

F. G. Adams

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOL. XXI.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.

NO. 23

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00.
Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c.
The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western Farm News, of Lawrence, and nine other country weeklies.
Advertising for the whole list received at lowest rates. Breeders and manufacturer's cards, of four lines, or less, 12c words; the Spirit of Kansas one year, \$5.00. No orders taken for less than three months.

Dover alliance will hold a basket picnic next Tuesday.

Democratic State convention at Wichita next Tuesday.

The Republicans have decided to put no more colored men on guard.

A F Allen, people's candidate for Congress in the Second district, will address the people at the Johnson county fair on Thursday of next week.

W F Rightmire, candidate for chief justice, has entered upon the campaign and is making speeches that are highly appreciated.

It is not probable that the Democrats will put a colored brother on their ticket, so that the Peoples ticket will be the only one recognizing the colored people.

The Odd Fellows have taken all the hotel room in Topeka for the Sovereign Grand Lodge that meets during fair week, and the Fair Fellows are fairly left.

We are deeply impressed with the conviction that there is no place in the farmers movement for redflag anarchists, or infidel socialism. There is no class more conservative than farmers, and while their movement is in the line of radical reform it is in no sense revolutionary.

The Topeka State Journal protests, and a good many other republicans kick like bay steers, against half a dozen railroad men and as many more of their political strikers getting together in the Copeland Hotel and laying out the work that a great convention is to do, under the impression that they, the delegates, are exercising their free will.

At the republican convention the following ticket was nominated:
Chief Justice, A H Horton.
Governor, Lyman Humphrey.
Lieut. Gov., A J Felt.
Secretary of State, Wm. Higgins.
Treasurer, S G Stover.
Attorney General, L B Kellogg.
Superintendent, Geo. W Winans.
Auditor, C M Hovey.

The Shawnee county peoples convention, met last Saturday and put the following ticket in the field:
Probate Judge, J S Todd.
County Clerk, Frank Herald.
County Clerk, G G McConnel.
School Supt., O Kurtz.
County Commissioner, A M Bates.
Representatives, A C Reed, S W Wright, D M Howard.

What Becomes of Immigrants.
Professor Hewes's chart showing the number of immigrants to the United States, the nationalities, the destination, and so on, printed in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper this week, is one of the most comprehensive tables we have ever seen. It should be filed away in every scrap book. Leslie's also presents the pictures of the Washington correspondents of leading newspapers, together with nearly two dozen pictures of leading events.

When Charley Curtis attacks Mrs Lease with unending verbosity for saying that John A Logan sympathized with the South at the opening of the war, he shows the same weakness that she does in alluding to the matter at all. But if Logan was the author of the Illinois black laws, the defender of slavery, and sympathizer with the rebellion in the early days he did not hesitate long as to duty, and subsequently did most valiant service for his country, attaining a deservedly high place in the hearts of his fellow soldiers, such as will forever render his memory invulnerable to all such attacks as Mrs Lease, or any one else may unwisely see fit to make. Such doubts as Logan probably had, are not uncommon under similar circumstances. History is full of such cases. It is a fact that many other leaders of the republican party did not become loyal until years later than Logan did,—not until it became evident which side would win. Mrs Lease is eloquent and caustic and is sometimes far more vulnerable than when she needlessly attacks John A Logan. For instance, some of her socialistic dogmas are of very questionable value. To talk of poverty being the cause of drunkenness, is little less than sheer nonsense. Regardless of whatever truth there may be in the statement, it is seldom if ever made except by those who are ready to half apologize for the drink habit. Men may be made desperate by poverty and seek relief by drink. Ninety-nine times in a hundred total abstinence in just these cases, would have been a remedy for poverty. There is no sense in begging this question or in flying the track. Not to say drunkenness, the drink habit alone, breeds poverty and misery and crime. Not until the labor interests recognize this fact, and make the temperance reform a great integral part of the labor reform can they expect to succeed. They may antagonize this idea. It is to fight the inevitable. Until they can see this they must be brayed in a mortar. It is the fiat of the immortal gods.

Jacob Yost will have his Kansas Economy Incubator on exhibition at the state fair.

Louis Laurent, who was one of the first settlers of Topeka, and was one of the most prominent citizens on the North side, where one of the principal streets are named after him, died Friday, August 27 at Wichita. He was born in the town of Vandry, France, in 1815; he joined the French army in Algiers and served with distinction. Afterwards he became postmaster of Provins. He was an ardent French republican, and on the crowning of the third Napoleon he was sentenced to be guillotined for his fearless utterances against monarchy in whatever form. His sentence, as a political prisoner, was afterwards commuted to a life exile to the French province of Cayenne. He escaped to the Belgium frontier, but the government refused to harbor French political exiles. Mr Laurent first came to Topeka in 1856. He was one of those who laid out North Topeka, and his son-in-law is Mr J B Billard of the Central mills. He leaves a wife, four daughters and one son. Mrs Billard attended the funeral at Wichita.

See the Lion's big ad, and take advantage of the cheap prices of good goods by buying from the Lion, 112 East Sixth street, Topeka.

Some Reasons for
The Pennsylvania labor report for 1889 in its avowal of the treatment of the peculiar kinds of cruelty practiced by 45,731 husbands against their wives and 6,123 wives against their husbands. One woman was granted a divorce because her husband persisted in coming home at 10 o'clock at night and keeping her awake talking. This she called mental cruelty, and the court agreed with her. Another woman secured a divorce because her husband out of her bangs by force, and still another because her spouse refused to cut his toe nails. One wife's feelings were lacerated to the point of legal separation because her husband would not wash himself, thus causing her great mental anguish. Some of the cases of cruelty practiced by wives upon their husbands were equally heartrending. One wife refused to sew on her husband's buttons, a witness testifying to have seen him with but one button to his vest. To add to his anguish and the sympathy of the Court this cruel wife restrained her loving husband from going to fires at night. Another wife charged her husband with being no man at all, which so wrung his heartstrings that nothing short of a divorce would allay his anguish. A wife who pulled her husband out of bed by his whiskers was adjudged by the court fit only to travel in single harness unless she could find another man who didn't mind having his whiskers pulled. A wife who weighed 190 pounds broke her husband's ribs with a stove lid, and another lost her husband because she cruelly and maliciously beat him with her bustle.

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

Physical Culture—Watts—Potts, you ought to join our physical-culture club. I tell you, old man, that the business men of our day do not take half the exercise they should.

Potts—I don't see how I can find the time.
Watts—It won't take up much of your time. I never go around to the rooms myself unless there is a prize-fight.

A veterinary surgeon instructed a colored stableman how to administer medicine to a horse that was sick. He told him to get a common tin tube, a bean blower, and then take a mouthful of medicine and insert one end of the tube into the horse's mouth and blow the medicine into it. Half an hour after the stableman called the surgeon, who noticed that the colored brother looked pale and sick. "What has happened?" asked the doctor. "Why boss, dat hoss, he—he blow fast!"

Quiet Citizen—Yes, that's my boy; don't look like me, does he—six feet high, strong as an ox, brave as a lion? I've had him trained by the biggest prize fighters in the country, and he can handle half a dozen thugs and plug-uglies with one hand.

Old Friend—My goodness! You haven't brought him up for a pugilist?

Quiet Citizen—On, no; but we live in the lower wards of New York, and I desire that he shall be able to vote as he pleases.

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The Deacon Saw a New Light.
Simon Stevens, the well known water front attorney, sums up the rapid transit situation at Albany with the following characteristic anecdote: "There was a conflict between two deacons in a certain church, and the minister was anxious to bring them together. So he called them in and urged them to pray over the situation, with a view to compromising their differences. After they had prayed one of the deacons exclaimed: 'I have seen a new light. I am willing to compromise.' 'I am delighted, Deacon Blank,' joined in the other deacon, 'to hear you say this. I have been praying that you would come to my terms.'"
Mr. Stevens calls this a compromise in which the yielding is all on one side.

The Mexican Government has granted to Gen. Sturm of the United States a concession on a railway from the city of Mexico to the Pacific coast, via Cuernavaca and Oaxaca. It is assumed that the Government is in this way making returns to Gen. Sturm for favors to Mexico done by him in time of need.

The Japanese ladies are in a worry. Some years ago European dress began to come into vogue in Japan, but a reaction has set in. The Japanese women are not satisfied with the ordinary dress styles of civilization, but they are unwilling to return to their old dress, and hence they

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NATIONAL CAPITAL GOSSIP

AMENITIES OF THE CLOSING SESSION.

Attitude of Public Building Beggers—Serious Aspect of the Behring Sea Question—Retaliation Being Considered—The Growth of Washington.

[Special Washington Letter.]

DARK cloud has fallen upon the hopes of the industrious fishers into what has not inaptly been termed the "national pork barrel." The result is an explosion against Speaker Reed that is the talk of the capital. Every session witnesses an enlargement of the procession of towns begging for a new public building—a custom house, post office, court house, or what not—and every year Congress has provided a liberal expenditure of money for the erection of Federal buildings in nearly every State and Territory of the Union. So popular has this become that certain Congressmen have shown themselves quite as industrious in their hunt for public buildings for their districts as they have been for fat offices for their constituents.

The present session has been prolific of public building bills. Even towns of 10,000 and 15,000 inhabitants have put in their claims to buildings to cost anywhere from \$50,000 to \$300,000, and it may be added that no town ever erects a building for the former figures, and the "pork barrel" never seemed so likely to yield results to the industrious fisher as at the outset of the session. Perhaps the facility with which bills were passed increased the demand for more pork. At any rate, Speaker Reed decided to sit down upon this particular form of public extravagance, and he did so with a suddenness and force that severely nipped the fingers of quite a number of members who had their digits in the pork barrel. Just now there are any number of crippled and disabled public building bills tottering about the floor of the House vainly clamoring for recognition, and the feeling against the Speaker is so strong that it has cropped out on the floor on a number of occasions, and there are indications of a revolt among certain ambitious Republican members whose plans have been spoiled by the Speaker's ideas of economy. It is likely they will have to take it out in talk, however, for the Speaker has shown a remarkable faculty of sticking to his purposes, and carrying them out in spite of opposition.

I can say on the best of information that the Behring Sea dispute is regarded with very serious concern in administration circles, and that, as a matter of fact, the President and members of his cabinet have been in frequent consultation as to the best method of resenting

the particularly offensive attitude into which Lord Salisbury has forced Great Britain by way of conciliating Canadian opinion. It is believed in the best informed circles that Lord Salisbury has two strings to his bow, and that his purpose has been quite as much to offset the growing independence of the Canadians and the increase of the annexation sentiment as to oppose the American claim of exclusive jurisdiction in Behring Sea. The Tory sentiment has been tottering in the Dominion, and was threatened with overthrow at the next election, and the pretty little game of English bluff has been played with an eye to strengthening the loyalty of the restive Kanuck.

The game is not yet played out, however, and there is no doubt that Uncle Sam has his thinking cap on, and is cogitating over the adoption of such a policy of retaliation as will remind the British premier that the particularly offensive methods exhibited at this stage of the Behring Sea controversy in the use of threats, and the assemblage of fleets on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, will be sharply resented by this country.

War is not deemed probable—at least at an early day—unless England should force that issue; but a policy of commercial reprisal is not unlikely that may lead to hostilities in the long run.

The building boom that characterized this city for the past few years is suffering a slight lull at present, but it is evidently only a breathing spell. A sharp revival may be looked for in the fall, and it will go on until the last vestige of old Washington has disappeared, and until the great suburban development

now under way has reached its culmination. Washington will necessarily grow with the country, but besides this the city has now achieved such a position as



A BIT OF OLD WASHINGTON.

an unrivalled place of winter residence, and its magnificent suburbs open up such unlimited opportunities for development, that capital will continue to be attracted to aid in the somewhat aesthetic real estate movement that has prevailed. Nothing like it has been witnessed elsewhere in the world. The growth of Paris—that is, the architectural development—was purely of governmental origin and execution. The growth of Washington, proceeding on similar architectural lines, has been a popular movement, unsupported by the Government except in so far as plans of a magnificent city were originally laid out by General Washington under Government direction.

