

F. & Adams

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

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Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Breeders and manufacturer's cards, of four lines, or less, (25 words) the Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No orders taken for less than three months.

It will be remembered that Senator Ingalls believes political honesty to be an iridescent dream.

The political democrat and republican are simply political idolaters with no true idea of patriotic devotion to country.

The democrats of the second district have nominated J. B. Chapman of the Fort Scott Tribune, as their candidate for congress.

There is no sounding the depth of the affection that the ring politicians have for the farmers' alliance so long as members will be subject to the party whip.

Senator Plumb made a noble fight for free lead ore but the silver kings beat as usual. The privileged classes must have all the protection that money can buy, and the people can whistle.

If the farmers carry the election this fall, as there is every prospect of their doing, the state printing will not be quite so nice a thing as it has been, and some printers will not be so craning their necks for it.

The Topeka Capital will have it that the ex confederates are running the farmers' alliance. Very well have it so if you will, but it must be confessed that so far there is every indication of decided improvement. One evidence that goes against the ring politician is that they are stealing every principle in this terrible confederate platform and making it their own. The miserable rebels.

Notwithstanding all that the subsidized party press may say, and all the talk of the officeholding and office-seeking politicians, there is every evidence that the farmers and tradesmen and mechanics and laboring men generally, have for once decided that they will no longer be the dupes of political schemers. The air of Kansas is full of rebellion. The fellows who have been imposing on the people are at a loss what to think or what to do. The party whip has lost its snapper, and its power has gone with it. Their ravings are like the howlings of a mad bull.

We commend the following dispassionate statement of historic truth to the ring politicians who are now perspiring in their work of waving the bloody shirt. Macaulay wrote over sixty years ago:

We perpetually see men of the greatest talents and the purest intentions misled by national or factional prejudices. The most respectable people in England were, little more than forty years ago, in the habit of uttering the bitterest abuse against Washington and Franklin. It is certainly to be regretted that men should err so grossly in their estimate of character. But no person who knows anything about human nature will impute such errors to depravity.

The fair and the Odd Fellows' convention will bring thousands of visitors to Topeka next month.

One, Charles Curtis, an embryonic politician of Topeka, wastes a column and a quarter in the Topeka Capital in very mixed English, in attempting to write down Mrs. Lease. It was a long drawn out failure. The principal part of it consisted in flaming headlines, which were put in by the editor. It is a pity that the compositor could not have done something for the communication. But the ideas were so loosely stated, the sentence so long and disjointed, that he evidently became lost in his attempt to get the sense of it, and so failed to punctuate it except by that last of all resorts so well known to the bewildered type-setter, the promiscuous thrusting in of commas. Really there were no points to answer, and few used in the article except commas.

Some of the papers are trying to make capital out of a lot of resolutions said to have passed in a Douglas county alliance. The name mentioned in connection is a dead giveaway, that of one Hugh Cameron. He is the one who went to the Wyandotte convention a few days ago posing as a Knight of Labor, about which republicans tried to make some capital. This man is an eccentric character, who lives a kind of hermit life up the river from Lawrence. One of his ridiculous but firm political ideas is that he will always work with the minority party. His theory is, that majorities are always corrupt, and in order to be patriotic, it is his hobby to be on the weaker side. So far as he is known in his own county, which is not widely, he is notorious for this theory of his. At home therefore, his present connection with the republican party is not considered a favorable indication of popular sentiment. He has been a democrat in the past.

On Friday morning of last week J. N. Insley of Oskaloosa, committed suicide by shooting himself five times in the left breast with a revolver. He was the administrator of the estate of Eli Metzger, deceased, a former partner, and was having difficulty in making a final settlement satisfactory to the guardian of the minor heirs. It is supposed that the worry over the case made him temporarily insane.

Judge Hayden of Holton, a referee appointed by the District Court, was in Oskaloosa taking evidence at the time of the sad occurrence.

Mr. Insley was well known throughout the entire country; and he made friends where ever he became acquainted. In fact, to know him was to like him. He served two terms as County Clerk, and was one of the best clerks the county ever had. Since he went out of the clerks office he has been engaged in the real estate business, and was the chief mover and the hardest worker in getting up the Jefferson county displays, a few years ago, that attracted so much attention at the Topeka, Bismark and Kansas City fairs, and took several premiums. He took great pride when in office and since in advertising Jefferson county, and the county to-day has a number of excellent citizens for whom she is indebted to J. M. Insley. We think we are safe in saying that he has done more toward advertising Jefferson County than any ten men in it. He will be greatly missed at home, and he will be a great loss to the entire county.

Why Everybody Laughed.

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

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

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

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

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

In Rural Districts. You cannot have a college, or even a high-school, in every village, or at every cross-roads; 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 Mudd'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.

The Life of a Deaf Mute. An Auburn, Me., woman who is a deaf mute furnishes an excellent example of what can be done to triumph over the afflictions of nature. She is a splendid housekeeper, and has about the most beautiful collection of house plants in the city. Her husband is also a deaf mute, but their child—a handsome dark-eyed, two year-old—will probably talk when she comes to mingle with other children, as she says "bye bye" and other childish phrases now. One of the most interesting things about this lady is her mode of communicating with others. Of course this is mostly done by writing, and very quaint are some of the idioms she uses. But she frequently resorts to pantomime, and some of her ways are very ingenious. To express sleep she shuts her eyes and buries the side of her head in her hand; the same for death, with an additional horizontal motion through the air. Even the dog she has understands her and will come when she raps for him. So her life is not un-

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

What would you think if you could get good literature free? Drop a postal to G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A. A., T. & S. F. R. R. Topeka, Kans., and ask for copy of To Mexico by palace cars.

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

Political parties in New York State are inextricably involved. We have political reformers whose sole object is to get into office. We have the proverbial workman, whose chief aim is to get a salary. We have temperance workers, who ask to be paid by the week. We have all sorts and kinds of Democrats and Republicans, and no decisive principles on either side.—Joe Howard, jr. in New York Press.

The above will apply to other places as well as New York.

Missouri and Kansas Inter-State Fair.

The people of Kansas City will hold an old-time Agricultural fair this fall, from September 22d to 27th, inclusive, in connection with the regular fall meeting of the Exposition Driving Park Association. The magnificent grounds and track of the Exposition Driving Park Association will be thrown into the same enclosure with the Exposition Building and Grounds, insuring ample facilities for all exhibits. The fair is in the charge of the best citizens, who have provided a large sum with which to pay the premiums, and all indications point to a very successful meeting.

A young farmer of Tecumseh township named Oliver, planted fifteen acres of potatoes last spring, and they have proven a bonanza for him. He has already sold \$1,000 worth of potatoes, and expects to get \$200 more out of them.

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 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.

For further detailed information apply to the nearest ticket agent, who will kindly furnish you time of trains, rates, etc.

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In 1 oz. Sprinkler-Top Bottles, EACH 65 CENTS.

ALSO OUR EXTRA FINE SPECIALTIES: LYS DES INCAS! SPRING MIST! LUNEAS! NEVADA! IMPERIAL PINK! ROUSSEL ROSE EDEN BOUQUET! LILY OF THE VALLEY! ALL 50 cents per bottle. PICCIOLA!

The most delicate and most lasting odors made. Our trade-mark patented on every label. "Delicious as a cobweb, Lasting as the hills." If your druggist don't keep them send amount to us and we will forward promptly. DOUSSAN FRENCH PERFUMERY CO., 66 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

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A GREAT SAVING TO ALL CATTLE FEEDERS. Stockmen who have used this Heater say they would not do without them at any price. Sectional view below shows how the flame and smoke is carried around under the bottom, giving great heating surface. No sparks leave the heater. One firing will last from 5 to 7 days. Any boy can operate. No progressive farmer can afford to be without one. Investigate and you will surely buy one.



COSTS FROM 20c TO 50c PER DAY. 4 SIZES. SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND PRICES. O. P. BENJAMIN & BRO., LAFAYETTE, IND.

YOUR CRAYON PORTRAIT

NICELY FRAMED IN BRONZE OR GILT. Flush Border. Size, 24 x 28 inches.

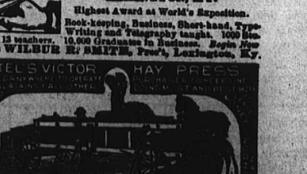
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The Bootblack.



Oh! a sooty face and a dwarfish form
And a saucy tongue has he,
And a ready wit, and he swings his "kit,"
And lives his merrily—
With a "Shine 'em? Shine 'em? Who wants a
Shine 'em up, Mister? Shine 'em? Shine?
Now's yer time!"

Perchance no home has he, no roof
But the smoky skies at night,
But the rogue knows where from the chilly
air,
He can rest till morning light—
Perchance in a hogshead or empty box,
Or open cellarway—
And his sleep is sweet as the hours are fleet,
No score has he to pay!

Oh! a miniature man is he,
With words-for almost gray;
He's sooty and gritty and sharp and witty,
And able to make his way—
With a "Shine 'em? Shine 'em? Who wants a
Shine 'em for half a dime!
Shine 'em up, Mister? Shine 'em? Shine?
Now's yer time!"
—Robert Ogden Fowler, in *Wide Awake*

TEXAN PETS AND PESTS.

A WEALTH OF VINDICTIVE INSECTS IN THE LONE STAR STATE.

Traits of the Festive Tarantula and Idiosyncrasies of the Fascinating Devil's Horse, Etc.

In the most settled parts of Texas venomous insects are almost as obsolete as they are in the Middle States, but in the valley of the Rio Grande, the boundary between Texas and Mexico, tarantulas, centipedes, scorpions, ticks, and other irritators of the human cuticle can be had for the picking, and they are ripe from one year's end to the other.

While the natives of this cactus-growing region are deprived of pneumonia-rheumatism, and other elements of New England weather, kind nature recompenses them with a wealth of vindictive insects, the sting of any one of which is calculated to make a graven image take notice of what is going on. There is also a species of gallinipper that is an expert at boring into the human frame. If a man could bore as fast as a gallinipper a 1,500-foot oil well could be drilled in an hour and twenty minutes, says Alex E. Sweet in the *N. Y. Herald*.

TRAITS OF THE TARANTULA.

Probably the tarantula is entitled to a position at the head of the program. As his portrait shows, his personal appearance seems to have been gotten up for the purpose of inspiring a lack of confidence.



THE TARANTULA.

He is an enormous, dark, brumetie spider, which, like the average cowboy, runs largely to hair and legs. His (the tarantula's) entire body is covered with short, coarse black hair, or bristles. He is armed with a pair of curved fangs with which he obtains his food or repels the familiarity of man. When a tarantula's legs are spread out he will cover the palm of a man's hand. He wears the style of polonaise peculiar to all spiders.

However, the tarantula has his good points. Unlike the mosquito he does not partake of man as an article of diet. The tarantula bites only in self-defense, and he subsists on grasshoppers and other fellow-insects. He is quiet until he is teased by prodding him familiarly with a cane, for instance, in the small of his back. Then his hair stands up on end like the quills on a fretful porcupine; he gnashes his fangs and swings his limbs over his head after the fashion of a New York official whose honesty has been questioned.

The bite of the tarantula is rarely fatal, but while it lasts the pain is more severe than parting with a new \$5 bill.

HABITS OF THE DEVIL'S HORSE.

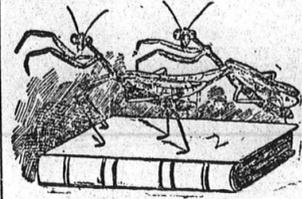
These two comical looking insects, which in pose somewhat resemble a couple of girl graduates playing a duet on a piano, are called devil's horses, but unlike the girl graduates thus employed the devil's horses are perfectly harmless. This insect is the mantis religious, or the praying mantis, so called because of the mistaken belief of the early explorers that he was saying his prayers. All the praying he does is spent with an "e." He preys on flies and mosquitoes, which he eats very much after the fashion of a boy pulling himself over a banana.

The appearance of the devil's horse is very much against him, inasmuch as he

resembles man more than any other insect that has ever been invented. His small, round head and long neck are suggestive of a dude. His head, by the way, seems to revolve on a swivel, or pivot, like that of an owl. Two long feelers sprout from the bumps of mirthfulness.

His physical make-up is a combination style of architecture, in which the ant and the grasshopper are equally blended. The devil's horse seems to have about forty times the kicking power of the grasshopper, and as the grasshopper is, in proportion to its size, a hundred times stronger than man, the young devil's horse, when he goes out courting and finds the old man at home, must have a very exciting time of it.

If man were, in proportion to his size, as strong as a devil's horse, it is estimated that he could throw a book agent a mile and a half.



THE DEVIL'S HORSE.

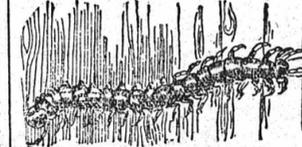
The devil's horse is disposed to be sociable, not to say obtrusive. When the lights are lit in the parlor he comes through the shutters and proceeds to crawl down the back of some lady. If he is folled in this direction he may ascend the limbs of some youth underneath his raiment. He respects no person or part of a person. He is gotten up in assorted sizes to suit the different tastes of different people.

THE CHEERFUL CENTIPEDE.

The centipede, as will be seen at a glance, belongs to the scolopendra family, and is, of course, related to the myriopoda branch of it. The centipede is not only unpleasant and repulsive to the sight, but is not a desirable object to handle.

This cheerful insect is armed with a pair of fangs of such strength that it can readily bite off the corner of a kiln-dried railroad lunch-counter pie. Its terminal facilities consist of a pair of hooks.

A full-grown centipede is occasionally as long and broad as the blade of a



THE CENTIPEDE.

table knife. In some parts of Mexico the centipede is even larger, and almost as dangerous as a rattlesnake. Each side of the insect is armed with about forty legs, and each leg is armed with stings like that of a wasp.

When a centipede anchors his head in the fleshy anatomy of a human being, throws out his two grappling irons from his rear, and then draws his eighty odd, very odd, claws together, it will bring tears to the eyes of a tax collector to see how the little pet holds on.

When the centipede takes up his residence in a city it is usually in some old house, in the chimney or among the foundation stones. His diet is believed to be insects that are not so heavily armed and ironclad as he is. Why centipedes were created in the first place is a mystery that has never been satisfactorily solved. They are not numerous in the well-settled portions of Texas, and are rarely seen except in a bottle of alcohol in a showcase of some druggist who has a taste for the beautiful.

Centipedes are found in all sorts of unexpected places. A Northern scientist found one in his bed. He had no difficulty about it.

I have heard of a gentleman who was addicted to blowing a flute finding a centipede. He was just beginning to tootle-tootle and was somewhat surprised at the peculiar tremolo of the flute, but his surprise was enlarged when a centipede stuck its head through the hole and swung on to the long convexity of his upper lip, changing the performance from an instrumental to a vocal solo.

