic teas are worth notice. "Pink teas" have been fashionable during the past season, and we have blue teas, red teas, and purple teas. A daughter of one of our Congressmen gave a red luncheon not long ago, and at this the shades of the candles and gas jets were red. The bread and potatoes were tied with red, and a bank of red tulips formed the center piece of the table. The souvenirs were Japanese bombons, with dwarf red roses springing from the tops, and the rosy ice cream was in the form of strawberries in hampers.

Another freak in the way of these

luncheons has created much remark. It was that of the wife of a Representative from California, who placed before each guest a number of variously shaped cups, filled with red, white, and black beans, and she announced that the one who guessed the correct or nearest the correct number of beans the cups contained (and they all contained the same number) would win a prize, and also that the one who guessed the smallest number would be rewarded.

Outside of the round of official and fashionable entertainments, however, it must be admitted that there is still a large class who entertain within moderation, and who do not seek to copy the extravagances of the select wealthy class. There are many quiet evening gatherings (or have been during the season just closed, for now Washington gives itself up almost totally to keeping cool and avoiding all kinds of excitement), and it may be added that those who attend them enjoy themselves fully as much as those who attend the more formal and elaborate occasions, and perhaps have fewer penalties to pay as the price of dietetic extravagances.

#### BE PROMPT.

If you are going to do anything, do it promptly.

The longer you wait and think about and dread it, the worse it will be.

Be prompt. Life is a great deal pleasanter to the person who promptly does what he is required to do.

Don't keep your friends waiting. You have no right to waste the time of other people.

If you are one half hour behind time in fulfilling an engagement, you may cause a dozen other parties to break engagements, and untold perplexities and delays may come out of just that little shortcoming of yours which you look upon as such a trifling thing.

To an active energetic wide awake person there is nothing more trying and more annoying than to be made to wait.

Brace up and make an effort, you shiftless indolent always behind hand folks, and see if you can not come to time!

If you have agreed to be at a certain place at a certain time, be there, unless you are sick or dead.

In either case you might be excused, but not otherwise.

If you are a man, don't keep your wife waiting dinner for you, unless there is some good and sufficient cause, and generally there is not.

Delaying a dinner spoils not only the dinner, but the temper of the woman who is managing it.

If you are a woman, and your husband says he will be round at 4 o'clock to take you to drive, be ready for him.

Have your bonnet and gloves on.

Don't keep him dancing on the pavement for half an hour clinging to a figetty horse, while you leisurely get on your wraps and look at your back hair in a hand glass, and hunt up your gloves and your parasol, and wonder whether you had better take an extra shawl or not.

Have all these things attended to and decided on before the time he has fixed.

A little system and a good deal of determination will help you to be prompt; and after you once get in the habit of it, you will like it.

It is refreshing to do business with one who is always in time, and who, you know, will be on time.

He begs courage and confidence in everybody with whom he comes in contact.

He is a power in society. He is a blessing to the world.

When he dies he will be missed.

Teach the children early to be prompt. Teach them to respect a promise.

Bring them up to tell the truth and stick to it.

A broken engagement is a lie. Sometimes it is worse than a lie, and may cause a great many more unpleasant complications than a lie.

Be careful in making agreements, but when you have once agreed, stick to the terms of the agreement.

And if you follow out the prompt, punctual, persevering method of doing everything when it needs to be done, there are ninety-nine chances in a hundred that you will be successful in life; and if you are not you will have the delightful consciousness of knowing that you have deserved success, and you will not be continually beset by the remorseful thought that if you had only come to time, if you had only been prompt, you would have achieved success instead of failure.

#### Modern Courtship.

Modern courtship and marriage have been wittily described as—

A little kiss,  
A little bliss,  
A little ring—'tis ended;  
A little jaw,  
A little law,  
And lo! the bonds are rendered.

—New York Herald.

#### No Charity.

"May I take a kiss before I go, dear?" said George as he prepared to depart.

"You may borrow one, George," said charming Jennie, "but you must not take one, for mother has repeatedly cautioned me against giving kisses to anyone."

So George was obliged to borrow.—Boston Courier.

#### Accounted For.

Tramp—Can you give me an old pair of pants, mister?

Mister—Say trousers, my man, not pants. Pants belong to dogs.

Tramp—Is that so? That accounts for the way they go for 'em then.

## AMUSING THE BLIND.

### GAMES THAT SIGHTLESS CHILDREN CAN PLAY DURING LEISURE HOURS.

#### Before They Can Play Indoor Games They Must be Educated—Boys and Girl's Playground.

The amusements of blind children are necessarily limited in character and few in number. Most outdoor sports cannot be enjoyed by them, and those games that are played indoors differ largely from those of seeing children, either in their construction or in their use.

One reason, perhaps, that there are so few games for blind children lies in the fact that there are very few blind children to play games. Those who see have an idea that all blind persons have been accustomed to the loss of their eyesight all their lives. This is in reality very far from being the case. Only five per cent of the blind are born without eyesight. Seven per cent lose their sight under the age of ten years. Thirteen per cent become blind between the ages of ten and twenty. Thirty per cent meet their affliction between the ages of twenty and fifty, and forty-five per cent, or nearly half the blind persons in the world, reach the age of fifty years before they lose their sight.

Consequently, among the blind, children are in a very great minority. There is another reason why there are few games that blind children can play. With the blind any movement of the hands or feet that is not perfectly natural is an effort. A seeing child, for instance, does a thousand things he has not been taught—by imitation. He sees his brother dress himself and imitates him without any conscious effort on his part. He watches other children at their work and in their play, and without knowing how he acquires the knowledge he learns to do as they are doing.

The little blind boy has not this faculty. He cannot dress himself until he has been taught by many patient lessons how it shall be done. Learning to button his shirt up in front is the work of days and perhaps of weeks. He cannot even eat as other children can, without going through a long and tedious period of instruction. And some blind children whose parents are overindulgent to them do not learn to walk until they are five or six years old.



BLIND BOYS PLAYING LEAP FROG.

One can readily understand that such children cannot share the amusements of seeing children, and you can realize how difficult it has been to devise any games for them that do not tire them to learn more than they amuse them.

Still blind children are no less fond of sports than children who can see, and those games that they can play are enjoyed equally as much as you enjoyed your game of ball or checkers.

The simplest forms of amusement among the blind are skipping the rope, playing tag and walking. All of these sports are easily learned, and they are a means of working off the superfluous, the animal activity, that children, whether blind or seeing, always possess. Hide and seek is popular sport. The boy who is "it" doesn't cover his face while the other boys are hiding themselves, and those who are sought make no effort to conceal themselves. They are found by the sense of touch after a search that seems as hopeless to the looker on as the finding of a needle in a haystack.

The most muscular boys prefer leap-frog, and woe be it to the unlucky chap who stands too near the living post, the human frog vaults over. He is fortunate if he is not rolled over on the ground and flattened out beneath the falling weight.



BLIND GIRLS PLAYING.

Tag and skipping the rope are played the same way that seeing persons are accustomed to play them, and barring the accidental knocks the players get they are highly enjoyed.

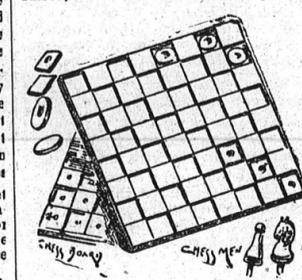
The girls find pleasure in walking around their yard and talking and in skipping the rope and playing tag. However, in this yard the sport are gentler and knocks and bruises are the exception and not the rule. The older boys take their exercise in walking and in the gymnasium.

There is a peculiar printing establishment in this city says the N. Y. Herald

where very little ink and hardly any type, as most printers know type, are used. It is here that the music books and the school books for the blind are printed. There are square blocks with points on them to correspond with the points in letters that are used, which take the place of common type. These are set up from the "copy" and printed on heavy paper. This paper is afterward varnished so that the points will not be worn down by constant use, as would be the case were nothing of that sort done.

After the pupil has learned to read and write and to play the piano or organ or some other musical instrument he is ready for games. His hands have been trained so that he can do mechanically what at first would have been the hardest kind of work for him. Now he can play checkers.

The checker board, as is shown in the illustration, has every alternate square raised, and the men fit into the depressed



CHECKER BOARD, CHECKER AND CHESS FOR THE BLIND.

squares. One side of each man has a hole in it, and when it is crowned king this side is turned upmost. The white "men" are round and the black are square.

The same sort of a board is used for backgammon, and the dice all have sharp points on them, instead of black dots, to mark their values.

Chess is a difficult game to learn, but when it is once mastered the blind player can enjoy it as well as one who sees, and some of the pupils are remarkably brilliant players. The chessmen have little pins on the bottom of each piece which fit into a hole in the square, so that they are held in place until they are moved by the contestant.

Although the blind play cards they do not as a rule take much pleasure in this kind of amusement. Each card, of course, is marked so that the player can tell its value, but in a game each player must call out the card as he plays it so that his opponent can tell what has been played. This makes the game a trifle slow and monotonous.

In concluding let me call attention to something that most readers have probably noticed and perhaps may never have heard explained. If one has ever been near a blind asylum in the evening he must have noticed that the building is always illuminated. Why do the blind need lights? It is because very few so-called blind persons are really blind. While they may not be able to distinguish objects, they can, as a rule, distinguish between light and darkness, and the gas light makes their rooms and halls much easier for them to find their way in than darkness would.

#### A Favorite Legend.

There is a favorite legend in Germany of a certain luck-flower, which admits its fortunate finder into the recesses of a mountain or castle, where untold riches invite his grasp. Dazzled by so much wealth, with which he fills his pockets and hat, the favored mortal leaves behind him the flower to which he owes his fortune; and as he leaves the enchanted ground the words "Forget not the best of all" reproach him for his ingratitude, and the suddenly closing door either descends on one of his heels and lames him for life or else imprisons him forever. If Grimm is right this is the origin of the word forget-me-not, and not the last words of the lover drowning in the Danube, as he threw to his lady love the flower she craved of him. The tradition, however, that the luck flower, or key flower, was blue is consistent with the fact that the primrose is the Schlüssel-blume (key-flower). However this may be, there exists in Germany many subterranean passages, under hillsides, dating from heathen times, and associated with legends of former treasures there; and it certainly seems more likely that the flower was simply adapted to the legend as readily occurring to the story maker's mind, than that it really signifies the lightning which opens the clouds, that "primal wealth of the pastoral Aryans, the rain that refreshes the thirsty earth, and the sun that comes after the tempest."—Cornhill.

#### A Philosophic Lad.

W. H. Hinrichsen of the Herald has a 13-year-old boy, Eddie, says the Quincy Whip, who is not only a lad of pluck, but he is also a good deal of a philosopher. A few days ago, as stated in the daily press at the time, he was feeding the horse, when the animal got the third finger of his left hand between his teeth, and crushed it. A surgeon was summoned and prepared to dress the injured member.

"Doctor," asked the boy, holding up his hand and critically examining it, "can you save the finger?"

"No, my boy, I'm afraid not; the bone is crushed, and I will have to amputate it at the first joint."

"Well," said the lad philosophically, "there's one less finger-nail to clean anyway."

Only thirteen of the 375 senators and representatives who sat in congress in 1876, the centennial year, will retain their seats.

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 promptly at expiration of time paid for.  
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 second class matter.

**SATURDAY, JULY 26.**

The colored people will have a big  
 celebration at Bismarck grove on  
 August 1.

Rev. T. J. Merritt of Topeka, is  
 called the "colored Sanky." It is  
 true that he can sing and preach and  
 rustle.

Why is it that nearly every city ex-  
 hibits irritation and jealousy over the  
 result of the census return from some  
 other city?

The original package saloon did  
 one good thing. It showed unmis-  
 takably that prohibition did prohibit  
 before it came.

Just as was said of slavery it may  
 said of the liquor traffic—if it is an  
 evil that needs restriction, it is one  
 that needs to be abolished. If there  
 is power to restrict, there is power to  
 prohibit. Push on the columns.