No other city has such magnificent suburbs as Washington, and their attractions are only just beginning to be appreciated. Already the drives in the vicinity of the city are unsurpassed, and their full development will create attractions that all the world will be willing to come and see, and which all patriotic Americans will take pride in.



A MODERN IDEA.

The city is happy in possessing a colony of architects of great originality and force, and some of the building developments in progress or awaiting execution, particularly in the suburbs, are of a character to attract national attention. More particular reference to some of the most original of these designs will be made hereafter.

COLLISION OF EARTH AND MOON.

A Catastrophe the Old Astronomers Predicted, but That Can Never Occur.

It is an undoubted fact, observes the *Newcastle Chronicle*, that the moon is and has been for ages approaching closer to the earth, though whether by a fraction of an inch or a fraction of a yard in a century I am not prepared to demonstrate. This phenomenon is fully proved by a comparison of the Babylonian eclipses with those recorded by the Arabian astronomers, and, further, by comparing the latter with those of modern times. A period, however, will arrive when this falling toward the earth will cease, and when the queen of night will start and go back to her former position.

All this, no doubt, is very mysterious and complex, and had it not been for the giant intellects of Laplace and Lagrange we might yet be calculating how long, at its various rates of progression toward the earth, our satellite would take to reach that body, and the probable results of such an event. The limit to the moon's acceleration and consequent approach to our planet was discovered to be due to the decrease and subsequent disappearance in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit.

Then the question naturally suggests itself as to how near the moon will be to us when the limit is reached. As I have intimated, this will be settled in about 500,000 years, by which period the moon's mean motion will indicate that she is between 600 and 700 of her diameters in advance of the position she would have occupied had no change been in progress. We may, I think, take it for granted that the arrangements of the solar system are stable; and that the perturbations in the moon's mean motion are not indefinitely progressive, but periodical, albeit extending over countless ages, reaching a limit, as they perhaps have done before, and then resuming their old character.

OUR REGULAR ARMY.

Plenty of Men Willing to Don Uncle Sam's Uniform.

There is no dearth of men in the country who are willing to wear the United States uniform. The application average a larger number than the legal limit of the enlisted strength of the Army. In 1888 there were 24,710 applications for enlistment. Of these 18,017 were rejected. In the last eight years the average number of applications was 25,051; of rejections, 18,946; while notwithstanding the large number of men offering themselves at the recruiting offices, the Army last year lacked 1,800 of the legal 25,000.

The rejection of nearly 75 per cent. of the men who apply for admission to the rank and file of the Army indicates, of course, not only care in the selection of those who are accepted, but also the low character of very many of the applicants. Men who apply at the rendezvous are rejected by the officer in command on their appearance. Brutality and dissipation leave unmistakable signs upon the faces of their victims, and the man who bears them does not get as far as the first surgical examination.

COMPETING WITH JACK FROST.

How Artificial Ice Is Made—Enlarging the Manufactories.

An impetus has been given to the manufacture of artificial ice all over the country by the recent advance in the price of the natural product. New plants are starting up here and there and old ones are being redoubled and trebled in capacity. Improvements in ice making machinery have made rapid strides every year, increasing the yield, lessening the cost, and cheapening the article. It has been upward of 30 years since the principles involved came into practical and commercial use, and the near future will see the time when conditions will be changed and the dealers in natural ice will be struggling to compete with the great cold crystal blocks, the product of man's ingenuity. In fact, the threatening attitude of the ice machine now holds a sweeping monopoly at bay and stands between a gigantic ice trust and consumers of the frozen fluid. Ice companies are watching the progress of ice making with fear, and the company that maintains its old prices as far as possible will be wise in its day and generation.

In order to understand the operation of ice making by machinery it is necessary to comprehend some of the well established phenomena of heat in its relation to gases, fluids, and solids. Air, for instance, is the most common of gases, and, as is well known, becomes heated when compressed. In this compressed state its heat can be more readily removed than when in its normal degree of expansion. Then, again, when allowed to re-expand it is in condition to absorb a large amount of heat from any solid or fluid with which it is brought in contact. Hence, a simple method of freezing is produced by compressed air. Thus, say three cubic feet of air at the normal pressure of 1,500 pounds per square inch, with a temperature of 75 degrees Fahrenheit, when compressed to one cubic foot will show a temperature in at about 225 degrees Fahrenheit. After it has been allowed to cool sufficiently to regain its normal temperature of 75 degrees Fahrenheit it may be allowed to re-expand to the original three cubic feet, when its temperature will fall to 25 degrees Fahrenheit—below freezing—and if permitted to lead into a receiver containing water the heat of the water will be drawn to the air, and if the volume of water is not too large it will soon be frozen in consequence. Of course a greater degree of compression will cause a correspondingly lower temperature in the re-expanding air and effect a larger body of water proportionately.

There are other gases, however, which are far greater refrigerating agents than air; hence the employment of ammonia and other chemicals by the various processes covered by patents. The basis of all operations, however, is the heating of gases by compression, as in the case of atmospheric air, and allowing it first to cool and then to re-expand. This calls for very powerful compression machinery, a cooling reservoir capable of sustaining a tremendous pressure, and proper conduits for the protection of the expanded air and very cold gas.

The plants for manufacturing ice in Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, and Petersburg are being largely extended in capacity. The Baltimore company will soon have 16 new tanks in operation. These new tanks will each make a block of ice measuring 11 by 23 by 24 inches, weighing 300 pounds.

The Petersburg factory turned out 50,000 pounds daily last year. It is now putting 150,000 pounds daily on the market, and estimates have been made for machinery to add still another 100,000 daily. Verily it is an ill ice famine that blows no one good.

JEWELS OF ANCIENT DAYS.

Ornaments Worn by Men and Women During Bible Times.

Jewels of gold, jewels of silver, and jewels of precious stones, in combination or singly, and strings of pearls, were worn from the earliest times of which we have a detailed history. In Bible times precious stones were not set in metallic mountings, as now. They were worn in such form as they were found, the lapidary contenting himself with giving them an imperfect polish. They were generally perforated and attached to the person by means of cords passed through them. Sometimes a number of them were strung together as a bracelet or necklace, but oftener each was suspended from the attire alone. They were worn in the hair, on the wrist, about the neck, or suspended from the head dress or shoulders, according to the taste of the wearer, and, strange to say, more of them were worn by men than by women.

A Hint to Stage Struck Girls.

A Washington street merchant says: I had a postal card this morning from a Chicago girl who had her head turned by the stage. No argument of her mother or friends could dissuade her from trying to become an actress. She ran away from home. She met with disappointment right at the start. Her postal card to me contains a volume. It is brief:

"I am sick, without friends, and have not tasted food for three days, because I can't get it."

I dare not tell her mother this news, for the dear old soul is already over-loaded with grief. I have sent money to bring her home. Maybe this little story, if printed, will be the means of causing stage struck girls to do some thinking before it is too late.

THE MAGAZINE RIFLE.

A New Small Arm Imminent for the Use of Our Troops.

The European Systems are Good—When the Springfield is Discarded What Rifle Will Then Take Its Place?—It Will be a Small Bore.

The United States is on its way to the adoption of a magazine rifle, the recent decision to alter the calibre of the Springfield rifle being the first step in that direction. We are the last nation to give up the one single-loader. In fact we have not yet given it up, as the present change goes no further than the adapting of our venerable arm to the powder and cartridge of the present day. It may be taken for granted, however, that a small bore Springfield throwing a steel-coated bullet from a smokeless powder cartridge will be and is intended to be only an arm of transition. We must ultimately adopt a small arm similar to those now being prepared for and served out to the European armies.

Except in Russia, where for some non-apparent and probably political reason the Berdan rifle has been regarded as sufficient and where the conservative objections in favor of the old single-loader have been allowed full force, there is no longer the slightest doubt in Europe as to the superiority of the magazine rifle. All that the friends of the Springfield rifle have urged in its behalf has already been threshed over before the military committees and commissions of the great powers, especially of England, and the unanswerable argument still stands that the advantage on the side of the new weapon is that it enables a sudden shower of bullets to be poured in at the moment when intensity of fire will determine the victory. In short, the common consent of the war-making nations is that the small arm must be reduced in calibre and equipped with a magazine. The reduction of calibre is a late discovery. The development of the magazine has been going on ever since the establishment of the breech-loading principle.

The nearly universal change in calibre is in great part due to the experiments of Hebler, the German artilleryist, whose famous pamphlet of 1886 was a convincing argument in favor of the small calibre arm. He claimed for it the advantages of lighter ammunition, flatter trajectory and greater dangerous space, less recoil and less deviation by wind, greater penetration and greater accuracy, and a more humane wound. With the bringing of the smokeless powders to practical efficiency, the service cartridge of Europe has become a remarkable engine of destruction. The Austrian soldier carries 95 rounds of ammunition where one of ours has only 60, and if he aims at an enemy 500 yards away, unless the enemy stands perfectly still, the Austrian has a better chance of hitting the man by a drop over several yards in the bullet's flight. The range of the old and new weapons is out of all proportion, the latest German rifle, having a range of 3,000 yards and being actually sighted up to 2,000. The Lebel rifle has penetrated fifteen inches of oak at 220 yards. The new German rifle has penetrated eighteen inches of dry deal at 440. Though the bullets are smaller, the great muzzle velocity imparted by the new powders enables them to strike an even harder blow than the older and heavier bullets, effectually stopping both infantry and cavalry, and this is so over all the ranges up to the very longest, where in some cases a retardation of flight sets in. It is easy to imagine what will be the effect of a volley from the new rifles, when it is considered that their point-blank range runs from 200 to 280 yards, that one bullet will penetrate several men, and that there will be no smoke to hide an advancing enemy. When aimed low the magazine rifles ought to be as effective at close quarters as the machine guns. In the future even stout trees will be no protection, and since the new German rifle will at a quarter of a mile penetrate loose sand to a depth of twenty inches, and at half a mile to fourteen inches, the breast and earth-work regulations will have to be greatly changed. Indeed, since Professor Hebler first began his experiments the most extraordinary results have been attained from the adoption of his system and from the employment of powders based upon gun cotton and nitrates. But Hebler's contention that the wounds caused by the small and conical bullets were more humane has not been borne out. The experience of the English in the Transvaal war, in which the Boers fought with express rifles, was that nearly half the men struck died, whereas the usual proportion of killed or wounded is only one-fifth. Experiments upon corpses with the Lebel rifle moreover indicate that owing to the small punctures made the

wounds made will be both dangerous and difficult to heal. The small bullets pass directly through the bones without fracturing them.

A CITY IN MINATURE.

The Expensive Plaything of a Millionaire Candy-Maker.

Alois Peteler, of New Dorp, Staten Island, a former resident of the City of Heidelberg, Germany, has built a perfect "pocket edition" of the old German burg in which he was born and raised. With numerous photographs, drawings and plans of Heidelberg, aided by a thorough knowledge of his subject, Mr. Peteler began the foundation of his little city; and now, sitting on his front porch, he can overlook the roofs of this town of Lilliput, and into the courtyard of the great castle, so rich in romance, tradition and folk-lore. Every detail of the original city is reproduced with the fidelity of the photographer. From the balcony it is easy to imagine that it is the real city, only dwarfed by a distance of a few miles. Looking over the battlements of the miniature houses one can see the turbulent waters of the Neckar hurrying past to join the Rhine. The little city is made to endure. There are no makeshifts—no glue, pasteboard or carpet-tacks—everything is stone, cement, gravel, brass and iron. The buildings are upon a plateau of stone-work, elevated from the ground four or five feet. The houses vary from one to five and a half feet in height, the tall towers running up from seven to ten feet. Mr. Peteler has reproduced with the greatest fidelity over 100 busts of the electoral governors, which are used in decorating the fronts of the palaces. Even the coat-of-arms and quarterings over the entrances are plainly cut. The old man takes pleasure in showing visitors a facsimile of the famous Heidelberg tun. It is really thirty-six feet long and twenty-five high; the little model is twelve inches in length and about eight inches high. In another part of the grounds the sea water is let in by pipes and forms an artificial lake, in which the tide rises and falls. Upon a promontory which juts into the lake stands a model of the beautiful castle of Hohen-Schwangen. Its towers are nearly ten feet high, and with its cluster of buildings is picturesque and beautiful.

