

F. G. Adams

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
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Wise Action.
The very excellent platform adopted by the People's convention, and the well selected ticket nominated, merits the hearty support of all good citizens. It will have the cordial good will of this paper. We purpose entering warmly into this campaign, and shall endeavor to show good reasons why the ticket should be elected.

In order to help this cause we offer this paper at less than cost until election, and will send it to any address, singly, for 15c, and in clubs of ten or more at 10c each.

We promise to try and make it worth the money.

The silver dollar is now worth \$1.03 in gold.

A light snow fell in Denver on Monday.

There should be no let up and no end to the work of organization.

Mrs Grant consents that the remains of Gen Grant may be removed to Arlington, or to any point which the people through Congress may wish.

A story has been started that the Kansas state house is haunted. That is what the state house ring and democrats both thought last week when they saw the work of the alliance convention.

Gen. Rice of the Fort Scott Monitor, is still throwing thunderbolts at Senator Ingalls, and D R Anthony is forging others for Gov. Humphrey. When these republican Jupiters let loose something is sure to fly.

There was at least one good, plain, common sense greenbacker in the late convention. We did not get his name, but he declared that he had been working many years for reform, and now that the people seemed aroused to the necessity for it, he was satisfied. He would ask no position and no recognition for any of his old associates. He was satisfied that the results they had labored for were about to be fulfilled. That was true patriotism. The Garrisons and Lunds and Phillipse, were agitators, but were content to remain in the background when parties were organized for work. So, too, the Elders, and Maxons, and Utleys, should retire into obscurity. There are others of less merit, who have been more obnoxious and justly so, and those who have affiliated with anarchists, and who are impractical, but who are pushing themselves into the movement, when their utter absence would greatly assist it. If these men would be as patriotic as the fine old man who spoke in the convention, and leave matters more to the more sensible farmers of western Kansas, it would be a blessing indeed. If they do not the executive committee would do well to let the self-seekers shift or themselves.

It will cost more to live than it did last year, but possibly there may be money to be had.

The Capital advises farmers not to vote for Rightmare for supreme justice. If the whole People's ticket is to be so terribly snowed under, as the organ pretends, we don't see as it makes any difference if they do vote for him.

Wash Waterman, the noted horse thief, formerly of the Kansas penitentiary and three weeks ago released from the Missouri prison, stole a horse and buggy at Fort Scott, last week, and was arrested early Monday morning in North Topeka. Bourbon county will probably send him to the penitentiary once more. He is 85 years old.

Not a street walker in all Babylon could be more brazen than the Topeka Capital is now. Its effrontery is simply astounding. It now declares that Hallowell is not an anti-prohibitionist, but is and always has been an advocate of the principle of state prohibition, and has never taken any part whatever in resubmission. In what a strange hypnotic condition the whole prohibitionist republican people have been in for ten years.

No matter what opinion one may hold in regard to strikes, there can be but one rational view in regard to the reckless employment of Pinkerton hounds, to shoot down innocent boys and women who have no connection with the strikers. For it must be noticed that all the killing they do is to murder the innocent. This whole Pinkerton business should be summarily ended. By what authority are these bandits sent from one state to another? Has New York no state authorities sufficient to preserve the peace?

Now push the work of organizing the people's party in every town, city and school district. This year there are many members of the old parties who will work with it. If all such were to pledge themselves to remain with the new party, unless the members of their respective parties in Congress and in state legislatures vote for, and their parties officially in convention declare distinctly in favor of the desired reforms, it will add to the efficiency of the organization, and help keep their attention upon main questions. All such might be made "conditional members," and by generous and fraternal treatment be made most valuable members for the campaign of 1892.

Reduced Rates for Meeting Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows at Topeka, Kansas, Sept. 15th to 20th.

For the above named meeting the UNION PACIFIC, "THE OVERLAND ROUTE," has made a one fare rate for the round trip for those desiring to attend. Tickets will be on sale from September 14th to 20th from points within 200 miles of Topeka; from points beyond the 200 mile limit, tickets will be sold September 13th and 14th.

The dual limit on all tickets will be September 22d.

The UNION PACIFIC, with its excellent local service in Kansas, is the favorite route for persons attending this meeting, and in all cases your tickets should read via that line.

Crimson Clover and Its Uses.

E. G. Packard, of Kent County, Del. sends an interesting bit of information to the Country Gentleman, of Albany, N. Y. concerning crimson clover. He says: *Tritolium incarnatum* is an annual plant—that is, its seed must be renewed every year—but unlike most annual plants, it will survive one winter perfectly, if its seed is sown early enough in the fall to secure a good root before winter set in. I notice that the seedsmen's catalogues advise sowing it in the spring, and state that it grows about 1 foot high. Now, I think that is just where the mistake has been made by some with this plant. All plants succeed best, and reach their highest perfection, if sown in their proper season—and the proper season for sowing crimson clover, at least in the State of Delaware, is during the month of August. This plant requires cool moist weather, and if sown in the early fall, it makes its entire growth, and matures its seed during the cool portion of the year.

As I have said, it stands one winter perfectly. I have seen fields of this clover in the month of February, when the ground was frozen hard and mercury down to zero, standing perfectly green and unharmed—the only green thing to be seen except evergreen trees and bushes. I have seen those same fields of clover renew their growth during open spells of weather, when the frost came out temporarily, and afford good picking for poultry and young stock, and as soon as spring opened up, those same fields of crimson clover made an early and vigorous growth, that seemed little short of magic, and by the 6th of May stood not only 1 foot high, but from 2 to 3 feet high, and a perfect sea of crimson bloom intermingled with the luxuriant dark green foliage. It is the most beautiful of all clovers, and a field of it in full bloom will seldom fail to draw exclamations of pleasure from all observers, and the practical beauty of it is when it comes to be utilized in either of the ways for which it is adapted—early pasture, soiling, hay, seed or green manure—it produces a comfortable and beautiful feeling in the pocket of the grower that is quite refreshing in these times. Its great value for me lies in its use for green manure, coming as it does to its perfection early enough in the season to turn under for corn, potatoes, cabbage, beans and many other crops. The time for sowing is also in its favor, coming as it does when the farmer is comparatively idle at leisure, and it is often sown among corn or other cultivated crops about the time they are laid by, so that really almost the whole expense of this crop is for the seed, and that at 10c per pound, and say 10 pounds per acre, would give the cost for seed at \$1 per acre.

Choose a favorable time for sowing say just after a rain, when the soil is fresh and moist, and cover lightly. As far north as Massachusetts New York and Northern Ohio, I should want to sow it about the first week in August, while farther south it may be sown later. The seed is sold by the large seed houses in Philadelphia or it may be obtained here where considerable of it is grown for seed. I should be glad if those who are interested in it would procure enough for trial this season and report their success or failure next year. In sections where it has not been tried I would advise creating it entirely as an experiment, and sowing only a limited quantity the first year to prove its value. It may fail in some sections, while it succeeds admirably here.

"Buffalo" Jones wants to exhibit a car load of buffalo and half breeds at the fair this fall, showing the progress being made in crossing the wild buffalo of the plains with our native cattle.

The Santa Fe has made a half rate from any point on its line in Kansas to the republican state convention to be held in Topeka, September 3.

The Triumph of Kansas.

Nothing in the figures sent out by the census bureau is more gratifying than the showing made by the glorious state of Kansas. The claims of the wildest Kansas boomers have not exceeded 1,600,000 people as the measure of the state's population. The political vampires who would sap the life of the state to further their own partisan ends have claimed that only 1,200,000 people would be found by the census enumerators. But Kansas has confounded its detractors and exceeded the wildest hopes of its eulogists. Here are the figures:

Population in 1880.....996,000
Population in 1890.....1,680,000

What then about the thousands driven from Kansas by destitution and famine? How about the depopulating effects of prohibition? Where comes in the exodus of unhappy farmers dispossessed by the foreclosure of mortgages? How happens it that Kansas, about which all kinds of malicious and harmful lies have been circulated, comes so nobly to the front? The hot wind and the blizzard, the temperature of each graded according to the limit of the imagination of the newspaper correspondent, the cyclone and the flood, the strident grasshoppers, the insidious chinch bug and the still more voracious mortgage loan companies seem to have failed of their purposes.

Kansas positively will not be put down. Her record in the census of 1890 will eclipse that which she has put forth in this year of glorious triumph.—Kansas City News.

The rains which have fallen over Kansas within the past two weeks have been of incalculable benefit to the farmer as the ground is in prime condition for sowing wheat. Secretary Mohler of the state board of agriculture said today: "Wheat has always been the best crop for those farmers who have not sufficient capital to buy hogs and cattle to fatten. There is not much money in raising corn to sell at the usual low prices, but farmers who can feed it make money rapidly. There are far fewer failures in wheat crop and the prices are comparatively much better than corn. In the northwest and southwest sections of the state my advice to the small farmers is to raise wheat rather than corn. I know of a dozen farmers in my section of the country who have raised wheat for several seasons and have made enough money to stock their farms and purchase cattle to fatten. Now since they have gotten a start they will begin to raise corn again to feed, but not to sell. I look for a largely increased acreage of wheat next year and I believe that it will result in bringing much more money into the state than an increased acreage of corn."

The Atchison county, Kan., Farmers' alliance has decided to nominate a full county ticket and a convention for that purpose has been called to meet at Effingham Monday, August 25.

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

LIKE lightning the cyclone seldom strikes the same spot twice, but the reason generally is that the spot isn't there.

It is said that the house in which Columbus died is being used as a cattle shed. It should be brought to Chicago to the world's fair. Chicago is the largest cattle market in the world.

AMERICANS have little idea of the solemn formality that surrounds a marriage in European families and in noble families especially. The family council is always an imposing affair, even when there are no titles and but small estates involved.

NEW YORK city in many respects is as much of an English city as London. It is crowded with anglo-manics and over-run with foreign contract labor. It has more sympathy with British institutions and ideas than with American. The typical American city is Chicago.

TOO MUCH wisdom may make a financial operator too cautious or too confident, either of which conditions may ruin him. The too ignorant speculator, like an ignorant man in any other vocation, is entirely too much in the power and at the mercy of others.

THE manufacture of cotton goods in Ceylon has for the last few years made remarkable progress. The island promises well to become as dangerous a rival to India in that branch of industry as in the cultivation of tea. Wages are even lower there than in India.

THE fact that the waves in the North Sea differ in shape when caused by northeast wind under high pressure, from those caused by a southwest wind with low barometer is considered as a proof that the air in an anti-cyclone is a descending current and the air in a cyclone an ascending current.

IN this country the average man does not see one mad dog in a lifetime. To assume that every dog that bites a person has rabies is foolish and calculated to do harm. When a person is bit by a dog the proper thing to do is to have the wound cauterized and dressed immediately.

GAMBLING has been conventionalized into quasi-respectability in connection with the speed of horses. Why it should be it is difficult to understand. Although old as society, gambling in modern days and among reflecting people is considered immoral and disreputable, but it is indulged in even by those who must condemn it.

FARMERS should be progressive; but there is no need of following every new wrinkle that is advocated by erratic or cranky writers. Advice which is good for one is often fatal to another, as one man's meat is another man's poison. Following the advice of experts and truly wise men even is not a safe proceeding without the exercise of judgment and common sense of one's own.

TOO MUCH is attempted in our public schools, and hence those children who leave them at twelve years of age, as three-fourths of the pupils do, have not really completed anything. They write an indifferent hand, are inaccurate in numbers, are unvaluable to read from a book or a newspaper in such a manner as to convey the sense to another, and cannot compose in good English or ordinary letter.

"THE working women of New York" is growing to be a comprehensive phrase. It takes in a vast section of the city's population and the importance and influence of the working woman is so pronounced that she is a recognized factor in every branch of human industry in the metropolis, except politics. When a subject comes up which touches the interest of working women it at once amounts to a sensation.

ONE of the most sickening results of the prevailing anglo-mania is the habit of hyphenating the names of fashionable resorts. There is no especial objection to the use of this device in the naming of any of the numerous mushroom places of this class, but it is really too bad to see a town with such a dignified and purely American history as West Point, advertised as West Point-on-the-Hudson, or beautiful Bolton, from the site of which one might have watched the batteaux which formed the fresh water navies of the French war and that of the revolution, designated as Bolton-on-Lake George.

FOR THE LADIES.

A LITTLE LIGHT POETRY—DO WOMEN RUIN MEN?

A Sad Case—A First Experience—Digging Right In—Profitable and Entertaining Reading for Ladies.

Took Things Easy.
He took her fancy when he came,
He took her hand, he took a kiss,
He took no notice of the shame
That glowed her happy cheek at this;
He took to coming afternoons,
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive,
He took her father's silver spoons,
And after that he took his leave.

Not Returnable by Mail.
They had a quarrel, and she sent
His letters back next day;
His ring and all his presents went
To him without delay.
"Pray, send my kisses back to me,"
Shall I just sit and look at you?
She answered speedily that he
Must come himself and get them.

Coincidence.
He tried to steal a kiss, and she
Indignantly from him drew away,
Remarking: "You are rather free
On short acquaintance, I must say."

He answered, "I've come here to woo—
Come here to woo and win you, sweet.
Shall I just sit and look at you?
I guess not. Pray restime your seat."

She frowned and said: "Pray do not hold
My hand; though wooed, I'm not yet won.
Release me, please; you are too bold,
I think, and should be sat upon."

He drew her down upon his knee,
"You sweet, you charming little elf,
You're right, I think so, too," he said,
"And sat upon, lovey yourself!"

Do Women Ruin Men?