A Bohemian countess is called the  
 best female shot in the world because  
 in one day last winter she took off  
 138 hares. A Kansas City woman  
 beats that, however, as she took off a  
 husband's entire scalp in less than  
 two minutes.

In all our language, there is scarce-  
 ly a nobler word than worth; yet this  
 term has now almost exclusively a  
 pecuniary meaning. So that if you  
 ask what a man is worth, nobody ever  
 thinks of telling you what he is,  
 but what he has.

We do not anticipate any practical  
 relief to the country from the passage  
 of the silver bill. Such as it was, it  
 was passed simply to satisfy public  
 clamor. We have altogether too  
 much political hedging. But what  
 will you do about it. Vote? Vote  
 how, for more of the same thing.

And now all the papers are poking  
 fun at the Topeka barn-burners.  
 Thorough going 7-year-old incendiar-  
 ies are found nowhere outside of To-  
 peka. Some other places have boy  
 butchers who kill or mutilate their  
 companions, and New York was once  
 noted for its barn-burners, but they  
 were of a different breed?

The nomination of A. F. Allen of  
 Vinland for congress in the second  
 district by the farmers' alliance is one  
 in every way fit to be made. Mr. Al-  
 len has always been a republican. He  
 has good ability and much practical  
 business experience. There is no  
 good reason why those republicans  
 who are not satisfied with Mr. Funston  
 should not join in the support of Mr.  
 Allen. There is no reason, except  
 the demagogue's reason, why the re-  
 publicans should want another nomi-  
 nation. Mr. Allen is an Alliance  
 man, and should be elected.

On Saturday last several ladies vis-  
 ited the original package houses in  
 North Topeka, and began to distribu-  
 te tracts. They were treated with  
 respect except at one place, where an  
 attempt was made to drive them away  
 by sprinkling water on the walk and  
 on the dresses of the women. One of  
 the fellows was afterwards arrested.  
 While this way of opposing the liquor  
 business is of doubtful policy, it is  
 safe to say prohibition sentiment will  
 be strengthened by every coarse and  
 brutal act like this. Paper tracts in  
 such cases are about as effective as  
 paper wads. A more effective meth-  
 od would be to mark the men who en-  
 gage in the business, who rent them  
 rooms and who give them encourage-  
 ment, and to treat them with the neg-  
 lect and contempt that they deserve  
 for all time to come. They are all  
 putrid excrecences upon the commu-  
 nity.

We really do not think that the  
 Leavenworth Times can reasonably  
 complain that Topeka is always ask-  
 ing and always receiving something  
 from the state. It calls Topeka a pig.  
 This is babyish. Evidently its nose is  
 out of joint. Now Topeka is the  
 state capital. As such it is entitled  
 to some respect. Topeka has had  
 big expectations. All hope has not  
 yet died out, although it was some-  
 what humiliated by the census re-  
 turns. And so was Leavenworth, and  
 poor, beastly Wichita, and other as-  
 piring towns. The commercial me-  
 tropolis has been transferred down  
 the Kaw to its open mouth. So much  
 has Topeka lost and just now it don't  
 want to be called a pig. Certainly  
 not by an old porcine that was first  
 bred in a pen erected by the national  
 government, and that has been fed  
 from the national crib from a time  
 ante-dating even our territorial orga-  
 nization. Then Leavenworth gathers  
 the crumbs that fall from the soldiers'  
 home, and the penitentiary. Oh, fie!  
 Why should Leavenworth complain  
 because a Topeka man presided at  
 the late temperance convention, and  
 another was chairman of committee  
 on resolutions. That search and seiz-  
 ure idea is not bad, and there will  
 be plenty of time for it in the future.

Vigorous and eternal war should  
 now be waged against the whole li-  
 quor business. The infernal spirit of  
 the whole business has been plainly  
 shown in the last few weeks. Its  
 purpose is to rule by any means. Its  
 overthrow must be complete.

Judge Foster is very clear in his  
 opinion that the meanest scoundrel in  
 Missouri can come into Kansas and  
 enjoy rights and privileges that would  
 send the best citizen of the state to  
 the penitentiary. There is nothing  
 half so sweet to a Missouri liquor  
 dealer as Foster's dream of law.

With a certain kind of moralists it  
 is all right for a Missouri whiskey  
 seller to force his vile traffic upon a  
 community that has made it a crime  
 for a citizen to follow, but when an  
 officer resorts to methods that are  
 daily practiced to detect crime, they  
 are terribly shocked. A moral prude  
 is a sorry object to behold.

An interesting question has been  
 raised in Dakota. It is claimed that  
 the supreme court decision does not  
 apply, since the state was admitted  
 since the passage of the inter state  
 commerce law, and that congress in  
 admitting the state with its prohibi-  
 tion feature, has rendered any furth-  
 er action of congress unnecessary.

The fellows who will always have it  
 that this country is on the decline,  
 are among the most destructive ene-  
 mies that the nation has. We suffer  
 from many evils. It is a constant  
 fight to preserve the rights of the  
 people and to secure others that they  
 should have. But the republic is not  
 going down. It is not even going  
 backward. Relatively everything is  
 moving forward toward greater pop-  
 ular liberty. Don't despair.

It is a pity indeed that Gov. Rob-  
 inson, who has so many good points,  
 should spoil everything by the sup-  
 port he gives to the liquor interests.  
 With all their good qualities such  
 men must be left out of consideration  
 when it comes to selecting candidates.  
 For the same reason no prohibition  
 republican should favor Eugene  
 Ware for congress. The times de-  
 mand something more than literary  
 brilliancy, as the experience with In-  
 galls has demonstrated.

No better platform of principles  
 has been enunciated of late, than that  
 put forth by the Farmers' Alliance at  
 the St. Louis convention. No candid  
 man will deny that there are great  
 evils that need to be remedied. At  
 the same time it must be confessed  
 that our statesmen, in congress and  
 legislatures assembled, are very little  
 inclined to attempt a remedy. Poli-  
 ticians are constantly and forever  
 trifling with the people. At last an-  
 other revolt is attempted. The farm-  
 ers, who really might be the control-  
 ling element if they were united,  
 have joined the mechanics and labor-  
 ers in an alliance against the mercen-  
 ary, partisan politician. They de-  
 serve success. And yet one in full  
 sympathy with the general principles  
 of the farmers' movement cannot fail to  
 condemn some features in it. Strenu-  
 ous efforts have been made to keep  
 free from unworthy elements. In some  
 cases ranting anarchists are very  
 prominent. In others the hackneyed  
 politician who has worn himself out  
 in party work and suffered extreme  
 disappointment, is seeking rest and  
 finding a place in the new movement.  
 Labor reformers who have never been  
 guilty of one day's hard work in a  
 life time, are working themselves in-  
 to leading positions. The lazy and  
 worthless are fastening themselves up  
 on the new organization like barna-  
 cles upon some noble ship. This  
 was to be expected. But that they  
 gain recognition and even promi-  
 nence, is calculated to shake to the  
 foundation any confidence in the final  
 result of the movement. No labor  
 reform movement will succeed where  
 the leaders are notorious labor shirks.  
 No such reform will prosper whose  
 chief supporters will lounge around  
 because they cannot get \$4.00 a day,  
 when they might get \$3. And these  
 are elements that are supporting the  
 farmers' alliance, to its detriment. It  
 is not claimed that the alliance is in  
 sympathy with it. In this case the  
 alliance is a victim. It would be  
 stronger in defeat without the aid of  
 labor shirks and socialists, than with  
 temporary success with them.

**\$100 Reward. \$100.**  
 The readers of the News will be pleased  
 to learn that there is at least one dread-  
 ed disease that science has been able to  
 cure in all its stages, and that is Cat-  
 arrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only  
 positive cure now known to the medical  
 fraternity. Catarrh being a constitu-  
 tional disease, requires a constitutional  
 treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken  
 internally, acting directly upon the blood  
 and mucous surfaces of the system, there-  
 by destroying the foundation of the dis-  
 ease, and giving the patient strength by  
 building up the constitution and assisting  
 nature to do its work. The proprietors  
 have so much faith in its curative powers,  
 that they offer One Hundred Dollars for  
 any case that it fails to cure. Send for  
 list of testimonials.  
 Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
 Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A meteor said to have fallen near  
 Leavenworth does not materialize.

Ham and Eggs is the name of a  
 new monthly just started in Topeka.

A gas and gas machine construction  
 company has been organized in Tope-  
 ka.

We suspect that Rev. Richardson  
 of Lawrence, prizes an empty, if not  
 doubtful, honor, more than any man  
 in Kansas.

Henry Leach, lying near Fall Leaf  
 was seriously gored by a cow on Sat-  
 urday, while taking her calf into an-  
 other lot.

Lawrence had a fire Sunday after-  
 noon, the house of James Gross, on  
 the river bank, taking fire from sparks  
 from a Santa Fe train.

Wilder Bros. the well known Law-  
 rence shirt-makers, are adding exten-  
 sively to their manufactory. Next  
 year they expect to employ 300 hands.

Did anybody ever really suppose  
 that Harrison would not be a candi-  
 date for a second term if it should  
 seem at all probable that he could se-  
 cure a nomination?

Six of the Hay Meadow murderers,  
 who have been on trial in Texas for  
 killing Sheriff Cross, have been denied  
 a new trial and will be hung on Octo-  
 ber 10.

There must be solid fun in going  
 off on a Sunday excursion, as several  
 hundred did last Sunday, and be  
 obliged to wait until one gets back  
 home before any dinner can be had.

A citizens' convention to nominate  
 a candidate for Congress in the fourth  
 district has been called to meet in  
 Emporia on the 12th of August. All  
 labor organizations, clubs and Allian-  
 ces are asked to send delegates. It  
 is hoped this convention will act as  
 wisely as that in the second district,  
 which nominated Mr. Allen.

The outlook for the census enumer-  
 ators is cheerful. Many of them have  
 been soundly cursed, and now it is  
 announced that chief Porter has be-  
 gun sending them checks direct for  
 their pay, at the rate of 500 a day. As  
 there are 50,000 to be paid they will  
 get their money by Christmas. If  
 the enumerators only had a trades  
 union there would be some kicking.

Jacob Sicher, one of the Topeka  
 original package men, has entered in-  
 to a written agreement to withdraw  
 his answer in the case of the state of  
 Kansas vs Sicher, and agreed to a  
 perpetual injunction at once, paid the  
 costs filed against him in the district  
 court, paid the costs of the habeas  
 corpus cases of himself and clerk in  
 the United States circuit court, paid  
 County Attorney Welch an attorney's  
 fee of \$50, and agreed to forever quit  
 the liquor business in any form in To-  
 peka. Sicher says he will probably  
 go back to Kansas City, as he is tired  
 of the business.

The apple crop of Western Onta-  
 rio is reported so badly injured that  
 not a half yield is expected.

Ohio prohibitionists declare for "a  
 tariff for revenue only, free coinage  
 of silver, and a service pension."

The great increase of the number  
 of young people who have to wear  
 glasses has not been satisfactorily ex-  
 plained.

The Duchess of Sparta, wife of the  
 crown prince of Greece and sister of  
 the emperor of Germany, has be-  
 come the mother of a son.

E. A. Smith of Lawrence, has lost  
 from congestion of the bowels the 7-  
 year-old chestnut stallion Wilmont  
 valued at \$5,000.

Keep a box of powdered borax near  
 the kitchen sink. A small quantity in  
 the water in which dish towels are  
 washed is helpful in the matter of  
 cleaning.

A sum of \$53,000 has been col-  
 lected by American ladies for the  
 furtherance of the higher medical  
 education of woman at the Johns  
 Hopkins university.

John Harris, the largest man in Il-  
 linois, died Saturday night. He was  
 70 years of age and his weight for  
 many years past has been between  
 six and seven hundred pounds.

Baron Liebig, the German chemist  
 says "As much flour as can lie on  
 the point of a table knife contains as  
 much nutritive constituents as eight  
 pints of the best and most nutritious  
 beer that is made."