Mr. Peteler is a retired confectioner, with millions of dollars, thousands of which he has put into his miniature Heidelberg.—St. Louis Republic.

Boston vs. Dakota.

There are three passengers in the Deadwood stage; a long-legged cowboy, a bespectacled and highly refined old maid from Boston, and a man who had nothing to do but listen.

"Have you ever read Helen Hunt's *Romola*?" mildly asked the old maid.

"Helen hunted what?" replied the cowboy, with a heavy accent on the what.

"*Romola*, *Romola*, a book written by dear Helen Hunt. Have you never read it?"

"No, I never read Roman, an' if its anything about Injuns I don't want ter read it. I know how you Eastern folks feel about 'em."

After this there was silence for some time. Finally the Bostonian discovered the hillside covered with yellow flowers. She gazed at them admiringly for a moment, then turned to the centaur, said:

"You are acquainted, I suppose, sir, with the flora and fauna of this region?"

"With the who?"

"The flora and fauna."

The cowboy turned to the window, and, with a sudden and emphatic motion of his head and lips, sent a yellow jet of tobacco juice nearly to the straggling fence at the side of the road. He then deliberately crossed his long legs, pulled his slouch hat low down over his eyes, and sank back into a corner of the car. Although the Boston dame addressed him several times afterward, he did not speak another word all the way into Deadwood.

A Cooking School Victim.

"What's the matter with my darling? Why those tears?"

"I've made some biscuits for you and instead of two quarts of flour and one tablespoonful of saleratus I used two quarts of saleratus and a tablespoonful of flour, and I'm afraid you'll think they're not as good as your mother's biscuits."—Chicago Post.

A Revenant Fraud.

"I'm a free trader myself, Algernon, but I think you should have been compelled to pay an import duty on those detestable English airs you've brought over this trip."

"Hawl! Impart duty—very good! But they were in actual personal use when I landed, donchersee?"

A ROMANTIC FRENCHMAN.

HE WILL BUILD A FEUDAL CASTLE IN THIS COUNTRY.

A Modern Don Quixote—The Days of Chivalry to Be Revived—A Stronghold to Perch Above Narragansett Bay.

Ernest Grammont, of France, has recently arrived in this country. His object is to purchase suitable lands for the erection of a feudal castle, in which he proposes to lead the life and follow the pursuits of a baron of the middle ages. He is a very wealthy man and is fully able to spend a million dollars on any caprice.

Mr. Grammont is an American by birth, but was taken to France when he was a few months old, and this is his first visit to the United States, of which he knows little. His original purpose was to carry out his quaint whim of erecting his feudal fortress on the soil of France, and on an estate near the German frontier he began and almost completed the erection of one, but was compelled to stop operations because the French government disliked the idea of having a fortified place which in time of war might be occupied by Germans, since the castle was in that section of the frontier along which France, by the terms of her treaty, has had to dismantle her forts.

"I am fully satisfied," said Mr. Grammont, "that America is the only place in which I can put my project into practice without causing alarm on the part of the government. I am told that already some of your wealthy men have constructed castle like dwellings along the banks of the Hudson. My idea is to improve upon theirs and to plant right in the heart of a land of industry a castle such as only the age of feudalism produced. It will be a costly caprice, and I suppose I shall be regarded by the press as the legitimate successor to George Francis Train; but no amount of ridicule will turn me from my purpose."

Mr. Grammont said that he first selected the South for his castle because he had an idea that among her sons he could find some knightly fellows for a garrison, but when told he would get none but colored men to take service under his banner he changed his plans and concluded to secure a site overlooking Narragansett Bay.

He wants a commanding position, as high above the sea level as possible, with good approaches and with land enough to dig a moat. He intends to play the feudal baron to the top of his bent, and will have in his service a body of retainers in the capacity of knights, esquires, pages, men at arms, etc.

The castle will be turreted and pierced for archers, after the style of the twelfth century, with sallyports, posterns, and portcullis, battlements, keep, and all the medieval specialties. The banquet hall will be like those in which feudal barons dined with all their servants and vassals, and if Mr. Grammont is as good as his word the welkin will ring as often as his neighbors choose to lay siege to his fortress, for he will be as hospitable as those whom he will imitate; but he will not replenish his larder by incursions among the fat bees and bucks of his brother barons. His establishment will contain troubadours for the revival of minstrelsy. The men at arms will be uniformed according to the style that prevailed during the time of Charles the Bold, the Burgundian costume being the most picturesque, according to Mr. Grammont's thinking.

What land remains unused for castle purposes he will divide into holdings and distribute among the knights, who will hold them in fief from him, subject to forfeiture for any unknighly deed or transgression of the laws of chivalry. The knight's fee will be \$1 a day, but he will have his spurs hacked from his heels if he is caught wassailing when on duty. Esquires will receive 75 cents a day, and pages 50 cents, with subsistence according to their degree. Falconry will be included among the pleasures of the chase, and hooded hawks will be seen on the wrists of dames who come down from the castle to hunt their quarry.

Within the castle everything will be on a war footing, and the banner of Grammont will be unfurled to the breeze every day except when the Governor of the State is a guest, in which case the banner will give place to the standard of his excellency, the overlord.

"And how much do you expect to pay annually for this fun?" inquired the reporter.

"I shall spend probably \$50,000 a year, and I shall get the worth of my money out of it."

"Have you any heirs?"

"I have, seven or eight."

"Living in this country?"

"No; in Germany; why?"

"Lure them over here as soon as your castle is completed, and secure them in its deepest dungeons; for if you do not they will run you down when they hear of your feudal fancies, and any court in Rhode Island would sign an order for your committal to an insane asylum."

"I'll take my chances on that," replied Mr. Grammont. "A man may possess odd whims without being a lunatic. The towers of my castle will pierce the sky before you are a year older."

THE SULTAN AT HOME.

Housekeeping on a Gigantic Scale, and How He Eats.

It is estimated that over 6,000 persons are fed daily at his Dolma Bagtche palace when the sultan is there. One who claims to be well informed gives in the *Leisure Hour* a graphic picture of the sultan's housekeeping. He admits that

it is clear that there is good executive ability in the management of this enormous household, for there is scarcely ever a jar or hitch, even under the impulse of the most untimely demands. Every different department is under the control of a person who is directly responsible for that, and he has a corps of servants and slaves under his orders, who obey him only, and he is subject to the treasurer of the household. Women have no voice whatever in the management of anything in any department. Their sole occupation is to wait upon their respective mistresses or to serve the sultan in some specified capacity, and the labor about the palace is so subdivided that no one works very hard except the lord high chamberlain and treasurer of the household.

The treasurer of the household has the burden of the housekeeping on his burly shoulders, and has an organized force of buyers, who are each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for their individual departments, each paying his helpers, servants, and slaves. One man is charged with the duty of supplying all the fish, and, as to furnish fish for at least 6,000 persons is no light undertaking in a place where there are no great markets such as there are in all other large cities, he has to have about 20 men to scour the various small markets and buy of the fishermen, and each of these men has two others to carry the fish they buy.

About 10 tons of fish a week are required. There are nearly 18,000 pounds of bread eaten daily, for the Turks are large bread eaters, and this is all baked in the enormous ovens situated at some distance from the palace. The food for the sultan is cooked by one man and his aids, and no others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp, and this is broken in the presence of the sultan by the high chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each separate kettle before the sultan tastes it. This is to guard against poison. The food is almost always served up to the sultan in the same vessels in which it is cooked, and these are often of gold, but when served in vessels of baser metal the kettle is set into a rich golden bell shaped holder, the handle of which is held by a slave while the sultan eats. The sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses a table and rarely a knife or fork—a spoon, his bread, a pancake, or fingers are found far handier.

Some Literary Blunders.

The pretentious woman who was heard to say that she had never read Shakespeare's plays, though she had the highest opinion of him as a man, makes an admirable companion picture for an excellent old gentleman who believes unqualifiedly in Boston as not the hub only, but the forward wheels also, of the universe. Having confessed that he had never found time during his busy life to read the "immortal plays," he was advised to do so during the winter then approaching. In the spring a friend called on the estimable citizen, and casually asked if he had read any of the plays during the season just passed. "Yes," he replied. "I have read them all." "Do you like them?" returned his questioner, feeling his way anxiously to an opinion. "Like them!" replied the old man, with effusive ardor, "that is not the word, sir! They are glorious, sir; far beyond my expectation, sir! There are not 20 men in Boston, sir, who could have written those plays!" His naive conceit was so delightful that his friend did not try to deceive him. A Yorkshireman was advised to read some really good book, and Plato was mentioned as likely to suit him. Afterward he was asked, "Well, what do you think of Plato?" "Plato? Oh; that Plato! I'll tell you what I think of him. He's as big a humbug as ever lived. Why, man, Emerson has said it all before him!" We once heard a preacher in his sermon sweepingly condemn the writings of Alexander Pope as immoral and dangerous. At the conclusion he read out—and effectively, too—to be sung by the congregation, the beautiful hymn, commencing, "Vital spark of heavenly flame!"

Feeling Her Way.

"Anything wrong with the coffee this morning, John?"

"No. It's good enough."

"Biscuits all right?"

"I haven't any fault to find with the biscuits."

"Steak cooked about right?"

"I don't see anything wrong with the steak. What are you driving at, Maria?"

"No complaint to make about anything?"

"No. What in the world do you—"

"John, I wish you would let me have 50 cents to buy some ribbons."—[Chicago Tribune.]

About the Small Fruits.

I believe it is a mistake to continue the same plot of small fruits in bearing several years. For strawberries two crops are enough; after the second season I would set out new plants. The fruit will be finer in every way than from the old vines. Raspberries should not run for more than three crops without a change to new ground with new plants. I have in my mind a small planting of blackberries that five or six years ago were in their prime, large and fruitful, but have been on the decline ever since. The old canes have been cut out yearly, but degeneration has been going on until they have virtually run out. As a rule all berries should have a thorough cultivation early in the season, and we should not try to get too many crops from the same plants.—[H. B.]

QUEER FACTS ABOUT OATHS.

How People Swear and Where the Cuss Words Came From.

"You need not have looked severe because I said that I didn't care a dam, said a gruff old Senator in Washington. "That is not swearing. The expression has a very different meaning from what is popularly supposed, and was originated by the Duke of Wellington. A dam in India is the smallest piece of money known, and not to care that much means simply that one is very indifferent. That was all the phrase was intended to signify. The word 'damn,' from the Latin verb meaning to 'condemn,' is a very different thing. Curiously enough, it seems almost invariably to be the first word in our language acquired by foreigners, and it has always been such a favorite with the English that in the last century the French always referred to them as the 'Goddams.' A distinguished Gallic writer of that epoch said that English was a beautiful tongue and that 'Goddam' was the basis of it. 'People of that nation,' he remarked, 'have a few other words which they use in conversation, but the principal one is Goddam. You can go any where in England if you know that.'

"A funny misapprehension also exists as to the expression. 'Go to the deuce.' People generally suppose that 'deuce' means 'devil,' whereas as a matter of fact it is derived directly from the Latin 'Deus'—'God.' So, when any one tells you to go to the deuce he is unconsciously uttering the best of good wishes for your welfare.