Centipedes can also be found in boots if they are there.

THE SEDATE HORNED FROG.

The horned frog, so-called, is not an insect, but is included in this sketch on account of his striking appearance. He looks as if he might be dangerous to handle, but the truth is he is perfectly harmless and has no facilities for injuring anybody, no matter how malicious he might be.

Moreover he is not a frog at all but a lizard. He has no vocal ability like the frog. He never sings. He cannot jump, and like the young lady in the ballad who adjusted her clothing on a hickory limb, he never goes near the water, all of which explodes the frog theory.

However, he has horns, two on the back of his head, while his whole back is incrustated with horns, all of which, to the little animal's credit, are on the outside. With man the horns are usually on the inside.



THE HORNED FROG.

His body is flat, and Prof. Cope of Philadelphia, who was in Texas some years ago, supposed that the first specimen he examined had been run over by a wagon or subjected to a letter-press. Prof. Cope questioned me closely as

to the probable object of all these horns and spines. I explained my theory to the professor. Snakes are partial to frogs, and in a short time the horned frog, owing to their resemblance to the ordinary frog, would soon become extinct if nature had not stepped in and interfered by providing the animal with sharp horns. When a rattlesnake comes across a horned frog, no matter how hungry to blend with his prey it will be necessary to have the coat of his stomach lined with zinc. This being a little inconvenient the snake bears off to the right and hunts up another restaurant.

Prof. Cope was much impressed with my theory, and said he was going to lay it before some scientific body.

The horned frog is very abstemious. It can live for months without eating anything and be none the worse for it. This cunning little reptile will remain perfectly immovable in one position for days at a time, which looks very much as if Nature started to make a messenger boy of it, but changed her mind.

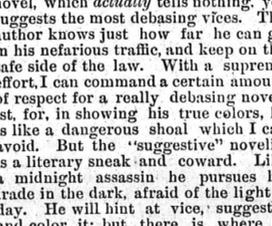
The principal diet of the horned frog flies. I have seen one used as a fly-trap in the window of a Taxa restaurant. The regular customer probably got as many flies as the frog, but he didn't know it, while the frog did. That's where the frog had the laugh on the regular customer.

The horned frog lays a dozen or so eggs, but, unlike the hen, does not fly up on the fence and cackle hysterically immediately afterward. Neither does the horned frog sit on its nest and hatch out the eggs, but buries them in the sand and allows the sun to attend to the incubating process.

The Modern Literary Sneak.

The greatest danger in literature today is not from what can be truthfully called sinful books, says Edward W. Bok, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, so much as from what is termed the "suggestive" novel, in which sin is gilded and hinted at, but not openly told. And this is the novel which is working infinite damage to hundreds and thousands of girls and women. Let an author write a novel in which sin is openly portrayed, and the law lays his hand upon him and the publisher who issues it. Besides, such a book is rarely successful, since it cannot find an open market, and sin openly told is always revolting even to the most hardened mind. But it is the "suggestive" novel, which actually tells nothing, yet suggests the most debasing vices. The author knows just how far he can go in his nefarious traffic, and keep on the safe side of the law. With a supreme effort, I can command a certain amount of respect for a really debasing novelist, for, in showing his true colors, he is like a dangerous shoal which I can avoid. But the "suggestive" novelist is a literary sneak and coward. Like a midnight assassin he pursues his trade in the dark, afraid of the light of day. He will hint at vice, suggest it and color it; but there is where he stops. Close with him in personal conversation, and he will grin at his literary cowardice and tell you that he means nothing. These are the books which are dangerous, since they rob the vices which they portray of their hideousness and make them attractive. I have heard women call them "clever," "piquant" and "lively." You may dress them in language as you will, you may tell me that the story is "smart" and "snappy," but I tell you, my dear reader, there is only one word which truthfully denominates this kind of books, and that is—filthy.

Had Changed his Mind.



Mr. Timon Tyde.—You promised me last year that you would give me another chance this summer.
Miss Dilly d'Aller (expectantly).—I remember.
Mr. Timon Tyde.—Well, Dilly, dear, won't you release yourself from that promise?—Puck.
It Was a Surprise.
A guest at one of the mountain resorts who was charged 10 cents for a glass of lemonade made a prompt and vigorous kick, saying:
"This is nothing short of highway robbery, and I won't submit to it."
"My friend," said one of the clerks, who had been called on to adjust the matter, "what do you suppose our objection is in keeping this hotel?"
"To accommodate the public, of course."
"Exactly, but that's not all. We intend to make money at the same time."
"You do?"
"Of course we do. We must have a profit, even on our beer."
"Then I'll pay my bill and go! I like to see everybody get along, but when the clothing store in my town sells a suit of clothes for half off I'm not going away from home to pay somebody full figures and a little more on top of them."
—N. Y. Sun.

At Cherokee (Ga.) recently a squire united a very young couple. The groom was 18 and the bride 12 years of age.

Professor Tyndall, although bitterly opposed politically to Mr. Gladstone, has said that he would cheerfully risk his own life to save Gladstone's at any time.

MISSING LINKS.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has headed a public subscription with the view of purchasing Mr. Stanley a handsome residence.

An Ottawa, Mo., man is the proud possessor of two Chinese rats. They steal and gnaw holes "alle same like Melican rats."

A contemporary, which has been looking into the matter, reports that fewer daily papers are published in Boston now than in 1846.

Mrs. Crook, widow of Gen. Crook, has presented to Crook post, G. A. R., of Oakland, Md., a large and handsomely framed portrait of her husband.

An Eiffel tower may be erected in Germany. The Bavarian government proposes to build one near Starenburg Lake as a monument to Bismarck, and also as an observatory.

The Swedish Oyster Culture Society is trying to acclimatize American oysters from Connecticut on the coast of the province of Bahus. The young oysters seem to thrive well.

Col. Daniel S. Lamont is getting rich at a rapid rate. He is interested in several large financial enterprises. Ten years ago he was the legislative reporter for the *Albany Argus*.

An English naval officer has invented a pneumatic line-throwing gun, very light and portable which fires a hollow shell bearing the cord to a wrecked vessel or into a burning building on dry land.

The Rev. D. L. Moody observes that he doesn't believe the Angel Gabriel himself could come down and hold the attention of a congregation that had been busy reading the Sunday newspapers.

The biggest edible oysters in the world are found at Port Lincoln, in South Australia. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits the shell so well he does not leave much margin.

The King of the Belgians did a gallant thing on Queen Victoria's birthday. He traveled from London all the way to Balmoral and back a distance of about 1,200 miles in order to personally present her with a bouquet.

There is a craze in London for queer leather. Some shops are stocked with fancy articles made from the skins of all sorts of beasts, reptiles and fishes, including pelican skins, lion and panther skins, fish skins, monkey skins and snake skins, etc.

Senator Carlisle is one of the many men who have found Friday anything but an unlucky day. His first nomination to Congress and his nomination as successor to the late Senator Beck each occurred on that day, and he was married on a Friday.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has denounced certain clergymen with whose views he does not agree as "villains." Mr. Spurgeon is a great and good man, but he is not heavily endowed with a sense of perspective in estimating the tendencies of modern thought.

It is an interesting point in American history if, as stated, the confederate gray uniform was borrowed from the First Virginia Regiment, which borrowed it from the Seventh New York Regiment. The confederate song "Dixie" was of northern authorship.

M. Ferrari, son of the Duchess of Galliera, is an enthusiastic postage-stamp collector, and his private collection is roughly valued at £40,000. And yet he has been known to negotiate the loan of a stamp from his mother, the Duchess, when he wanted to post a letter.

The servants and mistresses of Vienna have to manage their affairs under the superintendence of the police. The latter keep a "servants' book," in which each girl's dismissals and re-engage-ments are recorded, together with copies of the character given by each employer.

Pope Leo's resident physician follows his Holiness about almost like his shadow, and is forever going to and fro with a thermometer in his hand looking out for the slightest breath of an intrusive draught that might venture to blow rudely near the head of the church.

M. Spitzer of Paris is dead at the age of 74. He was the most remarkable example of the born collector in our age. He began life with nothing and has ended it the owner of a collection of works of art valued at 20,000,000 francs. The Rothschilds were patrons of Spitzer.

Between the Ural and the Okhotsk seas there is a spot half as large as the state of Michigan, which is frozen ground to the depth of ninety-four feet. That is, it has never thawed out since the world was created, and probably never will, and even if it should nobody would have any use for it.

Capt. Zelinski, who has made a careful and protracted examination of European armies and armaments, expresses his belief that a body of such cavalry as we had in the war, properly trained to their method of fighting, would be able to defeat a force of double its size if the latter were made up of cavalry well trained in the European school.

The crowding of the tenement houses in New York City, where the sweating system of work is in vogue, is disgraceful. The state inspectors declare that it is now worse than ever before, on account of the great number of Polish and Russian Hebrews who have swarmed over certain parts of the East Side and taken possession of those trades in which the sweating system is practiced.

SHERMEN'S ILL-LUCK.

Suspended in Mid-Air and a Prey to Vicious Insects.

I came to one of these places filled with driftwood and attempted to climb over it, says a writer in *Forest and Stream*. I had got near the top, which was about twelve feet high, when a limb I was standing on broke, letting me drop some four feet between the logs. I was climbing over when the stub of a limb caught hold of the seat of my pants and there I was suspended in mid-air, and yet I was firmly wedged in between the logs, my feet within three or four feet of the water, but touching nothing, and when I attempted to draw myself up by my hands there was a snag that caught my back and prevented me from raising my body.



Here I was, all alone except for my dog; he walked out to where I was imprisoned and seemed to want to aid me if possible. The mosquitoes seemed to know I was in a trap, and accompanied by a dozen or more sand-flies they just pecked into me as though that was their only and last chance. But what could I do? I laughed as I struggled to free myself from the prison I was in. At last the limb that held me by the seat of my pants gave way, and down I went into the water up to my arms, besides nearly losing one of my eyes by a limb gouging me as I dropped between the logs.

Of course I did not attempt to get any trout there, as I had frightened them so badly they would not show themselves for some time. But just below this place was another mass of driftwood and brush, and here I got ten beautiful trout.

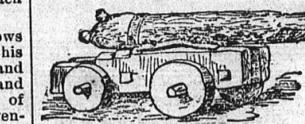
The Use of Slang.

"A man born and bred in the United States fails to appreciate how much slang he daily uses in conversation," said an intelligent American who had just returned from a continental tour. "He fully appreciates these blemishes, however, when he returns to America after having had daily intercourse with some of the well-bred persons in Europe. He picks up these blots on perfect speech so gradually and they multiply so rapidly that before he is aware of the extent of these acquisitions at least one-tenth part of his vocabulary consists of slang expressions. This fact is so true of America that even the ignorant peasants of Ireland recognize it when their countrymen return to their native land. As heard in America slang seems to add force and expression to conversation, but this is only seeming, for when contrasted with really simple and consequently elegant diction the difference in strength can readily be seen. There are some slang words, however, in the American vocabulary which, if used at the right time and place, find their bull's-eye like a minnie ball. But as a rule the use of slang words is only a blemish on conversation, and its use can be too heartily condemned."

A PRIMITIVE AFRICAN CANNON.

Ordnance Used by the Warriors of the Dark Continent.

Among the trophies of Germany's past triumphs that grace the grounds which surround the Marine Academy building at Kiel none is of more interest than a cannon made by natives of Africa and captured from them in a battle near Pangani. It has not the slightest con-



AN AFRICAN PIECE OF ORDNANCE. trivance for aiming and its caliber is very small. The carriage is made of wood. The wheels are cut out of one piece, approximately round, and are fastened to the wooden axles with long rusty nails. The piece of ordnance apparently would prove more dangerous to its owners than to the enemy.

Japan's Material Resources.

Some remarkable statements are made by professor Reit, a scientist who has been investigating the material resources of Japan. They reveal a national frugality and economy of a marvellous type. The area of Japan is less than one-tenth of its total acreage, yet its products support about 88,000,000 people. In Japan 2,560 persons subsist from each square mile of tilled land. A people existing in such circumstances must from necessity of preservation be provident, painstaking, hard-working, ingenious and frugal. The Japs appear to deserve all these adjectives. Agriculture with them is literally market gardening, because the soil is required to produce more than any other place in the world.

"Land, ho!" shouted the lookout. "Just listen to that," said Algy. "Did any one ever see a hoe that wasn't a land hoe?" "Why, certainly," said Pauline. "You can see several feet of water hose right on board." — *Terrific Express*.

PROVIDING AGAINST WANT.

Insurance for Bed and Board—A Novel Scheme of Co-Operation.

A form of practical insurance against want is under advisement in this city, in which a large portion of the laboring people should be deeply interested, says the Boston Herald. A working man is often thrown out of employment and reduced to great distress because he has little or no money laid by, and is unable to provide for his board and lodging while out of employment. It has been suggested that a people's mercantile company might be formed among themselves which would undertake to provide board and lodging with landlords at the rate of \$4, \$5 or \$6 a week, on such terms that, after one month of regular payments one week's board at half pay might be placed to the credit of the interested party, so that if he were out of work or sick or otherwise disabled, he might not be brought to discomfort because he could not pay his board. At this rate in six months a man would be entitled to one and a half months' credit for board, which at the half rate, would only cost him the price of one and a half months' board anywhere.

This plan, if it could be carried out, would be a great relief to hundreds of working people who are so suddenly disabled or compelled to be idle. It would be impossible for everybody to fall rapidly in debt to such a company, and only in case of extreme misfortune would persons be willing to surrender their certain insurance of food and lodging, which would grow larger as the years roll by. A company of this kind would need to have responsible backing in order to secure public confidence, but though it has never been attempted, it could easily be conducted on the basis which is common to similar undertakings. Payments would be made to landlords the same as now, and the company, after collecting a 20 per cent discount every week for a month, could afford to give one week's credit and do business on that basis. The credits would not be transferable except by consent of the company of directors, and would be dealt with by them in the same manner as if they were a life insurance policy. When such a company was established its range of restaurants or lodging and boarding houses would be such as to meet the wants of all classes of people. This is a system of co-operative effort, but it would be a company that could accumulate capital and increase its resources in proportion to its membership. It would thus be a safe investment for individuals without involving them in any personal responsibility beyond what their regular payments would demand.

This organization is not yet in existence, but it is one of the first practical suggestions for self-help which has sprung out of the movement for christian socialism in Boston, and when it is properly developed and brought into shape it looks as if it might meet a present and pressing need among people who are not forehanded and are not accustomed to make investments for themselves.

Nesting in Electric Light Globes.