Women are frequently accused of ruining their fathers and husbands by willful extravagance, with an emphasis on the adjective. They probably do assist at their downfall, in repeated instances, not from willfulness, but from lack of understanding of the value and uses of money. The idea of a normal representative woman being so malignant, or reckless, or inconsiderate as to gratify her taste, her love of adornment, or her sense of luxury, with any consciousness or suspicion of such a result, is preposterous, especially when she is supposed to esteem and love the man she deliberately undoes. Such a thing is so entirely foreign to her nature as to be beyond hypothesis. She would not be capable of it, if she were totally indifferent to the man. Nothing but the densest selfishness or the deepest malice would furnish the motive for such an act, which is, as a rule, incompatible with woman's nature or woman's methods. At any rate, is it not an exception when a woman ruins a man financially, or otherwise, indeed? He is very ready to proclaim himself ruined by her; he seems to think that the charge relieves him. He is so constantly the cause of her ruin that he is anxious to turn the tables on her. And to be ruined by a woman sounds romantic, is calculated to excite pity and sympathy, to put him in the position of a martyr, especially in the eyes of his own sex. Men almost always ruin themselves, in a monetary sense particularly, but lack the courage to avow it. Their weakness destroys them, and they dislike to acknowledge weakness; they prefer to give it the name of some picturesque wickedness.

A Sad Case.

Fond Mother—"Why, my pet, you should not strike your little brother that way."

Spoiled Child—"I will! If he touches my doll again I'll break another chair over his head, so there!"

Fond Mother—"But, my dear, you know it isn't lady-like for little girls to—"

Spoiled Child—"You get out! If you say another word I'll tell the minister what you said about his wife's new dress."

Fond Mother (some years after)—
"My dear, it seems to me this engagement to Mr. Goodson is very sudden."

Spoiled Daughter—"There you go! I knew you would. Always coming between me and my happiness. You can yell your old head off if you want to, but I'll marry him all the same."

Fond Mother—"But, my dear, it may be that your dispositions—"

Spoiled Daughter—"Huh! If I can get along with such an unreasonable creature as you are I can get along with any one. Now, just stop your chatter, and see about supper. He'll be here to-night."

Fond Mother (two years afterward, to visitor)—"Yes, it is too true, too true!"

Visitor—"And so your daughter and her husband have really separated?"

Fond Mother—"Yes, poor stricken child, she came home last night. Oh, that she should ever have married such a brute! She was always so tender, so affectionate, so timid. Poor angel! He must have abused her terribly."—*New York Weekly.*

His First Experience.

She was an up-town girl. He was a new clerk.

"I want something nice," said she, "to give a gentleman."

"How would a necktie do?" he asked timidly, with a furtive glance at the proprietor. In a word, he was anxious to please.

"Oh, George has miles of them," she replied firmly.

"Handkerchiefs would not be inappropriate," he ventured.

"But every one will give him handkerchiefs."

"Would a couple of dozen collars or cuffs do?" he asked with undiminished politeness.

"No, I think not," she answered.

"How about some nice dress shirts?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" she replied with an almost imperceptible blush.

"A scarfpin or suspenders?" he inquired with the air of one who is becoming desperate.

"No," doubtfully.

"Well, there is nothing else I can suggest but night robes," he muttered despairingly.

"Sir," she answered and whisked out.

And the new salesman lost a customer just because he did not know intuitively that she wanted some elegant silk socks and did not have the courage to ask for them.

"Dig Right In."

Awaiting my turn in a crowded dry goods store the other day, relates an observing woman, I noticed a middle-aged lady and a girl clerk standing beside an enormous basket of assorted worsteds. The lady lifted with her finger tips a skein at a time, saying, "How am I ever going to find just the shade I want?" Why, just dig right in," replied the girl, who, suiting the action to the words, dug away with a vim which soon placed the desired color in the customer's hands. That young woman, I said to myself, will work her way successfully through life, for her motto "dig right in," is one of the very best. Life is crowded with baskets, not all of them filled with yarn, but with other things which we desire very much, and which will never be ours if we stand erect as a stake and merely touch them with our finger tips. Just bend your back, my friend, and "dig right in." These words worked beautifully in the store room; they will work equally as well in the home, the church, the missionary society, and nine times out of ten will bring life's possibilities within our grasp.

Fashion Notes.

Girls of 12 to 15 years have an inconvenient habit of outgrowing their clothes every few months, to the utter despair of the family dress-maker; but in these days of combinations the outgrown dresses are more easily remodeled than ever before. One frock of blue veiling has thus been left in both the length and width. It consists of a full skirt, coat sleeves, and round, shirred waist. Two and a half yards of paid veiling will make this at once pleasing in appearance and fashionable in style. Cut a band bias and deep enough to give the extra length needed, which is on the bottom of the skirt over a facing and turned up on the outside like a hem. Use the plaid for large puffs at the top of the sleeves and for a fichu vest in folds from the shoulders, crossed at the waist line and lapped to the left under a rosette of velvet ribbon. The ribbon also forms the cuffs and collar. Out of the round waist cut an Eton jacket, which has square fronts and a side from back just to the waist line, and edge the jacket with balls of a blue color.

A fan of goose feathers! How unpoetical it sounds, and yet many a lady need only see to wish to possess one. Snow-white feathers with the natural quills replaced by the staves of the fan are arranged gracefully together and only the outside shows the complete feather. Each feather has a dainty border of flowers painted on it, in colors true to nature. The bow is composed of numerous loops of narrow ribbon the colors of the flowers.

Few materials are nicer for summer wear than thin woollens with a very light flowered pattern. They should be made princess shape and may then be worn for the promenade without jacket or mantle. A silver-gray polonaise flowered with large and small sprays, with grey velvet skirt and sleeves, is as distinguished looking as it is light and pretty summer wear.

In addition to our real washing materials, such as muslin or percale, baste-silk is very much liked for summer wear. It is embroidered with the machine and made up with dark-colored ponge. A muslin fichu with bows the same color as the ponge, in our model marine blue, completes this useful and pretty toilet.

Two very peculiarly figured silks are worthy of notice if only as curiosities. One displays a pattern of open white parasols, about three or four inches large, on a deep red ground, while its equally striking-looking companion is distinguished by wreaths of large bright green leaves on a dark lilac ground.

The lovely Bosnian linen, which has already found much favor, has of late been made unbleached in a beautiful delicate ecru color. Besides the usual stripes we have now checks formed sometimes with merely a thicker thread or with colored threads.

Harmless yanties, are permissible with every woman; so, when making transparent sleeves to a black lace dress line them with very fine white net, which does not show when the sleeves are worn, though it makes the arms look much whiter.

BLOWING UP THE NORTH POLE.

It Would Make the Arctic Region Habitable and Stop North Atlantic Storms.

Did nature intend the Arctic sea to be open and the climate moderate? And is it possible to do by means of dynamite what nature has omitted to do? These points, says the *Pull-Mall Gazette*, are discussed in a pamphlet by H. A. H. Dunsford, C. E., which has just been published.

We need not suppose for a moment, writes Mr. Dunsford, how matters would stand if the ice cap were removed from the north pole. The two warm streams would in that case flow in exactly the same course that they now take, but, instead of becoming chilled, as is the case at present, would flow past the pole and southward as warm streams still. They would effectually keep the ice form re-forming, and do away with the excessive cold of the Arctic regions altogether. Nature is, in fact, working toward that end, for the climate of the northern part of the northern hemisphere has been steadily ameliorating ever since the commencement of the historic period. In the time of the Roman republic the rivers in Gaul used to freeze over in the winter, and Roman writers represent Germany as a land of frozen morasses. Compare the climate at present enjoyed by those countries with this description, and it will be at once apparent how great a change in climate must have gradually taken place. The records of the Hudson's Bay company also show that the winter on the shores of Hudson's bay has grown shorter at the rate of one day in ten years, the season during which the sea is open for navigation being now twenty days longer than it was 100 years ago. About the year 1815-18 the ice barrier on the east coast of Greenland began to break up, as was noted at the time by Sir John Barrow, who regarded it as one of the most important, though least noticed, events in the history of the world. All this is evidence that the ice barrier is being steadily driven farther north and will eventually leave a channel by which the Japan current can flow unchecked through the Polar sea from Behring's straits to the Atlantic, in which case the existence of the remainder of the ice cap will be but of short duration, for if the warm currents can actually reach the ice they will soon solve the question without human assistance. At present they do not reach it, for the ice cap blocking the way leaves no outlet for them (the warm currents being, of course, surface water), and their course is arrested long before they come near it by a wide belt of cold water, for which there is no outlet except that the oldest part of it escapes by flowing under the ice to form the cold streams.

As for the proposition that we can open the sea, we must remember that the ice is not of great thickness, that we have now powerful explosives that are perfectly effective when frozen, and that every mass of ice detached on the course of a stream flowing southward will float away of itself. I do not of course, mean to imply that it will be easy, but that it is within our power to make a channel wide enough for a part of a warm stream to pass without losing all its heat on the way. We may notice also that explorers have reported open sea to the north of Greenland, and that the accounts that they have given us are circumstantial and can not well be doubted. The main barrier with which we shall have to deal will be the belt of ice northwest of Greenland. Of course, until it is completed, the channel will freeze over every winter; but I do not think that the removal of the ice thus formed will be so serious a difficulty as might be expected. The ice being caused merely by the freezing of the channel will be smooth, not hummocky, and after the first snowfall can be traversed easily by sledges or dog trains, so that surface or submerged mines can be laid, enabling the ice over any desired length of section to be broken up instantaneously so soon as the winter is over.

The advantage to be gained by the opening of the sea and the amelioration of the climate can scarcely be overestimated. The rendering habitable of the shores of the Arctic, and growth there of civilized communities; a direct route to the Pacific and an immense increase of trade with the Pacific coasts of America and Asia; lands suitable for colonization, within easy reach of Great Britain, and which in great part belong to the British empire; valuable fisheries; a considerable and increasing trade in the Arctic itself; and comparative if not total immunity from storms in the North Atlantic, the principal if not the only cause of storms being the difference in temperature between the poles and tropics.

THEY DO NOT EAT HUMAN FLESH.

There Are No Man-Eating Indians in British Columbia.

That cannibalism once existed among the coast Indians of northern British Columbia at the time of Capt. Cook is possible, but it is more probable that the foundation of all the cannibalistic stories is to be looked for in the peculiar consequences produced by the excitement of the hysterical dances of the Indians on the occasion of their potlaches. All these bacchanic evolutions and wild motions have a peculiar influence upon the muscles of the jaws, and it is by no means a rare thing to see a person in great excitement or fury, showing his teeth and bearing the appearance of an animal ready to bite.

This phenomenon may be observed not only among savages but also among civilized men, and is very frequent

among epileptics. It is just this peculiar tendency in excited persons which has given Darwin a strong argument for leading man's origin back to the beasts. This desire to bite is certainly a peculiar one in civilized man, who has so many better weapons of attack at present than his teeth, and it is certainly plausible that this desire is a survival of his habits when he was in a lower state of development.

What, however, concerns us here is not where this desire originated, but that it is often an uncontrollable desire amongst unnaturally excited persons. During their dances, the savages, or, to use the elegant transformation which the word has received on the Pacific coast, "siwashes," work themselves into an unnatural, hysterical emotion, and they often show their teeth like wild animals. The medicine man, especially, becomes a temporary maniac, and it often happens that during a potlach some biting takes place. Especially since the white "civilized" man has enabled the Indians to use "fire water" the biting mania during the potlaches develops much easier. It is simply a different variety of the striking and stabbing mania of the white drunkard.

Seen from the distance, especially with a somewhat heated imagination, by persons who watch the ceremonies "at long range," and who have been told in Victoria "that when mad with dancing the braves rush out and bite a piece out of the first person they come to," the potlach orgie may be easily taken for a cannibal feast, and the eating of dried salmon look like the consumption of human flesh. Judged, however, from an impartial point of view and compared with other phrases of intoxication, an Indian potlach, especially minus whisky, is by no means as brutal as a fight in a New York or London saloon.

The paraphernalia of colored blankets, the weird lurid light of a great big fire on the sea shore, and the timorous expectation of venturesome travelers magnify the significance of Indian orgies. The British Government has taken severe and just measures to abolish the potlach bacchanalia among the Indians, not because cannibalism is practiced on these occasions, but because indecent and beastly habits often prevail. Not a single authenticated story of cannibalism in British Columbia has ever been reported, and old hunters and trappers on the coast smile whenever an allusion is made to such stories, or suppress a smile and indulge in a fine yarn, when they have correctly gauged the susceptibility of their listeners. In average life among the "siwashes" in British Columbia is by far safer than among the dens of some civilized cities, and those tribes which have come least in contact with their white "brethren," or have come only in contact with the agents or the hunters of the Hudson's Bay company, who have always treated the red men with discretion and good sense, are undoubtedly those who are not only hostile to travelers but ready and willing to assist them, provided that their visitors show neither fear nor arrogance.

Take Heart of Grace.

"Take heart of grace," I'd often heard
And dwell upon the faint word,
Determined to assert my claim
If one I met who bore that name.
The years went on, alas! day
And many maidens came my way—
Ida and Fanny, Bess and Kate—
But none with whom I cared to mate.

It seemed that spirits of the air
Pursued me daily everywhere,
And piped aloud in many a place:
"Take heart—take heart!—take heart of grace!"
Ah, well! I knew that this was meant
To keep me free from discontent,
And aid me in my search through life
For what I needed most—a wife.

And if with patience we agree
To yield control to destiny,
And wait her counsels, sure as fate
Reward will follow soon or late.
And so we met, but Grace was shy,
And looked with cold, averted eye:
"Nor could I tell—ah, and my lot—
Whether she had a heart or not."

Until one day, when in a mood
Of dark despondency I stood,
Grace kindly said, "Take heart!"—then hushed
Her voice, and very sweetly blushed.
The hour had come for which I sighed!
I asked, with flush of joy and pride,
"May I indeed take heart of Grace?"
I read my answer in her face.
And clasped her in a fond embrace.

—Josephine Pollard in *N. Y. Ledger.*

An Hibernianism.

A number of patriotic sons of Erin were seated around a table one night discussing a little of everything, when one of them began a lamentation over a light-weight silver dollar he had in his pocket.

"Th' hid an' th' tail's worn down
that foin' ye wouldn't know th' hid
from th' tail if it wasn't that the hid's
always on th' other side."

"Got worn that way by cirkylation?"

"So they say; but of belave some
smar-r-r-divil's tuk a jack-plane an'
shorped a doime or two off her for
luck. Cirkylation can't wear a dhol-
lar down lolk' thot."