"Speaking of Latin reminds me that among the ancient Romans it was considered the thing for each man to have some particular god to habitually swear by. Some swore by Jupiter, others by Mars, others still by Minerva, and so on. The demi-gods, like Hercules and Castor and Pollux, were also made use of in the way of oaths. Castor and Pollux were usually appealed to as the 'Twins'—'By Gemini!'—the phrase whence we get our exclamation 'By Jiminy.' It was thought very improper for Roman ladies to swear by the male gods, but they were permitted to take the names of the Twins in vain, and also especially that of Venus. In moments of great aggravation they might go so far as to cry 'Mecastor!'—'By Castor!' The Greeks swore by the cabbage, which was the most prized of vegetables, and even to this day the same oath is often heard in Italy, while in France a lover is being intensely affectionate when he calls the lady of his heart his 'petit chou' or 'little cabbage.' 'By jingo' is from 'Jinco,' the Basque name for God. Barbarous tribes have been accustomed to swear by the head of their ruler. Queen Elizabeth is said to have been a very hard swearer, as ladies were very apt to be in her day. Louis IX of France forbade the use by his courtiers of such oaths as 'Pardieu,' 'Cordieu,' 'Tetedieu,' and so on. There chanced to belong to one of the ladies of the court a small dog named 'Bleu.' The courtiers made up their minds to swear by the dog instead of by the Deity, and hence came the purlieu and corbeus of later times. Pythagoras had a favorite oath which most people would consider not sufficiently forcible to be satisfactory. He swore by the number four, which the Greeks regarded as symbolizing perfection."

A Child's Victory.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eye, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse, but I don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I am satisfied I could do him up with the gloves on, but he wouldn't fight that way," added a second.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I got him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about 8 years old approached and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but, meeting with only pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—[New York Sun.]

Nearly Lost His Tongue.

A curious accident happened recently in Baltimore. A boy of 13 named John Deutsch is employed at a basket factory, and during dinner hour, while taking a pull at his coffee flask, his tongue was drawn into the nozzle by suction so that, try as he would, he could not get it out. It was drawn further and further in until the flask was forced into his mouth. To make matters worse, the tongue began to swell, and after vainly trying to get it loose himself, he hurried to the hospital. After some difficulty the doctor released the disfigured member.

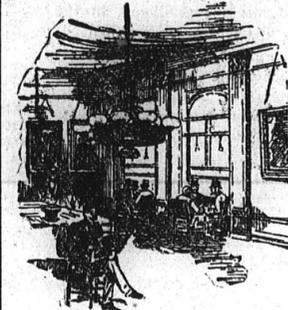
NOTES FROM GOTHAM.

CLUB LIFE WITH EVERYBODY OUT OF TOWN.

The Chief Club City—Popularity of Clubs—The Reason for It—A New and Startling Question—Gloomy Reports From the Watering Places.

[Special New York Letter.]

Just now a little discussion is going on among the representative newspapers of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia as to which is the first club city. Without wishing to detract from the merits of any other American city—and, after all, we should feel a patriotic pride in every one of our big towns, for each one of them possesses some special merit not to be found in any other municipality under the sun—this metropolis can safely set up the claim to being the best club



CLUB ATTRACTIONS.

town on the continent. There are over 400 established clubs in this city, and there is no knowing how many informal organizations of the kind; and they run the whole gamut of clubdom.

There is nothing strange about the growth of club life, although certain writers habitually indulge in exclamations when referring to it. Man is a social animal, and also delights to get the most for his money, and these two traits lie at the foundation of every successful club. In short, the club gives its members a larger field of social activity and better entertainment than they could obtain for their money in any other way. Nearly every club is run by men with a genius for social organization, and for procuring the best results at the least cost, and for a more or less trifling sum any respectable fellow who can show good credentials can take advantage of the same.

There are big expensive clubs in this town run for the mere object of giving meals and lodging. Of course some of the members incidentally shake hands, exchange a few words, or smoke a social cigar together, but the majority merely run in and out at meal time, or take a room if belated at business or for any



THE CLUB BOUND.

other reason. These are the big down town clubs, and it is really surprising at what moderate rates some of them serve their members with the very best of entertainment. It is the principle of co-operation carried to its finest development.

It is a curious fact that the clubs are fully crowded during the summer season. Theoretically, everybody is "out of town." Practically, the great mass of business men are in town at least five days of the week, and many of them make their homes at the club during the summer while their houses are closed up and their families at some favorite summer resort.

A popular club the other evening, at which certain literary men resort, a question was sprung that attracted no little attention.

"Have you noticed," inquired a member noted for his talent in starting subjects for discussion, "the number of escapades on the part of immature females recorded of late by the daily press?"

Everybody confessed ignorance.



FOUND AT THE PARK.

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "the papers last week recorded no less than three cases of young girls who had left respectable homes to take up a life of vagabondage within the limits of this

city. In one case a girl of 13 lived for three days in the open air in Central Park and was finally surprised by a policeman sleeping on a bench along with the miscellaneous collection of tramps usually to be found of an early morning. Now what I would like to know is, what literary tendency is it that is producing this result?"

"Literary tendency?" echoed a listener. "Yes, it is not for us to underestimate the influence of literature. We all know the success of dime novels in producing incipient highwaymen and precocious Indian fighters, and it is in order to inquire what particular branch of literature is now working upon the imaginations of girls to induce them to make such bold strokes for liberty."

The question aroused considerable discussion. It was generally agreed that the tendency to exploit and perhaps magnify the adventures of girls was responsible for the instances cited.

"I see you catch my point," concluded our suggestive friend. "The fact is, there is an unmistakable tendency in our present literature toward the exhibition of aggressively heroic qualities on the part of women, and especially young women. The daily press has caught the hint, and the girl who resists a burglar or turns on some insulting loafer is sure to have her name sounded from one end of the land to the other. This, I claim, has had its origin in the popular literature of the day, and the subject is worthy of more philosophical investigation than it has yet received."

The cry which comes up from the watering places is more of a wail this year than ever before. It is a wonder that some member of Congress has not been appealed to by the "four hundred" to secure the passage of an act for supplying the summer resorts with young men. Their scarcity is reaching the con-



HAS IT COME TO THIS?

dition of a crying public evil. Some of the published hints of the entertainments given at the watering places are curiously suggestive. In a dispatch from Narragansett, for instance, on Sunday last the details of a delightful "impromptu picnic" were given, and a list of the guests was appended, from which it appeared there were four young men and 27 young women. It is even reported that at an informal dance at Newport the other day it was noticed for the first time in the history of that famous watering place that the girls danced with one another for the reason that there were not enough young men to go around.

If this thing goes on, the value of the watering place dude, already quoted far above par, will be inflated to an extent hitherto unknown.

It may be asked, what has become of the young men? The truth is, that they are here in the city, grinding away at business, and putting in what little leisure they have at the clubs and at nearby watering places, where they can come and go in a day. The conditions of modern business grow more and more exacting for the individual man, and the leisure class—even for the hot summer months—grows less and less. The fact may not be palatable to the summer beauties, but it may be said that a candid and unprejudiced survey of the field gives the impression that, in view of all the circumstances, the young men are doing pretty well.

JEROME.

Sandwiches at Delmonico's.

A lot of men were playing poker at Delmonico's the other night. The party got a little hungry and ordered some sandwiches. They came—a small but appetizing plate; also the bill, \$14. Shortly afterward a quiet gentleman asked the waiter to pass him another sandwich. "All gone, sir," was the reply. The quiet gentleman beckoned to the waiter and said in a confidential way:

"All gone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go down stairs and order some more."

"How many, sir?"

"Well," said the gentleman thoughtfully, glancing at the bill and the empty plate, "as I'm hungry, I should say about \$2,000 worth."—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

All Over Now.

The women's mania for red hair has gone the way of all such senseless notions. An establishment on Fourteenth street that was started with great splendor, and a trade of really flourishing proportions, after Mme. Patti's arrival last spring, is now closed. The establishment employed four assistants to the chief hair dyer, and they were kept busy constantly. Their method was to first bleach the hair until it had lost all color, and then stain it with the heavy red which was at that time in vogue. The operation occupied five continuous hours, and appointments were made two and three weeks ahead. But it is all over now.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
KIMBALL PRINTING CO.,
G. F. KIMBALL, Editor.

Payments always in advance and papers stop
ed promptly at expiration of time paid for.
All kinds of Job Printing at low prices.
Entered at the Postoffice for transmission as
second class matter.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

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
Books 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.

McKinley, the tariff tinker, will not
be re-elected to Congress

Leland Webb, of Topeka, has been
elected grand commander of the sons
of veterans.

Labor day was celebrated in To-
peka by a procession twenty blocks
long, taking an hour to pass a given
point.

It could hardly be said of the Peo-
ple's State Convention as the Capital
says of the republican, that there
were more candidates than delegates.

We believe in the grand recipi-
city idea at home. The politicians,
office seekers and money-bugs have
been having it all their way. Now
we want the people to have a little
reciprocity. Turn about is fair play.

It is said that Cliff Baker is pre-
paring a stick of taffy for each mem-
ber of the next legislature which will
be presented as soon as the result of
the election is known. In this way
he expects to secure their votes for
his re-election as state printer.

The Topeka Capital has come to
be as low and untrustworthy in its
political utterances as any Tammany
organ New York has ever had. It
seems to have become fully converted
to the Ingalls idea that there are no
moral obligations that need enter in-
to a political campaign.

Senator Plumb's resolution regard-
ing the senate saloon has been sent
to the committee on rules and there
it will probably remain. The rule of
our great cultivated congress is that
members may have all the whiskey
they want, be drunk when they please,
indulge in vulgarity after the style
of Cannon, and play the rowdy gen-
erally all inside the rules.

The republican party labors un-
der one great disadvantage in declar-
ing so strongly in favor of all do-
mauds now asked by the farmers and
their co-workers. They are making
their platforms this year as strong
and as comprehensive as the great
St. Louis declaration of principles,
and then turn around and ask the
worthy farmer what more he wants.
Why need he go off in support of the
people's ticket? The trick is an old
one that has caught many a gullible
voter in the past. Men who worship
party are apt to become victims to
these wiles of the party politicians.
But this year it seems that the people
are thinking. They are profiting by
experience and the educating influ-
ence of the Grange and the Alliance.
If these republican leaders are so en-
thusiastic and so earnest, why is that
Congress, now entirely in their hands,
does not take right hold of the mat-
ter as they did with the Wilson orig-
inal package bill? If they have the
inclination they have the power.
Why is that the Capital and the party
papers do not insist upon it? Why
do they not call another big state
convention to demand of our repre-
sentatives and senators in congress
the immediate enactment of laws in
harmony with the resolutions they
are passing? The proof of the pud-
ding is in the eating. Let us see
them eat some of this pudding if they
mean what they say? Otherwise the
people will certainly declare by their
votes that they will no longer be
counted as pudding-heads.

Eating Crow.
The alliance held their state con-
vention at Topeka last week, and nominated
a full state ticket, with Rev. B. F. Foster,
colored, of Topeka, for auditor. How
will this fit the Democratic members of
the alliance—will they eat crow?—*Lane
County Herald.*

The question ought to be answered.
Yes, if that is crow they will eat it.
Alliance democrats are standing true
to alliance principles. We believe
the democratic party itself ran a col-
ored man for a state office not long
since, so that voting for one now
would not be eating very black crow,
after all.

But there is to be not a little crow
eating this year on the other side.
The prohibition republicans in the
Seventh district are experimenting
on crow deglutition with one Hallow-
well. The Topeka Capital is lending
all aid possible. The great republi-
can temperance union is again exer-
cising its salivary glands and strain-
ing its deglutitory muscles in making
way with Gov. Humphrey and Bill
Higgins. The Capital took its In-
galls crow, peacock feathers and all,
and never winced. The crow eating
this year will harm no one. He who
does not take his crow this year in
one form will take it in another.

There really ought to be some kind
of force bill to prevent this ever-grow-
ing and disgraceful office seeking.
When, as the Capital says, there are
more candidates at a great State con-
vention than there are delegates, it
would seem that office hunting has
about reached its climax.

The State Journal accuses the farm-
ers of going into the people's move-
ment, in order to get office. How is
it about the republicans? Is there one
in that party who wants office? The
Capital says there were more candi-
dates than delegates squinting
through the Journal's party eye there
can be nothing objectionable in this.