A new use has been discovered for electric light globes. The spring birds have found that they make excellent places in which to build their nests sheltered as is the inner space from the winds and storms, and many a lively and lovely courtship may be seen almost any day by glancing at the top of the tall poles. The newcomers perch upon the edges of the globes and peep and twitter to one another as they make their connubial arrangements. Then they may be seen bringing their twigs and bits of straw and twine preparatory to beginning housekeeping. A day or two later and the domicile is all ready for occupancy. One may see the nests from below through the glass. The dear little fellows seem happy and contented, although they live in the full glare of light by day and by night. A bird's nest one expects to find hidden beneath a branch in some cool, shady spot and not in so conspicuous a place as this. But if the birds are happy there it is to be hoped that the faithful employes of the electric light companies will not interfere with them.—Boston Advertiser.

A Dangerous Clam.

The giant clam is the largest bivalve known. In Northern Australia this is considered an edible species and is regularly sought after by the natives. Mr. Denton of the United States Fish Commissioner has seen clams containing forty to fifty pounds of meat, and it is a matter of record that individuals weighing 300 pounds have been observed. The giant clam lies almost concealed in the reefs, just showing the beautiful blue and green of its mantle above the coral. The crushing power of this shell is startling. Mr. Denton thrust a stick as big as a man's leg between the valves of one of them and it was broken short off. A man's foot would be crushed as easily as a pipestem. The natives have a wholesome dread of stepping unawares into one of these formidable traps. They kill the animals by stabbing it with a long sword and then remove the meat without disturbing the shell, thus saving themselves a vast amount of labor and trouble.

A Lamp Chimney Eight Years in Use

A lady in America, Ga., is using a lamp chimney that she has had and used daily for the past eight years, and she expects to use it for many years yet. She says that she boiled it in salt and water when it was bought in 1892, and no matter how large the flames runs through it it won't break.

The Way It Is Said.

The sultan awoke with a stifled scream; His nerves were shocked by a fearful dream.

An omen of terrible import and doubt— His teeth all in one moment fell out.

His wise men assembled at break of day, And stood at the throne in solemn array.

And when the terrible dream was told Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold;

All stood silent in fear and dread, And wondering what was best to be said,

At length a scotchman, wrinkled and gray, Cried: "Pardon, my lord, what I have to say.

"'Tis an omen of sorrow sent from on high Thou shalt see all thy kindred die."

Wroth was the sultan; he gnashed his teeth, And his very words seemed to hiss and seethe.

As he ordered the wise man bound with chains, And gave him a hundred stripes for his pains

The wise men shook as the sultan's eye Swept round to see who next would cry,

But one of them, stepping before the throne, Exclaimed, in a loud and joyous tone:

"Exult, O head of a happy state! Rejoice, O heir of a glorious fate!

"For this is the favor thou shalt win, O sultan: To outlive all thy kin!"

Pleased was the sultan, and called a slave And a hundred crowns to the wise man gave.

But the courtiers nod, with grave, sly winks; And each one whispers what each one thinks:

"Well can the sultan reward and blame; Didn't both the wise men foretell the same?"

Quoth the crafty old vizier, shaking his head: "So much may depend on the way a thing's said!"

—Hebrew Journal

WHY SHE REFUSED HIM.

She drew up her horse at my gate. "Mr. Landon!"

I laid down my book and went down the path to her. She was always beautiful in her riding-habit, and the opal rose tint of her cheek was a little lovelier than usual, I thought that morning.

"How do you do?" she said soberly.

"Are you very busy?"

"Not very," I answered, glancing back at "Valentine Vox" turned upside down on a piazza chair. "What is wanted? Can I be of any service to you?"

"Not to me. But papa wished me to ask you if you could come up and direct Tom about trimming our poplar trees. The row by the south wall, you know. He knows nothing about it, and spoiled them five years ago."

"Certainly. I will be at the Three Elms in an hour or two. Miss Vattie."

She gave me a dainty military salute, and galloped away. That, and all her little tricks and ways were indescribably pretty.

Before I came to Bayswater, my sage sister had warned me how beautiful Miss Vashti Somers was. She begged me not to fall in love with her, and I had promised not to, I believe. But after my house was built, and I had settled at Bayswater—for the sake of being near my manufactory—I got in the way of spending my evenings very often at the place where she lived, called the Three Elms for the trio of old trees that stood before the door.

The family consisted of Mr. Somers, who was aged and infirm; Vattie, as she was called; two younger sisters, Mrs. 12 and 14, and their governess, Mrs. Stowell. Mr. Somers had taken quite a fancy to me, and entertained me with the garrulousness of old age; the children were pretty pets, and Mrs. Stowell was a sensible lady. All this, to say nothing of Miss Vashti's politeness, made their sitting-room an attractive place for a solitary old bachelor.

My sister, who was plain, old-fashioned, and practical, would have suffered untold anxieties had she known of this world, one of the working bees of this world, she could see no use or virtue in such a pretty, dainty being as Vashti Somers. The bare suggestion of her becoming my wife would have shocked her as a plan fraught with the most disastrous consequences.

But I don't know that I really ever thought of such a thing until the morning that I went up to superintend the trimming of the poplars.

Vattie had returned from her ride. She had replaced her habit by a wrapper of rose-colored cambric, and was cutting flowers in the garden, attended by a gentleman. He was a stranger. He was young and handsome. I saw him lift her basket; I saw her smile in his face, and—well, I was madly jealous.

It was a revelation of my own heart that I was not prepared for, therefore I did not go forward to greet her. I turned up a side path and went around to the south door. The two little girls, who were there studying came forward to meet me.

"Mr. Landon," said Rose, "has Vattie come home from her ride?"

"I believe she is in the garden," I answered.

"Then she is with Mr. Louvois," said Lilly. "He came while she was gone. He's very handsome. Mr. Louvois is, I'm afraid, and Sister Vattie is going to marry him."

Rose, who was younger and not romantic, laughed at her.

"Lilly thinks beaux are so nice," she said.

I smiled at the children, but my heart ached. But I was not fond of being miserable, and strove to throw off my depression. I called Tom, trimmed the trees, received Mr. Somers' thanks, and went home. I think I went about my business as usual, but something seemed changed. I had a strong disposition to run away from Bayswater and everybody I had ever known.

I did not go near the Three Elms for more than a month. This was unusual, and I knew would attract more attention, but I could not help it. The more

I thought of Vattie Somers' marriage the more deeply miserable I was. I felt that if she saw my face my looks would confess all.

So I staid at home. I spent whole evenings with a book without reading; I took long rides over the country, coming home dull and dispirited. Or I invited a few guests to my house, entertained the company, and bored myself excessively.

But one night, as I tossed on my pillow tormented by my disappointment, a thought occurred to me. I would propose to Vattie; put myself out of my misery, or plunge myself into darker despair.

I am aware that I was not a very brave lover from the first, for I wrote my momentous question instead of delivering it by word of mouth. I shut myself up in my chamber and spent the evening writing letters to her. The one which I finally dispatched was indited with the briefness of desperation:

"MISS VATTIE SOMERS: I love you. Will you marry me? AUBREY LANDON."

Then I rested from my labors. Her reply came back the next night:

"MR. AUBREY LANDON: I think you are mistaken. No! VATTIE SOMERS."

Then, of course, there was nothing for me to do but to forget her. This I did not succeed in doing.

But time waits not for miserable lovers more than for happier men. The summer went by, and it chanced that I never once saw Vattie Somers' face until a certain day about Christmas.

During the hot weather I drove to my counting-room, but on the fine winter days I preferred to walk. The road lay along the edge of a large sheet of water called Swan's pond. This by the middle of December was frozen across.

But one morning I was rather late to my business, and, wishing to make a short cut, I started to go across the pond on the ice. I had proceeded but half way across when the brittle substance gave way and I was plunged into the cold flood beneath.

At first I went under the ice, but though I could not swim I struggled to the aperture and, laid hold of the edge of the ice. It was thin, however, and kept breaking in my grasp, and a numbness began to come over me. I felt myself grow pale and my heart sank as I struggled.

Meanwhile I was half conscious of shouts and confused voices. I did not realize that they had any connection with me, however, until a slender figure in scarlet bounded like a roebuck on the ice above and beside me, and at the same moment a rope splashed into the water.

My brilliant preserver was away like the wind, but I had the means of escape in my hands and I clung to the rope, breaking the ice before me until I was drawn by unseen friends upon the bank. Then a dozen hands reached to my assistance, and I found myself surrounded by a crowd of men.

I was in a very exhausted condition. They put me into a carriage, and I believe it was Mr. Somers' Tom who drove home with me.

At any rate, it was Tom who assisted in putting me to bed, and dosed me with hot compounds until I felt as if I should explode.

"That will do, my good fellow, that will do," I said, at last. "I can't drink any more of anything. Just put away that glass, if you please, and tell me who it was that threw me the rope."

"Who should it be but Vattie Somers?" demanded Tom, who was but six years from Cork. "What other skater is there in Bayswater like her? Sure, no man could have ventured on that thin ice, and it was as much as her life was worth to go; but she did it—bless her purty, flying feet!"

The hot tears came into my eyes. I went to sleep very happy.

They kept me in bed two days, but I got out of their hands on the third, and drove to the Three Elms.

Vattie faltered and turned a little pale as she gave me her hand. But I took both little hands and drew her aside, though Rose and Lilly were looking on wonderingly.

"Darling, it is very noble in you to risk your dear life for a man you despise."

"But I do not despise you."

"For a man you dislike."

"For a man you do not love."

"But I do love you!" sobbed Vattie, yielding to my embrace.

Then she tried to release herself and talk of other things, but I had been denied too long to permit this, and I held her close, kissing lips and hands and bonny hair.

"Vattie, why did you refuse me?"

"Because I thought you were crazy to ask me in such a strange way, after shunning me for six weeks. Why did you do so, Aubrey?"

"I was troubled about Mr. Louvois. Lilly said you were to marry him."

"That was only a child's story. Mr. Louvois has married my cousin, Margaret."

The rest of my happiness I shall keep to myself.—N. Y. Weekly.

Sandwich Men in Uniform.

The English army and navy are being outraged by the sight of men in uniform of the highest officers parading about the streets of London at the head of processions of sandwich men advertising soap, and it is found that there is no law to prevent any one from wearing any uniform except that of a policeman.

The total population of Greenland at the end of 1888 was 10,291. There had been 162 deaths during the previous year, of which 81 had been by drowning from the native canoes and 10 by other accidents.

A HEROIC ROOSTER.

He is Death on Rats and a Terror to Hawks.

At no time, no matter what season of the year it might have been, has any one passed John Carley's barn, on the Sackett Pond road, during the past two years, says a letter to the New York Sun, without seeing from half a dozen to a dozen big rat skins nailed on the side of it next to the road. These skins are all taken from rats killed by a rooster that bosses the poultry harem on the Carley farm. The breed of this rooster is not known, as he was one of a brood of 3-weeks-old chickens that Carley bought three years ago from a neighboring farmer.

How long the rooster had been a rattle before his owner discovered the fact is not known, but one day, when the rooster was about a year old, Carley was walking along by the barn-yard and heard a great cackling among his hens, with which noise the loud squealing of a rat was mixed up. Carley stepped to the fence to see what the trouble was all about, and saw the rooster tugging away like mad at a rat's tail, which he had evidently caught in his strong bill as the rat was scurrying into a hole under the barn. The rooster gave two or three strong jerks at the tail, and succeeded in pulling the rat out of the hole. Quick as a flash the rooster swung the rat above his head and brought it down with all his might against a stone in the foundation of the barn. He gave the rat three whacks like that and then tossed it among the barn-yard litter, as dead as a stone and limp as a dish-rag. Within a short time after that twenty-three dead rats, evidently killed in the same way that this one had been, that Carley saw dispatched by the rooster, were picked up at intervals in the barn-yard. Then when any one on the farm went near the barn-yard they got to looking at the projecting stone on the barn foundation. If there was a fresh spattering of blood on it they knew the rooster had killed another rat. Then they took to skinning the dead rats and nailing the pelts on the barn to display the prowess and skill of the big rooster to the public, and from that day he has always had a fresh scalp or two to add to the collection every day or so.

If any one should pay a visit to this famous chicken just now he would find the great ratter somewhat bare of feathers about the neck, back, and wings, one of the latter being also badly crippled. This rather disfigured condition of the rooster is the result of what Farmer Carley calls "the nicest tussle he ever see." It seems that during the last week a very large chicken-hawk had been hovering over the farm, with an eye continually on Carley's barn-yard. One day last week Carley saw the hawk drop down from a great height directly into the barn-yard. The farmer started on the run for the yard, and when he reached it he found that the rooster, believing himself equal to any occasion hadn't hesitated to pitch in and attempt the same tactics on the hawk that had stood him in such excellent service as a ratter. He had the hawk's neck firmly inclosed by his powerful bill, and, as Carley declares, "he was swatting the hawk down against the stone like an old woman might whack the dust out of a door mat."

The hawk was nearly as big in body as the rooster and had an immense spread of wing, and the rooster soon found that he hadn't tackled the lightweight, squeaking rat. The hawk thrashed its wings about and clawed with his talons, and the rooster's feathers flew around like dead leaves off a tree. But the big chicken had the grip of his iron jaw on the hawk's throat and he kept it there in spite of the punishment he was receiving, and by and by the hawk, being unable to breathe, grew weaker and weaker and the rooster whacked out what life there was in him.

Carley is having the dead hawk mounted and will keep it as the greatest scalp his rooster has taken up to date.

Tamed by Perfumes.

Wild animals are completely fascinated and can be tamed by perfumes. There was a Mrs. Lee in India who had a tame leopard that played in the house with her children. He was inquisitive, as all the cat tribe are, and loved to stand on his hind legs and with his fore paws on the window sill look out at the passers-by.

When the children wanted the place for themselves they would all take hold of his tail and pull him down by that. He was generally very amiable, but sometimes, his claws being very sharp, the children were scratched. So Mrs. Lee taught Sal to keep his claws sheathed by giving him when he did so a little paper tray on which lavender water had been dropped. This would throw him into transports of delight. He would tear the paper into bits and roll over with it on the floor. With nothing but a bottle of lavender water I have become the best of friends with a leopard, a tigress, and a lioness in the menagerie.—India Stories.

Explorers' Use of Tobacco.

Henry M. Stanley carries his pipe with him wherever he goes, and usually carries it in his mouth. But Dr. Nansen, though addicted to the weed, habitually abstains from tobacco when on his travels. The same is true of H. H. Johnston and Joseph Thomson, who have some reputation as African explorers. Emin Pasha smokes cigars and cigarettes, and is very expert in rolling the latter.

A yellow horse is like a duty. It has to be done.

VORACIOUS WOODCHUCKS.

What the Creatures Can Do for a State When They Are Feeling Good.