"It can, too, an' o'ill prove it," said
a third. "Have ye got a good dhol-
lar, Diny?"

Diny, curiously enough, had one,
and produced it.
"Now pass it round th' table."
Around it went:
"Twiget more."
"Wance more, an' let me hov it."
Once again it circulated, and finally
rested in the palm of the instigator
of the performance. He then leaned over
to the owner of the dollar and handed
him a silver quarter.

"Phwat's this?" asked the latter.
"Thot's yer dhol-
lar!"
Circulation, history says, left its
mark that evening upon something
more than pure dross.—*Harper's Mag-
azine.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

MIDSUMMER SCENES IN THE HALLS OF LEGISLATION.

The Senate Taking Things Coolly—The House Atmosphere Hot and Combustible—One of Allen's Jokes—The Monument to Daguerre.

Special Washington Letter.

Is the Senate a deliberative body? That is a question that has been receiving no inconsiderable amount of attention lately, and the grave and reverend Senators seem to be furnishing an abundance of evidence that they are such a body by the slow and easy methods through which they are arriving at a conclusion upon the measures that the House hustled through in such a hurry. From present appearances the session of Congress will extend into September, and perhaps October, but when the people consider the importance of the issues that are being discussed and the personal discomfort their representatives have been and are suffering, under a midsummer sun, they have no reason to complain of the length of the session.

The fact is, that Congress has not adjourned earlier because it could not adjourn. There has been too much and too important work before it, and, even with a change of Senate rules, it is doubtful if an adjournment can be forced until the summer months have bidden us adieu.

The Senators are cool and collected. Why shouldn't they be? Most of them have passed the age when the fiery blood of youth stirs in their veins. Their supply of "cold tea" has not been cut off, and, though the midsummer sun rages, frequent visits to convenient committee rooms enables them to defy the weather. They are only mildly interested in the fall elections, because their seats are not in danger. Besides, the Senate maintains a traditional belief that it is a much wiser and more important body than the House, and its dignity is shocked at the suggestion of adopting the railroad methods that have been so successfully inaugurated by Speaker Reed in the so-called "popular" branch of Congress.



THE SENATE PRETTY COOL.

Yes, the Senate is cool, and it is bound to maintain its reputation as a decorous, long-winded, and unquestionably deliberative body.

On the contrary, the House is hot. Its atmosphere sizzles with caloric. A dozen oratorical settees and a score of personal explanations are heard in a day. Party lines are down to the extent that Republicans have driven at Democrats and Democrats at Democrats quite as frequently as that battles of eloquence have raged according to the traditional party usage. Enloe and Hemphill have hurled adjectives at each other, while Joe Cannon and Houk, of Tennessee, have furnished lively examples of how brethren will not at times dwell together in unity. In fact, the time of the House is being taken up largely with challenges as to the correctness of the record, roll calls, personal onslaughts, buncombe speeches, and general discontent and suppressed indignation over the delay in



A POSSIBILITY IN THE HOUSE.

securing an adjournment and the failure of members to get their own pet private bills through. I asked "private" John Allen, of Mississippi, what he thought of the present condition of the House.

"Don't ask me," he replied, with that preternatural look of solemnity for which he is noted. "Things are ready for an explosion. It only needs something to touch us off. And now they talk of bringing up that original package bill. Perhaps I am an alarmist, but the appearance of an original Iowa package in the House in its present arid and explosive condition is something I prefer not to talk about."

And he walked on, with such well counterfeited doubt and solemnity of countenance, that I saw in imagination the House being dissolved by an original package invasion by an expedition not even contemplated by the new rules.

The monument to Daguerre will be unveiled in Washington early in August.

It will stand in front of the Smithsonian Institution not far from the bronze figure of Professor Henry. The material is granite and bronze, and the design is unique. It represents Fame, a female figure, placing on the brow of Daguerre a laurel wreath. Behind the bust of Daguerre is a huge globe with a zone of laurel around it typical of the discoverer's world wide honor. The monument is to be 16 feet high. Its polished globe and carved geography, its bronze laurel wreath encircling the earth and the head, the figure, and medallion, and the pedestal of rough granite, will present an appearance unlike anything yet erected in America. On the pedestal and directly beneath the head is Daguerre's name in raised bronze letters.



Below on the granite pedestal will be the following inscription:

To Commemorate the First Half Century in Photography,

1839-1889. Photographs, the Electric Telegraph, and the Steam Engine are Three Great Discoveries of the Age. No Five Centuries in Human Progress Can Show Such Strides as These.

Erected by the Photographers' Association of America, August, 1889.

The cost of the monument is \$10,000, and J. Scott Hartley is the sculptor. It is the tribute of the Photographers' Association of the United States under whose auspices the unveiling will take place.

TOWNSEND.

Some Opinions by "Boston's Pride."

John L. Sullivan has discovered that the man who associates with blackguards will take on their characteristics. "They're pin heads," he said, "and it doesn't do a man any good to go around with 'em. What a man wants to do in this world is to look out for men who are on a level with him or maybe a little higher up. As he grows older he gets more sense in his head and more experience to help him through life. That's better than teachin' a lot of shoemakers the time of day." It can not be said that these sentiments are strictly original, but it is certain that they embody the wisdom of the world as far as man's relations to man are concerned. The labor of reasoning and the stormy experience which has led the greatest of prize fighters to this conclusion is part of the history of the world. Sullivan is a curious mixture of a child and a man reaching out for knowledge. He will talk for days on some special idea that has attracted his attention, and then again, for a week at a time, he will indulge in the most silly and childlike amusement. During one of his Southern tours he took a fancy to a beetle broved and chin whiskered barroom lounge in Cincinnati who loved to whine old Irish songs to the accompaniment of a battered guitar. Sullivan bought this man a suit of clothes and carried him along with him on his tour for several weeks. He would sit hour after hour listening with an air of feeble rapture to the idiotic moanings of the so-called minstrel. Judged by any and all standards, the man had an utterly incompetent and tuneless ear. Yet there was something about his amiable way of going through life that struck a responsive chord in Sullivan's nature, and he made the man a pet while the spell lasted. Then one day he kicked him out, and probably has never thought of him since.

It rained.

"Keeps coming right down, don't it?" cheerily remarked young Shallowpate to Uncle Sowersby.

Uncle Sowersby beckoned him in out of the storm, carefully adjusted his glasses, and then solemnly remarked: "Young man, did you ever see rain go up?"

Young Shallowpate confusedly allowed he didn't think he ever had.

"Ever know of any instance, either within your own experience or in any book, sacred or profane, ancient or modern, upon which by any conceivable possibility you might base a belief that it ever did or ever will do anything but just come down?"

Shallowpate appeared rather embarrassed and held his peace.

"No, you never did," snarled the old pirate, "and you never will. Now you run right along home and let God Almighty manage this rain business, and not bother sensible people with your foolish questions."

He went.

Victoria's Crown.

The English crown is made up of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and emeralds, set in silver and gold bands. It weighs 39 ounces and 5 pennyweight. In it there are 3,453 diamonds, 27 pearls, 9 rubies, 17 sapphires, and 11 emeralds.

STORIES OF THE WAR.

EX-WARRIORS AT WASHINGTON FIGHT THEIR BATTLES O'ER AGAIN.

Gen. Basil Duke's Experience with a Lank Kentuckian During the Burbridge Raid.

A number of Kentucky gentlemen, among them Gen. Basil Duke, stood in the rotunda of the Ebbitt house, the other day, conversing with Col. Dick Wintersmith, Col. Cummings of Louisville, the Hon. Asher G. Caruth, and other distinguished

cornercrackers. A member of congress was introduced to the general. The representative saw a slight gentleman, shaped like a pipstern, with flashing eyes, and hair and beard barely streaked with silver. His head was crowned with a bright straw-hat, with a rim about an inch wide. There was a broad white ribbon around his hat. The congressman remarked that in physique Gen. Duke hardly filled his ideas. "I fancied," said he, "from what I had heard that Basil Duke was at least six feet tall, and as broad shouldered as the late Senator Beck."

At this Gen. Duke smiled. It reminded him of a story of the war. He speaks with great exactness and rapidity. The best stenographer would find it hard work to "take him down." He said that the congressman was not the first man who had been disappointed in his personal appearance.

"When Burbridge made his last raid in Kentucky," said Gen. Duke, "my command was quite active. While I was in camp one morning an old mountaineer walked into my tent. He was 6 feet tall and as thin as a shadow. He had sharp gray eyes with shaggy brows, and a beak like an eagle. He carried a long-barreled rifle and was arrayed from head to foot in buckskin. To tell the truth he looked like a hickory-rammer in a buckskin sheath. The weather was quite cold. Without saying a word he sat down in front of the fire. He made such an impression upon me that I can see him at this moment just as clearly as I saw him then. He gazed at the blaze for a minute or more, wiped a bead from



"WELL, SONNY."

his nose with the back of his hand, and then glanced at me. I thought that the boys had been appropriating one of his horses and that he had come to seek satisfaction. The confederacy needed horses just then. We were like St. Paul—in want of all things. I was cogitating as to what was best to do. I wanted, if possible, to satisfy him and yet keep the horse. He was evidently a man of few words and of action. He sat gazing into the fire some time longer, cast another glance in my direction, emptied his mouth of tobacco juice, and then said: "This is Gen. Duke's headquarters, I take it."

"Yes, sir," I replied, "it is."

"He clasped his hands over his knee, fastened his eyes on me, and after a full scrutiny said: 'Well, sonny, I reckon the old giner'l must be at breakfast, jist now, han't he?'"



BEFORE AND AFTER THE SHELL EXPLOSION.

"His coolness unnerved me. I was rattled. There was no doubt of the old man's honesty. He had taken me for an orderly. He seemed so positive that, for the world, I would not have had

him know that I was Gen. Duke. I replied firmly: 'Yes, sir; the old general is in at breakfast. I'll go and call him for you.'

"I went into an adjoining tent, where Gen. Davis, my adjutant, sat. The general was the personification of dignity. He had a bald head, a massive face, a grizzled mustache, broad shoulders, and a naughty beard. I asked him to represent himself to the old man as Gen. Duke, and hear his complaint. At first he demurred, but finally consented. He was gone some minutes. Upon his return he asked me why I had urged him to play the role. Pledging him to secrecy, I told him all the circumstances. Gen. Davis was a man of honor. He undoubtedly kept his pledge. But the next day, when I mounted and rode to the head of my brigade, every man in it shouted: 'Well, sonny, I reckon the old giner'l is in at breakfast, jist now, han't he?'"

Congressman John Allen recently told an amusing war story. It occurred upon some battle-field in the south, where a South Carolina brigade had charged federal works and had been driven back. The works were afterward captured by a Mississippi brigade. They had fairly established themselves in the intrench-



"SEE HERE, MY FRIEND!"

ments when a South Carolina captain, who had followed them, sprang upon a parapet and waved his sword above his head. He was a very small man, weighing not more than a hundred pounds. In a piping voice, he shouted: "South Carolinians, your deeds of valor this day will, in future time, be the theme of many a writer in posy and prose. The gallant sons of the Palmetto state have today covered themselves with glory. Your fame is imperishable, and will—"

Just then a shell from a union battery some distance away came shrieking along the parapet ten feet above his head. He sprang from the intrenchment and ran as though the devil was after him. Suddenly he stumbled and fell. In a twinkling, however, he seemed to realize his situation. Springing to his feet, he again brandished his sword and shouted: "Halt, men; halt! The honor of South Carolina is at stake." John says the whole Mississippi brigade roared with laughter. Men threw themselves upon their backs and screamed with merriment, paying not the slightest attention to the shell bursting above them.

Congressman Hilary A. Herbert also tells a good confederate war story. Mr. Herbert was colonel of the Eighth Alabama regiment, and was engaged in the thickest of the fight at Gettysburg. While his regiment was lying along the line of the Rappahannock before the march into Pennsylvania a camp guard was thrown out. Martin Riley was one of these guards. While Martin was on post Jeb Stuart's cavalry came in from one of its remarkable raids. The riding and fighting had been incessant. The head of the column as it passed the Eighth Alabama was well together. The rear of the brigade was broken by stragglers. The Alabama regiment passed jocose comments upon the troopers. Such expressions as "Go right along to the rear, boys, and get your buttermilk," and "We'll take care of you and see that nobody hurts you" were used.

The last straggler was eighty yards behind. He was mounted upon a perfect Rosinante. The horse was lame and completely jaded. The man wore a hat so slouchy that he had to throw the back of his head on the nape of his neck to see anything in front of him. The hat ran to a point like that of an Italian brigand. Its top was full of holes, and it was so dirty that no man could tell its original color. The Alabamians overwhelmed the fatigued warrior with gibes and jests. He was fearfully enraged, and gave vent to a choice collection of brass-mounted Virginia oaths. At the height of his profanity Martin Riley accosted him in a sympathetic tone of voice.

"See here, my good friend," he shouted. The Virginian halted his horse and asked Riley what he wanted.

"Well, I sympathize with you," Riley replied, "but I wouldn't be so mad at those fellows if I was in your place. They don't amount to anything. They're always hollering at some damphool or other."—Amos J. Cummings.

Language in Germany and Russia.

The German emperor having issued an order suppressing the use of all French words in the German postal service, the czar has antagonized it by a circular which declares that all letters, telegrams, and packages sent abroad from Russia must be addressed in French, and that the Russian authorities will not be responsible for the transmission of any mail matter that is not addressed in that language.

Nearly one hundred typewriters are employed in the census bureau at Washington at salaries averaging about \$15 a week.

AN UNHEARD OF ESCAPE.

How Nihilist Petrovski Eluded His Guards by Amputating His Thumb.