John A. Teague of North Topeka,
writes to the Capital calling it a "liv-
ing dirty skunk" and asks that his
communication be published. The
language is strong, but candor com-
pels one to say that the Capital has
not confined itself to the truth in its
treatment of the Farmers' Alliance.
It may be that it has not been con-
scious of its misrepresentations, but
the people have noticed it.

We know of no good reason why
convict labor should not be employed
on government work. The men who
commit crime and put the state to
great expense for their trial and sup-
port after conviction are just the ones
whose labor should be employed to
save this expense to the people.
There are objections to speculations
by contractors, in convict labor, when
the profit goes into their pocket and
not into the State treasury, and when
convict labor at a nominal price may
come into competition with free labor.
But convicts should labor for the
benefit of the state.

Any labor movement that does not
make practical temperance a promi-
nent part of its teachings must fail.
The same necessity for law to aid in
the abolition of the saloon, and the
enforcement of prohibition, holds
good as for regulation of working
hours and all other protection that is
asked by the laboring man. Until
this is seen and recognized the work-
ing man will be ground in the mills
of the gods until light comes to his
mind. The nomination or election of
any man not a strictly total abstainer
and an avowed enemy of the saloon,
claiming to be a representative of la-
bor interests, presents a sample of in-
consistency as painful as it is ridicu-
lous. There can be nothing more
absurd along this line than the nom-
ination of such men as Bill Higgins
and Jim Hallowell by a party that
adopts a prohibition platform.

**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 con-
nection 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 prem-
iums, and all indications point to a very
successful meeting.

Vegetable Courtship.
A potato went out on a mash,
And sought an onion seed;
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red;
"Go away," the onion weeping cried,
"Your love I cannot get."
The pumpkin is your lawful bride,
You cantaloupe with me.

But onward still the labor came,
And laid down at her feet;
"You cauliflower by my name
And it will smell as wheat;
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you've come to see,
So don't turn up your lovely nose,
But spinach at with me."
"I had not carrot at all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please;"
The modest onion meekly said,
"And let us, pray, have peace."
So think that you have never seen
Myself, or smelled my sigh;
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your eye.

Physical Decay.
Under the above caption the Youths
Companion offers us facts that it will
do well to ponder. It calls our at-
tention to these facts:
"The successive decay of the great
nations of antiquity is a won-
derful phenomenon. How hard to
realize that Egypt, now at the foot of
the nations, was once the head! that
Rome was the mistress of the world!
that Greece, in all the great products
of intellect, was the master mind of
the race, with a supremacy reached
by no nation since!
"In modern times Spain has sunk
down from one of the highest seats
of power in Europe to one of the low-
est. A similar process is seen going
on in other nations. Do the elements
of decay inhere in the life of a nation
as they do in that of an individ-
ual, so that decrepit age must neces-
sarily succeed to the most vigorous
national manhood?"

"Why this national decay?
"History shows us that the ancient
nations perished because power and
prosperity brought to one class lux-
ury and effeminacy, and to the other
crushing poverty, and thus to both
every possible vice and physical de-
generation. The same causes are
ever prolific of the same effects.
"But it is the cities that are the
centres of decay. In these the de-
structive forces are most numerous,
strongest and most incessantly at
work. Cattle, in his 'Degeneration
Amongst Londoners,' says a pure
Londoner of the fourth generation is
impossible. Certainly it is not as bad
as that here. Yet we find, in each
generation, that the leading business
and professional minds in our great
cities are importations from the rural
districts.

"What would happen if this con-
stant supply of good blood should
cease?
"Two significant facts now confront
us. One is, that the country is being
more and more conformed to the city
type of social life; the other is, that
large cities are multiplying among
us with unexampled rapidity. Steam
and railroads enable most of these
cities to become large manufacturing
centres. These two facts must in
time greatly lessen the ability of our
cities to replenish themselves with
vigorous blood from the rural districts
as has hitherto been the case in our
national growth.

"More and more we need to care
for cities—by insisting on the stew-
ardship of health; teaching and en-
forcing the right relation between
capital and labour; so caring for the
poor as to foster their self-respect
and their ability to help themselves;
closing up rum-shops; multiplying
and increasing the efficiency of city
missions; more vigorously enforcing
every feasible measure to improve
tenement-houses, to clean out the
slums physically and morally, and to
secure to every person an ample
supply of pure air, good water and whole-
some food."

The political organs are now telling
of the great relief that farmers may
expect from congress during the next
two or three years. It is admitted
that financial distress has driven them
to their present action. Note this
from the Lawrence Journal:
The farmers have been taking an in-
ventory of their strength, and measuring
it for the coming political campaign.
There is no doubt that the financial dis-
tress which they have suffered in the past
few years has driven them to this.

If this much is admitted, why wait
two years for a remedy? The present
congress has the power that the next
one can't have. If the farmers are
not unreasonable, why should there
be delay? Why has the party in
power allowed this state of things
to be?

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

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

DENTISTRY
Teeth Saved—Not Puled. 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.

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 13th
and 14th.
The final limit on all tickets will be
September 22d.
The UNION PACIFIC, with its excellent
local service in Kansas, is the favorite
route for persons attending this meeting,
and in all cases your tickets should read
via that line.
For further detailed information apply
to the nearest ticket agent, who will
kindly furnish you time of trains, rates,
etc.

Although Lord Tennyson, who recently
celebrated his eightieth birthday, is still
 hale and hearty; yet the London press is
already engaged in discussing the rival
merits of the various candidates for the
post of Poet Laureate to the Queen, which
will become vacant at his death. Ten-
nyson himself has nominated "Owen Mer-
edith," better known by his title of Lord
Lytton, as his successor. The Earl is at
present Ambassador to France, and was
formerly Viceroy of India. The Queen
favors the Earl of Rosslyn, of whom but
few out outside court circles have ever
heard mentioned as a poet. The Prime
Minister, Lord Salisbury, supports the
claims of Alfred Austin, who is a frequent
visitor at Hatfield House, and the Prince
of Wales is supposed rightfully or wrong-
fully to favor William Morris. Swin-
burne is considered to have put himself
out of running by his recent ode com-
mending the plots to assassinate the
Czar.

To be helpful to women seems to be
the chief aim of the managers of The
Ladies' Home Journal. Every article has
a very practical ring in it. What could
be more helpful, at this season than sen-
sible "Hints for Making Christmas Pres-
ents;" or what will be the most practical
styles for woman's garments during the
fall. Mrs. Lyman Abbot begins her work
in this number, as one of the Journal
editors. Shirley Care has a well written
article on the wisdom of granting favors;
Foster Coates tells what are "Women's
Chances as Journalists;" Eben E. Rexford
gives hints for fall potting; Dr. Talmage
chats delightfully with Women; Ruth
Ashmore treats a page full of questions
of manners and dress for girls; Edward
W. Bok points out the possibilities of lit-
erary success; Ella Wheeler Wilcox has
a good poem; Dr. Louis Starr gives practi-
cal hints to mothers about the care of
children. Altogether the Journal is the
best literary visitor to a home. \$1.00
per year. 433-435 Arch street, Philadel-
phia, Pa.

The heaviest item of expense on all
farms is labor. To save a portion of
that expense do not let a single weed go
to seed. Look into the fence corners.

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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. —
MUSIC BOOKS & FOLIOS.
— SHEET MUSIC, 10c PER COPY. —
— TOPEKA. —

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

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Tickets
ON SALE
TO ALL
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EAST, WEST,
NORTH and SOUTH
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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 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.

Weevils are said to be playing the mischief with stored corn in southern localities, particularly in Texas.

Good, ripe fruit is healthy, and is more of a benefit than a detriment. It is green, or over-ripe fruit or the eating of an unreasonable quantity that causes sickness.

For a slight cut there is nothing better to control the hemorrhage than common unglazed brown paper, such as is used by market-men and grocers; a piece to be bound over the wound.

For washing windows, looking-glasses, etc., a little ammonia in the water saves much labor, aside from giving a better polish than anything else; for general house cleaning it removes dirt, smoke and grease most effectually.

Unwillingness to receive new ideas often hinders farmers from utilizing advanced methods which would be to their advantage. The farmer should be as vigilant in matters pertaining to progress as the manufacturer or business man.

The Chinese pheasant is well adapted to the climate of our middle states and readily thrives there. Oregon has nearly 1,000,000, the product of an importation of 11 in 1882. The Chinese pheasant does not meet with such opposition in America as the Chinese peasant.

Do not be afraid of putting windows in your barn. There is no danger of too much light. Years ago, when there were as many open cracks as boards, there was no need of the same care about light and ventilation. The tight barn of civilization calls for both.

Too little attention is paid to pastures in this country. Rotation of cattle is sometimes as beneficial to land as is rotation of crops. Thin spots should be mowed, and afterwards harrowed and sowed with a quickly growing grass, but one different from that originally there.

Gum about the collar of the peach tree, says the Farmer of Michigan, particularly if flecked with what looks like sawdust, indicates the presence of the borer. Bare the collar, scrape the gum and dirt away, wait a day, and fresh sawdust will be seen about the whole hole in the bark in case the insect is there. Explore the residence with a knife or piece of stout wire, and his occupation is ended.

Pare pineapples, and be sure you take out all the eyes and dissolved parts. Cut in slices and cut the slices in small bits, taking out the core. Weigh the fruit and put in a pan with half as many pounds of sugar as of fruit. Let it stand over night. In the morning put it over the fire and let it boil rapidly for a minute only, as cooking long discolors it. Put it in jars as any other fruit.

An Australian shepherd is testing the oft disputed question whether it is possible to breed a flock of black sheep by sending all the black lambs to a solitary range. Nevertheless black sheep seem to suffer more from heat and thus are less profitable. They are looked upon by most breeders as freaks of nature, so far as coloring goes, being often the offspring of white parents, and producing white lambs only.

All cannot have pure-bred stock. The nearest approach thereto that such can procure is the end to be sought. How can they possess each succeeding year a nearer approach to the ideal as represented by pure-bred stock? Can it be done by continually breeding to grade sires? Most assuredly not, and the breeder who thinks to keep pace with the world must tear himself from his idols of sorub and grade sires and learn to worship at the highest shrine, fully believing that the best is the cheapest.

The following information may be useful to some at this season of the year, if not to many: Spinach has a direct effect upon the kidneys. A common dandelion used as greens is excellent for the same trouble. Asparagus purges the blood. Celery acts admirably upon the nervous system and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes act upon the liver. Beets and turnips are excellent appetizers. Lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system. Onions, garlic, leeks, olives and shallots, all of which are similar, possess medicinal virtues of a marked character, stimulating the circulatory system and the consequent increase of the saliva and the gastric juice, promoting digestion. Red onions are excellent diuretic, and the white ones are recommended to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia.

Mr Meehan, in an address before the American Association of Nurserymen, referred to the erroneous belief which prevails, that trees with fibrous roots are of more value than trees without them. Such roots he said were of very little permanent use. Like the leaves of a tree, they performed their function for a year, and then died. When a tree was transplanted from a nursery, the loss of the fibrous roots which were left behind affected it very little, and it was in just such things as these, Mr Meehan said, that nurserymen did not advance and learn the true value of things.

Farm Notes.

Rats destroy millions of dollars worth of grain annually.

The toad is one of the best friends of the farmer and destroys many insects.

Onions like unleached wood ashes. Apply the ashes thoughtfully and the onion crop will respond.

It is impossible to take a correct census of the number of eggs produced during the last ten years.

There is some truth in the claim that rank and luxuriant growth of vine is not always conducive to earliness of the crop.

The squash bug lays its eggs on the water side of the leaves, and they may be easily found upon examination. The squash vine borer deposits its eggs in the stem.

When apples fall on the ground and rot the grass is sometimes injured, due to decomposition and acidity of the fallen fruit. A dressing of lime or ashes is the proper remedy.

With all the new varieties of strawberries that have been introduced, it is doubtful if anything has been gained in the flavor, though the size and appearance have been greatly improved.