The woodchuck is of the same family as the rat and the squirrel and the prairie dog, and the latter is its nearest relative, for the prairie dog isn't a dog any more than the woodchuck is a hog. While New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey are garden spots for the woodchuck, some of the New England States, notably New Hampshire and Connecticut, are its paradise. In New Hampshire the woodchuck has forced the State to recognize it as an important factor in the political economy of the commonwealth. It has a place in the vital statistics of that State, for its efforts in anticipating the farmer in the gathering of his clover crop, his turnips, his cabbages and many other of his products, led a few years ago to investigation that startled the economists among the local statesmen.

Woodchuck statistics computed at the time by a New Hampshire student of economics laid bare the fact that one healthy groundhog—and there are no unhealthy ones—would eat, during the first of May and the first of September, 500 pounds of red clover, first and second crops. An inside estimate placed the number of woodchucks in New Hampshire at 482,960. No one made a business of hunting them there, and if 1,000 were killed casually during any one year, the number was large. The statistician, to be generous, however, figured on the basis of 470,000 woodchucks, all busy during the four months mentioned, cutting and mowing away clover throughout the State—to say nothing of the other farm products they saved the farmer the trouble of gathering himself. If one woodchuck harvested 500 pounds of clover, of course, there was no way of getting around the fact that at the same rate each 480,000 woodchucks gathered a crop of 235,000,000 pounds, the equivalent of 118,500 tons, every year, if the season was favorable. Placing hay at even the low price of \$6 per ton, here was the astounding exhibit, as plain as the simple rules of multiplication, and the simple rules of the public, and the annual division could make it, that the annual tribute woodchucks were levying on the hay fields alone of the patient New Hampshire husbandmen amounted to the stupendous sum of \$705,000. At the next session of the Legislature suppression of the woodchuck was the absorbing question before it. Some eager legislators were in favor of offering 25 cents a head for woodchucks, but it was finally decided that the farmers would be satisfied with a bounty of 10 cents a woodchuck for clearing their farms of pests, and 10 cents it was. The woodchuck became an outlaw with a price on his head. It wasn't a large price, but it has served as such an inducement to the hunting of the woodchuck that bounties on an average annual kill of 100,000 of the animals has been collected in this State ever since. The local statistician referred to calculates that this big removal of four-footed harvesters has saved to the farmers not less than \$125,000 annually on hay alone for seven years. The farmers can't get around the figures, but like the man who quit smoking for a year and saved \$500, they ask: "Where's the money?"

How Beck Got Fair Play for a Boy

An interesting story is current about Mr. Beck in the early days of his life in Lexington. He was always keen to take the side of the weak against the strong. On one occasion he offered to trash a whole circus company, in the slavery days, when, in the circus, a call was made for volunteers to ride a trick mule. Fifty dollars was offered to anybody who would stick on. A little darky came forward and mounted the mule's back. After going around the ring a few times the mule began a series of tactics to dislodge his rider. But the little darky stuck like wax, and it soon became pretty plain that the mule unaided could not get him off. The ringmaster, thinking himself safe in maltreating a friendless negro boy, came up and gave his colleague, the mule, several sharp cuts with his whip that sent darky and mule rolling over in the sawdust.

Mr. Beck saw the fraud. He jumped down from his seat, dashed into the ring, and, catching the ringmaster with a very persuasive grip, administered some Jacksonian language to him, and demanded the money for the boy. The ringmaster showed fight. This was an easy matter, but it did not look so easy when the whole circus company took sides with the ringmaster. The spectators immediately sided with the man who had championed the friendless little darky. The money was paid over to the boy.

Could Only Speak for Himself.

You have met the old man of the country village who, having been all his life a devoted church member, and having been a deacon and a member of the council of the church, and all that sort of thing, has gradually grown into such familiar relations with the Creator that he advises Him every morning what to do about the weather, and about the village, and about the Government. There is a beauty, after all, about his egotism. It is at least honest, and if he perhaps overrates his influence with the Divine Ruler it is because he is conscious of having led an upright life. He doubts the chance even of the minister in the matter of Heaven, but he has no doubt of his own election. "Uncle," said his niece one day, "are you quite sure you are going to Heaven?" "Sure! Why, my dear child, I am just as certain of it as that I am sitting here!" "And about aunt?" "Well, well, my child, I hope so, but I'm not at all sure about her."—San Francisco Chronicle.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 30.

PEOPLE'S TICKET.

STATE.
Chief Justice.....W. F. Rightmire
Chase county.
Governor.....J. F. Willits
Jefferson county.
Lieutenant Governor.....A. C. Shinn
Franklin county.
Secretary of State.....R. S. Osborn
Rooks county.
State Treasurer.....W. H. Biddle
Osborn county.
Attorney General.....J. N. Ives
Rice county.
State Auditor.....B. F. Foster
Shawnee county.
State Supt.....Mrs. Fannie McCormick
Barton county.

Congressman, 4th district.....John G. Otis
Shawnee county.

Wabaunsee county has put a full
Alliance ticket in the field.

Shawnee county will nominate a
full county people's ticket on Satur-
day of this week.

Horse racing and pool selling are
among the modern fads that are of
no benefit to society.

The people did a sensible thing
when they nominated John Davis for
Congress in the Fifth District. But
then they are doing sensible things
this year very generally.

Senator Plumb continues to be very
reticent. If the thing goes on it can
not be long until he is landed clear
outside of his party into the middle
of the alliance movement.

The Alliance picnics are everywhere
noted for their harmony, enthusiasm
and great numbers. If one wants to
get an idea of the political sentiment
of this state, he must get outside of
what have heretofore been called pol-
itical centres.

It will be really a terrible thing
when North Carolina gets the whole
United States into its frightful clutch-
es. If we may believe the silly rep-
ublican press the mouse is a very
vicious and unruly creature and is
actually intending to swallow the ele-
phant.

In this great farmers' and people's
movement let it not be forgotten that
selfseeking is the first thing to be
condemned. Let it be enough to set-
tle any man who is known to be seek-
ing position, high or low. Every
man must be willing to work in the
ranks and if he proves to be valuable
there his merit will be recognized.

A Nortonville editor asks, Who is
J. F. Willits? The Winchester Her-
ald takes him down for not knowing
one of the most prominent men of
his own county, who has represented
his district in the legislature, been
foremost in all county affairs, and
one of its largest farmers. But there
are some fellows who delight in their
ignorance.

It is amusing to note the tenor of
the politician's platforms this year.
They are copied in substance from
the St. Louis platform and are filled
in with promises. They fairly slop
over with taffy for the farmer and
the workingman, as if they were so
many flies to be caught with a little
roam and molasses smeared over the
paper on which their promises are
written. Gentlemen, the people are
tired of soft soap.

The republican politicians cannot
find any fault with the people's tick-
et, and as for the platform they are
stealing it without scruple. The rep-
ublican politician is an adept at
platform stealing. It is only the
brewer and distiller that he fears
when it comes to platforms. He can
endorse or repudiate pretty squarely
everything else. He can hedge or
explain away every plank of the peo-
ple's platform. He can and will be
severe on trusts and monopolies and
every other evil into which the cupid-
ity of man enters, and while promis-
ing the people every effort in their
behalf, will humbly serve every be-
hest that comes from the democra-
tic-republican junta that rules in Wall
street. Pulverize the political rings!

Republican farmers of Kansas:
Stick to the alliance as a business as-
sociation, and make it pay. You are
suffering from vicious legislation,
done in the interests of political dem-
agogues and speculators. Your only
effective remedy is the ballot box.
Cultivate it thoroughly. Beware of
time serving politicians, who think
more of party names than of live
principles.

A resolution has been offered in
Congress to inquire what legislation
is needed to prevent corporations
from employing large bodies of armed
men under the name of detectives,
but clothed with no legal functions.
It is quite time to ascertain by what
right Pinkerton detectives are em-
ployed to do police duty without
authority from the state. The out-
rage has been endured quite long
enough.

It is the politicians and not the
people who are indulging in all this
nonsense about the south. The peo-
ple are right. It is time to stop all
these eubillions of party sectional
prejudice. The west especially need
not indulge in it. Political control
has departed from the east and from
the south. The south is as loyal as
the north, and if it were not so, the
fault would be with the politicians
who have labored to keep up these
sectional antagonisms for party, and
not for patriotic purposes. The sooner
this whole infernal game is stopped
the better it will be. Every column of
of this miserable stuff that appears in
the Topeka Capital ought to cost its
party a hundred votes in every coun-
ty.

It is said that the people of Dou-
glas county, without regard to party
or race or previous condition, have so
little confidence in their daily local
papers that they will defeat any
movement that is seriously advocated
by them. Hence it is that the Law-
rence dailies do not dare to support
any party nomination this year and
a weekly Funston organ will be sent
out from the Journal Tribune office
with John Speer as its reputed father.
Mr. Speer has been for some time in
the employ of J. B. Watkins, who
wants congressional help to develop
his Louisiana interests, including a
railroad from the gulf to Kansas City,
and it is thought that Funston will
help in the matter. It is all self and
speculation, and the people should
rise up and stop it, as they promise
to do.

The Capital is irritated because
L. L. Polk, national president of the
farmer's alliance, thinks that the alli-
ance platform is the simplest and
purest exposition of old fashioned or-
thodox democracy to be found. We
fail to see why this should act like
a plaster of Spanish flies. We agree
with Mr. Polk, and think there has
been no such pure democratic doc-
trine set forth for all these many years,
as is found in that platform. We
like Mr. Polk's phrase, "old fashion-
ed, orthodox democracy." All the
trouble arises from the fact that mod-
ern politicians of the calibre of the
Topeka Capital are all in a muddle
as to what real democracy is. They
have allied themselves to the very op-
posite idea, and instead of advocating
the cause of the people, as true de-
mocracy must do, they are as firmly
fixed to the support of privileged
class, as barnacles to a ship. There
is just one issue in this nation, as
there has been just one in ages past.
That issue is the people against class
privileges. True orthodox democra-
cy stands by the people. The St.
Louis platform is the exposition of this
idea. True republicanism means the
same thing. Modern republicanism
and modern democracy are to all in-
tents and purposes one and the same
thing, a dwarfed and servile slave of
aristocratic pretenders, of privileged
classes. The intelligent reading man
who does not see and know this, has
failed to grasp any knowledge of the
growth and development of civil lib-
erty as it has burst the chains of priv-
ilege all along the ages of the past.
Yes, there is no doubt about it. The
farmers' movement is a democratic
movement. Demos, the people. See
how men will get back, now and then,
to original principles.

For the Benefit of Agriculture.

Senator Vance proposed the fol-
lowing amendment to the tariff bill:

WHEREAS, From an early period in
our history, duties upon foreign im-
ports have been levied with the
avowed purpose of promoting the in-
terests of domestic manufacturers
and drawback or rebate have been
given of the duties on raw materials
used in the manufacture of all arti-
cles exported for the same purpose;

and
WHEREAS, For the encouragement
of the production of spirits and tobac-
co all internal revenue taxes are re-
funded upon those articles which are
exported abroad; and

WHEREAS, Bounties have long been
granted to our fishermen by a draw-
back of duties upon the salt used in
their business and subsidies are pro-
posed to aid in the building and sale
of ships; and

WHEREAS, Agriculture, the greatest
in importance of all our industries,
has not been, and in the nature of
things cannot be aided in the same
manner, the duties heretofore for that
purpose having for the most part
proved wholly unavailing; and

WHEREAS, It is desirable to do im-
partial justice to all of our industries
and to give no one an advantage over
the other; and inasmuch as there is
no other way by which agriculture
can be compensated for its contribu-
tion to the support of manufactures;

THEREFORE BE IT ENACTED, That in
all cases where it can be shown by
proof satisfactory to the secretary of
of the treasury that any goods, wares,
or merchandise imported into this
country have been purchased abroad
by any citizen of the United States
by exchange of farm products grown
in the United States for such goods,
or where such goods have been pur-
chased with the proceeds or avails of
such farm products in foreign coun-
tries, such goods, wares or merchan-
dise shall be imported at the follow-
ing rates of duty to-wit: One-half
the present duty on all manufactures
of iron and steel, 40 per cent of the
present duty on all woolen or cotton
goods, or articles of which wool or
cotton may be the component mat-
erial of chief value, one-half the pre-
sent duty on earthenware, china and
glassware, 30 per cent of the present
rate of duty on all materials used for
fertilizers or in the manufacture
thereof, and 25 per cent of the pre-
sent rate of duty on jute bagging and
farmers' binding twine.

The attempt to find a vulnerable
point of attack in the people's ticket
has proven to be such an utter failure
that marked attention has been called
to the fact. The men are all good
and absolutely fire-proof against all
the old political weapons. So far it
seems to be hardly worth while to as-
sail them with lies. Nothing can be
found to base a falsehood upon. A
political lie against a candidate needs
something for a basis, as then it may
require explanation. It was very ag-
gravating for the convention to place
the ring politicians in such a predic-
ament. The people's convention
should have been arrested for cruelty
to animals.

Henry Burgener, a farmer living
five miles west of Newton, went into
a yard where a bull was kept. The
brute tossed and butted him until his
son drove it off. The bull had recent-
ly been dehorned, to which Mr. Bur-
gener likely owes his life. Three
ribs were broken and he was internal-
ly injured.

Six thousand head of cattle suffer-
ing from disease are held in quaran-
tine at Newton. They are dying off
rapidly and considerable controversy
has arisen as to the nature of their
illness. Some claim that the cattle
are suffering from Texas fever, while
others hold it is a disease known as
dry murrin. The circumstances at-
tending the quarantine are destined
to lead to endless litigation, several
suits having already been commen-
ced. It is feared that the late rains,
filling the streams which run through
the pasture occupied by the quaran-
tined cattle will convey germs of the
disease to herds grazing in fields
down stream, which will give rise to
further lawsuits. Several Topeka
veterinarians have gone to Newton.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward
for any case of catarrh that cannot be
cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J.
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe
him perfectly honorable in all business
transactions, and financially able to carry
out any obligations made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists,
Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale
Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,
acting directly upon the blood and mu-
cous surfaces of the system. Testamon-
ials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle.
Sold by all druggists.

CENTRAL MILL.
J. B. BILLARD, Proprietor.

FLOUR, MEAL & FEED, GRAIN, GRAHAM AND HOMINY,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR AND COAL.

SILVER LEAF FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

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INTER-OCEAN MILLS.
PAGE, NORTON & CO.,
NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Millers and Grain Merchants

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

Western Foundry
—AND—
MACHINE WORKS.
R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r.

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

DENTISTRY

Teeth Saved—Not Pulled. Crowns, Clean and
Strong, on Broken Teeth.

S. S. White's Teeth on Celluloid Plates. Best and
Strongest Made. Whole and Partial Sets.

EASTERN PRICES.