The recent outrage by the Siberian officials in flogging two women brings to mind an episode of the daring escape of a Siberian exile at Moscow, as told me by an Englishman, apropos of his residence in that city for some two years. "The exile," said he, "was the leader of a band of nihilists noted for their daring. He had many aliases, but was generally known as Petrovski. Physically he was one of the most perfect men I ever saw. He was of dark complexion, stood over six feet high and was built in proportion. It seems that he and part of his band had been captured in connection with some plot the authorities had unearthed and had been sentenced to life servitude in the mines of Kara. Knowing only too well what this meant, the men had become as desperate as caged lions by the time they reached Moscow and were willing to take any chance to effect their escape.

"If I remember correctly there were about a thousand prisoners in this cavalcade, and they were guarded by a regiment of St. Petersburg soldiers. Unlike the other prisoners, Petrovski and his party, were handcuffed to each other. They were under a double guard, as it was known that they would make an attempt at escape should the opportunity offer. No chance offered, however, until the day of starting for the mines arrived. The soldiers who were guarding the party appeared to be rather under the influence of liquor, and were not so vigilant as usual. I stood on the stoop of a small inn within ten feet of Petrovski and from the expression of his face I knew that something was in the wind. The officer who had charge of this part of the prisoners, who was noted for his brutality, had mounted his horse and stood near the party. The guards had walked off some distance and were conversing together. I saw Petrovski working at his handcuff, and then I saw him draw a common dinner knife from his jacket.

"The movement did not attract attention, and he then turned slightly, so that his back was toward the officer. Then I saw that he was going to attempt one of the most desperate escapes ever heard of. The man was certainly amputating his thumb with the table knife, so as to allow the handcuff to slip over his hand. He worked at it, never flinching, until the thumb dropped at his feet. The blood was flowing from the wound in a stream, but he tied it up with a rag after drawing the skin over the sickening wound, and had slipped the handcuff, off. His companion was aware of his movements, but stood like a statue. The suppressed excitement I was suffering from, together with the daring bravery that I was witnessing, almost made me faint. I saw that the dare devil was as pale as a sheet, but without the slightest sign of fear.

He stood for a moment, and then began a slow side movement toward the mounted officer. When within a few feet he turned with the fury of a tiger and seizing the officer dragged him from the horse.

Before the guards could recover their senses he had mounted the horse and started off at a run down the street. A fusillade of shots followed him, but he escaped them all. His friends aided him, and he eventually made his way to Paris, where he still lives, with his wife and family, but minus his right thumb.—N. Y. Herald.

Repulsing an Undesirable Acquaintance.

A Chicago man stood talking to a friend in the Continental hotel corridor yesterday afternoon, says the Philadelphia Press. A seedy-looking individual approached, and, after a prolonged contemplation of the Chicago man, stepped in front of him and with a half familiar air said:

"Are you George Evans?"

The Chicago man looked the newcomer over, and then said quietly:

"No; my name is William Evans."

The questioner seemed embarrassed as he said: "Excuse me; I thought you were George Evans of Chicago."

The Chicagoan made no further reply, and his questioner had nothing to do but wander away. When he was out of earshot his friend said:

"But you are George Evans, are you not—George William Evans?"

"Yes; but when a man who knew me as George Evans in Chicago comes to me with the manifest intention of trying to borrow \$5, especially if his breath suggests a distillery, I'm invariably William Evans. It's a most convenient way to repulse an old acquaintance who is undesirable company."

A Mice Little Game.

Mr. Roe.—I have n't seen young Maus this morning.

Mr. Dent.—No, poor fellow; I'm afraid he was pretty badly bitten at our little game last night.

Mr. Roe.—Did he drop much?

Mr. Dent.—Yes; he dropped his little all into the kitty.

Got Even with Him.

A lawyer in Pennsylvania was badgering a woman during the cross-examination, when she charged him with having sent his father to the poor-house, robbed his mother, and deserted his first wife, and the lawyer grew so quiet that a pin could have been heard to drop.

Deacon de Good—"It might be a good idea to advertise your sermons in the Saturday papers. What is your subject for next Sunday?" The Rev. Prozy—"How can I tell. The sermon is not half written yet."—N. Y. Weekly.

Take Care of the Colts.

Many valuable colts are lost every year for the want of a little care. Hundreds die from lack of condition. As a rule if colts are fed liberally and kept growing constantly from birth, there is not much danger to be feared from worms. Yet it is always best to be on the safe side, and use all harmless means to prevent every form of sickness and suffering. Some Kentucky breeders practice mixing a little pulverized copperas with salt and placing it in boxes where the colts can help themselves as they like. Two tablespoonfuls of pulverized copperas to a pint of salt is sufficient. Horses suffering from worms can be cured in time by feeding a tablespoonful of powdered gentian every night, for two or three weeks. It can be mixed with oats or turned down the throat from a bottle. Copperas and gentian is an excellent tonic. Breeders will do well to keep a small quantity on hand. Get the druggist to put four ounces each, compounding it in his mortar so as to mix it thoroughly. Put the powder in a small box or wide-mouthed glass jar, label it, and when needed give to grown horses a teaspoonful in their feed at night. A yearling will require about one-third as much as a grown animal, and yearlings a much smaller quantity.

Young Grasses.

Tame grasses have suffered from the drouths this season, but only where they were sown too late. Our people have not generally come to the full realization of the necessity of early grass seed sowing. It will not do to wait for plowing in spring. Short drouths will be sure to dry out the plants if we wait to plow. Where land is to be seeded down in spring that needs plowing, do it in the fall. If plowing can not be done in the fall, sow the grass seed without plowing in March when the first thaws come, that is if the pastures are important to you. The work for this season can only be mended where it needs it. Plow again in late August or early September, and draw the harrows over it. A harrowing is of great benefit in mending a stand of tame grass. If the clover needs thickening we would wait till next March rather than risk winter-killing, if fall-sowed clover. However if clover seed is cheap and convenient you can sow in the fall and take the chances. If it winter-kills you can sow again. Grain should be cut as high as practicable where a young stand of tame grass grows, so as to hold the same for a protection in the winter. Our people generally graze the young grass in the fall, because grass is generally scarce at that time and the temptation is great to turn the stock in. It is injurious to the young plants to do so. We would rather graze in the spring after freezing is over, and that is your good. Finally, look over your young grass after rains come, and if it is too thin put on more seed—better late than never.

Milk for Cheese.

Rn pails should be used. Milk from cows in good health and apparent contentment only should be used. An abundant supply of cheap succulent, easily digested, wholesome, nutritious feed should be provided. Pure cold water should be allowed in quantities limited only by the cow's capacity and desire to drink. Cows should be milked with dry hands and only after the udders have been washed or brushed clean. Milk is better for being kept over night in small quantities, rather than in a large quantity in one vessel. In warm weather, all milk should be cooled to the temperature of the atmosphere after it has been aired but not before. Wild leeks and other weeds common in bush pastures give an offensive odor and flavor to the milk of animals which eat them. Milk stands are constructed to shade from the sun the cans or vessels containing milk, as well as to shelter them from rains. All milk should be aired immediately after it has been strained. The treatment is equally beneficial to the evening and the morning milk. A box or trough containing salt, to which the cows have access every day, is a requisite indispensable in the profitable keeping of cows. Cows should be prohibited from drinking stagnant, impure water. The responsibility for the efficacy of that beneficial prohibition rests wholly with the individual farmer. Milking should be done, and milk should be kept only in a place where the surrounding air is pure. Otherwise the presence of the tainting odors will not be neglected by the milk. All the vessels used in the handling of milk should be cleaned thoroughly immediately after their use. A washing in tepid or cold water, to which has been added a little soda, and a subsequent scalding with boiling water, will prepare them for airing, that they may remain perfectly sweet. As a cooling drink for dinner on these hot days iced tea is better than any other. Make it fresh, by pouring quickly boiled water upon tea and allowing it to stand from five to seven minutes. Pour it off the leaves, cover and set it away to cool. For four glasses squeeze into it the juice of one lemon. Have ice on the table, put a little into each glass and pour the tea upon it. Some persons like the addition of a spoon of sugar.

Farm Notes.

The grooming of a horse after its day's work is done largely effects its capacity for work the next day. The farmer who has kept his potatoes free from weeds will find his labor lessened when harvesting the crop. A filthy pig-pen breeds not only diseases, but swarms flies. Many cases of typhoid fever may be traced to the pig-pen. Carrots are an important crop to look after, and their cultivation should not slaken because they are beyond the weeds. It is quite an item to provide good ventilation at night in order to have the fowls comfortably healthy. But be careful to avoid drafts. Grapevines that are properly tied up, either to a trellis or a post, will make better growth than when they are permitted to fall on the ground. Extremes of heat and cold affect all classes of stock. Warmth in winter and shade in summer must be provided, or the animals will not thrive. Test the melons for ripeness very early in the morning, before the sun is up, as it is then easier to distinguish the ripe ones than during the heat of the day. Hens that are set from now on should have their nests made on the ground or have a fresh sod of earth turned upside down in the bottom of the nest. The Brahma is the largest breed of chickens, and the bantam the smallest, but the latter lays as many eggs (in weight of eggs), proportionately, as the large breed. An extra horse during the busy season will more than pay for its cost in the saving of the regular teams and the increased amount of labor performed, especially when the farm demands are urgent. During the very warm weather the horses should have a long dinner period. It is better to begin work with the horses very early in the morning and stop two hours at noon than to hurry them out during the heat of the day. If tomato bushes are too thick the ripening will be delayed, as sun and air will not circulate freely. This is the cause of rot at times. Tie the bushes to stakes where they have fallen down and covered the ground. The pasture is a poor place for a cow if no shade is to be had. The direct rays of the sun and the attacks of insects will do more to cause a shrinkage in the yield of milk than is gained by attempting to make the pasture provide the food. Cows should be kept at the barn when occasions demand. The annoyances from flies and insects cause animals to lose flesh rapidly. A work horse that has done service during the day requires rest at night in order to be refreshed for the next day's labor. Screens should be affixed to the windows to prevent entrance of flies, and the eables should be kept clean. As a rule seedling peach trees are longer lived than budded ones. Where a person is not very particular as to kinds and season of ripening, it is just as well to sow a lot of stones and set out the seedlings. Nearly always all are good, and oftentimes some are of superior quality. But where care is required, named ones of budded kinds must, of course, be used.

The Cultivation of Rye in the Fall and Spring.

Rye is really a fall and spring crop, as it comes in for pasturing late in the season, and is ready for stock early in the spring, before any other green food is ready. As rye is especially adapted to produce not only pasturage, but also grain and straw, it takes the land in proportion to the uses for which it has been applied, and to secure the best results the land should be prepared in August, not only by a liberal application of manure, plowing and working down fine with a harrow, but the land should again be worked over in September, before seeding, as a fine seed-bed is essential. Rye flourishes on nearly all kinds of soils, and will thrive on light sandy lands that are un-
fit for wheat or oats. It is a hardy plant, and endures treatment that would be fatal to some other cereals. Though not valued so highly as wheat, yet it is more serviceable for farm purposes, and its adaptability to nearly all conditions renders it one of the surest and best crops for those who do not secure straw or green food from other sources.

Rye is not considered as valuable as grass for pasturing, but its value consists in the amount of green and succulent food it provides late in the season. When nearly all other vegetation is drying up, and dropping the leaves, rye is just in the proper condition to take its place for pasturage, and provides green food until well into the winter. The richer the soil the greater the amount of green food it provides and the earlier it will start off again in the spring, and, of course, the rye can be grazed by stock with less injury on fertile soil. The importance of such a crop as rye for late pasturing is not so much for its nutrition afforded by the rye itself, as for the early stages of its growth, it is composed largely of water, but it serves a purpose of assisting digestion when the animals are put on dry food. If but a few hours each day are allowed to the cows on rye quite an advantage will be secured in the keeping of animals in full flow of milk. As rye grows early in the spring, it provides green food before grass is ready, and gives the first relief from the winter's monotony of dry provender, and as it grows up as fast as the animals graze it down, a small patch affords an abundant supply if it is not trampled too much. As a grain crop it also yields well when the land is liberally manured, and the straw is more valuable than that of wheat, being always in demand in the market for bedding purposes. In fact, some sections grow rye as much for its straw as for its grain, but its real value is as a green crop. Another advantage of sowing rye is that the preparation of the land intended for it, if done this month, assists in the destruction of many weeds, and for that reason the work of preparing for rye should not be delayed.

Pay of an Assassin.

The court at Tulsa have before them the suit of a man to recover from a professional assassin the sum of \$165. The man hired the assassin for \$75 down to kill an enemy, and promised \$75 more when he should receive proof of the death in the shape of the enemy's ear. The assassin brought around an ear and received the \$75, with \$15 added for a tip. A few days later the man met his enemy alive, and entirely whole as to his ears, upon the street. An investigation showed that the assassin had also received \$100 from the enemy as a reward for having betrayed the plot to him.

Born for Each Other.

There are now living in Washington a married couple, Paul and Abina Hellmuth, who were born at Baden, Germany, in 1847, within four miles of each other. Even through their childhood, playing in the streets and byways of the same town, they were strangers to each other. In the course of events they came across the ocean to the land of promise, and at different times and by different paths they drifted to Washington, where they met and loved and married. Upon comparing notes to take out their marriage license they discovered, to their mutual surprise and gratification, that they were not only natives of the same place, but rejoiced in exactly the same ages to a day.

Browning and the Young Poet.

The Pall Mall Gazette gives the following instance of Browning's dealing with botes: Although Browning was probably not so much persecuted as Tennyson by writers of amateur verse, he must often have been hard tested to combine courtesy with sincerity in replying to their uninvited communications. I know of one case in which he got out of the difficulty ingeniously if not quite ingeniously. A youthful poet, endowed with even more than the normal self-complacency of his tribe, had conceived the crafty plan of dedicating his various works to well known men of letters and forwarding them the MSS. with a request that they would get them inserted in the Nineteenth Century, the Fortnightly, or some other leading magazine. He once sent Browning a long screed of verses, duly ascribed to him and accompanied by the usual request. A few days afterward he showed me with pride Browning's reply. This consisted of a curiously courteous acknowledgment of the verses, followed by this sentence:—

"I have no influence whatever with editors of magazines, a fact which I regret but on occasions like the present." This was very soothing to the poet's soul, but the word "but" was so hopelessly smudged and obliterated that no one but the poet could make it out. He, reading with the eye of faith, saw it clearly, but to ordinary eyes the phrase reads thus:—

"A fact which I never regret" (smudge) "on occasions like the present."