Damaged grain is not cheap food, but has been known to do injury in some cases. The animal that produces will thrive better and give a greater profit on the best food than on that which is inferior.

It is too late to hatch chicks with a view of deriving any profit from them. The proper plan to pursue is to thin out the adult stock and reduce the flock to a minimum so as to provide ample room in the poultry house during the winter.

It is claimed that an acre of Hubbard squash will give more food for fattening hogs than corn. Sweet potatoes will fatten hogs quickly, owing to the large amount of sugar they contain. Use all the small sweet-potatoes for that purpose.

Should the butter be colored? is one of the questions being discussed. Should it not be sold on its true color and its merits alone, instead of receiving artificial coloring, instead of, as is the case with nearly all butter marketed, which is colored?

An acre of clover should provide sufficient hay for a cow one year. Where the cows have pasture, and the hay is only used in the winter, there should be a sufficiency for two cows. It is not every farmer who can make an acre support a cow one year, however.

Corn husks possess a value in market much greater than their value for feeding. They are used in the manufacture of beds, but if saved for that purpose they must be harvested before wet weather and be clean, dry and in bright condition. They are shipped baled.

Peas are considered a great luxury in late fall. They can be had in about six to eight weeks from the time of sowing, so in many localities it will be found there is time enough to sow some. Sow them rather deeper than usual, and select some early maturing sort.

Fall grass injures lawns because it spreads so much that it kills out all other sorts and clover. Being but an annual, it dies itself towards winter, leaving the lawn entirely bare. Keep it cut close so that it can not seed, which will prevent it from growing next year.

California orange growers report wonderful profits from their groves. The land is held very high, but the profit of an orange grove, if one may believe reports is immense. Net profits range from \$200 to \$500 and \$700, and in an exceptional case, to \$1,000 on lands held at \$350 to \$800 an acre, with water.

Each year we see hogs upon exhibition that are badly broken down in the feet. Can we not prepare our hogs for show without the necessity of having a greater or less number of them down in the feet? Yes, if we use a small amount of common sense in the selection and care of our hogs. The principal cause of the trouble is not having the right kind of "underpinning" to commence with. If your pig is long in the pastern he is predisposed to go down upon the first opportunity. I once owned a boar that when four years old weighed 875 pounds, he had better action than many 300 pound hogs, he stood as straight upon his pins as a Kentucky thoroughbred, and why? He was short in the pastern and I believe ordinary mismanagement would have broken him down, and I may add that I never knew one of his pigs—they were like him—to break down in the feet. Clearly, to my mind, we should select hogs that stand straight upon their feet and have a short, firm pastern. If breeders would note this defect more particularly than they do we would soon have a race of swine that would not so readily go down as they now do. But, however perfect the natural formation of the animal may be, we may offset all by our system of feeding and management. We place our hogs in a close pen with board floor and cram them from morn to night upon corn, the best of them will go down. The right arm of the blacksmith gets its strength from the constant exercise given it in the daily following of his trade—that exercise gives strength not only to the muscle but bone as well, and if we give the hog with properly formed leg and foot sufficient exercise to develop and strengthen those parts, there is but small danger of his ever giving way, but to this should be added proper food, and oata has the call as a bone and muscle food—rightly we think. Feed less corn and more oata, give the hogs sufficient exercise, select those short in pastern and but rarely will you have a hog down in the feet.

Breed from no scrubs.

Avoid sowing foul or mixed seed. Plow the ground for fall seeding. The farm teams need good care now.

Have no swill tubs near the doors or windows. Grease the wagon, and oil up the harness.

Adorn your home, and elevate the family.

Clover makes the best pasture for swine. Chopped beets are considered good for milch cows.

Keep the plows sharp, and save the teams.

Cut the millet of Hungarian before the seed ripens. Unless the weather is showery, harrow as fast as plowed.

Do not use plaster upon your wet or mucky grounds.

The feed must be put into the breed for the best profit. Too much wet, green clover often induces colic in horses.

It is very important to see that the hogs have a dry bed. All shoes on the horses should have a level bearing on the foot.

Growing stock of all kinds must be kept in a good, thrifty condition. In many cases the second growth of clover can be allowed to mature seed.

A North Carolina farmer has on his farm a healthy colt with five legs. Draft or coach horses sell readily at good prices if they are the style wanted.

Will varieties of buckwheat cross and mix? is one of the questions of the day. A Southern journal declares that pea vines are the very best crop for ensilage purposes.

Remember that different soils require different fertilizers, and they want no others. If strawberries are to be set out this fall, the ground should be plowed and manured now.

It is not good economy to allow the stock to eat down the pastures and meadows too close.

Common light draft mares should nearly always be bred to a full-blood, heavy draft stallion.

One of the principal success of profit with ducks and geese is the feathers and they should be picked regularly.

At this time a good feed of bran can nearly always be given to the milch cows with profit, if a steady flow of milk is an item.

Now is a good time to cull out the old sheep, and fatten and sell while there is plenty of grass. It does not pay to winter old sheep.

Turkeys and guineas are easily led to stray away from home, and for this reason it is often a good plan to feed a little every day.

Because the feed in the pasture is failing is no reason for allowing the stock to run down at this time; supply additional feed if necessary.

When it can be done without too much inconvenience it will be best to keep the brood sows in a separate pasture from the growing pigs.

By cutting out the weeds among the corn and potatoes many of them may be killed out. The work should be done before they mature seed.

It is as important to have good seed wheat as for any other crop and care should be taken at threshing to select out the best of the crop and save for seed. Too many farmers do not appreciate the value of pasturage for hogs, or if, by have pasturage, do not realize the importance of supplementing it with light grain rations.

The sow should be fed very light for the first week after farrowing—scarcely anything for the first two days—and no sour food, nor even sour milk, for at least eight weeks.

A few pigs can be fattened with very slight expense, merely by feeding them what otherwise would be wasted and if given in addition what a large healthy dog would require the pig will be fat all the time.

Just now and for a few years past a good brood sow is and has been the most profitable breeding animal on the farm. The price of her product never goes so low as to make her a losing factor in farm economy if properly cared for.

A pig that is stunted in the early days or weeks of its life should never have a place in the breeding herd. If used in the herd it is to be expected that the offspring will inherit some of the unthriftiness caused in the parent by stunting.

The complete novel in Lippincott's for September is contributed by Katharine Pearson Woods, author of the remarkable book, "Metzerott, Shoemaker." Miss Woods, like Mr Edward Bellamy, has won sudden and wide fame by the advocacy of certain forms of socialism, and this, her latest novel, is directed against the "Sweating System," a system which has been exciting a great deal of antagonism both in America and England, and which stands greatly in need of reform. The story is entitled "The Mark of the Beast," and has that power about it which springs from an earnest purpose, while it is crowded with strong scenes and dramatic situations. It is a story that everybody will want to read. A sketch of Miss Woods, by Hester Crawford Jorsey, appears in the body of the magazine.

Deafness Can't be Cured

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

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness, (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75 cents.

Volcanic Islands Sinking.

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

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

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

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

The Government of Peru has sent a military expedition of 400 soldiers up the Javary River to bring into subjection a number of wild Indian tribes who have hitherto been hostile to all whites entering their territory. As the country is almost unknown, five scientific men have gone with the expedition to explore the country.

The Upper Berth.

A Pullman sleeper conductor says: Every body who wants a berth in a sleeper wants the lower berth. I have been in the employ of the company for fourteen years, and I have never yet had an application for an upper berth. Of course the upper berth is not so easy of access as the lower, but if you don't mind climbing to the upper berth you will at once admit, after the night is over, that it is the more comfortable of the two. The ventilation is better and you are not so close to the rumbling noise. You are more private than you are in a lower berth, and in case of accident you have a chance of coming out on top. In hot weather the upper berth is cooler than the lower. The lower berth, as you know, is made up from the cushioned seats, which are of warm material.

I have never known a man to fall out of an upper berth. I think if the company would make a difference of a half dollar in favor of the upper berth it would soon be in demand. But I believe the Pullman Company never makes any difference in the charges.

She Served as a Soldier.

Application was made to the adjutant general at Columbus Ohio, a short time since, for the discharge papers of "John R. Sumner," 128d Ohio infantry. The application is made in behalf of Mrs. J. C. Bailey, of No. 81 Gordon street, Cleveland, who claims that she served through the war as a man under the name of Sumner. Before the war Mrs. Bailey lived in Richmond, Va. Her two brothers, named St. Clair, enlisted in a Virginia regiment. She came to Washington, donned male attire and joined the Ohio regiment. She was in many skirmishes, and finally became a member of one of Sheridan's scouting parties. She was wounded and taken to a hospital, where her identity was discovered. Upon getting out of the hospital she went back to her company, and was wounded twice afterward. That is the woman's story. Mrs. Bailey is trying to get a pension, and the Grand Army men have taken an interest in her case.

An Elephant's Venerable Age.

The journals of Ceylon have recently mentioned the death of an elephant that was well known on the island and had been seen by several generations of Englishmen. He was called Sello, and had belonged to the last of the kings of Kandy. He was one of the hundred elephants that was taken by the English Government in 1815, when the Kandyan dynasty were overthrown. At this epoch the elephant was said to be fifteen years old. If this is correct, he died a natural death at the age of eighty-nine years.

One feature of the September Magazine of American History is a descriptive view of the first croton water celebration in 1843, in contrast to the second in 1890, accompanied by the only picture made at the time. The rare old print is attached to the historic music (also reproduced in fac-simile) arranged for the famous Croton Water Ode of George P. Morris, and sung in front of the park fountain at the celebration by members of the Sacred Music Society of New York. Mr Spencer furnishes some entertaining data about "The Self-made Lord Timothy Dexter" who, it seems, dealt largely in the old continental paper currency, becoming rich thereby, and who really was not so "big a fool" as generally supposed. "The Riots in Colonial Times," an able paper of surpassing interest, is from the pen of Horace Kephart. "The Deacon's Wooing," a humorous poem by Henry F. King, records a quaint historic incident in connection with the old town of Lyme, Connecticut. Mrs Lamb, in the fifth article, pays a graceful and just tribute to the late Judge Amasa J. Parker, of Albany, whose splendid portrait from a photograph made just before his death forms the frontispiece to the number. "The Battle of Queenstown Heights," in 1812 is a study from a Canadian's point of view, the author being John Frazier, of Montreal. This is followed by "Dead Man's Island and the Ghost Ship," by D. Turner. "A Sunday in the Olden Time," by Rev. F. Lamson, and "Linked with Shakespeare," by Professor B. Browne Goodie, all of which, with "George W Childs on General Grant," will find hosts of readers.

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

JOHN HOWELLS, son of the novelist, has chosen architecture for his life work. If the young man succeeds as well in his line as his father has in literature, John will ultimately become a plain carpenter.

The schools try to satisfy the public by making a show of teaching what they don't teach and can't teach. One of the chief difficulties or disadvantages in our school system is that there are not, as a rule, enough teachers to do the work as it should be done.

That England intends to go to Mecca one of these days is clearly indicated by recent utterances in the English press. Pilgrims have been treated so badly at Mecca of late years that the Turks and Egyptians are beginning to be very anxious to see Mecca in neutral hands.

The science in our schools is too often a make-believe, and the schools will lose nothing when every make-believe slips out of the curriculum. The trouble is, the science that is now taught is taught from books. There is no science that can be learned from books. Book science is canned science, a thing that cannot be assimilated by the mind.

It is told of an American millionaire who bought a castle on the Rhine that one cold day his daughter found him warming his hands at a fire which he had kindled in a suit of plate armor. "O papa, what have you been doing?" she cried. "The fellow that patented that stove," replied the lord of the castle, "must have been crazy; but I've made the old thing heat up at last."

The element of insecurity is always reflected by the high rate of interest. A shrewd and successful capitalist remarks that he has always risked his money when he has tried to earn more than six per cent. interest. No farmer can afford to pay over six per cent. for money for long time loans. No business man can make a profit if his capital costs him a higher rate year after year.