J. K. WHITESIDE,

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

Smoking Out Hog Cholera.

A correspondent of the National Stock-
man, relates how a neighbor smoked out
hog cholera, as follows: "I lost one and
others were sick, refusing to eat. I built
a pen large enough to contain my drove
and covered it tightly. In an old ash
bucket, with a few corn cobs, I filled the
pen with smoke, putting on a small
amount of sulphur, and at the same time
sprinkled small quantities of carbolic
acid. I kept them in five to fifteen min-
utes twice a day for five days; being in
this tight covered building they were
compelled to take their medicine," and
it proved of great benefit."

The Prairie Farmer remarks that, the
probability is the hogs did not have true,
contagious hog cholera, but some lung
trouble often mistaken for hog cholera.
A little pine tar with the sulphur would
do for the hogs for good. And
we may add, that, in this remedy, by in-
halation, the smoking should not be con-
tinued after the animals begin to cough
from its effects.

President George T. Fairchild of the
state agricultural college, is elated over
the passage by congress, of a bill which
makes an appropriation of \$15,000 a year
for the agricultural college of each state.
This will almost double the fund at the
disposal of the Kansas agricultural col-
lege each year and will greatly enlarge
its field of usefulness.

The college has a very large endow-
ment fund, growing out of the sales of
public lands which were allotted to the
institution, but as the rate of interest is
decreasing the institution has not been
able to raise as large a fund to meet its
current expenses as the officers deemed
necessary. The appropriation just made
puts every thing in good shape.

President Fairchild says that the out-
look for the coming year is very prom-
ising.

The census will not only tell us how
many sheep were killed by dogs within
the past year, but will tell us how many
dogs it took to do it. Leaving out the
dogs harbored in cities, will it be shown
that there are more dogs than sheep on
the farms of the United States. Sheep
pay, dogs don't. It was a rule of Ricardo
that to be successful in business we must
"cut off losses and let profits run on."

Reduced Rates for Meeting Grand
Lodge of Odd Fellows at To-
peka, 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 To-
peka; from points beyond the 200 mile
limit, tickets will be sold September 18th
and 14th.

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
"that line."

For further detailed information apply
to the nearest ticket agent, who will
kindly furnish you time of trains, rates,
etc.

Established in 1879.
J. H. LYMAN & Co.,

PIANOS & ORGANS.

803 Kansas Avenue.

Agent for the Unequaled Mason &
Hamlin Pianos & Organs.

Agents for the Celebrated Estey
Pianos and Organs.

Story and Clark Organs.

DAVIS SEWING MACHINES.

TOPEKA.

THE ODELL
Type Writer.

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

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY,
SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without
cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no
ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAR
SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted
to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing
press, it produces sharp, clean, legible man-
uscripts. Two to ten copies can be made at one
writing. Any intelligent person can become a
good operator in two days. We offer \$1,000 to
any operator who can equal the work of the
DOUBLE CASE ODELL.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special
inducements to dealers.
For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, &c., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
Rookery Building, CHICAGO ILL.



PRINCIPAL POINTS
EAST, WEST,
NORTH and SOUTH

AT
Topeka - Kansas,
H. B. HARRINGTON,
City Ticket Agent,
525 Kansas Avenue.
J. F. GWIN, Depot Agent.
R. E. HAYNES, Perry, Kansas.

Free Reading Matter.

There are various schemes for supply-
ing reading matter at a trifle above ac-
tual cost.
What would you think if you could get
good literature free?
Drop a postal to G. T. Nicholson, G. P.
& T. A. A. T. & S. F. R. R. Topeka, Kans.,
and ask for copy of To Mexico by palace
cars.
You can also procure free copies of "A
Santa Barbara Holiday," "Guide to
San Diego Bay Region," "Las Vegas Hot
Springs Guide," and folders relating to
Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas.

Farm Notes.

Pen up your wethers and make them fat before selling them by feeding them grain liberally. The hens that are shedding their feathers (molting) need very nourishing food...

While corn is perhaps the cheapest grain that can be fed to hogs, yet it is not the best. Wheat middlings and bran make better pork than will corn.

The potato beetle has twenty-five parasitic enemies. Yet notwithstanding these and all the poisons, how heretically it stands up and defies annihilation.

The farmer who grows grass has the most valuable aid to be desired. With a grass foundation there should be no limit to the capacity of a farm to produce crops.

Pine tar is harmless and costs but little. Apply it to the troughs from which sheep drink. A small quantity of it on the noses of sheep will defend them against the gad fly.

Leave a patch of turnips in the ground for a supply of spring greens. If covered with straw and cornstalks the turnips will keep in the ground all winter and begin growth early in the spring.

As a sheep dip the following is recommended by a breeder: Add 40 pounds of soft soap to ten gallons of boiling water, and while boiling add 1 pound of carbolic acid. This may then be thinned down with 100 gallons of cold water.

If there are a few acres of land idle, the ground should be plowed and sown with millet or with turnips for fall or winter feeding for the cows. Early sweet corn may also be planted in the fore part of August and make good late feeding for the cows.

When a piece of grass is devoted to hens and chickens the pen should be moved every day. It is healthier for the hens and chickens, the ground does not become tainted, and, by moving them systematically and regularly, the ground first used is fit to be reoccupied when its turn comes.

Cabbage plants from fall sown seeds are thought to give earlier heads than those from spring sown ones. Sow the seeds toward the close of September and winter the plants in cold frame.

In applying manures to the soil aim to give the kind that the soil most requires. This may be known by careful observation of the kind and quality of the food allowed the stock. The value of manure depends entirely on the materials of which it is composed. It is impossible to make rich manure from inferior feeding material.

Spinach is usually sown in the fall. The seeds should go in the ground this month or September. The ground should be plowed and well-worked, and the young plants protected from weeds until they are well under way.

The Household.

Two teaspoonfuls of liquid make one desert spoonful. Occasionally use a couple of drops of camphor on the tooth brush. Heartburn may be relieved almost instantly if half a teaspoonful of table salt be dissolved in a wine glass of cold water and then drunk.

Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water; it will whiten the clothes and also remove the yellow cast on garments that have been laid aside for two or three years. Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear. Rinse, shake and dry in the sun or by the fire.

Furniture Polish.—Equal parts sweet oil and vinegar and a pint of gum arabic well prepared; shake the bottle and apply with a rag. It will make the furniture look very nice. It is well to keep some canned salmon in the refrigerator, which then becomes firm and slices nicely; placed on a platter surrounded by slices of ham or it makes a pretty and tempting supper dish.

When the nose of your coffee pot gets stopped up fill it up with cold water, add from one-half to three-fourths of soda, place it on the back of the stove, let it come to a boil; then pour the water out through the nose and you will find it is all clean. A good diet for sufferers from bilious disorders and the frequent troubles of indigestion in summer is tomato puree, made in a very simple way. Broil the tomatoes, sprinkle them lightly with salt and a little red pepper and squeeze the pulp from them with either a cheese-cloth bag or a Henis strainer. The puree thus obtained has neither skin, seed nor hard fiber to make any trouble, and is deliciously appetizing.

Green Corn.—Boil corn thirty minutes in boiling salted water, and serve immediately. Vanilla Snow.—Cook one cupful of rice in a covered dish to keep it white. When nearly done, add one cupful of cream, a pinch of salt, the beaten whites of two eggs and one cupful of sugar. Flavor with vanilla. Pile in a glass dish and dot with jelly. Serve with cream and sugar.

Delicious Tea Rolls.—One quart of flour one tablespoonful of butter, one teacupful of fresh milk, half-a-tea-cupful of good yeast, two eggs, one level tablespoonful of sugar, salt to taste. Mix to a soft dough at 10 o'clock in warm weather. When risen sufficiently, knead well, make into round or oblong rolls. Sprinkle slightly with warm water, set to rise again, and bake quickly as soon as they are ready.

Sliced Green Tomato Pickles.—Slice one peck of green tomatoes, sprinkle one cup of salt over and let them stand twenty-four hours, then drain; boil them in a gallon of good vinegar until tender, then take out and place in a jar. Put one teacupful of horse radish, one large spoonful of cinnamon, one of allspice, half a tablespoonful of cloves and mustard, a teaspoonful of black pepper into the vinegar in a bag, and boil down to three quarts; turn over the pickles.

Fried Chicken.—Cut a chicken into good pieces for serving; wipe dry; season with salt, pepper and a little sage; roll in flour; have a cupful of suet lard boiling hot; sprinkle in a little salt and pepper; put in the chicken and fry slowly until brown; place it on a hot platter; to the fat in the spider add one cupful of warm milk and half a cupful of water, and one tablespoonful of flour mixed smooth; pour this over the chicken; garnish with parsley and pieces of lemon, and serve at once.

Bread of Mutton.—Remove the bones and gristle from a breast of mutton; mix together some freshly grated white bread crumbs, pounded cloves and mace (of each but very little), pepper, salt, the yolk of three hard boiled eggs passed through a sieve and a little very finely grated lemon peel. Flatten the meat, strew this mixture over it, roll it up, with broad tape, broil or roast it, set it aside to get cool, and serve with sliced cucumbers around it or skinned tomatoes cut in quarters.

Beef Tea.—Mince a pound of lean fresh beef fine and pour over it a quart of cold water. Let it stand for an hour, break up the meat, if it clogs, and set it where it will not reach the boil under another hour. Cook slowly after it begins to simmer around the edges, for two hours more; take from the fire, salt to taste (pepper, if there is no danger from the use of the condiment), and set away to cool, take off the fat, and strain liquor without squeezing. Now return to the fire, drop in the white of a raw egg and the shell, and bring slowly to the final boil, stirring up from the bottom now and then to keep the egg from "catching." Boil ten minutes after the effimer begins, and strain without squeezing through double cheese-cloth. Give very hot or ice cold. If further stimulant is needed, add a teaspoonful of sherry to each cupful of the bouillon or beef tea. The quart of water should have boiled down to a pint of clear, strong stock by the time the process is finished.

The melon vines are tender and should not be carelessly trampled on when going over the patch to pick the melons. Bitter milk comes from bad feed. The rag-weeds that follow a crop of rye always impart a bitter taste to the milk of cows pastured in such a field. Such milk is not popular even in the producer's family.

Horses chew no oats, but cattle have stomachs ("panaches") which they use as store-houses for storing cold victuals, and then re-masticate them between times at their leisure. For this reason horses need feeding oftener than do cattle.

Dairy Notes.

Rank watery grasses will water the milk to a degree that the milkman, if he gets that kind of milk, need not bother the pump handle.

The way to keep a cow clean is not to curry her, but to keep the dirt from getting into her, is what A. L. Crosby lays down as good cow gospel. Just so, Mr Crosby, but don't you think your article was bit off before it should have been, when you failed to tell how to keep all the dirt off. Sew her up in a bag, perhaps.

The cow must have proper food. She can only get this by her owner producing it or buying it. Hence if we would have a profitable dairy, the kind of crops that are to be grown is an important part of the dairy plan. Mr F C Curtis does not seem to fancy brine salting of butter. Well it is not much trouble for anyone to test its value. Some of the best butter makers recommend it, and while that is the case no one should conclude it is not good, until he has tried it.

An ounce of salt to the pound of butter is too much, writes a correspondent. Too much for him, we suppose. One person cannot determine how much salt is needed in butter to suit the taste of another. But when an ounce is used, half of it, perhaps, only remains.

The quality of the water drunk by the cow influences greatly the quantity and quality of the milk she gives. No beast ought to drink dirty, muddy water; water that the farmer himself would not drink. If farmers would learn this truth, and act accordingly, it would be a great step towards the manufacture of a better article than we make to-day. Two motives should induce us to give our cattle nothing but pure water to drink: the preservation of their health, and the production of a good article for sale.

Do not neglect to keep up the salt supply for stock out at grass, says Home, Stock and Farm. Cows giving milk will shrink their yield sensibly if deprived of this condiment, and other cattle will suffer in thrif if deprived of it, or irregularly salted. Horses kept at work must not be neglected in this regard. A box in the stable so that a moderate allowance can be given daily will insure a more constant giving than if one must run to the barrel to get what is needed. For stock a strong box made of two-inch stuff, eight inches deep, with a flange around the top so that cattle cannot flirt the salt out, should be in some convenient place under shelter so that stock can get a lick when they feel like it.

When the milk has once been produced, if good cheese is our object, two conditions must be realized before its delivery at the factory; the milking must be conducted with the greatest cleanliness, in proper vessels, well washed in boiling water, and the milk must be strained and aerated. It is better to strain twice than once. Three times than twice, and four times than thrice. A strainer made of several folds of calico is the best. The aeration of the milk acts upon the milk sugar and forms an acid from it. This acid thus developed in the milk acts in concert with the rennet in causing the coagulation of the curd and helping it to retain the butter-fat. Without aeration no man can make good cheese.

Nebraska dairymen are generally advocating feeding ensilage made from corn and clover mixed with a little meal. It does not seem to markedly affect the flavor of the milk and is highly relished by the cows.

The production of milk, says a dairyman, is in a great measure determined by the quality of the food. The best food, in my opinion, is clover hay and mixed grasses. Farmers in general do not appreciate clover. Clover is good; you cannot sow too much of it. It has all the elements necessary for the support of beasts; it is at the same time a meat-former and a purveyor of the heat. Bran is another good food. I prefer the modern roller bran to the old process or brown bran. Bran contains phosphates, and other elements entering into the formation of bones and muscles. Cotton-seed is a good food for milk-making. It contains an excess of albuminoids, and is one of the best things, to mix with straw, hay, ensilage, etc. Linseed-meal is good, too, but better suited to feed calves than for milk-making.

If your horses shrink from you when you enter their stalls do some detective work on your hired help, or—yourself.

First quality seed cannot be secured from the "culls" of melons or the cullings of any other crops. While this is true we believe it is best to pick a few of the first fruits of melons, cucumbers, tomatoes, etc., and then save for seed the best of the crop that follows.

A pot hunter was caught, not long since, shooting robins in a venerable Philadelphia churchyard. A fellow who would shoot song birds in a church yard, would break open a beaver to rob the corpse of the gold filling in its teeth.

A Chinese Rite.

We, who are always grateful to our benefactors, honor the inventor of the art of silk culture with a real perpetual gift. Beside the temples which we have erected in all the corners of the empire, her majesty the empress goes every year at the hatching season, in person, with all her suite, and in great pomp, to the field of the mulberry, to sacrifice to the goddess who was the queen of the Emperor Hoang-Ti. After the ceremony at the temple, her majesty, followed by her ladies, goes into the field, and, surrounded by the farmers' wives, cooks some mulberry leaves and lays them on a basket containing the newly hatched worms. The festival is closed with her winding a cocoon by way of setting an example, in the presence of the people, and distributing gifts to those persons who have been reported by the authorities of their villages as most worthy by reason of their fidelity in attention to the care of the silk worms.