James Brown, a Canadian and  
 Catholic school teacher, has been  
 arrested at Indianapolis for system-  
 atically robbing the pupils and teach-  
 ers of St. John's academy. He  
 says that he is a kleptomaniac.

John Whittaker Watson, the author  
 of "Beautiful Snow" and other  
 poems, which have given him a  
 world-wide literary reputation, died  
 in New York last Saturday, aged 68.  
 He had been living for some time past  
 in obscurity and poverty.

**CENTRAL MILL.**  
**J. B. BILLARD, Proprietor.**  
 FLOUR, MEAL & FEED, GRAIN, GRAHAM AND HOMINY,  
 BUOKWHEAT FLOUR AND COAL.  
**SILVER LEAF FLOUR A SPECIALTY.**  
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 LOAF, High Patent; DIAMOND, High Patent; BUFFALO, Straight  
 Patent; IONA, Straight Patent LONE STAR, Fancy.

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

**Books and Magazines.**

An article on "Philadelphia Clubs,"  
 will comprise the four-page Supplement  
 to Harper's Weekly this week.

John Habberton in the next Harper's  
 Young People will relate a war story, en-  
 titled "After Blackberries."

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney, in the  
 next number of Harper's Bazar, will de-  
 scribe her experience of "Country Life in  
 England." The second paper on "Ex-  
 ercise for Women, the subject being "Bi-  
 cycles and Tricycles," will also appear.

The subject of an interesting paper to  
 appear in Harper's Magazine for August  
 is "Custer's Last Battle," by Captain  
 Charles King, U. S. A. Captain King  
 gives a graphic account of the famous  
 Sioux campaign of 1876, and of the defeat  
 and death of the daring commander of the  
 American cavalry. The paper will be ac-  
 companied by a map of the battle ground  
 on the Little Big Horn River, Montana.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper is  
 filled with timely news-pictures which  
 always distinguish it. The front page is  
 a representation of the perils that its  
 suffering has to endure. The  
 is also depicted, and the story told of  
 their hardships. The terrible disaster on  
 Lake Pepin, where the Sea King turned  
 over in the storm and over sixty persons  
 were lost, makes a thrilling illustration.

The complete novel in Lippincott's  
 Magazine for August is contributed by  
 that popular English author, Mrs. Alex-  
 ander. The story is entitled "What  
 Gold Cannot Buy." The many readers of  
 Mrs. Alexander's "The Wooling O't,"  
 "Her Dearest Foe," and other charming  
 stories will devour with pleasure this  
 new and captivating romance. It is a  
 story of a plucky young English girl  
 who goes out as companion of an elderly  
 and aristocratic matron. There are cap-  
 ital descriptions of English country life  
 among the higher classes, and the story  
 gradually leads up to a startling and un-  
 expected denouement.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for  
 August, 1890, contains the "Seven Mod-  
 ern Engineering Wonders of the World,"  
 described by Arthur V. Abbot, with elab-  
 orate illustrations, to wit: The new Forth  
 Bridge, Scotland; the Eiffel Tower, Paris;  
 the new Croton Aqueduct, New York; the  
 Eads Jetties at the mouth of the Missis-  
 sippi; the blowing up of the Hell Gate ob-  
 structions, New York; the St. Gothard  
 Tunnel, Switzerland; and the Brooklyn  
 or East River Bridge. A rare biograph-  
 ical sketch is that of "A Vagabond Queen"  
 Isabella II. of Spain. Edwin H. Morris  
 writes of those "Canine Lords," the grey-  
 hounds, including the superb Russian  
 Barzoi. An article on "The Tin Mines of  
 the Black Hills" conveys information as  
 to that country's resources which will  
 surprise many readers. "Zoar and the  
 Zoarites" is a picturesque account of a  
 remarkable Ohio community. There are  
 also numerous short illustrated sketches,  
 poems and stories.

**The Place House, I**  
 LAWRENCE,  
 Corner of Warren and New Hampshire Streets.  
**J. M. STEPHENS, M'n'g'r.**  
 Has been thoroughly renovated, and is  
 the Best \$1.00 House in the city. A free  
 barn to patrons of the house.

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 Teeth Saved—Not Pulled. Crowns, Clean and  
 Strong, on Broken Teeth.  
 S. S. White's Teeth on Celluloid Plates. Best and  
 Strongest Made. Whole and Partial Sets.

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**J. K. WHITESIDE,**  
 (Graduate of Philadelphia Dental School.)  
 Over Fish's Tea Store,  
 East Sixth st. TOPEKA, KAS.

Established in 1879.  
**J. H. LYMAN & Co.,**  
**PIANOS & ORGANS.**  
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 Pianos and Organs.

—Story and Clark Organs.—  
**DAVIS SEWING MACHINES,**  
 —TOPEKA.—

**THE ODELL**  
**Type Writer.**  
**\$20** will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER  
 and CHECK PERFORATOR, with  
 78 Characters, and \$15 for the SINGLE CASE  
 ODELL, warranted to do better work than any  
 machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY,  
 SPEED, EASY OPERATION, wears longer without  
 cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no  
 ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT  
 SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to  
 all kinds of type writing. Like a printing  
 press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manu-  
 scripts. Two to ten copies can be made at one  
 writing. Any intelligent person can become a  
 good operator in two days. We offer \$1,000 to  
 any operator who can equal the work of the  
**DOUBLE CASE ODELL.**  
 Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special  
 inducements to dealers.  
 For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, etc., address  
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 Rookery Building, CHICAGO ILL.

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**ST. JAMES HOTEL.**  
 S. S. HUGHES, PROP.  
**118 West Sixth Street,**  
**TOPEKA.**  
 The best \$1.00 a day house in the city. First  
 class in every respect.

Insecticides.

The Michigan Experiment Station is responsible for the estimates of value that are given to the insecticides that are named.

It has issued a bulletin, in which it gives its estimate of the arsenites, carbolic plaster, kerosene emulsion, buchach, or pyrethrum, kerosene emulsion, and carbolic acid emulsion.

Prof. Cook says that as London purple is much cheaper than Paris green, costing only 15 cents per pound, and is just as effective for practical use, it should always be used where it can be had, save on very tender foliage.

It is still a question if the arsenites should be used on the peach.

London purple may be used either dry, mixed with land plaster—1 pound of the poison to 80 or 100 of the plaster, or

Mixed with water—1 pound to 200 gallons of water.

It is not the strength of the mixture, but the force and thoroughness with which it is applied, that ensures success.

The water mixture, which will usually prove most satisfactory, should be kept well stirred, that the heavy mineral poison may not settle.

The mixture should never be applied to fruit trees until the blossoms have fallen off.

Should be applied to apple trees but once, except in case of very heavy rain, when it should be repeated two or three weeks after the first application.

Should be used two or three times, at intervals of 10 days or two weeks on the plums, and after every very heavy rain.

May be used to defend against the potato beetle, and all leaf or bud eating insects that defoliate our fruit trees early in the season, and on our shade trees for such insects at all times.

Force pumps are excellent to apply the mixture to potato vines, fruit and shade trees.

By use of a barrel or tank mounted high on a wagon, we can treat potato vines, low shrubs, &c. very easily and cheaply by aid of gravity.

Unfortunately, the height of fruit trees prevents our treating them by the same simple method.

In the apple orchard the use of London purple is so valuable that no one can afford to neglect its practice.

Used just after the blossoms of the latest blooming varieties like the Northern Spy have fallen, this substance destroys the codling moth, tawny caterpillar, canker worm, and several minute leaf rollers, all of which are serious pests, and often do great damage.

Here then, is a case where orchardists can kill several birds with one stone.

BORDEAUX MIXTURE.

This valuable fungicide is prepared as follows: Six pounds of sulphate of copper are dissolved in six gallons of hot water; in another vessel four pounds of fresh lime are slaked in six gallons of cold water.

After the latter solution has cooled, slowly turn it into the other solution, and add ten gallons of water. This, when thoroughly mixed, is ready for use. The mixture will keep plum rot in check.

CARBOLIZED PLASTER.

Carbolized plaster is simply common land plaster—gypsum mixed with the crude carbolic acid. Get the acid of good strength, and mix it with plaster, one pint of the liquid to 50 pounds of plaster.

The lumps should be crushed and all thoroughly mixed, when the plaster will be much as before, except that it will smell strongly of the acid. It will still be a powder, and can be thrown even better than clear plaster, as it is a little more damp and heavier, and is less effected by the wind. It should be renewed after heavy rains.

KEROSENE EMULSION.

Probably next to the arsenites—London purple and Paris green—no single insecticide equals in value the kerosene and soap mixture. Its great merit lies in the fact that it kills by contact. The way to prepare it is: Mix one quart of soft soap or one-fourth pound of hard soap with one or two quarts of boiling water; as soon as the soap is all dissolved, stir in, while yet hot, one pint of kerosene oil. This is violently stirred until permanently mixed—that is, till the oil will not rise to the top, but will remain incorporated with the liquid.

When ready to use, stir in enough water to make 15 pints in all. It is useless to apply this mixture gently; it must be thrown on with force.

BUCHACH.

This is a California product, and obtainable at druggists. It does not injure the higher animals, nor does it kill all insects, but it is death to some. It is made of the powdered leaves and stems of certain species of the genus of plant known as pyrethrum. It may be sifted on the plants as a powder, or mixed with water, a heaping teaspoonful to a gallon of water.

CARBOLIC ACID EMULSION.

This should be made like kerosene emulsion, only stronger. One part of acid to from five to seven parts of the soap solution is of the proper strength.

This should be applied fifteen or twenty days after the tree blossoms. It is very effective. Newly set maples should also be treated annually—at the same time the apple trees are scrubbed—for two or three years after transplanting, for they are liable to attack from the big-headed borer.

Disordered digestion in adults is often the outcome of being compelled or induced to eat rich food in childhood.

It is a good plan to shake dust and lint from clothing before putting it in water, and a cautious person will examine garments to see that there are no pins to give trouble.

The more man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never goes rusty. You always find those men the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy.

Miss Rachel's Tramp.

Miss Rachel was tall and angular, with sharp gray eyes, and a way of looking "daggers" at whoever chanced to offend. She lived in a quiet farmhouse with her father, a meek little man who moved according to the laws of the ruling genius of his house. She had few intimate friends, for all stood somewhat in awe of her uncertain disposition.

There was one, however, who laughed at her whims and usually succeeded in making her laugh, too. This was Miss Mollie Banks, also a maiden of uncertain age who lived next door. She it was who was seated in Miss Rachel's favorite chair this sunny afternoon, listening to the list of grievances which her friend poured into her sympathizing ears.

"Of all detestable things under the sun that boy's the worst!"

"Worse than a man? Now just think what horrid creatures they are!" said Miss Mollie, laughing.

"Well, laugh if you want to; I s'posed you would; but if you'd been in my shoes for the past week you'd got enough on't."

"What's he done now? Did he leave muddy tracks on the floor?"

"Humph! That's nothing compared to it. You see, it's churning day, and he managed somehow to spill the cream on the floor. Wasn't I mad? And that miserable idiot grinned and said, 'Missus, shall I call in the pigs?'"

"Very thoughtful of him, I'm sure," said Miss Mollie. "He wanted to save you the trouble of taking it up."

"Humph! I saved him the trouble of eating strawberry shortcake and biscuit and honey for his supper! He will feast on bread and milk for a while now."

"How can you be so cruel?" laughed Miss Mollie. "Ain't you afraid he will play some trick on you?"

Out on a bench under the window a boy sat eating his allowance of bread and milk with a woful look on his freckled face. As Miss Mollie spoke he dropped the spoon noiselessly into his dish and bent forward to listen.

"Me! Me afraid of that boy? Why I ain't afraid of nothing."

"Only tramps," said Mollie.

"H'm! Well, I don't just like them."

"Like them? Guess you don't! Would you dare to close your eyes at night without looking in every closet and under every bed in the house for fear some tramp might be hidden there?"

"We'd better be sure than sorry, and I will own I'm some afraid of tramps."

Then they talked about pickles, and carpet rags, and the minister's wife's new "bunnet," and wondered where Perkins folks went visiting yesterday.