The attempt to colonize the deserted farms of Vermont with Swedes has resulted in a complete failure. In one township near the southern part of the state not a settler remains. In most of the other townships but very few of the assisted settlers can be found. Some have left their farms to work on railroads or in manufactories, and others have found employment in various small industries. Most of them, however, have gone into the lumbering districts near the Canadian border.

After great wars more male than female children are born. Since the early settlement of America in the frontier and young towns female births have been in excess. Males are more exposed to accident and disease than females, and the birth rate being about equal, it is natural that females should be in excess. Why nature should take no account of disease and accidents, but does take account of wars, is one of her secrets. A possible solution lies in the fact that almost all diseases and accidents are due to nature's laws.

CIGARETTE smoking has become a potent cause of insanity, as shown by statistics from the hospitals and asylums throughout the country. In Chicago the average in one hospital is more than twenty-five cases annually, or 2 per cent of all insane cases. It is peculiar to this phase of nervous decadence that the mental ruin is generally too grave to be repairable. Medical science is incapable of helping these suicides of the mind; and all that remains, as they are generally violent, is to subject them to restraint like incorrigible animals whose physical vigor survives for a time their intellectual death.

It is difficult to say in precise terms, what forces are directly connected with the production of hale and happy old age. Certainly much more is involved than mere strength of constitution, for to this must be added healthful surroundings, contentment and active, temperate and regular habits. Hard work, so long as it is not carried beyond the limit of repairing regularly the worn-out tissues, is both harmless and conducive to longevity. Civilization is at once helpful and injurious as regards longevity. Under its protecting influence normal development at all ages is allowed and fostered. But civilization affords great opportunities for self-indulgence—and as a rule they are not allowed to escape.

A DEAD SOLDIER.

He sleeps at last—a hero of his race. Dead!—and the night lies softly on his face. While the faint shimmer stars, like sentinels, hover above his lonely resting place.

A soldier, yet less soldier than a man—Who gave to justice what a soldier can; The courage of his arm, his patient heart, And the fire-soul that flamed when wrong began.

Not Caesar, Alexander, Antoine, No despot born of the old warrior line, Napoleons of the sword, whose cruel hands Caught at the throat of love upon its shrine—

But one who worshipped in the sweeter years Those rights that men have gained with blood and tears; Who led his armies like a priest of men, And fought his battles with anointed spears. —George Edgar Montgomery.

MR. HEAPHEY'S GHOST.

This story is told by a New York friend of Mr. Richard Heaphey, who was an American artist resident in London. Charles Dickens in his published letters refers to "Heaphey's Ghost," as "the most wonderful ghost story I ever heard."

Near the end of a long summer day, toward the close of a London season, Mr. Heaphey was alone in his studio in London. It was a large apartment with alcoves, in one of which a number of portraits and pictures were hung upon the walls, with the usual bric-a-brac of an artist's reception room. This room was entered directly from a landing place at the head of a broad flight of stairs leading down into the street and past a small porter's room, for the studio was in a public building occupied by a number of persons.

Coming into his reception room from a smaller cabinet, into which he was putting away some papers, Mr. Heaphey was startled to see a lady, quite unknown to him, young, of good figure and carriage, dressed quietly, in perfect taste and in the fashion, who was walking around the room and inspecting the pictures.

Mr. Heaphey approached and saluted her, observing as he did so that, while she was unquestionably fine looking, her countenance was unusually pale, and that her eyes, which she fixed upon him as he spoke to her, had a singular, and, as he afterward described it, almost "uncanny" expression.

She made no explanation whatever of her presence, but at once asked him whether he could paint immediately a portrait of her for a dear friend to whom she wished to send it as soon as possible.

Mr. Heaphey replied that he would be happy to do so if it were in his power, but that he was on the point of leaving London for a round of visits in the country; that he had many professional engagements which would probably occupy him during the remainder of the year.

The lady treated these objections with polite indifference and persisted, saying that it would not be necessary for Mr. Heaphey that she should sit to him. "You will not forget my face," said she with a singular intonation, "and if I am not misinformed as to your talents you can make a sketch of me now from which you could paint such a portrait as I wish."

Mr. Heaphey thanked her for her good opinion, but again excused himself.

Nothing would do, however, and the lady finally carried her point so far that Mr. Heaphey—he could hardly say why, and certainly against his own will and judgment—consented to undertake the commission.

"It will be necessary for me," he said, "to find some time during the autumn when I can give you my sittings, and if you will oblige me with your name and address I will see what I can do and will let you know."

"That is hardly necessary," said the lady. "I will be here at any time you appoint."

Mr. Heaphey looked at her with astonishment. "But I don't see how you can be here unless I let you know when that time will be."

"I shall have no difficulty about that," said the lady, almost petulantly. "In the mean time I will see that you have an engraving of a face which I am told strongly resembles my own—so strongly that it has sometimes been mistaken for a portrait of me. This will serve to keep me in your mind," she said, smiling; "and, by the way, I wish you would try to make a sketch of me now!"

Puzzled by the lady's manner as much as by her words, he quietly said:

"Oh, excuse me, I will get my address book, and we will arrange matters;" and with this he turned his back for a moment to the lady, and going to a desk, opened it to take out the book of which he spoke. When he turned again with the book in his hand to his profound astonishment the lady had vanished!

The door of the studio was shut, as it had been during the whole interview. He instantly ran and opened it. No trace of her could be seen.

He ran hastily down and questioned the porter. His amazement was heightened when he found that the porter not only protested that he had not seen any lady go out, but declared that, so far as he knew, no lady had entered the building for more than an hour before.

He went up stairs again and set about the occupation in which he had been interrupted by his extraordinary visitor.

His arrangements to leave town being completed, the next morning he went back to the studio to see that everything was put in proper order for the vacation, and to give some final directions. On his desk lay, with a number of let-

ters from the mail, a small roll of paper addressed to him by name, but bearing no postmark or any sign of having passed through the mails. He took this roll of paper up carelessly, opened it, and, to his unspeakable astonishment, found himself confronted with an engraved portrait of a lady bearing a most marvelous resemblance in the form of the head, manner of wearing the hair, and the features to his mysterious visitor of the previous evening.

This engraving, on examination, he found had been taken out of one of the handsome annuals which had been in vogue many years before—I think from one of Heath's "Books of Beauty." It was a portrait of a young lady of rank celebrated for her beauty, the daughter of an English earl, who many years before had been married to a Hungarian nobleman of great wealth and of a historic name. Calling up the porter, Mr. Heaphey asked him by whom this roll of paper had been left. The porter replied: "I have no idea. I never saw it before."

"Did you not bring it with the last mail?"

"No, sir, it didn't come with the last mail."

Now, there was no letter slit in the door of the studio. The studio itself had been locked and the key in the porter's possession during the whole time.

Mr. Heaphey finally took the paper and put it into his dispatch box, marveling not a little in his mind as to the meaning of these inexplicable performances.

Gradually, however, the whole matter passed out of his mind, until some weeks afterward, while staying with a friend in one of the midland counties, he took the engraving up and—he could not exactly say why—felt suddenly moved to make a sketch from memory of the lady whose face it recalled to him so vividly. He put this sketch with the engraving back into his dispatch book, and again the subject passed out of his mind.

Two or three weeks passed by. Visiting another friend—in Yorkshire, near the Derbyshire line—Mr. Heaphey found himself seated at dinner next to a gentleman of an old family and of a good estate in Derbyshire, who had entered into correspondence with him some years before with an eye to inducing him to come down into Derbyshire and paint a portrait there of an invalid child of his to whom he was very much attached and who could not conveniently be carried up to London.

Finding Mr. Heaphey near his residence, this gentleman entreated him to come over at the end of his Yorkshire visit, pass two or three days with him, and paint this portrait. It was not very convenient for Mr. Heaphey to do this, but such was the urgency of the Derbyshire man that he finally gave way.

"I shall be going home myself in a day or two," said the Derbyshire man, who was visiting a neighbor of Mr. Heaphey's host in Yorkshire, "and I will have everything ready for you. You will take the train at such a station" (naming it), "change carriages at such a junction, and in 20 minutes after that you will find yourself at a little way station, where my carriage will be in waiting for you and bring you to my house."

It was a gray rainy morning when Mr. Heaphey took the train to make his trip into Derbyshire.

Just before the train was to start the guard came up, opened the carriage door, and handed in a lady, with the usual paraphernalia of umbrellas, bags, and shawls.

The train moved off and Mr. Heaphey, after a while, glancing around from his corner, became aware that this lady was looking at him fixedly through a brown veil which obscured and blurred the outlines of her countenance. It is unpleasant to be fixed in this way from behind a veil, and Mr. Heaphey felt unusually and unaccountably restless under the infliction.

His uneasiness was soon removed, however, for the lady, throwing her veil aside, revealed to him the face of his mysterious visitor of the summer. She seemed not in the least surprised at finding him in the carriage.

This cool demeanor aided Mr. Heaphey in regaining his composure, and he met her in the same spirit.

"You have made the sketch of me, have you not, Mr. Heaphey?" she said suddenly.

"Good heavens, yes! but how did you know that?"

Deigning no reply, she went on: "Why did you not finish it?"

Mr. Heaphey stammered out some excuse, which was cut short by her asking him whether the engraving had not helped him as she had told him it would.

"Very much," he said; "but—but I never quite knew how you sent that to me."

"No, I suppose not," she said; and, changing the subject, began to speak of some book which she held in her hand.

The conversation went on until the train reached the point at which Mr. Heaphey was to leave it. The lady apparently intended to continue her journey in the direction of London, for she made no offer to get out, bade Mr. Heaphey good morning very composedly, and as he got out of the carriage said to him:

"Now, you will go on with the sketch and I will try and let you see me again. It should be done."

Without quite owning it to himself, Mr. Heaphey was greatly pleased to find himself in a different carriage going in a different direction. In due time he

found his host's carriage waiting for him, and was driven to the house and ushered to his room in time to dress for dinner.

The house was a large, ancient, handsome country gentleman's home, in no wise baronial, but dating back two or three centuries, with broad passages and stairways, family pictures, tapestry hangings, etc. Mr. Heaphey found himself alone when he entered the great drawing room. He walked about, looking at the pictures upon the walls, and so passed into a second smaller drawing room, whither he was attracted by the sound of the crackling of a wood fire. There a staggering blow awaited him. Standing before a tall ancient mantel, with one foot set upon the heavy brass fender, in the line of a great wood fire which sparkled and flamed in the deep chimney place, stood his fellow traveler of the morning. She nodded to him politely and with perfect unconcern.

"How did you come?" he said. "I thought mine was the only train which could reach here to-day."

"I came by a way of my own," she replied, and went on in a light, ordinary conversation until the host and hostess appeared from the larger drawing-room.

Mr. Heaphey at once advanced to greet them, and fell into a conversation with the hostess. He was a little surprised, though not particularly, to find that neither of them made any offer to present him to the lady, who still stood, in no way recognizing their presence, by the fireside. Dinner was almost immediately announced. The host invited Mr. Heaphey to give his arm to his hostess, and they passed into the dining room.

"You see," said the hostess, as they took their seats at the table, "we have no one here, and it is very kind of you to come and give us your company."

As the lady of the fireside had entered the room with them, and was at that moment sitting directly opposite to Mr. Heaphey, all these remarks seemed to him most extraordinary. When they retired to the drawing room after dinner, one or two persons coming in from the neighborhood, conversation became general. The mysterious lady moved about from point to point, once or twice speaking with Mr. Heaphey, but never, so far as he could see, exchanging a word with any other person present. By the time that he retired to his room Mr. Heaphey was profoundly upset by this most unaccountable of all the experiences through which he had yet passed in connection with his mysterious visitor of the summer. Determined, if he could, to satisfy himself whether he was or was not the victim of a hallucination, he made some excuse for speaking to the footman, who was arranging his clothes before leaving him for the night, about the lady who had dined there. The footman looked at him unintelligently at first, and then with a curious, almost quizzical, expression assured Mr. Heaphey that he had not the least idea what he was speaking of, as he didn't know that any lady was staying in the house, and as the one or two ladies who had called during the evening had driven home to their residences. Seeing that he was to get no light from this quarter, Mr. Heaphey was silent, remained in the house two or three days, finished the portrait which he had undertaken to paint in water colors, and left.