This ceremony, which is one of the most important of those her majesty has to perform during the year, is a great incentive to the silk raising population, who cannot neglect their own work when they see their sovereign occupied in the same way. An old proverb says that "an idle farmer causes two persons to die of hunger, and a woman who will not weave will see ten dying of cold." The proverb illustrates the value of encouragement and shows that silk worm raising and weaving are duties of the women.

A New London Tower.

London is to have an Eiffel tower that will out-Eiffel Eiffel. It is to be 1,200 feet high, overtopping the wonder of Paris by 200 feet. The company has been formed, the stock subscribed, and the contracts are being let. Chicago will have an interest in the enterprise, as she did in the Eiffel tower, for the same elevator company is also to build the elevators for the new tower in London.

Estimates are now being prepared for that purpose. The fabulous profits from the Eiffel Tower are a matter of notoriety. English capital, which is seeking investment throughout the world at present, was attracted by the golden opportunity of doing as well, if not better. London, with her own five millions and her hundreds of thousand visitors, could support a tower as well as Paris. The president of the elevator company says: "The new tower in London will undoubtedly be built. We are now preparing estimates for the elevators. The tower will be 1,200 feet high, and will cost more, probably, than the Eiffel." "How much will the elevators for the London tower cost?" "The two we put in the Eiffel Tower cost about \$100,000 each. More than that I am unable to say."

Why Everybody Laughed.

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

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

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

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

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

A Dinner that She Did Not Eat—The

following from the "House and Home," is too good to escape quotation: I saw a 19-year old girl undertake to prepare a dinner not long since. First she gave the tea-kettle a shake to see if there were water enough for the tea. It wasn't boiling, but never mind. She emptied the grounds from the pot, but did not rinse it, and put in a handful of tea, filled up the pot with the warm water and set it on the stove. She then put over the potatoes cold water and without a cover. A round of beef steak—a cut not to be despised—was provided, and this she cut into pieces, put it into the frying pan with a lump of butter and a plentiful supply of salt and pepper, and set it on the stove. She then discovered that the fire was nearly out, and cooked with the aid of kindling-wood thrust through the grate and into the black coils. I was urged to partake of that dinner, but had too much respect for my stomach to accept the invitation. That girl is promised in marriage to a young mechanic earning moderate wages. A look ahead shows what their future will be and, if, during the dinners to come, he discourses upon the excellency of his mother's cooking, no one can blame him.

The best fed fruit tree is the last one attacked by insects. It is cheaper to haul than to drive the fat hogs to the railway station.

Frost is blamed for killing many an orchard tree that is starved to death. A trotting match between the cows and the dogs may be interesting, but it does not make butter.

You are under no obligation to loan to the person that does not promptly return articles in good order. We want to get rid of scrub land and scrub farming, as well as of scrub stock. Grade up all along the line! A score of farmers fail because they try to do something other than farming where one fails by sticking to farming. Get a stencil and put your name on your large farming implements, sacks, etc. Get a die and stamp your name on smaller implements.

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, Com
fortable 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.

One of the BEST...
The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to scope.

One of the BEST...
The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to scope.

DR. HENDERSON
109 & 111 W. Ninth St., KANSAS CITY, MO.
The only Specialist in the City who is a Regular Graduate in Medicine. Over 22 years Practitioner, 12 years in Chicago.

THE OLDEST IN AGE, AND LONGEST LOCATED.
Authorized by the State to treat Chronic Nervous and "Special Diseases." Seminal Weakness (night losses), Sexual Debility (loss of sexual power), Nervous Debility, Poisoned Blood, Ulcers and Swellings of every kind, Urinary Diseases, and in fact all troubles or diseases in either male or female. Cures guaranteed or money refunded. Charges low. Thousands of cases cured. Experience is important. All medicines are guaranteed to be pure and efficacious, being compounded in my private pharmacy, and are furnished ready for use. No running to drug stores to have uncertain prescriptions filled. No mercury or injurious medicines used. No detention from business. Patients at a distance treated by letter and express, medicines sent everywhere free from postage or breakage. State your case and send for terms. Consultation free and confidential. A 64 page BOOK For Both Sexes, sent illustrated for 5c in stamps. Every male, from the age of 15 to 60, should read this book.

REBUMATISM
THE GREAT TURKISH RHEUMATIC CURE.
A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. 60c for any case this treatment fails to cure or fails to give relief. Greatest discovery in annals of medicine. One dose gives relief in a few days. Removes fever and pain in joints. Cure completed in 5 to 7 days. Send statement of case with stamp for Circlet. Call, or address Dr. HENDERSON, 109 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.
The most successful and permanent cure of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is known to be the...
As soon as the last cutting of green corn is made for market, what is left, together with the stalks, should go at once to the cattle or the swine.

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

MANY persons will doubtless receive with incredulity the statement that hot water is the very best possible beverage in seasons of extreme heat. While the consumption of ice water and soda and all sorts of mixtures which foam and effervesce and look cool will yet leave one infinitely more thirsty than before, the hot water quenches the thirst and entirely relieves it.

SOME sensational newspapers are working over again the old story that physicians say that a great many more persons are buried alive than people think. Intelligent persons should not be frightened by this sort of clap-trap. Physicians do not think that many persons are buried alive. Doctors that put forth such opinions in interviews belong to the class of medical men that will say anything sensational to get their names in print.

AMERICAN naval officers who have adopted the cholera belt in the tropics find it so beneficial that they often retain it in all latitudes. It is simply a broad band of flannel worn night and day the year round tight about the waist, so as to protect the stomach from sudden changes of temperature. Those who wear the contrivance insist that it is an admirable promoter of digestion, and thousands regard it as well nigh an absolute preventive of stomachic disorders.

It hanging is brutal and electrocution unpleasant to the spectators, if not to the victim, modern genius ought to be equal to the invention of some process of extinction that will be mutually satisfactory to the public and the mortuary candidate. Perhaps it might be left optional with the party to be worked off as to the method. An overdose of chloral does frequent and effective service. Another might prefer to be filled with laughing gas and laugh himself to death.

MORE than half the rivers and lakes in Canada, the New England and middle states rejoice in Indian names. The like is true of the islands and mountains. As a rule the old Indian names are preserved for all natural divisions of land and water. Nearly all of them are singularly appropriate, as they are significant as well as beautiful. They are also distinctive and original. In the east Indian names have often been given to banks, vessels, hotels and manufacturing establishments.

As a people become prosperous and are able to indulge their more luxurious desires, a growing contempt for labor is manifested and it does not augur well for their future that such is the case. Aversion to labor is a potent factor in the downfall of nations. To come to despise and avoid that which has created and sustained us as a people and a nation is a deplorable condition of things. A contempt for labor on the part of the wealthy and educated begets a great many imitators in every grade of society down to the lowest grades of the tramps and the crooks.

A HUNDRED years ago we had only wagon roads to perform the work of the railroads of to-day, and post riders to perform the functions of the telegraph and telephone. Fifty miles was then the maximum of a day's journey, unless in cases of extreme necessity, while to-day we think nothing of going 100 miles and returning the same day, besides having some spare time for business or pleasure between times. One hundred years ago to send a letter from New York to Boston and receive an answer was a matter of some days under the most favorable conditions; now we flash an electric message around the globe in a few seconds and an answer is received earlier, by calendar time, than the message was sent.

THE report comes from California of the discovery of a new paint oil that is far superior to the oil extracted from flaxseed. It has better adhesive qualities, and when mixed with paint and applied to an exposed surface it lasts much longer. It is also claimed that neither the heat and dryness of summer nor the cold and wet of winter cause it to crack or scale off. Paint applied with this oil does not blister or form wrinkles. It preserves its elasticity and gloss much longer than linseed oil does. It is stated that it can be furnished at about half the price of the best linseed oil of commerce. In most kinds of work it is not necessary to add any "drier" to it. The new material is obtained from fish oil that has long been used for dressing leather.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Hints and Suggestions for the Busy Reading Ruralist.

Raising Flax for Its Fiber—Farm Machinery Should be Handled With Skill—Give Your Boys Good Tools—Stock and Dairy—Poultry—Household Hints.

Flax For Fibre.
Whenever Yankees turn their attention to flax for its fibre we are likely to make our own linens. Some changes in the present methods of growing flax for seed will be required, but it is a mistake to suppose that the seed and fibre may not be valuable from the same plant. It should neither be cut green nor left till dead ripe. In one case the seed is immature, and in the other the fibre is of little value. Flax must be sown pretty thickly for fibre. This prevents it from branching, and makes a straight, thin stalk. Land must be rich enough to grow flax thirty inches high, but new land does not bring fibre so good as that which has been some years cultivated. As a good deal of the flax grown in the West has been sown on raw prairie as its first crop, this may explain why attempts to use the fibre have not been more successful. It has also been sown very thinly, partly to economize seed, but more to have the stalks branch and produce more grain than they would growing more closely together.

Running Farm Machinery.
Some men, who are otherwise good farmers, have a constitutional incapacity for managing intricate machinery of any kind. More and more the work of the farm is done by skill in the use of implements rather than by muscle. To some men this work comes easy and natural. More than one farmer we have known whose natural bent was toward mechanical pursuits rather than towards hand cultivation. Some such never took much interest in farming until the abundance of farm machinery, often intricate, gave opportunity for developing their natural bent of mind. Such men should devote themselves wholly to the management of machinery, by going from farm to farm would earn more money and feel better than they would to carry on all kinds of work on farms of their own, and the greater part of which they took no interest in.

Inferior Small Tools.
We do not like to discourage purchase of expensive farm machinery. Farmers are conservative enough in this respect, and for those who are not, events have the past few years been teaching most valuable lessons. But very many save without economy in refusing to purchase new, lighter and more effective small tools for working the soil. It makes all the difference in the world for hoeing in the garden whether the hoe is sharp, light and easily handled, or dull, heavy and clumsy. The man who works by the day and furnishes his own tools understands this. The sharpness of his hoes and their greater efficiency in work often set the farmer's son to thinking about the mistaken economy his father exhibits in the tools that he thinks good enough for his boys to work with.

Burning Weed Seeds.
A low, smouldering fire that comes from burning half-dried weeds is scarcely ever hot enough to destroy the germinating power of their seeds. Every particle must be consumed, or some of the seeds will escape. In a pile of weeds there is usually carbonic acid gas at the bottom of the heap when burning. As the heat expands the coverings of the seeds they fall out and drop down into this stratum of air where no combustion is possible. As heat rises instead of falls, the seeds are not even destroyed by heat. This explains why so many weeds come up on places where the burning of weeds the year before had been thought complete.

Scattering Wheat.
There is less scattering wheat by new methods of harvesting, as the self binder leaves few heads, and unless the grain is overripe does not thresh it in binding. This tends to decrease the Hessian fly which always breeds in scattering wheat, that generally comes up weeks before the time for sowing the seed. If wheat follows wheat this scattering grain must be suppressed, or that fly will breed in it and destroy the crop.

Best Distance for Corn Plants.
Prof. Hickman of the Ohio Station says: "The greatest amount of marketable corn has been produced where the stalk averaged twelve inches apart. The variations in yield were slight, whether planted one grain every twelve inches, two every twenty-four inches, three every thirty-six inches, or four every forty-eight inches."

Stock and Dairy Items.
It is often supposed that ruminating animals don't need cut feed or ground grain. This is a costly and unreasonable error. Cattle fed upon whole grain will waste one-half of it that passes through undigested. Almost as much waste occurs with horses. The finer the feed is ground the better it is. There is a farmer who thinks selling cows will not pay. Well, what is selling. Only giving a plenty of the best food, nothing more, or less. The farmer

erills himself when he dines on good beefsteak, peas, beans, tomatoes, good butter and strawberries and cream after the meal, or after every meal. Will he say it does not pay to feed himself well, although it costs a little more than corn cake and skimmed milk?

The curing of the cheese depends upon the presence in it of myriads of microscopic organisms. Mr. Adametz, in an examination of various kinds of cheese, has found from 90,000 to 140,000 of these germs in each grain, which is equal to 15 grains in weight, and thus one ounce of fresh cheese may contain more than three millions of the germs. Cheese 45 days old has been found to contain as many as sixty-six millions of these germs to the ounce. It is thus shown, as has long been suspected, that the curing of cheese is due to the effects upon it of actively growing organisms.

Good feeding, regularity of feeding, and care to give water only before feeding, will avoid most of the disorders to which horses are subject at this season. Regularity applies not only to times, but quantity and kind of feed. Too much and then too little feed is injurious. Green food should always be given fresh and free from wet, and never when in a state of fermentation. The frequent colic of horses is always caused by injudicious feeding.

Poultry Pickings.
In selling young poultry now, select out some of the earliest and best, especially hens, for breeding.

Rub the top of the head and under each wing of the young poultry with lard and kerosene mixed well.

It rarely pays to set eggs for hatching much after the 1st of June. The weather is too hot to give a good start to grow.

In every town there are a few families that will pay a little more than market price for eggs that they know are fresh.

Goose feathers should be kept separate from the duck and chicken feathers. They sell for the highest price in the market.

It is quite an item to provide good ventilation at night in order to have the fowls comfortably healthy. But be careful to avoid draughts.

Where there is no great risk from thieves, it will be a very good plan to allow some of the fowls to roost on the trees or on the fences.

Do not feed corn alone during the summer; it is too heating and fattening at this time. Use it only in connection with other materials.

In shipping young poultry at this time see that they are well watered and fed before cooping, and do not crowd too many into the coops.

Hints to Housekeepers.
Rice, boiled very dry, is acceptably served with fish instead of potatoes. Soiled clothes should not be allowed to remain in the bedrooms. They taint the air and make it impure. Sprained ankle has been cured in an hour by showering with hot water poured from a height of a few feet.

Common washing soda and boiling water should be used to rinse all the waste pipes at least once every week or ten days.

If you are a tall woman arrange to have your work-table and ironing-board a few inches higher than they are usually made. This little precaution will prevent many a backache.

Fuel can be saved on ironing day by placing over the irons an old tin bucket or similar vessel bottom side up. You need a thick iron-holder, lined with paper, to handle them with when heated in this way.

Don't allow the broom to stand on the brush end when not in use; hang it on a nail by means of a ring in the top of the handle. Don't forget that a broom will last much longer if, after using it is dipped in boiling water for a few minutes.

In changing feathers, always put them into new ticks, as the feathers will surely prick through washed ticks. I believe our grandmothers rubbed the inside of the ticks with hard soap to prevent this, but I should prefer new ones. Old ticking can always be put to good use.