Outside the house a boy set his bowl carefully on the bench and then climbed the back gate to meditate.

He sat there quietly for some minutes, when an idea struck him so forcibly that it knocked him from the gate down to the soft grass, where he rolled and kicked and hugged himself in delight.

"Afraid of tramps, is she? Bad luck to her. It's meself that will find the same to visit her, the ould cat! Oh, Pat, me bye, it's a jewel ye are. Hoora!"

Whack! went a stout stick across his back and brought him to his senses directly.

"What are ye doin', ye spalpeen?" said a gruff voice.

"Och, murder, dad! Be aisy, will ye? It's only taking of exercise I am."

"Exercise? Well, to-morry ye goes into the portafly field with me; ye've had enough of this."

With a rueful face Pat watched the stout laborer shoulder the bundle of tools rolled up in his coarse frock and start down the road. When the red flannel shirt disappeared, he turned to confront Miss Rachel.

"What were you saying to that vagabond, you young rascal?" said she, catching up a stick and waving it threateningly over his head.

"Don't, now, missus! That's only dad."

"You are telling an untruth. It was a tramp. I saw his bundle—stolen things, no doubt. Now tell me just what you said."

"Well, he only remarked that it was a foine avening, and asked me who lived in that house."

"And you said—"

"Yes; I said that a feeble old man as deaf as a post lived there alone with his darter, as foine a misus as iver—"

"What did you tell him that we lived alone for? He'll come and rob us, Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

"Don't worry, missus," said Pat, backing off to a safe distance. "I told him that missus kept all her jewels in her top beaurry drawer, and the old man kept his chink in a tin trunk under his bed. So it was no use for him to come sneaking around, for he wouldn't get nothin'."

With a cry of dismay Miss Rachel turned toward the house.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mollie.

"Matter enough! That boy will ruin us yet!" And she gave her friend an account of the whole affair.

"Well, this does look serious. I'll tell you what to do. Come over and get Will's old gun—the lock is broken so 'twon't hurt you. But no one else will know the difference, and you can scare them all the same."

"Father is out milking, and I can't leave the house alone."

"Tell Pat to stay and watch. Come, hurry; it's most dark now."

So with strict orders to Pat they departed.

"Bad's the luck of me this day," said Pat. "Howiver, I'll take a farewell look inside before I go."

So saying he went into the house, closing the door carefully behind him. Soon he came out with a handful of the forbidden shortcake, and without waiting for any one to take his place as sentinel, he marched off down the road.

Miss Rachel looked very brave as she came home bringing the old gun, which she explained to her father, was for their mutual defence. But for all this she was very careful to make every door and window fast before retiring. In the pantry she found crumbs scattered on the floor, and other evidences of meddling fingers.

"Couldn't have been Pat—he wouldn't have dared. Father, where is that boy?"

"Gone home, I s'pose; didn't you tell him to clear out?"

"Well, yes, s'pose I did; but he might a-stayed till I come back. Some one has been in here, and no knowing who's hid in the house."

"Some one's stole my boots," said the old man from the bed-room, where he was banging round the chairs in a fruitless search for the missing articles.

"Probably that boy's took 'em," remarked Miss Rachel.

Then taking her gun in one hand and a candle in the other, she went up stairs. Here an awful sight met her gaze; one look she gave, then went noiselessly down stairs to consult her father.

"Father, said she in an awful whisper, 'father, there's a man—a tramp—under my bed!'"

"Oh, phshaw, now, Rachel! You're losing your wits."

"I say there is! I saw him!"

"Humph! Why didn't you shoot him?"

"Now I guess I know what I'm saying! Come along and see for yourself if you don't believe it. Sh—sh—I be still now—we'll have him!"

Cautiously they crept up the stairs, the old man hiding a skeptical grin, but a look convinced even him. Probably the scamp thought he was hidden. So he was, only one foot showed fully, and a little farther a boot toe peeped out from the dainty white ruffles of the bed valance.

Miss Rachel executed a war dance outside the door, and her father scratched his head in perplexity.

"A man in my room—mine?" whispered she angrily.

"How shall we get him out?" questioned her father.

"I know," said she. "The miserable critter ain't stirred since I first saw him; probably he's asleep; he's had his supper—I know by the crumbs I saw in the pantry. Now, I'm stouter'n you be, so I'll just go in, still as a mouse, and get hold of both feet and yank him clean out into the middle of the floor, and you give him a crack over the head with that gun."

"All right; we'll try it."

"My gracious! What if he should catch hold of me?" she asked.

"Phshaw, now, don't you be scart! The scamp is asleep, or he'd a-stirred afore now. You just go still; be sure you get a good hold, then yank as though all Creation had him. Maybe you'd better yell, too; I'll help scare him."

"I'll fix him! I'll larn the varmint to find some other place to sleep 'cept under my bed. Just give me one good chance at him—I'll—"

Bolling with rage, she tip-toed carefully across the room, and stooping, slid her hand under the ankle of each boot. Then with such a scream as only enraged women and catamounts are capable of, she yanked. Such a howl of rage and fear combined! For one moment she flourished both arms aloft in a vain endeavor to regain her balance, then sat down on the floor with a force that made the windows rattle, while in each hand she held her father's missing boots.

He stared at her, she at him. Then, with a look which said plainly, "Sold," he said—

"Gimme my boots, Rachel; guess I'll take them and the gun down stairs; guess you won't be troubled no more to-night."

She sat there on the floor and thought long and earnestly of a young Hibernian. How she longed for him then!

And away down the track, in a railroad shanty, a freckled-faced boy was wondering what his dear Miss Rachel was thinking about.

Wonderful Progress.

The progress of languages spoken by the different nations is said to be as follows: English, which at the commencement of the century was spoken by only twenty-two millions of people, is now spoken by one hundred millions. Russian is now spoken by sixty-eight millions, against thirty millions at the beginning of the century. In 1801 German was spoken by only thirty-five millions of people; to-day over seventy millions talk in the same language that William II. does. Spanish is now used by forty-four millions of people, against thirty millions in 1800; Italian by thirty-two millions, instead of eighteen millions; Portuguese

by thirteen millions, instead of eight millions; increase of three hundred and twelve per cent.; for Russian, one hundred and twenty per cent.; for German seventy per cent.; for Spanish, thirty-six per cent., etc. In the case of French, the increase has been from thirty-four millions to thirty-six millions, or thirty-six per cent.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

John Strong was a man of agricultural ideas, who devoted his leisure time to cultivating his land. He was unanimously chosen by the people to represent the State of New Hampshire in Congress. He was a sharp witted lawyer and served in the high courts. Being a man of frugal habits he did not order a grand dress suit, but started for the town in a homespun suit. He had promised his wife to buy a suit of a tailor in town. He stopped at the inn of Dootleberry. Upon entering the parlor at his arrival the first words that greeted him were:

"Ah! here's a country pumpkin; fun." Strong stared at the company and sat down quietly.

"From the country, my friend?" asked a gentleman.

"Yaas," replied Strong.

"How's crops this year—good?"

"Yaas, pooty goot."

"I suppose you are quite a beau among the ladies?"

"Yaas. I beaus them to singing schuel and quilting parties."

"Is there any particular lady whom you generally escort?"

"Well, I kinder guess so, stranger. I love all pretty ladies."

"Would our friend from the country drink a toast?"

"Oh! Git out. I eat a toast; don't drink it. But I don't keer if I do."

The toast being proccured, he was asked to make a speech, when, arising, he took the glass up in his hand, turned to the company, and began in a dialect as distinct as their own:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—May you, as you grow older, grow wiser. You took me for a country booby, while I took you for ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had hardly finished speaking when the Governor entered, inquiring for John Strong.

"Ah! Here I am, Governor." And, turning to the astonished audience, he said: "I bid you all good evening."

Bloodgood—They say that Prettyboy has got the greatest head of any man in the club.

Ponsonby—Can't you soften that down a little.

Bloodgood—No, sir; I think it is as soft as it can be now.

Doctor to Gilbert (aged four)—Put your tongue out dear.

Sick little Gilbert feebly protruded the tip of his tongue.

Doctor—No, no; put it right out.

The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes:—"I can't doctor; it's fastened on to me."

Mr. Tippleman (who has been brought home by a friendly officer)—My dear, think I'll have your photograph transferred to my watch case. It's no process, you know.

Mrs. Tippleman—Don't you dare? I don't want half the saloon keepers and pawnbrokers in New York bowing to me and calling me by name.

A Trade Combination.—"Why don't you go to work," she asked of the tramp.

"I am a working, lady."

"At what? You show no signs of it."

"No matter for that, mum, I'm a working as a travelling adver. for a so... firm. I'm the 'Before Using' card, and my partner around the corner represents the 'After Using,' end of the combination. Thank you, mum."

A schoolma'am tells the following rich incident: She was teaching a small school in an adjoining town and "boarded round." On visiting a "new place" one Monday noon she seated herself with the family around a small plain table and made a meal of brown bread, fat fried pork and roasted potatoes. Just before pushing back from the table a youngster of ten years exclaimed—

"I know what good victuals is. 'Yes, ma'am, I know what 'tis."

"Do you, indeed?" asked the embarrassed lady, not knowing exactly what to say, and ashamed to say nothing.

"Yes, ma'am. I knows what good victuals is. I see been away from home several times, and eaten lots on 'em."

Deacon Slick—See that 'ar horse? 'Taint mo'n'a week since a city feller offered me \$400 for him. Kinder wish now I'd a-took it. Too valuable a animal for me to keep. Say, if you was w'rite lookin' for a bargain in hoss flesh, I might—

Stranger—I don't care to purchase. I am the tax assessor. (Writes) Que horse valued at \$490.

Deacon Slick—Hold on! Hold on! Ever since he took the blind stagers, that hoss ain't been worth—

Assessor—But, the city man's offer?

Deacon—Before I could close the bargain with him, the keepers came along an snaked him back to the insane asylum. Put the hoss down on your list as dead at \$5.

"Yes," said the suburban amateur gardener, "I take a great deal of pleasure in my agricultural labors. Of course there are a good many things in a garden that are not altogether pleasant—Here, Towser, come out of that flower bed! That's one of them. As I was saying, there are a good many things—Confound it! If there a'n't one of 'em in my peas again!"

And the amateur gardener's friend went back to the city fully impressed with the truth of the amateur gardener's statement that there are a good many things in a garden that are not altogether pleasant.

An old negro in Albany was brought up on a charge of stealing.

The case was presented to the court by a prominent young attorney, the solicitor, and the old negro was ordered to stand up.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the Court.

"Naw, sah."

"Are you able to employ one?"

"Naw, sah."

"Do you want a lawyer to defend your case?"

"No, pottickler, sah."

"Well, what do you propose to do about the case?"

"We'll—ll—ll— with a yawn, as if wearied of the thing. "I'm willin ter drap de case, s'fur as I'm consarned."

Damp clothes should never be put in a hamper. At this time of year they are apt to be damp and will soon mildew if not aired and shaken out. Mildew is sometimes hard to remove and the process helps to rot the clothes.

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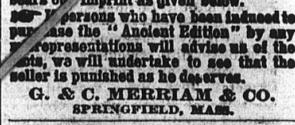
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## NEW YORK LETTER.

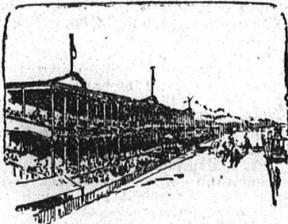
### WHAT IS OF INTEREST IN THE BUSY METROPOLIS.

The Suburban and Its Winner—Kicking Over the Census—A Chance for the Tilden Library—The Census and the Saloon.

Special New York Letter.

Americans in the past have read with amazement of the great excitement in London over the Derby races—of parliament adjourning, and business being suspended while statesmen and business men joined the thousands thronging to Epsom Downs to see the races. In the past few years, however, racing has taken as deep a hold upon the average New Yorker as upon his cockney brother across the sea. There is not simply one, but at least half a dozen race tracks in the immediate vicinity of this city, and it must take a big patronage to support them all.