So exquisitely neat was Browning's ordinary handwriting that I cannot suppose this diplomatic smudge to have been other than intentional.

In Rural Districts.

You cannot have a college, or even a high school, in every village, or at every cross-road; but it would not be impossible to multiply centres of illumination such as were typified by the district-school libraries of forty or fifty years ago. It is just here that such an institution as Mudie's circulating library which sends books in parcels all over England and collects them weekly or monthly, has considerable suggestive value. The smaller centres, country towns and railway stations from which the ordinary commodities of living are distributed, might well be centres of distribution for food for the mind as well as the body.

A Man Without a Country.

The San Francisco Examiner tells this story: In the early days of California a Chinese boy came to San Francisco. For some reason he divorced himself from all associations with his countrymen, assumed the garb and habits of an American, and learned the painter's trade. He took the name of Joseph Allman, and settled himself in San Leandro, where he pursued his calling, and was generally respected. Many years afterward his old father came to this coast and hunted up his son. Then there occurred a scene believed to be unique in the history of the country. The son was compelled to converse with his father through an interpreter. By reason of lack of association with people who spoke Chinese Allman had entirely forgotten his native tongue, and his father had not been long enough in the country to pick up any English. After a time Allman sought to take out citizenship papers. He then found that he was actually a man without a country. On account of his race and color he was prohibited from becoming an American, and as he had lost the language of his parents he could not claim China as the country of his home yearnings. Repeated efforts to become a citizen of the United States have resulted in failure.

Old Lace.

Many of our girls do not know why old lace is so much more valuable and generally so much more beautiful than new lace. The fact is, that the old lace is all woven in lost patterns. It is frequently as fine as a spider's film and cannot be reproduced. The loss of patterns was a severe check to lace-making in France and Belgium, and was occasioned by the French Revolution. Before that time whole villages supported themselves by lace-making, and patterns were handed down from one generation to another. They were valuable heirlooms, for the most celebrated weavers always had as many orders as they could execute in a lifetime, and they were bound by an oath taken on the four Gospels, to work only for certain dealers. When the Reign of Terror began, all work of this kind was interrupted for a time. After the storm had subsided the dealers and workers were far apart—some dead, some lost, and some escaped to foreign lands, and such of the women as remained were bound by their oath to work for but one; and this oath, in spite of Robespierre's doctrine, was held by the poorest of them to be binding, and there were instances where they suffered actual want rather than break their word. Some, however, taught their children and their grandchildren, and many patterns were in this way preserved. Some of the daintiest and finest patterns were never recovered, and today specimens of these laces are known to be worth their weight in gold.

"Will you marry me, Ethel?" said the youth. "My family is all that one could wish for." "Then why do you want me?" "Can you show me the grub that makes the butterfly?" she inquired, sweetly. "Buckwheat's the grub, but 'tain't in season," answered the horrid, ignorant farmer.

Mrs. Watts—Her grief for him is simply overwhelming.

Mrs. Potts—It is, indeed. I understand that she spent half the life insurance money for a mourning suit.

Mother—Jennie, what makes you such a bad girl?

Jennie—Well, mamma, God sent you the best children he could find and, if we don't suit you it ain't my fault.

Count Pinchbeck—Your father is a political reformer, Miss Rox? Miss Rox—Yes, nothing but an honest count will suit him. Count Pinchbeck—Then I wish you a very good evening.

Jack Pott (presumably in love with his employer's daughter)—Is Mr. Calico in? "Yes." Pott (horribly disappointed)—Well, I'm glad to hear it. He might catch cold outside; beastly weather.

Hudson—Do you believe in the insane theory of the transmigration of souls? Henry—Not exactly, but I believe that when a man has been dead and buried 100 years, he becomes a century pupil!

"Is there a drug store around here anywhere?" "Yes, there is a place below where they sell cigars and soda water." "I don't want cigars nor soda water, young fellow. I want to look at a directory."

* Outside Agent—This town seems to be dead. No building, no growth, no new ground laid out for occupancy, no residents—Hold on! You're wrong there. We've just laid out an addition to our cemetery.

Mrs. M. Pyrie—I wonder if the editor would say a good word for our oration society if I asked him?

Golightly—I guess so. Nothing pleases him any better than giving somebody a roast.

Arabella asks: "What is the difference between an artist's model and a pugilist?" The difference, dear, is that the artist's model puts himself in a striking attitude, while the pugilist puts himself in an attitude to strike.

The Young Siamese.

The children of Siam have their heads shaved with the exception of a lock on the crown. This is not allowed to be touched until they reach manhood, and the ceremony of cutting it off is one of the greatest events of the child's life. The hair-cutting of a prince of the royal family costs thousands of dollars. A great feast is given, and the barber who does the work receives a valuable present. He clips the locks with a golden scissor, and shaves the spot with a gilded razor. When the hair apparent to the throne is shayed in this way the whole nation rejoices. There is a grand festival, in which the royal white elephants take part, and feasting goes on for days. Poorer children have this hair-cutting done in a Buddhist temple, and the priest acts as barber. The Buddhist priests all over the east shave their heads. All the males in Siam are supposed at some time in their lives to become priests, and everywhere you go you see these bare-headed, bald-headed, yellow-skinned anatomies stalking about with yellow sheets wrapped round their bodies.

A man named Fields has just died near Danville, Ky., who, though 87 years old, never slept a single night out of the house in which he was born, and never ate but one meal away from home. He was only twice outside of his native county, and then only for an hour each time.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (gratis) with the directions for preparing and using the same which they will find a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. F. A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

HOTELS.

The Place House,

LAWRENCE,
Corner of Warren and New Hampshire Streets.
J. M. STEPHENS, M'ng'r.

Has been thoroughly renovated, and is the Best \$1.00 House in the city. A free barn to patrons of the house.

ST. JAMES HOTEL.

S. S. HUGHES, PROP.
118 West Sixth Street, TOPEKA.

The best \$1.50 a day house in the city. First Class in every respect.

THE STARK HOUSE

Perry, Kansas.
J. R. PENDROY, PROP.

A Good Table, & Clean, Comfortable Beds a Specialty.

Silver Lake House.

AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL.
R. B. EATON, Prop'r, Silver Lake, Kan.

Good Table and clean and comfortable beds. Feed and Livery Barn in Connection with the House.

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NYE VISITS JAY GOULD.

AND FINDS HIM IN THE FIELD MAKING HAY.

Pictures the Millionaire as a Thrifty Granger and Tells of the Bravities of His Country Home—King's Little Piece.

Every summer I like to ride up to Irvington and spend a couple of days with Jay Gould. He treats me well while there at his house, and though nothing is said about it at the time there is a tacit understanding that I am to write a piece about him for the papers when I get home.

It is the pleasantest time always to go up during the haying season, which begins in June and rages with more or less violence for two days.

Irvington is a beautiful little nest of well-to-do farmers like Jay Gould, Cy Field and such thirty grangers as Hank Villard, whose place is a little lower down the river at Dobbs Ferry. Hank and Cy Field change workers in haying, but Jay keeps help enough to put in all of his grass himself. Sometimes he used to help Bob Moe in haying and Bob would help him in stacking, but since the death of Mr. Hoe Jay doesn't depend much on the neighbors.

Mr. Gould's place sits back from the main road quite a piece and has an L to it. As you drive in you see four or five men with sheep shears trimming off the side whiskers on the mall. He has quite a good lot of tillable land around the house and he has a conservatory about the size of the Paris exposition. In this he grows quite a quantity of rare exotics, such as four o'clocks, marigolds, bachelor's buttons, "sturbons," morning glories and Johnny-jump-ups (or Johnny-jump-up, rather). Mr. Gould is a great floriculturist and raises his own seeds rather than trust to the gaudy but prevaricating catalogue of the professional seedman.

Across the main road from the house is the hay lot. It covers about five and three-fourths acres, perhaps, and so with twenty-seven men, all willing to pitch right in with enthusiasm, Mr. Gould is able to get his haying out of the way in time to give him a week in town. This year he was drawn on the jury in New York just as he was going into the hay field. For quite a while he didn't know whether to go down and make sure of his little old \$3 a day or stick to the haying and save the crop, but finally he threw his scythe over his shoulder and said: "Come on, boys. They can get other jurymen, but you would be a long while getting another man to take my place in the hay field."

Later I saw by the paper that Mr. Gould was fined \$100 for non-appearance when his name was called.

"Is it true," I asked him yesterday at an equestrian lunch counter, "that the judge fined you \$100 for contempt?"

"Yes," said Mr. Gould, removing a fillet of wienersurst from his whiskers and speaking in deep, interest-bearing notes, "I was fined \$100 by the judge as you say, but I proved by one of my hired hands that I was a member of the Tarrytown hook and ladder company, and so the judge remitted the fine."

On a bright June morning, when the wood bird wakes the echoes along the Hudson and the wren and the thrush come down to bathe their little beaks in the beautiful brook which sings along past the door of Washington Irving's quaint and queer old home, the quick ear catches the sound of voices out behind Mr. Gould's barn. Following this sound one comes to a merry group of "hands" clustered about a large grindstone which has bacon rinds under the bearings. A small boy, reeking with perspiration, is turning the stone, while Mr. Gould, with an old scythe, may be seen riding on the top of it. There are other men about who could turn the grindstone easier than the small boy who is turning it, but no one is hopeful enough to turn a grindstone but a boy. It discourages a man, so it is customary to secure a boy to do this heart-breaking job, and generally a boy who is about to go fishing is selected. He grinds on hour after hour, while his worms are baking in the sun and his heart is slowly dying in his little bosom.



HELPING GOULD MAKE HAY.

Later on the merry work hands go joyously afield. A jug containing spring water and a small straddle bug is taken to the lot and concealed under a swath of green grass. Mr. Gould, wearing a pair of brown linen trousers and blue wammus, together with a chip hat, rolls up his sleeves so as to reveal the raven pin feathers, now slowly turning to iron gray, which adorn his brawny arms. He then stands his scythe and swath where he can get at it, and, pulling a large, four-pound whetstone from his pistol pocket, proceeds to put a keen wire edge on his weapon.

It is quite interesting to see Mr. Gould and twenty-seven willing husbandmen turn loose on a little bunch of grass and wipe it out in two days. The hay is a

mixture of red top, timothy and red clover, with ornamental hornets' nests made of papier mache in the fence corners.

In his conversation Mr. Gould uses a good many railroad terms, of course, together with his farm slang, and most of his orders are given to a bald-headed Spaniard with an ebru plastron of Magenta whiskers; whose name is Terrance McClusky.

"Terrance," said Mr. Gould the other morning, as he swung the jug over his arm and took a drink, "I do not know but it would be cheaper next season to fix up the old mower. You see, it costs me \$108 now to mow this grass. Then, new scythes and swaths each year, \$54 more; \$3 for whetstones, \$3 for ornamental hornets' nests, and say \$33 for board of hands. That is \$228, or \$38 per acre, say \$40 per ton for our grass, and last year the stock would not eat it. Now, the mower only needs new counter-washers on the reverse shaft bearing, new tender frame center pins, new oil cups on whistle bearings and new hinge on whistle shaft arm. Am I right?"



HORNETS AT THE COUNTRY SEAT.

"Dude you air, Muster Gool." "Well, that will not cost over \$35 or \$40, and will give all the mowing hands two days, which they sorely need for rest. My coachman could drive the mower, I think, and the hands could rest or prune the sheep."

"Yes, we laundry the shape on the 15th, and we could bear them on the 16th and 17th, I'm thinkin'; and, Muster Gool, ye should get another shape to associate wid the wan ye have or it'll be lonesome and die wid the augwe, as ye call it."

"All right, Terrance; and I wish you would see what repairs the hay rake needs. Then you can comble on to it and take it to the machine shop. My idea is that it only needs new crosshead babbiting, water gauge ferules, pet cock-rod handles, steam chest gland bushing and goose neck ring eyes.

It is said that much of the hard earned money which Mr. Gould gets every month for his railroading is spent on his farm at Irvington. He hasn't so much ground as Cy Field has, but it is under a higher state of cultivation. Mr. Gould likes to encourage crops, while Mr. Field prefers to see his grounds grow up kind of wild, as they do in England. Jay has a peculiar weakness. It is for having real hornets on his country seat. He says he thinks it promotes activity, and induces one to make gigantic strides toward something better.

Mr. Field has quite a lodge or toll gate at the entrance to his grounds, where the lodge-keeper's wife hangs out her clean clothes on Monday morning to scare the horses of the gentry.

Mr. Gould goes up at about 4 o'clock on the New York Central Road, riding on an annual pass, and it is very rare that he is recognized by anybody. Quite often a large railroad hog occupies the seat with Mr. Gould and almost squats the life out of the man who has squeezed other people so much all his life. Mr. Gould stands it like a little man, however, and rarely squeals.

The great financier seems quite old this summer, but he says he is looking forward with hope to a bright immortality. He said that he was glad to see me, for he wanted to tell me about a kind act which he did a year ago in secret, hoping that it would get into the papers before this, but it had not. He said that other folks could do kind acts in secret somehow, and in forty-eight hours it would be in the papers, but he never could do it.

He then gave me a roll of solid manuscript in his own well-known hand, which had evidently been returned by a good many editors during the past year, as it had certain blue marks of disapproval all over the back. It reads as follows:

"As the cold weather set in this year Mr. Gould began to do his butchering at Irvington. He generally kills three beef creatures and nine shotes in the fall with his own hand. He begins early in the morning to heat the water for scalding his hogs, and by sundown he is all through, and ready to cut up the meat as soon as it cools off.

"Yesterday was a gala day for Dobbs Ferry, Irvington and Tarrytown, for Mr. Gould gave out word in the morning to all the neighbors' boys that they would be welcome at the killing, and could help themselves to their choice of the various internal organs of the animals killed. Many poor people got their winter's tripe in this way, and as far even as Yonkers and Nyack people were supplied with sausage wrappers free.