The easiest way to clean shoes or rubber over-shoes which have become muddy is with vaseline. A little "swab" of flannel on the end of a stick is good for this purpose. Even if the vaseline touches the hands, it forms a coating over them, so that the task is not so unpleasant as it otherwise would be.

Painted furniture can be wiped off with a little milk and water, and look bright as new. Bamboo, rattan and reed furniture can be cleaned with a damp chamol. I do not believe in the use of furniture polish; it may do for a time, but better use a soft flannel with a few drops of kerosene for polished furniture.

All preparations for waxing floors are heated by setting the kettle containing the mixture into another containing boiling water. By this means the beeswax becomes incorporated with the turpentine and other ingredients. No floor will be "sticky" if the wax is properly rubbed in. The best article for rubbing in oil or wax is a parrot brush, such as are sold by manufacturers of parquet floors, and at large house-furnishing stores.

"He Quarreled with His Wife," is the heading of a half-column article in an exchange. In this busy age a newspaper can hardly hope to attract attention with so commonplace a headline as that.—White-side Herald.

THE AGE OF ALUMINIUM.

Speculations Concerning the Future Use of This Wonderful Metal.

Have we really entered upon the age of aluminium? asks the Philadelphia Press. As it is well known, aluminium is the most abundant of all the metals on the earth's crust, and ever since its discovery almost every leading metallurgist and chemist has been working to find a cheap process for reducing it. In a large measure they have succeeded. Only a few years ago this metal cost more than gold. Today, thanks to the enterprise of Americans, it has been reduced to the price, block for block, of nickel. At \$2 per pound aluminium is a cheaper metal to use than nickel. It is nearly four times lighter than nickel, and will go therefore nearly four times as far.

Aluminium has only been on the market in a commercial way for about a year. In that time the applications to which this metal can be economically put have been found to be so numerous that the Press predicts its introduction will mark a great step in the advance of human progress. Aluminium at 25 cents per pound—and it will surely reach that price—will take the place of iron and steel in many important lines of manufacture. Its adaptability to ship-building becomes at once apparent. The use of aluminium for this purpose would change the mighty black racers of the Atlantic into bright silver vessels, which would inspire the marine poets to flights of hitherto unheard-of fancy in describing how "lightly the silver ships rode the blue billows." Seriously, there is a possibility that ocean racers in the course of time will be constructed of aluminium.

Its chief advantage is its lightness. At present one of the great difficulties in ocean navigation is the weight of vessels. It is impossible to get engine power sufficient to obtain more than twenty miles an hour. It has been estimated that if an Atlantic liner were built of aluminium, or that the weight of the material out of which ships are constructed be reduced by one-half, and their sides coated with a highly polished noncorrosive substance, it would have less than one-third the draught, and be propelled with the same engine power at double the speed which characterizes the iron-built steamships of the present day.

Commenting on this matter, the London Spectator in a recent issue said editorially: "It is calculated that a ship which, if entirely constructed of iron, would draw twenty-six feet of water would when made of aluminium not draw more than four or five. Practically, then, the light metal would treble or quadruple the number of miles of navigable rivers in the world, and we should think nothing of vessels crossing the Atlantic in seventy-two hours."

What a boon to humanity this change would be. Houses can be built of aluminium, and, as this metal never rusts and is as fire proof as iron, a house constructed of it would not only survive a great conflagration, but always exhibit a silvery, glistening surface. Passenger-cars made of aluminium would be incombustible, and would not be readily crumpled by collisions. Pure aluminium melts and becomes fluid at about 1,200 degrees Fahrenheit, and is most malleable at a temperature between 200 and 300 degrees Fahrenheit, although it can be rolled cold with frequent annealing. In malleability it ranks next to gold and silver, and may be easily drawn, its tensile strength varying from twelve to fourteen tons to the inch. It can be hammered into foil as thin as any beaten gold-leaf and rolled into sheets of five thousandths of an inch in thickness.

Whether the bright and beautiful aluminium will sooner or later replace the black and ugly iron in most of the latter's uses remains to be seen. There is aluminium in every clay-bank, in every plain, in every mountain side, and when it reaches a cost of say 25 cents a pound it is safe to predict that we shall have entered on an age of aluminium.

A Dream Strangely Fulfilled.

In 1862 I lived in the Shenandoah valley and was betrothed to a lieutenant in the southern army writes a correspondent of the N. Y. World. On the 2d of July I expected him home, but, owing to the irregularity of our modes of travel, did not know at what time he would arrive. I waited until 12 o'clock, and as he did not come I extinguished the light and threw myself upon a lounge.

I fell asleep, but awoke with a start, and found the room dimly lighted, the lieutenant standing beside me, looking ghastly pale and his uniform stained with blood.

I jumped up and exclaimed: "O Tom, what is the matter?" He answered, "I am dead. Go tell my mother and hurry to the field. I was mortally wounded, and knew you would give less you could find my body. So I crawled up, on the hill under a pine tree, to die."

Then all was dark. His mother and I went to the battlefield, and under an old pine tree we found him dead, his uniform stained with blood, just as I had seen it the night before.

New Mineral.

A new mineral has been discovered in vicinity of the little town of Homer Ky., and the inhabitants of that place expect to realize millions. The substance discovered is a black, pitchy formation, and is of a loamy appearance. When placed in the fire it burns with a clear steady flame, and makes a brilliant white light. It is entirely consumed by burning, leaving no ashes or clinkers.

THEY ALL DID IT, THEY ALL DO IT.

In Cleopatra's Time, as Well as Now, Women Painted Their Faces.

Are you a student of statistics? If you are you will be interested in knowing that a German who got accurate data concerning the amount of cosmetics used all through the world says that the money that American women pay for them would paint 17,000 houses allowing \$75 for each house! Notwithstanding this horrible charge I don't believe American women will quarrel when it comes to buying anything they think will add to their beauty. Of course, in nine cases out of ten, it doesn't add to it, but even a man has to confess that a tiny little bit of powder to take the shine off the nose is desirable. When Ovid was writing about women and their ways he said that a fancy for looking ill and delicate and playing on the feelings of the men had taken possession of them, and that it was a smart thing to get a fetching pallor on their faces by white lead or other stuffs. In the rains of Thebes an entire toilet case was found, with bottles of perfumery, jars of powder, and tubes of paint, with brushes and cloths, evidently showing that the belle of that day not only knew how to take good care of her skin, but believed in having good tools to achieve good results. The belles of Nineveh were willing to suffer to be beautiful; they had their skins made smooth with pumice stone and then they were enameled.

Cleopatra not only had every cosmetic known in her day to add to her good looks, but she also wrote a book on the care of the skin, which, unfortunately for the belles of to-day, is out of print. In 1779 the English Parliament, which always looked for the protection of its men, considered a bill that read this way: "All women, without distinction as to age or rank, maidens as well as widows, who should deceive the male subjects of his Majesty and mislead them into marriage by means of paint, salve, beauty water, false teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, corsets, or padded hips should be punished under the provisions of the law against sorcery, and the marriage shall be declared null." The bill did not pass, I believe, and it probably emanated from the brain of somebody who had been deceived, and who wished, generously, to save his friends. In England to-day paint is much more generally used than in this country, where what is known as "saucer rouge," and which is applied with a soft linen rag, is in greater favor. English women make up abominably. From the Princess of Wales to the chorus girls the idea of improving the face seems to be to put a dab of rouge under each eye and not to shade it, to leave the ears and chin untouched, and to suppose that everybody believes this is real.

If rouge is used it should always be shaded off with a little powder, the lobes of the ears and the edge of the chin each being touched slightly with it, because any face on which there is a glow of color has the pink also at points. Nobody blushes in a round spot. Shape the pink a little to your cheek, and if your face is very full make it longer than round. Don't put it on at all unless you think you can't do without it; that is to say, that you look so ghastly you feel that you need it. A color is sometimes given to the face by dabbing it in gin and water, the gin bringing the blood to the surface and giving it life; as in addition it softens the skin there is no reason in the world why it shouldn't be used.—N. Y. Sun.

Would-Be Suicide.

Dr. Cushing, a retired physician on the West side, gave me an interesting fact a day or so ago about suicides, says the N. Y. Star.

"Not once in a thousand times," said he, "do either men or women kill themselves while in the presence of another person. The tendency of the suicidal mania is always toward solitude. That is why in all the asylums of the land people who have a disposition to kill themselves are always kept together and there is no danger then." "Another remarkable fact is," added another physician who joined in the conversation, "that people who attempt suicide and fail are almost always afraid to die. When I was a young doctor in a hospital we used to sometimes play pranks on men brought in who had a tendency to kill themselves. I recall a very interesting case which happened not long ago. A man was carried into the institution who had attempted twice in one day to commit suicide.

"Let us see," said I to another physician, "how badly this man wants to die."

"I handed him a harmless mixture, of which he gave the man a good dose. I turned quickly around, snatched the bottle out of his hand, and said so that the would-be suicide could hear me:

"My God, doctor you have killed that man! Get the stomach pump at once!"

"The man, who only a few hours before had tried to take his own life, instantly became scared to death at the thought of losing it. He begged like a good fellow to be saved. I have never known it to be otherwise that, if a person fails to take his own life, he is afraid to lose it by accident."

Mississippi Wine.

The Supreme court of Mississippi has decided that wine made in that state from grapes grown there may be sold in the state even in prohibitory counties. The laws of that state encourage the manufacture of native wines.

THE OLD FARM.

Dormered and verandaed cool,
Locust-girdled on the hill,
Stained with weather-wear and fall
Of weird whispers, at the will
Of the sad wind's rise and lull;
I remember, stood it there
Brown above the woodland deep
In a scent of lavender,
With slow shadows locked in sleep
Or the warm light every where.
I remember how the spring,
Liberal-lapped, bewildered its
Squares of opahd murmuring:
Kissed with budding puffs and bits,
Where the wood-thrush came to sing.
And it stood there brown and gray,
In the bee-boom and the bloom,
In the murmur and the day,
In the passion and perfume,
Grave as age among the gay.
Good with laughter romped the clear
Boish voices 'round its walls;
Rare wild roses were the dear
Girlish faces in its halls,
Music haunted year to year.
Sleeps it still among its roses
Dewy yellow, while the choir
Of the lonesome insects dozes?
And the white moon drifting lighter
Brightens, and the darkness closes—
Sleeps it still among the roses?
—(Madison J. Cawein.)

Systematic Weed Killing.

There is no labor more universal among cultivators than the attempted destruction of weeds, and there is none which is commonly gone about with more irregularity and want of system. Weeds infest nearly all cultivated grounds, and their destruction is generally attempted after they have grown a foot high, more or less, either by laborious hand labor, or more rapidly but more imperfectly with the work of horses. In the garden it is mostly per-

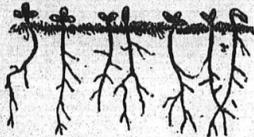


formed, if at all, by the hand; in the large corn field the plow and cultivator turn over or tear up the large weeds and leave many untouched.

The true management should be the commencement of this labor with the planting or sowing of the crop. The young weeds should be destroyed before they reach the light. The soil has been stirred for planting; but within a week it should be stirred again to kill the young sprouting weeds. With small tender plants, the small harrow or cultivator may be passed between the rows of field crops; with large strong rooted plants, like corn, the slant tooth harrow may be passed over the whole broadcast, pulverizing and destroying the small sprouting weeds, but doing no harm to the strong corn plants, whether before or after they have reached the light. In the garden the steel rake may do the same work in the narrow bed as the horse harrow performs in the field.

The accompanying figures will serve to explain our meaning. Figure 1 represents a crop of weeds sprouting, and ready to come up during the first week after the soil has been turned. If the weather is warm and the soil moist, they will often sprout an inch in four or five days, and then is the time to pulverize finely an inch or two of the whole surface of the soil. In doing it every weed is broken, crumbled, and destroyed. A double benefit results from it in the breaking of the earth and giving to the coming crop a mellow surface.

Fig. 2, somewhat reduced, shows the young weeds a week later. They have reached the light, are a tenth to a fourth of an inch high, and have sent down roots two inches or more in length. These roots, if numerous, double the labor required to destroy them, compared with those shown in Fig. 1. But the steel rake and the slant harrow will do good work with them. It is estimated that the labor required for removing weeds when fully grown is at least 10 times as great as for those in Fig. 2, and about 20 times as great as in Fig. 1. This difference has been tested by actual experiment. Two given areas of soil were measured off for prompt rak-



ing, and another equal area assigned for the six inch weeds, and the time required measured by the watch. Two square yards were handsomely and thoroughly dressed with a steel rake in 20 seconds by the mode represented in Fig. 1; and one square yard in 40 seconds according to Fig. 2. The tall weeds required about eight minutes to the square yard, and the crop had been nearly choked out by the weeds.

Many weeds have very small seeds, and will not germinate if buried more than an inch deep. For these it is not necessary to rake deep in order to destroy them for the season. Large seeds come up from a greater depth, and require a corresponding treatment.

Strawberry sowing.

Strawberries planted in the early autumn will have the advantage over spring plantings in producing a fair crop the following season, whereas the berries from a spring planting will be few. Plantings in the fall, however, in cold latitudes, must have a mulch protection through the winter, which should be raked off in early spring. The best soil is a deep, rather sandy loam, but fine crops are raised on a variety of soils if well drained. On old and worn soils a large application of well rotted barnyard manure should be worked in before the

planting. If applied a year beforehand, all the better. For gardens there are two principal methods of planting. One of beds four feet wide, carrying lengthwise three rows of plants set one foot apart in the rows. Parallel beds should be separated by a walk two feet wide. Under this arrangement the fruit can be cultivated and gathered from the walks without tramping down the beds. Another method is to plant in rows two feet apart—plants twelve inches apart in the rows. Early drawn plants are sometimes heeled in for a short time and partly shaded and watered, by which new roots are formed and are transplanted later to the beds on days when the soil is in the most favorable condition for their growth. For field culture the rows should be about four feet apart. The settings should always be plants of one season's growth, and those nearest the parent plant are to be preferred.

POULTRY YARD.

Cold and damp are fatal to young turkeys. Of the varieties of game fowls the duck winged is one of the most beautiful.

Save all the poultry droppings and add to the credit column of your account.

Weed your flocks of all superfluous roosters and hens that lay only every other day.

An observant poultryman says that young turkeys invariably choose the dandelion before all other green food.

Fill the poultry house full of the dust of buphach or Dalmatian insect powder; close the doors for an hour, and if well blown in, the dust will kill the lice.

Felch tells that green ducklings, celery and milk and barley fattened, are fast becoming a substitute for the wild duck and game supply of the country, which are on the fast decline.

Wheat contains a larger per cent. of albumen than any other grain, and for this reason is one of the best to feed hens to promote laying. It should not be made an exclusive food, however.