By common consent the Brooklyn Suburban at Sheepshead Bay track has come to be considered the great racing event of the year, and is generally known as the "American Derby." The race this year caused unusual excitement, and it was in every respect a model contest of the kind, the finish being close and



THE SHEEPSHEAD BAY TRACK.

the time the fastest ever made for the purse. It is estimated that at least \$1,000,000 changed hands on the result, for, in spite of laws and police, betting continues to be one of the chief elements of excitement and interest in connection with racing. That "Salvator," the winner, is a great horse there is no doubt, and he made one of the greatest races ever seen on an American track. The triumph of the thoroughbred is short, however. While trotters hold their fame for years—in fact, grow faster and greater until they are well up in their teens—it is rarely that a race horse lasts for more than a season. The last year's favorites are scarcely heard of this year. It is true that Raceland, winner of last year's Suburban, was in the race, but he had few backers, and nobody conceded him even a place. It strikes me that this briefness of the racer's triumph is rather against the sport. A fellow who does not give his time to it has no chance to get up an enthusiasm or to pick a favorite; but the sport is popular, nevertheless, and continues to grow more so as the big metropolis grows bigger.

Just now everybody is howling at the census taker. The enumerators are supposed to be through with their work, but citizens by the thousands are rising up in their wrath and swearing that they have not been approached by the gentlemen of the note book and pencil. Perhaps the enumerators have taken this method of getting back at the public for all the fun and sarcasm that has been showered upon them for many weeks. This city has undoubtedly been growing rapidly, but like other big towns, it is not likely that any census can satisfy the aspirations of its partisans.

There are just two chances yet that New York will not be robbed of the Tilden bequest. The first chance, and it appears to be a small one—is that the court of appeals will finally decide the case against the heirs. The public has little expectation of this, however. The uniform legal opinion appears to be that Mr. Tilden, great lawyer as he was, erred in supposing that he could leave any portion of the fortune to be disposed of for the public benefit without specific direc-



THE TILDEN LIBRARY.

tions as to the terms of the disposal. The "Tilden trust," in this respect, seems to have been less fortunate than the ordinary "trust," which is having its way so generally throughout the country. The other chance is that the Tilden heirs, after they have won their case, will respect the wishes of their uncle so far as to carry them out as nearly as possible with regard to the library project. Indeed, I hear that this is likely to be the upshot of the whole matter when the courts and lawyers are through with the case.

The cost of liquor to Americans is not less than \$500,000,000 annually. Senator

Blair estimates it at \$900,000,000, or nearly three times our entire Federal revenues. Saloons are generally not complaining of bad times. If they were to close for a year, and every other source of the supply of fire water be cut off, we could pay off the national debt in two years and have enough money left to build a high school building in every county.



THE CHURCH PRETTY EMPTY.

At the same time it can not be denied that churches are languishing. It is not probable that the religious edifices of the United States attract one-quarter as many people as they would hold on any Sunday. So obvious is this vacuity that every church convention and association complains of and bemoans it, and committees are appointed to investigate the popular disinclination to church going and to suggest a remedy. The proposed remedies are not novel or startling, and they are generally ineffective to produce any result.

Some, like Henry Ward Beecher and his radical brother, Thomas K., David Swing, Talmage, and others, have endeavored to counteract the tendency by making the religious edifice more attractive in a material sense by introducing trees and flowers and brass bands on Sunday, and billiards, chess, and other harmless games on week days, while some of them have hired a chef or caterer and set up a regular cookery in the basement.

Others have striven to entice non-attendants of a scientific cast of mind by catering to the scholarly intellect and striving to give exact information concerning stars and flowers, stones, antiquities, mammals, mollusks, molecules, and chemical affinities. One orthodox church, at least, has added to its attractions a freedom of inquiry never before permitted, the clergyman inviting skeptics and all hearers to participate in the services to the extent of asking questions and entering into a limited debate concerning the truth of propositions laid down from the pulpit. This experiment has proved quite as enticing as was anticipated, for the church is full every Sunday—as full as the average saloon; but there is thought to be a falling off in that devoutness which accompanies only unquestioning acceptance. Debate and piety do not go well together.

The question which the church of all denominations is asking itself is, What shall we do to induce the public to attend



SALOON PRETTY FULL.

service every Sunday and help support it? And it is a question which will be answered only by that evolution which results from experiment.

Concert gardens in this city are open every Sunday evening—hundreds of them—and single saloons furnish lager beer and other drinks to polite and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen in greater numbers than attend any ten churches. Mr. Talmage contemplates starting a soda fountain in the vestibule of his spacious tabernacle, but this will be only a partial offset. What will the end be? HOWARD.

### Juries and the Press.

E. L. Godkin, the editor of the New York Evening Post, in his article in the July Scribner on the "Rights of the Citizen to his own Reputation," says, on the invasion of the right to privacy by the press: "Juries, as I have said, are the real censors of the press, and juries are apt to be made up of men who, though they will punish actual damage to a man's reputation, are not disposed to make much account of mere wounds to his feelings or his taste. The influence on manners, too, of the eagerness of notoriety is inevitably great in a society in which there are no distinctions of rank and no recognized social grades. In truth, there is only one remedy for the violations of the right to privacy within the reach of the American public, and that is but an imperfect one. It is to be found in attaching social discredit to invasions of it on the part of the conductors of the press. At present this check can hardly be said to exist. It is to a large extent nullified by the fact that the offense is often pecuniarily unprofitable."

## WEDDING IN HIGH LIFE.

An American Girl Marries a Rich German Baron.

A wedding event that attracted much attention during the past week in social circles throughout the country, as well as in official circles in three nations, was that of Baron von Zedwitz, the German minister to Mexico, and Miss Lena Caldwell, of Baltimore, Md. Miss Caldwell is a sister to Miss Gwendoline Caldwell, whose endowment to the Catholic University of Washington, and subsequent romantic entanglement with Prince Murat, of France, has made her well known throughout the world.

The ceremony was performed in the chapel of the Catholic University in Washington, and a special dispensation was secured to permit of the use of the chapel, as Baron von Zedwitz is a member of the Lutheran Church.

Baron von Zedwitz is well known at Washington, and there was a distinguished party of guests present at the ceremony, among whom may be mentioned Secretary Blaine, Minister and Mrs. Romero, Baron Fava, Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefoot and the Misses Pauncefoot, Senator and Mrs. Vance, Mr. and Mrs. Bakmetiff, Count Sala, Mr. de Struve, Dr. Ruth, Mr. William Acklan, Miss Berry, Mrs. Dolph, Mrs. Loering, Mrs. Handy, Miss Mitchell, Mr. Woodbury Lowery, Miss Lowery, Miss Stout, Colonel Anderson, Miss Anderson, Mr. Hitt, Minister and Mrs. Carter, Mr. Rouston, Minister Muruga, and Mrs. Richard Nixon.

After a wedding breakfast at the Arlington Hotel the Baron and Baroness von Zedwitz left for the City of Mexico.

## A COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

The Handsome Present Given to the Wife of the President.

All the country has been talking of the seaside cottage presented to Mrs. Harrison by a number of wealthy gentlemen. Among the contributors are said to be Mr. Geo. W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, Mr. A. H. Hamilton, of the Shoreham Hotel, A. J. Drexl, the noted banker, Postmaster General Wanamaker, and ex-Senator William J. Sewell. Just what the cottage cost only two men are said to know, and they won't tell. It is situated at Cape May Point, N. J., and is one of the finest buildings of the sort on the lower New Jersey coast. It is located directly on the beach near the light house at Cape May Point, and commands an excellent view of the entrance of the Delaware Bay and a sweep of the ocean.

The house is built of wood, of slate color, quite dark, lightened and warmed up here and there along the eaves of the roof and at other points with a touch of red. It fronts to the south, full upon the sea, from which it is separated only by a pair of broad easy flights, having its landing half way and its turn in the middle. And this staircase is of antique oak, the rest of the interior woodwork of the house being of poplar, retaining all the beauty of its natural color, undisturbed by paint.

A tremendously wide hall is a feature of the house. Its further end opens into the dining room and kitchen, while the



A COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

parlors and a large reception room open from the sides.

There are three fine rooms on the second floor, besides two smaller ones, and a nursery, where young Mr. McKee, as master of the house, will exercise his dominion when not rolling on the sand or floundering like a young merman in the water. On the floor above are additional sleeping rooms, making up the full complement of twenty; but the special feature of the third floor is the great room the full width of the front, 40 feet by 19, with lofty walls, though all the rooms are lofty, and designed particularly for a billiard room, the President being an expert player and the game one of his favorite exercises.

There is no gaudy display in the furnishing, but the house has every modern convenience, and is a comfortable, plain, and thoroughly characteristic American seaside home.

The internal revenue collections in this country show that as a people we are drinking more whiskey and eating more bogus butter than ever. Why an increase should be shown in these different lines of consumption is a mystery. Whether whisky drinking begets a longing for oleomargarine, or the use of this article in excess drives a man to drink, is an interesting problem.

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

### ADVENTURE WITH SNAKES—A CHARIOTABLE YOUTH.

Temptation—Elevation of Towns—Carrier Pigeons—Interesting Items and Light Reading.

#### The Monkeys' Quarrel.

Two little monkeys were swinging one day in the top of a coconut tree; Said one little M. to the other, "Ahem, You don't look at all like me— Not at all, not at all like me."

My nose is turned up much higher than yours And my eyes they are wondrously small; My fingers are longer, my tail it is stronger— Oh, no! you're not like me at all; Don't frown; but, indeed, not at all.

You needn't be mad, it isn't my fault That so strongly I favor my ma; She'd as sweet monkey-face, and was belle of this place Before she married my pa— Yes, and after she married my pa."

Not a word said her friend, but she threw out her arm; With a look of deep indignation, And she whacked the "belle" till she tottered and fell, And that ended the conversation— Quite ended the conversation.

#### A Snake Adventure.

An Alabama hunter, named Brill, had been tramping for many hours and was very thirsty, when he noticed a small spring gushing out at the foot of a cliff. He began at once to make his way down the steep descent, but was soon brought to a standstill on the edge of a perpendicular wall.

A tree was growing near the base of the cliff, and one of its branches came within reach of the hunter's hand. He let down his gun by means of a string, and then swung himself off the cliff by the branch.

As the limb bent under his weight, it rustled against the cliff, and an instant before Brill was ready to let go he heard the rattle of a rattlesnake. The creature was directly at his feet, coiled and ready to strike. In the next breath, before the man had time to think, a second and larger snake crawled out from the base of the cliff, coiled itself, and sprung its horrible rattle.

Brill clung to the branch with a drowning man's grip, but his hair was standing on end, and his eyes felt as if they were starting from their sockets.

A moment more and a third rattle sounded, and then another and another, as snake after snake crawled out of the crevices in the rock, and coiled themselves in the sun.

Brill could not drop into this nest of snakes, but by this time his strength was so far exhausted that it was impossible for him to draw himself up to the top of the cliff. He could only hang upon the limb till the last moment and then let go.

His arms grew numb; his head began to feel as if it were filled with lead. Another minute and he must release his hold, but he made no outcry, and in a few moments he saw the snakes uncoiling one by one and slowly crawling away. This gave him new strength and he held on till the last one was out of sight. Then he dropped in a dead faint. It was near the middle of the afternoon when he regained consciousness, so stiff and sore that it was with great difficulty he could crawl homeward.

#### Bless His Dear Heart.

In a very elegant palace car entered a weary faced, poorly dressed woman, with three children, one a baby in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down into one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boots." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?"

"Don't be foolish, dear, you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered decidedly, "but in a very low tone. 'You know I had a hearty breakfast, and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, and so tired, too, with three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I meet them.'"

The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said audibly:

"Just like his dear mother."

About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and three children, she saw a pretty sight, the family feasting as perhaps they never had done before. The dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said:

"Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother, and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes; "but he is doing an angel's work, bless his dear heart!"

And we, too, said "Bless his dear heart!"—Poortia Call.