"It was a beautiful scene, in the midst of which Mr. Gould might have been seen cheerily skipping about, and ever and anon opening up a fresh creature. It was an occasion which will be long remembered by the young people of Irvington, and fully illustrates the generosity and innate goodness of Mr. Gould. We trust that he may live long to give yet more delights and other such things to the young of the country."

I hope that the editor of this paper will see his way clear to print the enclosed, for it will not in any way compro-

mise the paper, and I know it will do Mr. Gould much good.

BILL NYE.

P. S.—Mr. Gould would like two extra copies of the paper also.—B. N. in N. Y. World.

NEWEST THING IN CARDS.

Directions That Clearly Explain "L'Adventure," So That Any One Can Play It.

One of the newest games of cards popular in France is "L'Adventure"—which may be translated as "risk" or "chance."

The players may be any number, but not more than thirteen. The full pack of fifty-two cards is used, the cards holding their usual value. That is, the ace in each suit has the highest value; next the king, queen, knave, ten, etc., down to the deuce.

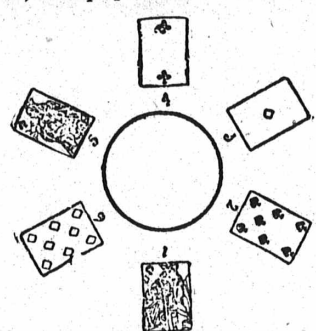
The player winning the deal shuffles the cards, and, after they are cut, deals them equally among the players, by single cards at a time. The number of cards each will thus receive of course depends upon the number of players. If there are five players each will receive ten cards; if six players, eight cards, and so on. Should a stock remain undealt it is laid to one side untended.

Previous to or during the dealing of the cards a pool is formed by each player putting in as many counters as he receives cards. After the cards are dealt and the pool formed active play begins by each player in turn throwing down a card face upwards, commencing from the player to the right of the dealer and following this course around to the player on the dealer's left.

Each player lays his card before him on the table so that the cards belonging to each can be recognized.

The players play any cards they please, without reference to suit or value. The trick is taken by the persons playing the card of highest value in the suit showing the most cards played in each particular round.

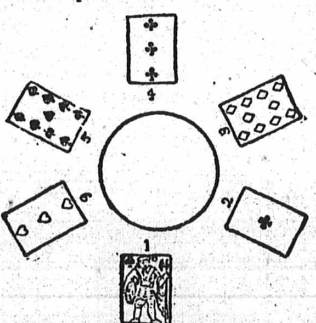
This will be made clearer by the following diagram. The players, numbering six, have played:



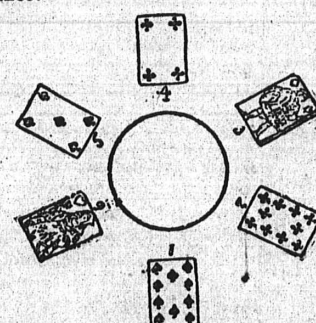
The player who has played the king of spades wins the trick, as that is the highest card in the suits of which the greatest number of cards were played.

If an equal number of cards are played in more than one suit the trick belongs to the player who may have played the highest card in those suits.

For example:



The two leading suits here are spades and clubs, of which the highest is the ace of clubs. Consequently the trick belongs to the second player. If the two leading suits have their highest cards equal in value the trick is given to the player who has played the second highest card in these suits. As, for instance:



Here the trick belongs to the player of the five of spades, that card being nearest in value to the ten of spades, which is offset by the ten of clubs, according to the rule.

In case of the second card being likewise equal to the rule applies to the card third in value, etc.

If it should happen that the preponderating suits are represented by exactly the same cards throughout the trick belongs to the first player.

The player who wins a trick plays first in the next round.

The hand played out, the players who have won one or more tricks share the pool according to the number of tricks won.

Each hand is played like the above; the player winning the last trick in the preceding hand always deals in the hand following.—Philadelphia Times.

A citizen of Addison, Me., has the remains of an ancient walrus that was washed out of a clay bank near his home. The bones were at least fifteen feet underground, showing that the animal must have died many years ago, and that the walrus once inhabited the Maine coast.

BIG ELEPHANT YARN.

A Tug-of-War Extraordinary as Told by a Disciple of Munchausen.

The London Graphic prints some elephant and crocodile pictures obtained from a certain Maj-Gen Robley who bases them on an "elephant yarn," as he styles it, told him by one Barcus, who was probably related to a celebrated German baron named Munchausen. Barcus thus told his tale, and it will be seen that there is a good deal of tall to it:

"Two year ago I was on a shooting expedition up the Ganges, and on the lookout for some big game of any kind. One day I came across the 'spoor' of a very big rogue elephant. As it was getting dark, I determined to follow the 'spoor' next day. Accordingly daybreak saw me on the track, and soon I came to a large tank, and there I saw my friend having a farewell drink, and splashing in the water like an animated haystack. He was far beyond range, and there was little or no cover near, I could only watch and wait. Presently he moved off, and the wind being favorable, I followed closely.

"And now comes the strange part of my story. We arrived at a smaller tank, which I saw at a glance was full of crocodiles. In floundered the elephant and down went his trunk for a drink. Suddenly he started and began to struggle like mad. I rushed close up and found he had been seized by a large crocodile. A brief struggle and the elephant began to 'walk away.' But soon there was a check, and then to my astonishment, I saw another 'croc' had got No. 1 by the tail. But still the elephant had the pull, when second and then a third 'croc' fell in each holding on to the other's tail.

"It was a grand sight, and I became quite excited. I offered my tracker 'evens' on the elephant, which he took. Suddenly another 'croc' fell in, and the elephant began to give. I thought it was all up with him, but he just twisted his tail around a tree, and there he was as firm as a rock. The tracker claimed a foul pull, but I overruled his objection."

"But how did it end?" asked I, yawning, for it was getting late.

"I will tell you," said Barcus. "The elephant brought his native cunning to bear where force failed. He took a deep breath and blew with all his force down the first 'croc's' throat, nearly choking him. 'Croc' opened his mouth to breathe, and the elephant walked away. And thus ends my yarn."

Cured of His Audacity.

"When much younger than I am now," said an old newspaper man, "I sold sewing machines. You may rest assured I was a trifle fresh, and suffered therefor, as the following adventure will show:

"Near the close of a hot August day I was driving through the little village of G— to the town where I made my headquarters. Suddenly a big black cloud appeared in the sky, and when my played-out horse had covered half a mile the rain came dancing down. I had two machines on and no blanket. To save myself and machines from getting drenched I drove for the only house within a radius of a mile.

"I was a sorry sight when I reached that old country mansion half hidden by tall maples. Jumping out I knocked at the door and explained that I would like to leave my machine temporarily in order to save them from the storm.

"Before I made the request I discovered that the young lady who responded to my knock was one with whom, much against her will, I had left a machine on trial a month or two before, and had only taken it back after repeated protestations on her part that she did not want it.

"You understand, we used to get a machine into a house, by representing that we would leave it on trial. But once we got it into the house we insisted on its being bought, and used every persuasive art to accomplish that result.

"Frequently it was very embarrassing to the lady of the house, and she never forgave us for the annoyance of leaving her every other day if she wouldn't buy when she had emphatically declared she would not.

"Now was the turn of the young lady in the old-fashioned house to get square. And although the rain had nearly washed the machine out of the wagon, she slammed the door in my face and then sat by the window enjoying my discomfiture to her heart's content. As I prepared to drive away I turned my head and beheld her pretty face bubbling over with smiles.

"When I reached N— I was a sight to behold. But the experience cured my freshness."

An Embarrassment of Riches.

New Jersey has a school fund of \$4,000,000 and doesn't know what to do with it. It can't be used for anything but the public schools, and not very much of it is allowed to go there, only a part of the annual income being available, so jealously has the State Constitution guarded its sacredness. Meanwhile it is piling up every year, and the Commissioners are at their wits' end to find an investment for it. The original idea was to have a fund large enough to entirely support the schools throughout the State, but that it is said, would take \$70,000,000, and besides, it is generally believed that it is better for the school system to have the local schools directly provided for by local taxes. People take more interest in something they have to pay for.

WHAT LITTLE FOLKS SAY.

Teacher—Who was the most concerned when Absalom got hung by the hair? Tommy—Abs'lom.

A small Boston girl of three, after a visit to the country, remarked wistfully: "I wish we had a house out of doors."—[Boston Transcript.]

Teacher—How was it that the lions did not eat Daniel when he was put in the den? Dennis O'Brien—It was Friday, o'm thinkin'.

Minister—Well, Bobby, do you think you will be a better little boy this year than you were last? Bobby (hopefully)—I think so, sir; I began taking cod liver oil last week.

Little Girl—Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he? Veteran's Little Girl—Yes, L. G.—Where is his other one? V. L. G.—Hush, dear; it's in heaven.

Little Boston Girl (to recent arrival)—You jus' come from heaven, brudder? (Brudder vouchsafes no reply.) Little Boston Girl—Heaven peoples an't as smart as Boston peoples. We can talk.

Tom's little cousin, Mabel, described graphically her sensation on striking a dimpled elbow on the bed carving: "Oh, my!" she sighed, "mamma, I've struck my arm just where it makes stars in my fingers!"

"Richard, what does make you read so constantly?" "Why, you see, mamma, next week I shall be nine years old, and I must get through this book before then, for you see it says, 'For children of six to eight years.'"

Mamma—Robbie, does your 'ear ache? Robbie—No, mamma. Mamma—Then why have you put cotton in it? Robbie—Well, mamma, you know you keep on telling me that I learn so little, because what goes in at one ear comes out the other. So I've plugged the other up.

Mamma (to Edie, aged three years and six months, just home from her first morning at the kindergarten)—Well, Edie, how did you like it? Edith—I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair, and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and sat, and she never gave me the present.

"Johnny," asked a Sunday school teacher, "what must we first do before we can expect forgiveness of our sins?" "We have to sin first," promptly replied Johnny, and though the answer was not down in the lesson, it contained such a large chunk of truth that the teacher let it pass.

"Grandpa, do hens make their own eggs?" "Yes, indeed they do, Johnny." "An' do they always put the yolk in the middle?" "Guess they do, Johnny."

"An' do they put the starch around it to keep the yeller from rubbing off?" "Quite likely, my little boy." "An' who sews the cover on?" "This stumped the old gentleman."

Little Mary, aged four, had a new hat given her, of which she was very proud. The following Sunday she wore the hat to church, but was dreadfully disappointed at not being noticed by the lad whom her childish affections had singled out. Next day the little miss saw the little fellow pass, driving a cow, when she immediately climbed upon the fence and cried: "Oh, Ed, that was me to church yesterday with the new hat on!"

English Jockeys.

It is not to be wondered at that jockeys occasionally get what is technically known as a "big head" and grow pompous and important. Few "jocks" can stand the tremendous temptations to which they are subjected. Most of them are more or less ignorant stable boys who suddenly find that they are in command of earnings ranging between \$10,000 and \$20,000 a year, and who are courted, flattered, and patronized in the most absurd manner by men of wealth and position. All sorts of racing and sporting men treat jockeys with flattering consideration, for the boys "sleep in the stalls with the horses" and know more about their running qualities than any outsider, no matter how well informed he may be. The judgment of jockeys is not, as a rule, valuable in deciding upon the finish of a race, but their knowledge of the form of a race horse and the exact condition in which he may happen to be on the eve of the struggle is of great importance. Hence the champagne, tips, and promises which are brought to bear upon the boys. Most of them have to keep in rigid training, denying themselves all but the necessities of life so as to keep down to riding weight, and this has a tendency to make them short tempered. It is not to be wondered at that a jockey occasionally falls by the wayside.

Curious Marriage Custom.

The marriage customs in some parts of Brittany are very curious. In Cornouaille, for instance, the village tailor is the important personage to whom the candidate for matrimony applies for a list of eligible girls. Having selected one, the tailor at once proceeds to the maiden's father, carrying a wand of broom—which gives him the title of Bazvalan, the name of the plant. While the family chiefs are making their arrangements the lovers retire to the other end of the house and discourse their own "sweet music." It is necessary that the engaged pair themselves should put an end to the term of the negotiation. They approach, holding each other by the hand, to the table where their respective parents or relatives are seated, when bread, wine, and brandy are brought in. The young man and the maiden eat with the same knife and drink out of the same cup; and the day for union is then agreed upon.

THE CAMP FIRE.

WORK IN THE PENSION OFFICE—THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Shot from Ambush—Arrogance—Pleasant Paragraphs and Pithy Points for Ex-Soldiers.

Work in the Pension Office.

The urgent need for an additional clerical force in the pension bureau to adjudicate the hundreds of thousands of applications under the lately passed pension acts is to be met at the earliest practicable moment. The house has already passed a measure for making a special appropriation of \$455,967.13 for the additional clerical force, arranging for 463 more employes for the bureau during the rest of the fiscal year. The bill came to the senate about two weeks ago, and the impression has become general that the senate committee on appropriations intends to include the substance of it in the deficiency appropriation bill, which is likely soon to be put through; but inquiry upon this point brought from Senator Allison, the chairman of the committee on appropriations, the statement that the house bill providing for an additional clerical force is to be passed by the senate immediately.

It would have been considered by the committee sooner, but for the fact that the committee has been closely engaged upon other work. The committee will not hold the matter back to include it in the deficiency bill, but deems the existing necessities such as to warrant the passage of this special bill as early as possible.

The Russian Army.