It is no easier to keep poultry than to keep other stock, as labor and proper management must be used to meet success. Less capital may be required in poultry, but it must be judiciously expended, or a loss can result as easily as from any other source. Experience is of more value than capital in poultry raising.

The *Poultry Review* says to raise fowls for eggs alone select the Leghorns, white face black Spanish Minorcas or some laying breeds. For market poultry exclusively select the Dorkings, Asiatics, or some of the American breeds, all of which are good for that purpose. Should both eggs and meat be desired try a cross head fowl. We think the following makes as good a cross as any to be had: A black Leghorn cock bred to Langshan pullets, a white Leghorn to light Brahmas, a brown Leghorn to partridge Cochins, and a cuckoo Leghorn to either the American Dominiques or barrel Plymouth Rocks. Chicks of either of these crosses will combine the laying instincts of the sire with the size of the hens.

FARM NOTES.

It is easier to fatten an animal in summer than at any other season, as the animal requires less food for its support. The cost of fattening is also less in the summer.

If you have garlic in the pasture you will have plenty of annoyance. Sometimes a remedy for the garlic-flavor in the milk is asked. The only remedy we know of is the use of pasture that is free from garlic.

Many farmers forget that coal ashes are excellent on heavy clay soils, not directly as a fertilizer, but to make the soil light and porous. They serve much the same good purpose on clay soils that a coat of sand would do could it be had.

Whitewashed laths hung on a barbed wire fence will make it visible to stock, and guard against some of the dangers attending the use of barbed wire. The soiling system in place of pasturage is another remedy against the dangers of barbed wire fences.

A fifteen mile journey is an average day's work for a horse. How far does the cow travel in poor pasture, nipping a pennyweight of grass here and there to get her daily ration? Then she is expected to pay for it through the milk-pail, says the *Mirror and Farmer*.

What folly it is in a farmer to buy ton after ton of artificial fertilizers and waste tons of manure in his barnyard by exposure and neglect! It is about as silly as for the same man to spend as much annually for tobacco as his taxes cost, and then complain of high taxes.

The farmer who makes his soil deep and rich with high culture and manure, and whose cattle are sleek and gentle, is the one who complains least about the depression of agriculture. There is depression, but it affects poor and unthinking farmers much more than the opposite class.

Do not try to make a specialty of wool and mutton at the same time. The best mutton breeds are not the kind of sheep for producing the choice grades of wool. The size of the sheep does not affect its production of wool. The heaviest fleeces come from the Merino, which is the smallest breed of sheep now known.

In making the well known kerosene emulsion it is an easy matter to make a mistake, so that the kerosene separates from the water. Kerosene will mix with milk or soap, but in making the emulsion plenty of soap should be used, as it will be difficult to mix the substances, unless such is the case.

AUBREY'S FAMOUS RIDE.

A Feat That Has Few Parallels in Physical Endurance and Bravery.
"The greatest physical achievement ever accomplished in this country," said John F. Graham to a *Denver News* reporter, "was the ride of F. K. Aubrey from the plaza of Santa Fe, N. M., to the public square at Independence, Mo., a distance of nearly 800 miles through a country inhabited by warlike Indians, a large part of which was then a sandy desert."

"It was about the year 1851 that Aubrey gave his wonderful test of human endurance before which all other attempts of the kind pale into insignificance. He was a short heavy set man, 38 years of age, in the prime of manhood and strength. His business for ten years as a Santa Fe trader had made him perfectly familiar with the trail and all the stopping places. He was a perfect horseman, and although there were great riders in those days none of them cared to dispute the palm with Aubrey. On a wager of \$1,000 he undertook to ride alone from Santa Fe to Independence inside of six days. It was 39 years ago that he undertook the terrible feat. It was to be the supreme effort of his life, and he sent a half dozen of the swiftest horses ahead to be stationed at different points for use in the ride. He left Santa Fe in a sweeping gallop, and that was the pace he kept up during nearly every hour of the time until he fell fainting from his foam covered horse in the square at Independence. No man could keep up with the rider, and he would have killed every horse in the West rather than to have failed in the undertaking. It took him just five days and nineteen hours to perform the feat, and it cost the lives of several of his best horses. After being carried into a room at the old hotel in Independence Aubrey lay for 48 hours in a dead stupor before he came to his senses. He would never have recovered from the shock had it not been for his wonderful constitution. The feat was unanimously regarded by Western men as the greatest exhibition of strength and endurance ever known on the plains."

"What became of Aubrey afterward?" "After his ride he became the lion of the West and was dined and feted at St. Louis as though he had been a conquering hero. He finally met his death at the hand of a friend. One day in 1854, in an altercation with Major Richard H. Weightman, the great rider was stabbed to the heart and dropped dead in a Santa Fe saloon. He was buried in an unknown grave, and all that is remembered of Aubrey is his remarkable ride. Weightman was tried upon the charge of murder, but was acquitted, and joining the Confederate army was shot at Wilson's Creek while leading his brigade into battle."

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

Another preacher is about to become an actor. His name is Virgil Maxey, and he is a nephew of ex-United States Senator Maxey, of Texas.

General Boulanger is said to be writing a drama, with Robert Emmet, the young Irish hero, as the central figure. It is to be brought out at the Free Theater in Paris.

The experiment of spectacular ballet on a large scale has been successfully tried at the Paris Hippodrome. "Joan of Arc," a new musical pantomimic legend in four tableaux, was presented before an audience of 8,000 persons. No stage was erected, the performance taking place in the vast arena.

Edwin Booth is a very rich man. He lives simply, but is lavish in other directions, his gifts to the Players' Club having been princely. His wealth is largely invested in real estate, and he owns property all over the country. His tour with Mr. Lawrence Barrett have been very profitable, and he is now a sure card as long as he chooses to act.

De Wolf Hopper and Marion Manola have embalmed their voices for the benefit of future generations. Hopper has placed on the phonographic cylinder his famous old song, "Birdie Was so Young," his topical song, "Do You Catch the Idea?" and his popular recitation, "Casey at the Bat." Miss Manola has recorded the beautiful song in the second act of "Clover," "Is There Such Happiness Elsewhere?" It is becoming quite common for actors and actresses to furnish their friends with phonograms. The voice is a much more valuable souvenir than a picture or even an autograph, and as the cylinders can not be duplicated they are likely to possess a unique interest in the future.

Supreme Court of the United States.

The highest court of the United States holds a unique place in the various forms of government in the world, and one not found in any other governmental system. It wields a power greater than is exercised by any other judicial tribunal in the world. In no country of Europe or the East has any court authority to make or unmake the supreme law of the land, to limit the prerogatives of the sovereign, to control the powers of the legislature, to shape the form of government. These functions are exercised by the Supreme Court of the United States. It holds a power above that of the chief magistrate of the nation, superior to that of Congress, higher than any State, and equalled only by that which made or can amend the Constitution. It can change the relations between the State and the nation. It can extend or restrict either the central power or State sovereignty. In short, it can make or unmake the constitutional law of the country.

ZURY TALKS HORSE.



"Howdy, Zury!"
"Why, hel-lo Dave! Hain't seen ye in a coon's age. How goes things down in your neck o' woods?"
"Same old rut. But, Great Scott—whar did ye pick up such a team as that?"
"Can't pick up such horses as them, Dave. Hard enough to keep 'em, when I've got 'em, seeing everybody wants to buy 'em you know."

"I should think so! And yet I've seen some teams that look something like 'em since I come into this township."

"That's what's the matter. We raise such stock as this hereabouts. No more old-fashioned cow-hocked, spindle-shanked nags for us, I thank ye! Half-way between plow an' race-course, an' wuthless for both!"
"Well, well. How do ye fix it?"
"Why, five years ago twenty of us chipped in and bought a \$2,000 imported draught stallion. We had from one to four mares apiece and we divided up the cost in proportion."

"Had to go down deep in your pockets?"
"Well—deeper than what we'd have to go now that we've had the benefit of him. Cost us \$100 apiece on the average. But since we've begun to sell his colts we don't have to hunt far for a hundred—or a thousand, for that matter."

"I see; I see! Keep him all for your own use?"
"Well, no. His earnings pay his keep, besides all we want of him—not to speak of prizes at every county fair."

"I want to know! Who'd have thought it?"
"Who? Why, anybody that could put two and two together. It's as plain as the nose on your face! I had four big sizeable mares, and the second year I had four half-blood colts, and the third year four more, and the fourth year four more. This year I have four half-blood and two three-fourths blood, their dams being two of my first year's colts. I'd like to show ye them two. Light and tie your boss."

"I'll do it for such a hoss-show as that! There! Now fetch on your fancy stock!"
"Here—step into the hoss-lot. Now, what do you say to that?"
"Good enough! Good enough! That is, what there is of 'em. But I thought you talked about four, and four, and four, and six—that makes eighteen, according to Daboll's arithmetic. Where's your eighteen colts?"

"Well, Dave, fact is I was kind of careless with 'em at first."

"What—strayed off or died?"
"Strayed off, if ye call it so."

"Well, well! That was careless! Stoie, mebbe."

"Well, not stoie exactly, but about as bad. I was careless, and no mistake."

"How, careless?"
"Why a stranger come along and looked at 'em kind of indifferent like, and says he 'What'll ye take for them earlings?' And that was when I was careless, for says I, 'I won't sell the fillies; but I s'pose I'd let the geldings go at 100 a piece.' 'I'll take 'em,' says he, quick as a flash; and then I knew I'd been careless. Give 'em away."

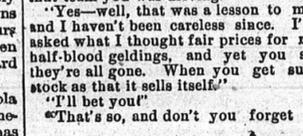
"Ah—ah! I see. So careless ye got 100 per cent on your outlay the first year, and had your stock all left and doubled up besides."

"Oh, yes; it wa'n't bad; but yet I was ashamed of it, 'cause I don't calculate to lose money by carelessness. That team of geldings is 4-year-olds now, and worth \$500. 'Three hundred lost by carelessness.'"

"Shouldn't wonder, if they look like that team you was driving."

"Yes—well, that was a lesson to me, and I haven't been careless since. I've asked what I thought fair prices for my half-blood geldings, and yet you see they're all gone. When you get such stock as that it sells itself."

"I'll bet you!"
"That's so, and don't you forget it!"



Everything else a farmer raises he's got to take somebody else's valuation on. His grain and his pork go at Chicago prices, less freight and handling, and he can't help himself. And if he raises the common kind of colts everybody raises they've got to go at so much a dozen or lay round and eat their heads off. But come to half or three-quarter blood hoss-flesh; why, all he's got to do is to watch the hoss-buyers come and hang round 'em."

"And not be careless when he names his prices, I s'pose?"
"Ah, yah! Make any mistake but that!"

"The other fellers done as well as you?"
"O, well; they didn't have as many brood-mares as I did, nor as good mares for size and breeding qualities. And then they've lost some colts. Sometimes the colts failed to come to time and sometimes they did not do well."

But on the whole they have every one made 100 per cent a year on his investment."

"Well, what's the reason I don't see more evidence of the improvement round here? Once in a while an extra fine team, but the general run looks about the same old grade of stock."

"Don't I tell ye, we can't keep 'em! The city buyers won't let us alone. It's the same as it is with everything else—the cities takes the pick and the country keeps the leavings; city fellers get the shroin and the farmer's family lives on the neck and shank. If you want to see the effect on hoss flesh of the imported draft stallion you must go to New York and Chicago—\$800 and \$1,000 teams pulling grocery wagons and salamander-safe trucks. We can't afford to keep \$800 or \$400 hosses yet awhile."

"Lots of 'em have been imported and set to breeding."

"Yes, and lots of 'em it will take to make any perceptible difference in the general run of hoss flesh. Why, how many horses and mules do you s'pose there is in these United States?"

"Dunno—a hundred thousand, perhaps."

"Nearer twenty millions. That's twenty thousand thousand. The value of the horses and mules is near double the National debt. Now, if they import 1,000 stallions every year—or 2,000 for that matter, which they can't do, because they are not to be had—and every last one of them father's colts all his life, it would be twenty years before the new stock would crowd out the old, and by that time the number to be improved would be double—40,000,000 in place of 20,000,000. You can't catch up with the growth of these United States."

"And before that time you'll have made your pile off the deal."

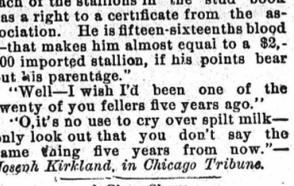
"Surely. Why, those two three-quarter blood fillies of mine will have seven-eighths blood colts if they have luck, and their colts will have a right to go into the stud book."

"Stud book?"
"Yes—a book printed every year that records the name and genealogy of every blooded horse of known parentage. And each of the stallions in the stud book has a right to a certificate from the association. He is fifteen-sixteenths blood—that makes him almost equal to a \$2,000 imported stallion, if his points bear out his parentage."

"Well—I wish I'd been one of the twenty of you fellers five years ago."

"O, it's no use to cry over spilt milk—only look out that you don't say the same thing five years from now."—*Joseph Kirkland, in Chicago Tribune.*

A Close Shave.



Father—Didn't I tell you I would whip you if I caught you in the water again?

Son—Yes, sir; and that's the reason I hurried out when I saw you coming—*Puck.*

An Absent-Minded Professor.

Prof. Simon Newcomb of Washington is known as a man whose scientific studies have tended to exaggerate a natural disposition to mental abstraction. The professor's friends, who are also his strong admirers, understand his peculiarity and overlook in him what might not be excused in a common place person. A lady of this city, says the *Detroit Free Press*, is very fond of telling this incident: She was at a reception given at Prof. Newman's house. The occasion had been made delightful by the professor and his accomplished wife and daughters. Toward the close of the evening the lady, who had enjoyed the affair greatly, approached the host and asked him with much enthusiasm:

"How often do you have these delightful reunions, professor?"
No polite prevarication delayed the reply:
"Thank God, madame, but once a year."

Bismarck a Grumbler.

Prince Bismarck, says a London letter-writer, has in the last few weeks shown the world that there is one thing he does not know how to do. "He does not know how to fall. In his misfortune this great man has become almost small. He does not know how to accept the inevitable, and since his fall he seems to have lost his dignity as completely as his place. He passes his time in fault-finding, in prophesying misfortunes and in giving advice which is no longer asked of him; he unbosoms himself to every interviewer; in fact, from Bismarck the tactician he has turned into Bismarck the talkative. He has, as he says, stepped down off the stage into the pit; but, whereas he was a first-rate actor, he makes but a noisy, discontented pittance."

Jinks—"Of all mean, grasping men I think Minks is the worst. I don't believe he ever gets his thoughts off of dollars and cents." Blinks—"What has he been doing?" Jinks—"He's been asking me for a paltry \$10 I borrowed of him some years ago."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Two centenarians living in the neighborhood of Alton, England, have been great smokers and moderate drinkers all their lives.