### Will Use Carrier Pigeons.

Mariners have always looked upon Sable Island, N. S., as one of the most dangerous points of the coast, and many of the most serious shipwrecks have occurred in the vicinity of that island. One of the principal disadvantages under which seamen, shipwrecked at this place, labor is that they have no means of communicating with the main land except by steamer or sailing vessel, and, as has frequently been the case, they have been stranded on the island for weeks without being able to inform the world of their condition. It has been decided to import carrier pigeons from Belgium, trained especially for this service.

The birds are expected to arrive shortly. Quarters for their reception are now being prepared in a building at the marine and fisheries wharf. There will be two compartments, one for active birds and the other for breeding purposes. Some of the pigeons after having become accustomed to their quarters in Halifax will be taken to Sable Island, and when a disaster occurs one will be set at liberty with a message attached to it. The pigeons to be used in this service are very rapid birds, and will require but a short time to take messages from that point to Halifax.

### Temptation.

This is what Prof. Henry Drummond, of Glasgow, says about a boy's temptation: "You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try to take the castle; but one soldier said, 'I can show you how you can take the castle,' and he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About night-fall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same thing the next day and the next. By and by the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week, he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through. Now, with a single gun firing away at every boy's life, the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul, and if you never have any temptation you will never have any practice. A boy that attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than the one that drills twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourself resolutely to face them."

### How High They Are.

The following table gives the altitude of the Capital city of thirty-four States, as determined by the Government Geological Survey:

Capital.	State.	Elevation.
Denver	Colorado	5,175
Carson City	Nevada	4,630
Lincoln	Nebraska	1,155
Atlanta	Georgia	1,050
Topeka	Kansas	884
Lansing	Michigan	853
Madison	Wisconsin	848
Des Moines	Iowa	840
Columbus	Ohio	753
Indianapolis	Indiana	723
St. Paul	Minnesota	702
Springfield	Illinois	594
Charleston	West Virginia	517
Austin	Texas	518
Montpelier	Vermont	484
Nashville	Tennessee	445
Harrisburg	Pennsylvania	319
Raleigh	North Carolina	300
Columbia	South Carolina	296
Little Rock	Arkansas	293
Concord	New Hampshire	252
Salem	Oregon	137
Montgomery	Alabama	132
Richmond	Virginia	84
Augusta	Maine	48
Newport	Rhode Island	48
Hartford	Connecticut	39
Dover	Delaware	39
Trenton	New Jersey	38
Sacramento	California	30
Albany	New York	30
Providence	Rhode Island	10
Boston	Massachusetts	7
Annapolis	Maryland	4

### Stoned a Bear to Death.

J. Sweetland tells us a funny story of how five Swishes got away with a bear at his camp just across the bay from here. Mr. Bruin intruded himself in among the pots and kettles, picking out a dainty meal. While so engaged he attracted the attention of a Swish, who at once called his mates to his help. The ground is pretty rocky around the camp, and there are plenty of loose stones ready to hand. They at once fell on the bear, like the Jews of old did on Stephen, and stoned him. He would at first endeavor to follow his assailant, but being surrounded, a stone in the rear would turn him.—Union City Tribune.

### Rather Tall.

Chicago will be able to show the visitors to the World's fair a class of buildings that they cannot see in any other American city nor in any of the European capitals. The large and lofty building, which was once regarded as a great architectural curiosity, is now the rule with Chicago buildings. Where once but one of these buildings loomed solitary and alone above its surroundings, there are now whole blocks of them. They range from twelve to nineteen stories, and will not be the least interesting sight for strangers at the exposition.

## COINS OF THE REALM.

### FANCY PRICES SET ON THE DOLLARS OF OUR DADDIES.

Early Colonial Brass Coins—New England "Pine Tree" and "Oak Tree" Shillings &c.

Interest in rare American coins has lately had a revival through the sale to dealers in this city of the most important numismatic collection in this country says the N. Y. Herald.

The cabinet was owned by Loring G. Parmalee, of Boston, and comprised about three thousand pieces. Very many of the coins had never been in circulation, and it was undoubtedly the most valuable single collection of United States coinage in the world. Seventy-five thousand dollars is a modest estimate of its value.

The collection was unique because it contained only American coins and because Mr. Parmalee had spent about twenty years in its careful selection.

The famous "1804 dollar," for which he paid \$750 in 1869, and which has since that time doubled in value, was prominent in it and the most valuable single piece.

Some of the rare pieces of colonial coinage in this cabinet are valued as high as \$1,000 each. The cabinet also included a specimen of every gold piece coined from 1795 down to the present date—the best assortment known. So good was it in fact that a strenuous but unsuccessful effort was made to secure it for the government. The collection in the Philadelphia Mint is not nearly so complete.

The silver dollar of 1804, now so valuable, was purchased from Colonel Cohen at an auction of rare coins, and is one of ten in existence. It is the most valuable because in more perfect condition than any of the others.

It is alleged that this coin was not really struck off in 1804, but some years later, and the coinage used for presentation to foreign representatives.

Perhaps some of the readers of the Herald are descendants of those "foreign representatives," and if so they may find among the family heirlooms one of those famous "dollars." If they do they can find a ready sale for a good specimen at any figure over \$1,000. That they may be sure to know it when they see it here is a good picture of the one owned by Mr. Parmalee:—



THE RARE 1804 DOLLAR.

Just note that the eagle on the dollar holds in one talon a bunch of arrows and in the other an olive branch, and on the breast is a shield, and then look at the picture below of the first United States dollar ever made, which was issued from the Mint in the latter part of 1794, and see the difference.

Of the 1794 dollar but few were coined, and consequently specimens are highly valued when in fine condition.

Mr. Parmalee's collection contained three of this variety, for one of which he paid a very high price at the sale of Mr. M. L. Mackenzie in 1869. The same die for dollars was used until the beginning of this century, the coinage of those of later date being distinguished by the hair on the head of Liberty flowing unconfined.



THE RARE 1794 HALF DOLLAR.

On the edge of the 1794 dollar, where coins are now milled, the legend "Hundred Cents One Dollar or Unit" is impressed, the words being separated by stars and sunken square marks.

Constant change in the coinage of silver dollars was made, and there are many rare specimens in existence. But none are worthy of special mention un-



THE ROSA AMERICAN MONEY.

til the coinage of 1836, when what are known as the "Gobrecht dollar" were struck off.

Of this variety over a thousand were sent out, but eighteen only contained the words "C. Gobrecht, F." in the field above the date. Fine specimens of the later kind have brought extremely high prices. Of the others in that year fine proofs can be had for \$12 or \$15.

The coinage of silver dollars has continued down to the present time, but none is of sufficient rarity to be more than ordinarily valuable.

Half dollars, of which there are a few rare specimens, were coined in the same year as were the dollars—1794—and the devices were the exact counterpart of the dollar, the only difference being simply in the proportionate size and the lettering of fifty cents or half dollar.

In 1795 a counterpart of the fillet dollar of 1895 was adopted, and the reverse was changed to a smaller eagle standing on a cloud with the fraction 1/2 underneath.

Those coined in that year and the year

1797 are extremely valuable, and although almost every collection of importance in the country contains a specimen those in good condition bring very high prices. The picture shows the "fillet half dollar."



THE RARE 1796 HALF DOLLAR.

Mr. Parmalee's zeal in coin gathering led him into gathering the early colonial coins, and below are some pictures of a few of the rare ones he owned, starting with the "brass Sommers Island pieces, which are undoubtedly the earliest pieces of coin struck in America.

#### EARLY COLONIAL COINS.

Their date and the history of their coinage is not known, although there is reason to believe they were current about the year 1616.

Historians relate that in 1616, when Daniel Tucker arrived as Governor of the Sommers Island, he found a certain kind of brass money in circulation with



THE "SOMMERS ISLANDS" PIECE.

a "hogge" on one side. It appears that the islands were infested with these brutes. The Sommers Island shilling has on one side a hog in the center and on the reverse a ship with canvas spread.

There was also a sixpence of the same kind of coinage in circulation, only about half size of the shilling, but an exact counterpart with the exception of the numerals denoting its value.

Only three genuine shillings and one genuine sixpence are known, but the former and latter have been widely imitated.

The New England shilling has borne an important part in our early history, and that with the sixpence and three-pence were the first silver coins made in America. They were thin plaquettes of silver having "N. E." stamped on one side and the numeral on the other. This coinage was commenced in the year 1652.

It was shortly afterward followed by the "pine tree" money and the "oak tree" money, distinguished by having a pine and oak tree in the center and



THE NEW ENGLAND OR "PINE TREE" SHILLING.

around this a beaded circle with the legend "Massachusetts" and on the edge another beaded circle. The reverse contained 1652, surrounded by two circles and between them "New England and Dom." Although they were coined for thirty years they all seem to bear the same date, 1652.

The first coppers known to be made in America were those called the Grandy or Higley coppers. They were made exclusively by a John Higley, of the town of Grandy, in Connecticut, from 1787 to 1789. There are three different

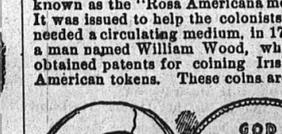


THE GRANDY OR HIGLEY COPPERS.

varieties of the coin, which we show in the illustration.

Although not strictly money, tokens are highly prized by collectors, and one much fancied is that known as the "Carolina Elephant." The obverse is from a rather common English token known as the "London Elephant." The variety we show has the word "proprietors" on it and is of extreme value and rarity. There was also a "New England Elephant" token, of which only two or three are known at the present time. One was sold in 1867 for \$385 to a Mr. Appleton, of Boston, who afterward sold it to Mr. Parmalee. Here again is another variety, or what was known as the "Ross Americana money."

It was issued to help the colonists, who needed a circulating medium, in 1733, by a man named William Wood, who had obtained patents for coining Irish and American tokens. These coins are com-



THE CAROLINA ELEPHANT.

position of silver, brass and spelter. So rare have they become that a fine specimen of the large size lately brought \$390.

To a persons not a collector the colonial token and coin is always the most interesting because of the great variety of design and the quaintness of design.

It is notable that though the designs and die cutting were very crude it was descriptive, too, and told a story of the times.

Even the first dollar coined as late as 1795 was but a poor specimen of the die sinker's art.

From that time to 1804 there was evidently an effort made to improve and

the coin of that year shows the effort to have been well directed.

There is still more marked excellence in the "Gobrecht" variety, and advancement has been the order of the day from that time until the present. Now it is the proud boast of the famous mints that the best die cutters in the world are employed on coins.

### DECOY FISH ON LAKE ERIE.

Sitting in Little Stove-Heated Shanties, Ready for All Sorts of Game.

The fishermen along the shore of Lake Erie are already looking to their shanties preparatory to beginning decoy fishing through the ice, says a Detroit correspondent of the N. Y. Sun. As soon as the ice is strong enough to bear, the little fishing shanties will be moved out to the fishing-grounds, and in favorite localities little villages of miniature houses, with the smoke curling up from their chimneys, will be established on the frozen lake. The shanties are about four and a half feet high, so that a man can sit comfortably in them, and large enough to hold the man and a small but effective stove.

A hole is cut in the ice, usually at the side of some bank or edge of a channel, where the fish are apt to be running; then the house is moved over the hole and the fire is started. The fisherman sits on a seat, under which is a box in which to hide his fish, as it is important to keep his good luck a secret lest his neighbors surround him.

If the little village of fish-houses moves close around him his chances are gone, not only because the surrounding fishermen will intercept the fish, but because the noise of chopping and walking on the ice will certainly drive them away, for, although you can talk or sing as much as you please in the fish-house, the least tap upon the ice will frighten away the fish.

The house not only makes a warm shelter for the fisherman, where he can sit comfortably protected from the wild blasts that sweep over the frozen lake, but, as it has no windows and the light is shut out above, he can see clearly eight or ten feet down into the waters of the lake. It is a really beautiful sight to watch the decoy darting hither and thither, and the game stealing silently up to the hole or rushing at it as if about to swallow it, tin fins and all.