It is a curious fact in connection with the Russian army that while it has often met defeat, it was never routed; though beaten and driven from the field, it never became a panic-stricken mob. This coherence under defeat was probably due to its splendid discipline and rigid obedience to orders, which were paramount to all other considerations. A Russian force was moving to the attack of a position that was impregnable. A superior officer asked the commander where he was going. "To attack the position in front," he answered. "But it is folly—madness." "I know it, but I have my orders." "Oh, you have orders; move on, then!" the officer coolly said. This incident takes a good deal of what has always been regarded as exaggeration out of the story that is told of a Russian army surgeon on his professional round. On entering a ward the officer in charge gives the command, "Attention!" when each inmate at once takes the position of a soldier. "Tongues out!" is the next order, followed by the instant projection of that member. The surgeon, accompanied by an attendant, then proceeds along the line, examining each tongue and giving directions as to treatment. When the inspection is over and the medical officer takes his departure the command "Tongues in!" releases the line from its unpleasant and ludicrous position, and "In place, rest," allows the men to resume their cots. And yet military writers admit that the soldier who thinks always gets away with the human machine in battle.

Each Got a Goose.

During one of our many marches through Tennessee we were very scarce of something to satisfy our craving appetites. As a rule, in such cases, soldiers would hold council to decide what was best to do. So, after going into camp at night my mess, which was composed of Geo. Wilkins, Ad. Barnes, Byron Deer and myself, held council and it was decided that Deer and myself do the foraging, and if we got anything that needed to be cooked the other two were to attend to that part after we returned. We started on our mission, and the first game we came across was a flock of geese; but as we wanted something more tender, we advanced about three quarters of a mile further—about one mile from camp. We discovered an old log barn, with a shed. Into the shed we made way. Deer reached his hand to the top of an old hay rack and found what we were seeking for—chickens. He pulled their heads off and handed them to me. By the time one or two were served that way I heard the clanging of sabers, I told Deer to come down or we would be captured. We made good time and barely made our escape, by keeping the barn between us and the rebels. We captured a goose apiece on our way back, which took the other boys of the mess the rest of the night to cook. But the next day we managed to pick clean the bones.—*J. Pearman, 31st Ind.*

A Priest at Andersonville.

The only authorized representative of the Christian religion who possessed enough of it to visit the thirty thousand men in the prison pen was a Roman Catholic priest, Father Hamilton, who came in quite regularly, at least every Sabbath, for several weeks. He talked kindly to us, displaying much sympathy for our condition, and administering the last rites of the Church to all the dying men who would accept, without any regard to individual beliefs. He stated that strong efforts

were being made to bring about an exchange by both the North and South, and that their efforts would probably soon be successful. Upon the strength of this report we concluded to let our tunnel remain quiet for the time, thinking that if exchange failed we could have final recourse to it. The exchange did fail; and a heavy thunder shower loosened one of the timbers of which the stockade was composed, so that it settled into the shaft, discovering to the authorities our tunnel, and they quickly filled it up.—*T. H. Mann, in The Century.*

Girls of the Rebellion.

Plucky girls they must have been who in the rebellion shouldered the musket and fought in the ranks. The muster-rolls show a number of cases of soldiers who were discovered to be women. In Fox's "Regimental losses" are reported the following instances: Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, Company D, "Charles D. Fuller;" detected as being a female; discharged. One hundred and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, Company F, "Sergeant Frank Mayne;" deserted August 24th, 1862, subsequently killed in battle in another regiment and discovered to be a woman; real name Frances Day. Second Michigan, Company F, "Franklin Thompson;" deserted. (Charge of desertion removed by house committee on military affairs, Washington, February, 1887, the soldier having had a good record and fought well in several battles, but proved to be a woman; real name, Miss Seelye.)

Twenty-sixth North Carolina (C. S. A.) Company F, "Mrs. L. M. Blaylock;" enlisted March 20th, 1861; discharged for being a woman.

Strength of the Grand Army.

There are indications that the Grand Army of the Republic has reached the zenith in point of numbers. An idea of the growth of the order may be gained from the table of membership from 1871 to 1888. In 1871 the number was 30,124; in 1872, 28,693; 1873, 29,851; 1874, 28,323; 1875, 27,966; 1876, 26,899; 1877, 27,079; 1878, 31,016; 1879, 44,752; 1880, 60,654; 1881, 87,718; 1882, 131,900; 1883, 215,441; 1884, 273,174; 1885, 294,787; 1886, 323,471; 1887, 356,008; 1888, 361,777. These numbers represent actual membership, for which the posts pay a per capita tax. The nominal membership, some of which proves good, is much larger. The number of posts according to the last annual report was 6,332. The amount of relief disbursed for 1888 was \$215,975.19, and the number of persons aided 23,810. The amount disbursed for relief between 1871 and 1888, to date of March 31st, was \$1,643,598.22.

Bill Wasn't Homesick.

The popular captain of Company G, Twelfth Vermont regiment, was strolling in the woods just out of camp one day during the war, when he came upon a member of his company sitting upon a stump of a tree and looking as though he had fought his last fight. "What's the matter, Bill?" said the captain. "Oh, nothing," was the reply; "I am all right." "You look as though you had a fit of homesickness." "No, sir," said Bill, with some resentment, "nothing of the sort." "Well, what are you thinking about?" asked his questioner. "I was thinking," said the Vermont, "that I wished I was in my father's barn!" "In your father's barn? What on earth would you do if you were in your father's barn?" The poor fellow uttered a long-drawn sigh and said: "I'd go into the house mighty quick."

Anecdote of Lincoln.

Secretary Stanton was once greatly vexed because an army officer had refused to understand an order, or, at all events, had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln, "write him now, while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone cruncher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe. "That's a good one." "Whom can I get to send it by?" mused the Secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln; "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters. I never do."

Rioting in Battle Creek.

Some members of the militia lately encamped at Battle Creek, Mich., displayed considerable rowdiness about town and many ladies were insulted. One night 500 men employed in the shops filled the streets in the business portion of the city and endeavored to drive all soldiers back to camp. After two hours' ineffectual effort on the part of the patrol and city police to quell the mob a detachment of the Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., was marched into the city and order was soon restored. All State troops returned to camp and the mob dispersed.

The seventh annual reunion of the Seventeenth Regiment, Iowa Veteran Volunteer Infantry, will be held at Brighton, Iowa, Aug. 26-28.

WISHING.

What the Children and Their Mothers Would Like to Have.

"I wish I had an eagle's sight,"
Said Johnnie, with a radiant look,
As all sat around the evening light,
Each occupied with work or book;
"Then on the high tower I'd stand
And view the wonders on each hand."

"But you've no ship to cross the sea,"
Cried little May in quick reply,
"And, if you had, how sick you'd be!
I'd take the eagle's wings and fly
Straight on and on, o'er hill and plain,
Right round the world and home again."

"Pshaw! Eyes and wings!" sneered sturdy Dan;
"I'd choose, if I a choice could make,
A lion's strength." "And I," said Nan,
"The lily's breath and beauty take."
Then sweet-toothed Nell piped, "For my part
Give me, from bees, the honey art."

Wishing ran wild. We were all gay.
Mother sat sewing, weary faced;
Small time had she for books or play
So many stitches must be placed.
Old pussy stretched, lazy and fat,
Close at her feet, upon the mat.

"Mother," called Dan, "this your turn now,
What would you take had you the chance?"
She pushed her glasses up her brow
And gave us all a kindly glance;
"Well, if I could, 'twas no crime,
I'd take," she said, "the cat's spare time."
—*Laura Garland Carr in Boston Transcript.*

A CURIOSITY IN DIVORCES.

A party of lawyers were discussing divorces, and one of them, an elderly gentleman with liberal gray whiskers, observed gayly: "I was recently instrumental in serving the bonds of a couple who, although they are now divorced, are to-day the best friends in the world. I was attorney for the lady, and contrary to the general rule in such cases, she could not say too many kind things of the husband she had discarded. They had simply agreed to disagree and live apart. The other day I received a card reading: 'Mr. and Mrs. B— beg to announce that they are now happily separated, and will be pleased to receive their friends at their respective residences.'—giving the streets and numbers. There's a unique case for you."

The dolleries of this divorce business are infinite. What pretty little romances may be conjured up from the dainty word-pictures drawn by the calloused lawyer! For example:

I.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Fleightleigh had just been divorced. There had been no bitterness or acrimony about it. Mrs. Fleightleigh had brought the suit on the ground of desertion and the facility with which the grey-haired Judge had granted the decree was doubtless attributable in some measure to the appealing glances cast at him from the lady's blue eyes, that were as big and round and soft as a baby's. Mr. Fleightleigh had not contested the suit. He only appeared in the courtroom from curiosity and had maintained a discreet imperturbability of manner throughout the proceedings. He was fain to acknowledge that the briskness of the Court's method rather took his breath away. He had not been a free man three minutes, and yet the Judges, lawyers and spectators were deep in the mysteries of another case. He raised his eyebrows and smiled rather queerly as his ex-wife came toward the door of the courtroom, looking very sweet and fragile in her exquisite fawn-tinted Spring costume.

"I beg your pardon, Edith," he whispered, advancing to meet her. "It was awfully bad taste for me to come here. I know; but I could not help wishing to see the manner in which this melancholy but of course entirely necessary business was transacted."

Mrs. Fleightleigh had drawn back a little at first; but recovered her equilibrium like the well-bred woman she was. "You had a right to be here if you wished to, Archie," she replied, and they passed into the corridor side by side.

They walked slowly toward the elevator, the lady's attorney following a few yards behind, with a decidedly mystified expression upon his parliament-hued visage.

II.

The legally sundered pair reached the street and stood, awkwardly enough, upon the sidewalk, undecided what to do. The embarrassing silence was broken by Mr. Fleightleigh, who coughed once or twice and then said, rather shamefacedly: "Edith, this our last day together, apparently. We are an ideal couple not to be at daggers' points at this moment. Let us make our final parting still more idealistic. Let me treat you to a little luncheon and we will try to make our separation as pleasant as possible."

The former Mrs. Fleightleigh blushed like a school-girl. "It's improper, I think," she replied, "but you know I could never refuse you anything when you asked for it in that tone, Archie." So, despite the gloomy episode in the stuffy court-room above, and just as though no brooding phantom of discontent had ever fallen across their path, they strolled away, still side by side.

The lawyer, with a shrug of his shoulders, disappeared in the direction of his office.

III.

It might have been the soup that lent the glorious sparkle to Mrs. Fleightleigh's blue orbs and the shell-pink flush to her cheek, but it was a fact not to be doubted that she had never looked more audaciously pretty in her life. The ex-husband's flow of bright conversation, too, was unusual. But now and then Mrs. Fleightleigh caught him looking across the table, with its fair array of snowy damask and cut-glass, rather wistfully. Nor was it to be de-

nied that the glorious blue orbs occasionally grew moist. But of course that was the high temperature of the room.

When the meal was finished, Mr. Fleightleigh leaned back in his chair and began to draw on his brick-dust kids—a present from his vis-a-vis the preceding Christmas, if he remembered correctly. "Well, sweetness," he remarked, languidly, "its good-bye now, I fancy."

The reply of "sweetness" was wholly irrelevant: "Archie," she said solemnly, "what a splendid fellow you can be when you choose. If it hadn't been for those nasty clubs and your fast friends we might have been—"

"Tush!" responded Archie, brutally, rising to his feet, "the clubs wouldn't have mattered if it hadn't been for your beastly temper."

Then they left. The deferential waiter, as he handed the lady her parasol, thought he heard a sound as of a sob being stifled in a delicate white throat. Or was it only one of the Government pigeons cooing on the windowsill outside?

IV.

The "final parting" took place on Michigan avenue, up which thoroughfare they had idly strolled with no particular object in view. Suddenly Archie pulled up. "I suppose," he stammered, "I might as well go now."

Mrs. Fleightleigh caught her breath. "Archie," said she, and her voice trembled just a trifle. "It was so good of you to give me the house and furniture. You always were generous, with all your faults. Where—where are you going to live, Archie?"

Archie drummed the sidewalk reflectively with his cane. "Hahn! thought of that," he responded. "Suppose I'll go to Mr. Peck's caravansary down here for awhile. It's big enough to lose one's thoughts in, you know. Good-bye, Edith."

He straightened up now, and as the tiny gloved hand touched his own for one brief instant, he was sure he saw a pair of big crystal tears standing in the two big eyes of blue.

V.

In three months Mr. Fleightleigh had grown partially accustomed to his grasswidowhood.

In the meantime he was forced to confess that Mrs. Fleightleigh had been more of a social success since her divorce than she had ever been before it. Her name was rarely out of the newspapers. Her weekly "At Homes" were described at great length, and her gorgeous costumes descanted upon in glowing terms by society reporters. Mrs. Fleightleigh was not wearing the willow by any manner of means.

Sitting one evening in a cozy corner of the Allyoumet Club parlor, gazing rather disconsolately through the rain-splattered pane, Mr. Fleightleigh was busy with his own thoughts, when the sound of voices reached him. Some young men, ignorant of his presence, were playing whist behind a portiere a few feet away, and the tones of Charlie Siltstone, about as adopedated a youth as ever squandered a dollar's worth of dollars, rang shrilly through the apartment.

"Going up to Mrs. Fleightleigh's tomorrow night," asserted he. "Great little lady that, boys. Bright as a dollar. Little smitten, I confess. Going to make a play in that direction. For a wife she'll suit yours truly to a dot. Say, what an awful fool Archie Fleightleigh must have been to quarrel with a woman like that."

"Young man," came the deep bass tones of old Putancall, the club hermit, from the other side of the room, "you are right. When Archie Fleightleigh gave you the right to admire Mrs. Fleightleigh he proved himself the most egregious ass of the age."

VI.

Before retiring that night Mr. Fleightleigh gave the hotel porter a note to mail to Mrs. Fleightleigh. It was very brief.

"I have no wish to intrude upon you," the lines ran, "but it seems to me that if your situation drives you to seek solace in the society of idiots like young Siltstone, it would be only charitable to come to the rescue. If you are of my way of thinking in this matter, be gracious enough to send an invitation to your next At Home, to—"
"Your faithful friend,
"ARCHIBALD FLEIGHTLEIGH"

VII.

In two days came the reply: "If you really want to come, I will give an 'At Home' Friday evening for your especial benefit."