The decoy is made of wood, colored to suit the fancy of the fishermen, and not much like anything in nature. It is three or four inches long and is carved in the shape of a fish and heavily weighted with lead toward the head. It has four horizontal fins on its sides and one fin on its back. To one of a small row of rings on its back one end of the string is hooked, and the other end is attached to a stick about a foot long. With this stick the fisherman plays the decoy, making it dart about in the water as nearly as possible in a triangle. Sometimes a school of perch will gather about the hole, if they are large enough they are speared, if too small for that they are caught with hook and line. Or a school of herring take their place, and then the fisherman substitutes for hook and bait a white collar button on the end of a string, this the white fish swallow eagerly, and the fisherman gently lifts them out of the ice before they can disgorge.

Then there is a swish, and a ten-pound pike rushes in and scatters the small fry in every direction. He stands motionless watching the decoy, which the fisherman must play like lightning, for if the pike touches it he discovers and resents the deception, rushing away faster than he came. At the first opportunity the fisherman strikes his spear into the fish's shoulder, or, if he can't get a fair stroke, and the water is shallow enough, he pins him to the bottom until he drowns.

This is a favorite sport in Michigan, and is zealously pursued, sometimes so late in the spring that the shanties sail off into the lake on the melting ice.

### No Mud on Ah Sin's Shoes.

Fung-Long, a Chinaman, writes as follows in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "Nobody ever saw a Chinaman with muddy shoes no matter what the weather was, unless some hoodlums had pushed him into a puddle. We take care of our feet instinctively, and get into the habit of walking carefully. If you watch on a muddy crossing you will see one American after another pick his way cautiously, and yet land on the other side with mud on his toes, while the Chinaman will walk along after them at his usual gait, seemingly not noticing his feet, step on the other curb with not a particle of mud on the tops of his shoes. But when he crossed the street he did not walk as the Americans did. Had he done so he would have been as muddy as they. They stepped along gingerly on their toes, or, at least the front of the foot.

In this way they put all the weight of their body on the thinnest part of the shoe, from top to bottom, and when it flattened out with each step the mud touched the leather. The Chinaman walked over with the weight of his body on the heel and instep of the shoe, and the toe barely grazing the ground. The part of the shoe that felt his weight was firm and unyielding, and did not spread into the mud.

### Expense at Yale.

The average expense at Yale per year has been for each freshman \$383.90; sophomore, \$381.34; junior, \$384.17; and senior, \$319.70. The largest expense reported for any one man was \$2,900 for the year, although it is believed that there were some who got away with a little more than that amount.

### TIRUPATI TEMPLE TREASURE.

A Most Remarkable Trial Before a British Court in India.

"It is by no means surprising," says the *Colonies and India*, "that the strange case of the now famous Tirupati temple treasure should have excited such an extraordinary feeling of indignation as it appears to have done among the Hindu population of India. Tirupati is the Mecca of Hindostan, if indeed the comparison is at all allowable, seeing that the temple which has just been so grossly defiled was erected, in the first instance, close upon 5,000 years ago.

"The trial in connection with the robbery of the Tirupati treasure is probably the most remarkable which has ever come before a British court in India. The sacred temple stands on the Tirumalat range, some 2,000 feet above sea level, and commands a tract of about 100 square miles, the whole of which, up to quite a recent period, was regarded in the strictest sense as holy ground, nobody but a Hindu being allowed to ascend the ghauts. Even at the present time the collector and the superintendent of police are the only Europeans whom the government permit to invade the sacred territory, excepting, of course, on special occasions, such as that which arose the other day when the services of a civil engineer were required within the precincts of the temple to superintend the excavations.

"The temple itself has, in reality, never been entered by a white man, and all its available entrances are jealously guarded by armed men, who have instructions to strike down and, if necessary, to kill any unauthorized person who attempts to invade the sanctuary. The sacred edifice is inclosed by three stone walls, of which the outer one is twenty-three feet in height. From the devotee's point of view the sacredness of the place is centered in a great flagstaff, which penetrates from floor to roof, and is 57 feet high, 3 feet in diameter at the base and 16 inches at the summit. The staff is incased in copper overlaid with gold and set in a slab of granite nearly three feet in thickness. In the immediate neighborhood of the flagstaff the image of the god is preserved, while the staff itself is actually supposed to be the abode of the temple god—or its 'metaphysical essence.'

"Some seventeen years since, it seems, certain coin treasure, valued roughly at two lacs of rupees, was discovered in the temple and was duly handed over to the mahant as manager and trustee of the edifice. In 1800 the Mahant Dharma Doss died and was succeeded by Sri Hathiramjee Mutam von Doss Jee. The new mahant appears to have discharged his sacred and responsible functions to the satisfaction of everybody concerned, and in 1837 it was resolved to replace the old awjastu meum, or sacred flagstaff, by a new one. Before the work was completed the idea appears to have suggested itself to the mahant to bury the treasure—the two lacs of rupees to which he had succeeded—under the temple.

"The treasure was placed in six copper vessels, the covers of which were duly sealed up, and they were then buried in the receptacle prepared for them. Now it is found that the gold has all been removed from them and copper coins substituted. Four temple servants—by name Narasimha, Kusal, Gopairao, and Haribhayan—were in 1837 intrusted, after being duly sanctified by divers mysterious rites and ceremonies, with the burial of the treasure-pots, and a fact that appears to interest the police and others a good deal at present is that two of them—Kusal and Haribhayan—are now each worth a lac of rupees, although the whole four were discharged some time ago, and none of them are known to have what is sternly known as 'lawful visible means of support.'

"On the other hand, an astonishingly queer-looking case is made out against the mahant himself, who, it is asserted, allowed his cupidity to overcome the scruples of his sacred calling and collared the swag himself. The

question as to who has really appropriated the treasure seems a difficult one, as far as the inquiry has proceeded, to determine, and it is possible that the affair may never be satisfactorily cleared up. Probably the most notable feature in connection of the affair from a Hindu point of view, at all events, is the peculiarly apathetic demeanor of the Tirupati god, who should have been deeply interested in the proceedings. The "mantric essence," which has exercised such an omnipotent power over the Hindu for centuries past, appears to have lain dormant while the temple was defiled, and the mean trick of substituting a few hundred rupees' worth of copper money for two lacs' worth of gold coinage was done right under the pillars of the Tirupati sanctum."

### Buffalo-Hunting in 1877.

When camp was pitched the horses were turned loose to graze and refresh themselves after their trying journey, during which they had lost flesh wofully. They were watched and tended by the two men who were always left in camp, and, save on rare occasions, the horses were only used to haul in the buffalo-hides. The camp-guards for the time being acted as cooks; and, though coffee and flour both ran short and finally gave out, fresh meat of every kind was abundant. The camp was never without buffalo beef, deer and antelope venison, wild turkeys, prairie-chickens, quails, ducks, and rabbits. The birds were simply 'potted,' as occasion required; when the quarry was deer or antelope, the hunters took the dogs with them to run down the wounded animals. But almost the en-

tire attention of the hunters was given to the buffalo. After an evening spent in lounging round the camp-fire, and a sound night's sleep, wrapped in robes and blankets, they would get up before daybreak, snatch a hurried breakfast, and start off in couples through the chilly dawn. The great beasts were very plentiful; in the first day's hunt, twenty were slain; but the herds were restless and ever on the move. Sometimes they would be seen by the camp, and again it would need an all-day's tramp to find them. There was no difficulty in spying them—the chief trouble with forest game; for on the prairie a buffalo makes no effort to hide, and its black, shaggy bulk looms up as far as the eye can see. Sometimes they were found in small parties of three or four individuals, sometimes in bands of about two hundred and again in great herds of many thousands; and solitary old bulls, expelled from the herds, were common. If on broken land, among hills and ravines, there was not much difficulty in approaching from the leeward; for, though the sense of smell in the buffalo is very acute, they do not see well at a distance through their overhanging frontlets of coarse and matted hair. If, as was generally the case, they were out on the open rolling prairie, the stalking was far more difficult. Every hollow, every earth hummock and sagebrush had to be used as cover. The hunter wriggled through the grass flat on his face, pushing himself along for perhaps a quarter of a mile by his toes and fingers, heedless of the spiny cactus. When near enough to the huge, unconscious quarry the hunter began firing, still keeping himself carefully concealed. If the smoke was blown away by the wind, and if the buffaloes caught no glimpse of the assailant, they would often stand motionless and stupid until many of their number had been slain; the hunter being careful not to fire too high, aiming just behind the shoulder, about a third of the way up the body, that his bullet might go through the lungs. Sometimes, even after they saw the man, they would act as if confused and panic-struck, huddling up together and staring at the smoke puffs—but generally they were off at a lumbering gallop as soon as they had an idea of the point of danger. When once started, they ran for many miles before halting, and their pursuit on foot was extremely laborious.—Theodore Roosevelt, in *St. Nicholas*.

### Practical.

Horace Greeley had the reputation of being a practical philanthropist, and his advice was sought by hundreds of strangers, whose only excuse for intruding upon him was that they needed counsel, and that he had the brains that could advise them.

One day, while he was writing an important letter in his office, a boy, fifteen years old, entered the room, and, standing near the door and behind the editor's chair, said, "Mr. Greeley, I have come to ask your advice."

"Say on," answered the editor without stopping his pen or even glancing at the boy.

"The only relative I have here," continued the boy, "is my sister. I have been boarding with her, and she let me have board so cheap that I could earn money to pay her, and have something left to buy my clothes. Now I have quarreled with her, and am boarding at another place, where they charge me all I can earn for my board—not so good as I had at my sister's—and I have nothing left to pay for clothes. What shall I do?"

"Is your sister married?" asked Mr. Greeley, without looking up or stopping his pen.

"Yes, sir."

"Is she a respectable woman?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Go straight to your sister and tell her that you are ashamed of yourself, and ask her forgiveness. If she will take you, go back and live with her, and after this remember that if your own sister is not your friend, you will not be likely to find any friend in New York City."

The boy departed without another word, and Mr. Greeley had not even seen him, so engrossed was he with his writing. This poor boy did not personally know Mr. Greeley, but being in distress, sought him out in a city of several hundred thousand people as a man to give him good advice.

"It was a higher compliment than I had ever before seen conferred upon any one," writes the Hon. Eli Thayer, who was present at the interview, and reports it in his "History of the Kansas Crusade."—*Youth's Companion*.

### Private Allen Takes a Bath.

Representative John Allen says all the primitive people don't live in Mississippi. "When I was stumping up in Pennsylvania two years ago," says he, "I had to put up one night in a hemlock town with half a dozen houses scattered about. I had been travelling over a dusty soft-coal road, and the clinders and soot were thick enough to give the impression that I was a Democratic dandy. I stopped with an old Dutch tanner, and after supper asked him if he couldn't fix up so I could get a bath. He got a blue China bowl of soft soap, a roller towel, and led me about five rods back of the kitchen to a small horse pond.

"Dere you is," said he, "yust yump right in."

"I looked around. The women were in plain sight in the kitchen, and three or four other houses were within a stone's throw.

"Is this all the place there is?" I asked.

"Yah."

"How do your women folks do?"

"Dey vas all pooty vell. How vas yours?"—*Washington Post*.

Household Hints.

PLAIN Egg Omelet.—Four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two table-spoonfuls of milk, one table-spoonful of butter. Beat the eggs, add salt and milk. Have pan hot and fry.

Care of Wash Boilers.—A boiler once rusted will rust very easily again in the same place. New milk is a good thing to wash rusty boilers with. It is much easier to take care of the boilers and thoroughly dry each time after using than to rid them of the iron rust.

Care of Irons.—Never put irons away rusty or smoky. It takes very little time to clean irons before putting them away, and it will be easier than later. A small piece of bees-wax tied in a cloth is very useful in ironing. And keep a board on which you can sprinkle salt to rub irons.

Kitchens.—Ornamenting of any kind is out of place in a kitchen. Drapery should not be used; even on a small bracket, smoke, dust and odor from cooking will soon lodge in it. For shelves, brackets, etc., the shelf cloth is very nice; it comes in a variety of colors, is very pretty and durable.

Washing Gloves.—Put silk and lisle-thread gloves on the hands and wash in soft water with a little borax and white castile soap. Wash just as you would wash your hands, rinse thoroughly, wipe as dry as possible with a towel, being careful not to turn and twist them any more than you can help; leave them on the hands until partially dry, take off carefully, pull all the fingers out straight, folding them at the seams as they were when new; put between clean cloths with a weight over them. If carefully washed, quickly rinsed and dried in this way the gloves will appear almost as good as new.

CREAM SAUCE.—One pint of cream, one generous table-spoonful of flour, and salt and pepper to taste. Let the cream come to a boil, have the flour mixed with half a cupful of cold cream, reserved from the pint, and stir into the boiling cream. Add seasoning, and boil three minutes. Good for delicate meats, fish and vegetables, and to pour around croquettes, and omelets.

A poor family in Shawton, Wis., named Kingberg, consisting of father, mother and seven children, had canned meat for their Sunday dinner. Two hours later they were seized with violent illness. Physicians were hastily summoned, but it is thought four or five of the children will die.

The committee from the Usher guards and others are at work raising the sum of money necessary to entertain the visiting militia at Bismarck grove in September. About \$800 is all that will be necessary. Beside the First and Third Regiments and the Topeka battery Colonel Forsythe, commander of the post at Fort Riley, has written to Adjutant General Roberts expressing a desire to attend with eight troops of the regular army cavalry for their annual drill.

Douglas county is infested with a gang of bold horse-thieves, who have in the past six months made away with many animals. The few recovered were found in Kansas City. Several years ago the farmers throughout the county formed what was known as the anti-horse-thief association and succeeded in making it so warm for that gang that they gave Douglas county a wide berth. Three horses have been stolen this week.

Three confidence men have been working the farmers of Douglas and Johnson counties for the last week. Two of them go around selling cloth very cheap, representing to the people that they were smuggled goods. A short time after this a man claiming to be an agent for a large tailoring house calls upon them and offers to make up the cloth into suits and if he gets the cloth he disappears never to return.

The Wichita Eagle says: "Mr. Eugene Schuyler, the consul general at Cairo, whose death was announced yesterday, was a nephew of Judge Philip C. Schuyler deceased, who was elected the first secretary of the state of Kansas under the Topeka constitution and whose home is in Burlingame. He is own cousin of Mrs. W. W. H. Lawrence of Topeka. Eugene in the prime of his youth visited his uncle and cousins at Burlingame during the war times. He was a bright young man and at that time we believe was connected with the American legation in Russia. He afterwards wrote a history of Russia, the best, it is said, ever compiled of that government and people. Schuyler was of the old New York Knickerbocker Schuyler stock and a prime representative American."

Free Reading Matter.

There are various schemes for supplying reading matter at a trifle above actual cost.

What would you think if you could get good literature free?

Drop a postal to G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A. A., T. & S. F. R. R. Topeka, Kans., and ask for copy of To Mexico by palace cars.

You can also procure free copies of "A Santa Barbara Holiday," "Guide to San Diego Bay Region," "Las Vegas Hot Springs Guide," and folders relating to Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas.

My First Beau.

My first beau was named Longfellow Tibbs. He had been named after the distinguished poet at a very early age, and without any thought of the future. I scarcely think if his parents had known what a very short fellow he would grow up to be, they would have distinguished him by an appellation so open to jokes. However, they did it.

I had known him as a little boy, and when I was seventeen years old, and keeping house for my Granduncle Joshua, he called and sent up his card. He had come to the city to honor the firm of Tape and Buttons with his presence behind its notions counter.

I was pleased to see him, and told him so, and he replied,—

"I scarcely expected it. I thought you would not have known me. The ravages of time must have changed me greatly. They have only improved you, you know, but, combined with care, they have traced many lines upon my brow, I know."

I remembered that he had recently acquired a stepfather who was said to flog him frequently, so I looked sympathetic.

"You certainly had long curls and wore frocks when I saw you last, Mr. Tibbs," I said, "and you must be nineteen now."

"And a half," he added gloomily, "and a half. However, my heart is young yet. You are keeping house for an uncle, I am told, Miss Rosina."

"Yes," I answered, "he is awfully nice and so awfully lonely. Mamma spared me to him for that reason."

"What a happy man he is! How enviable," said Mr. Tibbs, "to have a niece to keep his house!"

"Perhaps, Mr. Tibbs," said I, "when you are as old as Uncle Joshua, you may also have a niece to keep house for you."

"Perhaps," he said gloomily, "but I don't see how that can be, as I have neither brothers nor sisters."

Just then a bell rang, and Uncle Joshua called over the stairs to me,—

"Ask the little boy to stay to dinner, Rosina, and come at once."

Mr. Tibbs refused this unceremonious invitation with a little hauteur. He prided himself on being rather old, and departed for the time. However, he came again, and still again, and in the course of a month began to propose to me.

I speak correctly. Other people, I believe, "pop the question" once and have done with it. I never knew of the most ardent passion outliving three rejections; but Longfellow Tibbs went through a course of them as though they were lessons in something. He always went away in despair, but returned to the charge as fresh as ever.

His tailor bill must have been greatly increased by his tender passion, I am sure, for he always went on his knees to offer himself, and was twice caught at it—once by the chambermaid and once by Uncle Joshua.

At last he began to threaten self-destruction, and one evening left me, swearing that I should never see him again alive. I did not believe that he was in earnest; but I felt a little anxious, nevertheless, when a week passed by without any news of him, and I rather missed him, too, I must admit. But judge of my horror when, one evening, a messenger boy put into my hands an envelope sealed with black wax, and wearing a mourning border an inch wide. On opening it I read these words:—

"MISS ROSINA.—The enclosed having been found upon the body of a gentleman who has just drowned himself in the Hudson river, I enclose it to your address, imagining that it may interest you. THE CITY CORONER."

Tremblingly I tore open an envelope which was enclosed, and read this:—

"DEAR ROSINA.—Yes, standing on the verge of a watery grave, I may address you thus. Your cruelty has driven me to desperation. Without you, I am wretched. You will not be mine; therefore I will no longer live. Ere you read this, I shall be no longer capable either of love or of despair. Yet, if my departed ghost can visit these terrestrial scenes, I shall come to you in those bright moonlight hours I have so loved because they brought me to your side, and you shall know that I am with you by a breath, a whisper, or a touch. In my death perhaps you may give me what in my life you have denied—your love! "Your wretched LONGFELLOW."

I read the document to the end, and went off into hysterics. Happily Uncle Joshua was away on a fishing party, and no one came to me but the chambermaid.

She was young, pretty and sympathetic. I felt obliged to have some confidante, and I told her everything. She wept with me over the "poor young gentleman's" untimely fate, but declared that I was not to blame, for "nobody could marry every one that asked them," and instanced one Patrick O'Rourke, who threatened to dynamite himself whenever she declined his offer.

"And how can I say yes," said Nora, "when I like Pat Gorman far the best? And it would be me he'd murder if I jilted him!"

But Nora could not console. I was utterly miserable. I cried myself sick, and actually took to my bed, Nora ministering to me tenderly. And when Uncle Joshua returned, he found me wrapped in a shawl and sitting up amidst

cushions and pillows, a very wreck of myself.

I did not tell him what had caused my illness, and he insisted upon it that I had been "stuffing myself with sweets" in his absence. He brought home with him a very sardonic old gentleman, who looked like the portraits of Voltaire, and they had a very sociable time of it in the dining-room over cards and punch, and evidently did not want me. As for the old gentleman, his very glance made me shiver. I was nervous, and on the verge of becoming a shattered wreck for life. I could not bear the gaslight or noise of any kind, lived on beef tea and wept constantly.

One evening Nora had placed me in a large arm-chair on the balcony, and left me alone for a while. I think I had dozed off, when, opening my eyes, I became aware that a figure stood before me. It was motionless; its arms crossed on its breast, its eyes rolled up; but by the moonlight I saw the face of my unhappy adorer—Longfellow Tibbs. He had declared that he would haunt me, and here he was. I should doubtless be tormented by his reproachful spirit for the rest of my days, or rather nights. It was simply awful. I uttered a long shriek, and put out my hands to ward the spectre off.

They were caught in two of solid flesh and blood. The figure dropped on its knees before me. This was no ghost. It was Longfellow Tibbs in proper person, very much alive indeed.

"Forgive me!" he sighed. "Angel of my soul, forgive me! It was all a ruse to try your affection. I wrote both letters myself; I did it to put you to the test. But now—and he made preparations to embrace me, to which I put a stop at once—"now, my angel," he continued, "I will no longer be denied. Your anguish has proven that I am not indifferent to you. Beneath the thought of my death you have withered like a rose smitten by the wintry blasts. Cheer up—cheer up, my angel! Your Longfellow lives and still adores you!"

At these words my indignation got the better of me. I arose, and looked at the young man scornfully.

"Mr. Tibbs," said I, "if I had been as fond of you as you pretend you are of me, I would not—could not—like you after what you have done; and I care nothing for you—nothing!"

Longfellow Tibbs folded his arms and regarded me tragically.

"There is but one explanation of this insensibility," he said; "you love another!"

As he spoke a sudden thought occurred to me. I resolved to pay him back in his own coin. I bowed my head in silence.

"You are betrothed to another!" shrieked Longfellow.

I bowed again.

"His name?—that I may wreak vengeance upon his miserable head!" demanded Mr. Longfellow Tibbs.

"You may see him if you like," I said.

I arose, finding my strength quite miraculously restored to me, and crossed the room softly, beckoning him to follow.

The house was an old-fashioned one of the double sort, and at the back of the hall was a curious little window that gave light to the kitchen stairs. Beside this window I paused. It opened into a large dining-room. At the table in the center of the apartment sat Uncle Joshua and his ancient friend, whose head was as bald as a billiard ball, and who had lost every tooth in his head. Without a word, I pointed to this individual.

"He!" gasped Longfellow.

"No one else," said I.

"False one, you have sold yourself for gold!" said Mr. Tibbs.

I did not deny the impeachment. Mr. Tibbs folded his arms and stalked toward the front door.

"Adieu," said he.

"Good-by, Mr. Tibbs," said I.

"I dreamed," said Mr. Tibbs, "that woman was to be won by love. I find that wealth is the only talisman. No matter. Let him beware my vengeance!" I never saw him again.

"Tailor—Well, Jones, how did your wife like the new clothes? Jones—She acted just as she did when I first began to court her. Tailor—How was that? Laid her cheek on the lapels? Jones—No; violently opposed my suit.

"Tenant—The windows in your house shut so badly that my hair blows all about my head. You must really have something done to them. Landlord—I don't see the necessity for that. It would be much simpler for you to have your hair cut.

"Algy Credulum—I want to trade you this opal scarf pin for one with a saphire setting. It is very unlucky." Jeweller—Indeed! What has happened? Algy—Great Scott! My great-grand-father had died last week and didn't leave me a shilling.

"Brown (visibly embarrassed)—Reg pardon, Mrs. Starvenam, but I lost my pillow last night!"

"The landlady—Well?"

"Brown—if you don't object, I should like to go out to the henhouse to get another feather!"

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The Hawaiians are said to be talking about annexation to the United States. The Chillicothe Normal School and Business Institute opens Sept. 2, 1890. Money refunded when the students leave school for any cause. Car fare paid by the President if the things are not as represented. Private help given free. Prof. Allen Moore's Nine Years in Stansbery Normal, the last six being its President, will add every improvement possible, and make this the least expensive, and the leading school of the West. For Free Catalogue, Address, ALLEN MOORE, M. S. Pres. Chillicothe, Mo.

Mrs. Ann Stokes of Urbana Depot, O., telegraphed to the pension bureau a few days ago in some alarm that her property was about to be sold under an execution, and asking if her pension could not be granted and her home saved. Next day the commissioner telegraphed: Pension claim allowed. You will receive about \$2,000. Certificate will be issued to-day.

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