Friday evening saw Mr. Fleightleigh, in his tall figure resplendent in immaculate evening dress, a spray of hyacinths in his buttonhole, requesting the affable hotel clerk to summon him a coupe. He was a trifle surprised, on reaching the neat residence that once knew him as master, to find no line of carriages blocking the way. "The first arrival, by all that's confounding!" he muttered as he rang the door bell. That spruce maid who flung open the door gave a gasp of recognition. He waved her aside, however, and bidding her announce his arrival to her mistress, stalked grandiloquently into the reception room.

Strange, but there was no flare of gas light; no elaborate floral decorations. A Sevres vase, full of lilies of the valley, stood on the mantel. A tall, solitary lamp cast golden rays from beneath a fringed yellow shade. Before the visitor had time to collect his senses there was a soft rustle of draperies in the hallway. In another moment his divorced wife stood before him.

She wore a clinging robe of some white, fleecy fabric, with lace at the wrists and throat. A spray of violets was just pinned just over the place where, according to the best anatomical authorities, her heart ought to have been.

Mr. Fleightleigh rose to his feet,

and as he did so there swept across his senses a vague, familiar perfume, faint as the sigh of sylvan and sweet as June roses. He remembered it instantly. It was the same he had known in other days.

"I thought," he stammered stupidly, "I thought you had an 'At Home' to-night?"

"I have," answered Mrs. Fleightleigh, half guiltily, "I told you I would give an 'At Home' to-night for your especial benefit, did I not?"

A full minute of dead silence. Then Mr. Fleightleigh perceived that the big blue eyes were swimming. Whereupon he did precisely what any gallant gentleman had said that he was, would have done under the circumstances.

Half an hour afterwards Mr. Fleightleigh asked: "And do you really believe, my precious one, that marriage is a failure?"

"I do not know about that," answered Mrs. Fleightleigh, but I am very certain that divorce is."

VIII.

And the lawyer, who two days afterward read the announcement of their marriage, has not quite recovered from his astonishment yet.—*Harold R. Fynne, in Chicago Journal.*

Dress Reform.

The question of dress reform is agitating our sisters across the sea, who have formed themselves into a so-called "Rational Dress Society," advocating the advantage of shorter skirts for outdoor wear, as being more cleanly, suitable and better for the temper generally, adjusting the much tabooed corset and high-heeled shoes, denouncing stiffly-boned bodices, and seeking a more comfortable as well as artistic dress. But the most sensible resolutions they have adopted are those with reference to dressing little girls in the long, narrow-skirted dresses, binding Kate Greenaway capes round their shoulders, and placing huge superstructures laden with plumes, called bonnets, on their heads.

The fashionably dressed child of the day is a most artistic little object in repose and a most awkward and uncomfortable little atom in motion. She would be beaten in a race with her own grandmother, for her narrow, clinging little skirts give her less freedom of motion, and as for climbing it is entirely out of the question. She returns from her dignified promenade on the avenue with muddy petticoats, the same as her big sister, unless, indeed, she be taught to lift them at the crossing, as many of them are. If she goes upstairs she trips, if she climbs on a chair or the window seat she sprawls. She misses in her petticoat tyranny half the joy of childhood, and loses its elasticity and free abandon of motion, and unless she is an angel, all but the harp and crown, she gets pessimistic views of life, a bad temper and a sallow complexion before she is thirteen, all on account of frustrated purposes and abortive attempts to attain the freedom of action which ought to be her inalienable right in babyhood. Women are supposed to be martyrs in the cause of beauty. They don't expect to be comfortable in their complicated toggery, but babies ought not to be made to bear the burdens of life before they have cut their double teeth.

A mother in the full development of her strength makes her bonnet of a bit of lace, anchored with a diamond pin and moored with strings of velvet and gets neuralgia, but she does not mind. She would rather have a touch of tic-douloureux than quarter of a yard too much lace on her bonnet.

But the little toddling mite her nurse leads beside her has a hat like a sixteenth-century courtier's, laden with heavy feathers and tied with broad, thick ribbons. The child gets a headache, and she does mind it very much, for the happy consciousness of being in the fashion is not so sure a sedative to suffering in her case as in her mother's. The assurance that her plumes are longer and more numerous than those of the other toddlers has not so potent a charm for her. Where are the sensible little close caps and the pretty short tilting skirts of half a decade ago. Who will introduce them again?

The Pointer and the Rat.

Horace P. Tibbetts of Wyalusing owns a large pointer dog with a remarkably big mouth. One day this spring Mr. Tibbetts spied an enormous gray rat burrowing in the side of a sand-bank near his barn and he told the pointer to go and snake it out. The dog stole quietly toward the bank and when it got within two feet of the hole it stopped and pointed the rat as it would a bird: All at once the great rat turned in the hole, sprang out, and set its teeth in the astonished dog's nostrils. For a minute or so the pointer shook his head as hard as he could, whining a little all the time, but it was impossible for him to get the pugnacious rat between his teeth. He finally shook it loose, flung it six or eight feet in the air, and got under it with his big mouth wide open. The rat landed between the pointer's jaws and the angry dog crushed its bones in an instant. Its teeth had torn a slit in the dog's left nostril.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Long Fall.

Two children playing upon a grassy slope at Antrimville, Scotland, slipped and rolled down to the edge of a steep precipice, 145 feet high, over which they fell to the beach below. Those who ran to gather up their mangled remains found them on their feet in the sand in a general state of mental bewilderment and with no worse injuries than a few scratches.

Getting Ready for Fall Seeding.

We are now about to cut our oats and soon thereafter we shall begin to put the field in order for wheat. We have decided to exchange our seed and get the best in the market. We think we lost last year by seeding too late, and we mean to have it over this fall by the latter part of September. We shall use no stable manure, because we have not sufficient to cover the whole field, and we want the grain to ripen uniformly. Moreover, we want our fields of grain and the following grass to be free from weeds, the seeds of which stable manure contains. We shall therefore use a commercial fertilizer on our wheat, and we prefer one containing potash, nitrogen and phosphoric acid, all three in good proportion.

Second in importance to none is the question of tillage. Evidently the plow should be run more deeply for fall grain than for corn or oats, because we are to get the field ready not only for wheat, but for clover and timothy also, and we shall crop it for several years without cultivation. If ever there is a time to subsoil it is when we work the ground for wheat, and the opportunity should be embraced.

By sub-soiling we here mean, not the turning down of the surface soil and throwing the sub-soil on top of it, but the pulverizing of the sub soil and then laying the slice of surface soil over it. The operations require two teams, and are almost simultaneous. The surface plow precedes, and is closely followed by the deeper plow. The former turns a slice, say seven inches deep, the latter following, pulverizes five inches deeper, making the entire cultivation one foot. What passes for the mold-board of the sub-soil plow is merely an adjustable inclined plane, formed of a plate of steel, the front edge of which cuts the earth. This rises up the incline, and being precipitated off its rear end is pulverized by the fall. On this powdery mass the surface plow lays its furrow slice, which, when harrowed, makes the depth of tilled soil 12 inches. When we have drilled into this our wheat, our timothy and our fertilizer, then, and then only, do we feel our duty to the field has been well performed.

Possibilities of Wheat Culture.

Some thirty years ago the French considered a wheat crop quite good when it yielded 22 bushels to the acre; but with the same soil the present requirement is at least 33 bushels, while in the best soils the crop is good only when it yields from 43 to 48 bushels, and occasionally the product is as much as 55 bushels to the acre. There are whole counties which are satisfied only when the average crop attains 37 bushels; while the experiment farms of central France produce from year to year, over large areas, 41 bushels to the acre, and a number of farms in northern France regularly yield, year after year, from 55 to 68 bushels to the acre. Occasionally even so much as 80 bushels has been obtained upon limited acres under special care. In fact, it is now proved that by combining a series of such simple operations as the selections of seeds, sowing in rows, and proper manuring, the crops can be increased by at least 75 per cent, over the best present average, while the cost of production can be reduced by 50 per cent, by the use of some inexpensive machinery; to say nothing of costly machines like the steam digger, or the pulverizers which make the soil required for each special culture. They are now occasionally resorted to here and there, but they will come into general use as soon as humanity feels the need of increasing the agricultural product tenfold.—Forum.

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Breed an animal that you are proud of, and you will take good care of it, and make more money out of it. You don't want scrubs.

Mrs. Evans Gordon, wife of Major Gordon, has become famous in India as a tiger killer of great skill and prowess. As a member of the recent Cooh Behar hunting expedition she shot an angry tigress who was rushing viciously upon the party, and was actually within a few yards of her elephant's trunk. Her shot was as well timed as it was aimed, for the other guests engaged, including that of the lady sportsman's husband, failed to stop the furious brute. This brilliant achievement adds one more to the many laurels and trophies already won by this dauntless lady in the hunting grounds of Cooh Behar.

A Count's Queer Title.

Count Punonostro, a prominent Spanish nobleman, has just died in Madrid. The story of his title is thus told:—

Charles V. was a great hunter. One day, while partridge shooting he was accompanied by a game keeper, who joined in the sport. The servants of his majesty were loaded with game, when a partridge rose under the feet of the two sportsmen. Two shots went off simultaneously. The partridge dropped.

"Who killed that bird?" said the king to the gamekeeper.

"I did," was the reply.

"You lie, you scoundrel," said the king in a rage.

Thereupon the guard unceremoniously struck his majesty.

The first movement of Charles was to try to kill him, but fortunately his gun was unloaded. Then his second and more successful effort was to save the man from the fury of his attendants and send him off to prison with the recommendation to prepare for death, remarking also that his offense was all the more atrocious because he didn't prove that he really did not lie, inasmuch as it was doubtful who shot the bird.

"I have no doubt about it sire," replied the prisoner. "Permit me to examine the bird."

The king ordered the partridge to be brought to him, and, after having examined it, the guard affirmed that it was he who shot it, because it was hit by a bullet and he had used bullets all day long, while the king had used shot.

A further examination of the dead partridge by the king and his attendants proved that the gamekeeper was correct.

The king was sorry, but he nevertheless sent the prisoner to Madrid, where he was placed in the cell of offenders condemned to death. At the last moment the king promised to pardon him if he would repent, but the guard refused. Charles ordered the gamekeeper to be brought into his presence, and again asked if he repented.

"Sire," replied the guard, "if I had a thousand lives, and your majesty should tell me a thousand times, without reason, that I lied, a thousand times I would punch your majesty in the nose, and a thousand times I would go quietly to my execution!"

"And you would thus be a loss to my reign!" exclaimed the king. "Would that I were surrounded by men like you! I not only pardon you, but I attach you to my person, and make you Count of Punonostro (Fist-in-the-face)."

In 1523 the title was formally bestowed upon the new count, and until his death his death he was one of Charles V.

A Merchant's Scheme.

With all our precautions, business men cannot always prevent the forgery of signatures; but the latest plans to avert this danger seem successful so far. Here is the method of operation: after signing a check I turn it up, draw a long line through it from left to right, and it looks as if the signature had been cancelled. The peculiar little twirl at the end where the long line commences is the forger's little difficulty; he doesn't understand it, but the cashiers of the banks do, and they know instantly whether the signature is genuine or not. You see, also, this line drawn through the name makes the check look as if it was no good in case it is lost, and the finder will not present it for collection. It's a great idea, and is being adopted by many business men of the city. Of course we have to explain it to the bank people, who, once they know it, have no further trouble with us over it.

Somewhat Compromising.

Recently the Congregational pastor in a Maine village made his home at the hotel, says the Lewistown Journal. A physician in the village ate his Sunday dinners at the same place. One Sunday, just before entering the dining-room, the doctor quietly requested the landlord that a pint of whiskey be left in his overcoat pocket while he was at dinner.

The coat was hanging in the hallway. When the physician struggled into his coat after the meal and slapped his pockets, no flask greeted his touch. In answer to his inquiry he was informed that the whiskey was left according to order. It was evident that some other fellow had walked off with the prize. But who? The only man in the dining-room at the time of the doctor's visit was the Congregational minister, and his coat was hanging beside the doctor's in the hall. The garments were so nearly alike that the busy landlord had slipped the flask into the wrong pocket.

The minister had walked demurely away to afternoon service lugging a pint flask loaded to the muzzle with "Old Crow." That night the doctor learned from his wife that their minister had seemed strangely embarrassed as he removed his gloves and placed them in his pocket. His jaw dropped, and an expression of utter amazement spread over his face. Instead of leaving his overcoat in one of the pews he carried it to the pulpit and stuffed it beneath a chair. For several days constraint marked his demeanor at the hotel. Evidently he did not appreciate what he deemed a questionable practical joke.

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 scheel 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 procured, 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 boobey, 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."

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 pluck 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.

A little boy of five went with his mother to make a call. The lady of the house who was very fond of children, told him she intended to ask his mother to let her have him.

"Don't you think your mother would let me buy you?" she asked.

"No," he said, "you haven't got money enough."

"How much would it take?" she asked.

"Three hundred pounds," he answered promptly; "and you haven't got that much."

"I think I could manage it," she said.

"If I can, will you come to me?"

"No," he said, with decision. "Mamma wouldn't sell me, anyhow. There are five of us, and mamma wouldn't like to break the set."

A servant girl of no strong intellect who lived with a lady in the neighborhood of Paisley one day surprised her mistress by giving up her place. The lady inquired the cause and found it was a fertile source of dissension between mistress and maidservant—a lad.

"And who is this lad?" inquired her mistress.

"Oh, he's a nice lad—a lad that sits in the kirk just forement me."

"And when does he intend that you and he should be married?"

"I dinna ken."

"Are you sure that he intends to marry you at all?"

"I daur say he does, mem."

"Have you had much of each other's company?"

"Not yet."

"When did you last converse together?"

"Deed we hae na conversed ava yet."

"Then how should you suppose that he is going to marry you?"

"Oh," replied the simple girl, "he's been lang lookin' at me and I think he'll soon be speakin'."

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P. S.—This is the machine used by fruit doctors all over the country. It saves, cores and slices the apple at one operation. It is so simple a child can use it. Agents Wanted in every State. \$10.00 per dozen can easily be made. Send 75c. and I will forward to any address, one sample machine, prepaid. Regular price, \$1.00. 70,000 machines already sold. Call for the "LITTLE STAR" PAMPHLET.

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