From time to time all the circumstances of this strange acquaintance would recur to him, but he never cared to dwell upon them in his own mind.

So the time passed on. Once or twice, taking the sketch up, Mr. Heaphey had worked upon it until it was well advanced to completion. He never took it up excepting under a stress of feeling which he could never define nor resist; he never laid it away again except with a sense of relief and satisfaction. Early in the ensuing winter Mr. Heaphey was called to the West of England to keep an engagement made long before with a friend who resided somewhere in the marches of Wales. He started upon this journey from some point the name of which I can not now recall—for it is many years since Mrs. Murray told me this story—in the eastern or midland counties. At all events, he left this point on a Saturday, and his route led through the ancient little cathedral city of Lichfield. On reaching Lichfield great was Mr. Heaphey's disgust to find he could make no connection westward until Monday morning. This condemned him to pass Sunday at Lichfield, a prospect which he was not enough of a philosopher to accept with satisfaction.

There are two or three very decent inns in Lichfield, however, and in one of these—I think the Swan—Mr. Heaphey made himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. He ordered the usual British dinner with the usual soup, the usual fish, and the usual joint. He had hardly got through with his dinner when the waiter, to his astonishment, came in with a card on a salver. Taking up this card, Mr. Heaphey read on it the name of a gentleman who many years before had been one of his schoolfellows, but of whom he had seen and heard nothing since he came to years of manhood. He bade the waiter show him up at once. When the door opened he welcomed—not a man of his own years, but a quiet and rather serious looking, very courteous young gentleman of 25 or 26, who promptly explained that he was the son and namesake of Mr. Heaphey's old schoolfellow; that he had been sent by his father with a carriage to find Mr. Heaphey at the inn, his father being confined to his room with an illness, and that his father insisted on Mr. Heaphey's leaving the inn and coming to pass his Sun-

day in Lichfield in their house. Mr. Heaphey, overwhelmed at this civility, could not resist expressing his surprise and asking the young man how in the world his father came to know of his entirely accidental visit to Lichfield.

"That I can't tell you," said the young man, "but he has been expecting you all day."

"Well, this passes all comprehension!" said Mr. Heaphey. "And I should be very glad to find out how it came to pass." He endeavored, however, to excuse himself from accepting the hospitality thus unexpectedly proffered him, but in vain. The young man insisted that he could not think of such a thing as going back without Mr. Heaphey, and after a little the artist yielded. His portmanteau and dispatch box were brought down, put into a neat little private carriage which stood at the inn door, and Mr. Heaphey drove to the house of his old acquaintance.

"I will go up stairs," said the young man, "and let my father know you are here. He is so anxious to see you and has been so nervous and restless of late that I ought to see him for a few moments before you go up." And with this he led Mr. Heaphey into a drawing room, where he presented him to a young lady dressed in mourning as a sister.

"My father," said the young lady, "has been hoping to see you here for months; but it was only to-day that he felt sure of your coming."

"Yes?" said Mr. Heaphey. "And how in the world did he feel sure of my coming to-day?"

"That I can't tell you," said the young woman, "but I suppose it is because he had heard from you."

"Heard from me!" said Mr. Heaphey. "My dear young lady, I have had no communication with your father for years. I am sorry to say I didn't even remember he was living here in Lichfield."

The young lady looked at him incredulously.

"How can this be when you have been painting my sister's portrait?"

"Painting your sister's portrait!" said Mr. Heaphey. "Pray, what is your sister's name?"

"Her name!" said the young lady, repeating it.

"I assure you," said Mr. Heaphey, "either I am dreaming or you are. Your sister never sat to me for her portrait. I never heard of it until this moment." "You must not say this to my father," said the young lady; "it will kill him. He has been counting on this. There must be some strange mistake."

"Certainly there is some strange mistake," said Mr. Heaphey, "but I can't understand how I am in any way accountable for it. I assure you I have no recollection of your sister's name—no recollection. Where did she sit to me?"

"That I don't know," said the young lady; "it must have been before she died."

"She is no longer living, then?"

"No; and it is since her death that my father has been so urgent and so eager to secure the portrait you have been painting of her. I can't understand how you didn't know her name; but you will surely recall her face at once, for you have the engraving of the portrait of Lady —, which was taken out of our 'Book of Beauty' and sent to you because of its strange resemblance to her." And with this the young lady, rising, handed him a copy of Heath's "Book of Beauty," opened at the page from which the engraved portrait so long and so mysteriously had been taken.

The effect of this disclosure upon Mr. Heaphey may be imagined. His countenance changed. He paused a moment and then said:

"This is inexplicable. When did your sister die?"

The date was named, a date not long preceding the time at which his mysterious visitor had first entered his studio.

"I have a picture of that young lady," he said, "in my dispatch box, and I will bring it down stairs to me."

Going up stairs, he opened the dispatch box and returned to the drawing room with the nearly completed sketch and with the engraved portrait, both of which the young lady received with expressions of the most intense delight. She carried them up stairs to her father, and after a little time Mr. Heaphey was introduced to his old acquaintance, whom he found in a state of inexpressible happiness at the possession of the portrait, and not in the least, apparently, disturbed or concerned as to the way in which it had been painted or as to any of the circumstances connected with it. He could not sufficiently thank Mr. Heaphey for what he had done, pressed him to name his own remuneration for the work, and exhibited, in short, every symptom of unbounded satisfaction. It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Heaphey positively and pre-emptorily declined any payment whatever for this strange and uncanny piece of work. He said as little as possible to the father or to the family as to the circumstances in which it had been painted, and got out of Lichfield by the earliest train with a sense of intense relief.

Philip Henson, a planter living near Corinth, Miss., is believed to enjoy the proud distinction of having the longest beard in the world. He is 6 feet 6 inches in height, and yet when he stands erect his whiskers reach to the ground. When the wind blows through them it must create considerable of a commotion.

We swallow at one mouthful the He that flatters, and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter.

PATRIOTIC CROWS.

Indians Celebrate the Fourth in a Realistic Manner.

"I saw one of the grandest sights I ever saw in my life on the Fourth," said Gen. Brislin, as he was seated upon a veranda of the Broadwater Hotel, Helena, Mon. "The Crow Indians celebrated the Fourth and it is impossible to describe the scenes enacted. They went wild with delight and entered into the sport in earnest. "There were 250 of the Crows altogether. In the first place they made false faces of blue clay and pieces of canvas, rendering their appearance perfectly frightful. It is truly wonderful the way they got up the faces. Some had long noses; others long chins; some had horns upon their heads, and, in fact, they were made up in every conceivable shape. They also decorated their persons in every imaginable style. The ponies were covered with canvas gorgeously decorated with everything they could get hold of. The agent had arranged for their amusement upon that occasion, but the details were left for them to fill up. I sent a battery over at their request, and a continual roar was kept up all day. "They performed in a large circle, and their chief delight was in sham battles. The scenes were so realistic that it was difficult to realize that they were not in earnest. They dashed about the ring upon their ponies, fighting with wooden lances. Some of the Indians would pretend that they were killed or wounded, when they would be carried from the battle-field and attended by those selected for that purpose. The scalping scene was the great feature of the occasion. They had taken pieces of flannel and fastened them on the heads of those who were to be pretended victims, and when this was removed with the scalping knives the face was besmeared with red ink to give the appearance of bleeding wounds. It was a most hideous spectacle, and the ladies who had gone down to witness the event were compelled to leave it, was so shockingly terrible. The Indians, however, enjoyed the sport hugely, and at night had a big war dance. "It was impossible to get them to return home to their farms for three days. The agent says this will be the last one, as it excites the young bucks too much and recalls old times to the warriors, attracting them from their civilized pursuits. It seems remarkable that none of the redskins were injured. Their horsemanship is superb, and it is worth going thousands of miles to see the exhibitions of horsemanship given by that tribe. Altogether it was one of the grandest sights I ever saw, and I never expect to see its equal."—Helena Journal.

An Engagement Ring Romance.

Hank Hilliard was born and reared away down in the wild Ozark region of Christian County, Missouri, almost within gunshot of the famous Bald Knobbers of South Missouri. He had never been out of the county, much less out of the state, and his ideas of engagement rings were limited. When pretty Sallie Diggs—pretty in spite of her length, shambling walk and freckles—insisted upon a ring before she would consent to consider the engagement binding, Hank was non-plussed. He expostulated without avail, scratched his head, thought a long while and finally went away. He came back the next afternoon, his brown face wreathed in smiles.

"I've got her," he exclaimed, and reaching in his pocket he drew out a great ring of brass.

Sallie smiled and reached out her hand. Hank slipped the ring over the girl's largest finger and leaning near the simple maiden, whispered:

"Now, Sal, air ye satisfied that weus is engaged?"

"Yes, Hank," Sal whispered, shaking the ring around on her finger. "But say, Hank, where did ye git it?"

"Ye won't tell?"

"Nope."

"Hones, Hank?"

"Ef ye must know, I cut it outen dad's Sunday galluses."

Sal slipped over into Hank's arms, and as their freckled, sunburnt cheeks touched the girl whispered:

"Say, Hank, ain't ye 'fraid yer dad'll lick ye when he fin's his galluses busted?"

Helping on the Road.

Prominent Kansan—Hang the luck! They're goin' to put another passenger train on the P. D. Q. railroad!

Newcomer—I cannot see as that gives you any cause to grumble. I—

Kansan—Grumble? Wal, I reckon you'd grumble, too, stranger, if every time a train whistled you had to drop your work an' jine the rest of the population in rushin' to the depot and paradin' up an' down, so's in case there was any capitalists from the east on board, they'd think the town was on a big boom!—N. Y. Press.

THE METAL ALUMINUM.

The Wonderful Things that May be Expected of this Metal.

The Most Common Metal in Existence—It is in the Earth Everywhere—One-Fourth the Weight of Silver—Its Matchless Properties Described.

If Prof. Hirsch, a chemist of Chicago, can make good his claim that he has discovered a process by which he can extract aluminum from common clay at a cost of fifteen cents or less per pound, he is destined to be reckoned among the great benefactors of the human race. Aluminum or aluminium, as it is sometimes written, is one of the most abundant of all the metals of which the body of the earth is composed. It is only necessary to say that it is a chief constituent of common clay to show that in the matter of abundance it leaves even iron far in the rear. When we add to this that it would be—could it be produced cheaply—greatly superior in many ways to every other metal, the vast importance of Prof. Hirsch's alleged discovery becomes apparent.

As early as 1828 aluminum was disengaged from its compounds, but it was only known as a curiosity of the laboratory until, thirty years later, a method was discovered of manufacturing it at such a cost that it could be placed on the market. But it has remained, up to the present date, too dear to rank among the more useful metals. Up to the present time it has not been found practicable to produce this remarkable metal at a lower figure than \$2 or \$3 a pound. Even at this price it has come into use, but rather in the arts, strictly speaking, than in general manufactures. Aluminum bronze, a highly beautiful copper alloy, is used in the manufacture of jewelry and in other ways where ornament rather than use is the object aimed at. Let us see, however, how much will be added to the comforts and conveniences of life should Prof. Hirsch make good his claim.

Aluminum is, in many ways, a most remarkable metal, possessing more valuable qualities than any other with which we are acquainted—iron alone, perhaps excepted. It is exceedingly malleable and can be rolled into the thinnest plates. It will, therefore, supplant tin in almost all its uses; for example, as a roofing material. For it is greatly superior to tin, or rather to the sheet iron washed with tin, used at present for this purpose, in that it never rusts. It is also very ductile and is easily drawn into the finest wire. Another peculiarity is that it may be hardened by hammering when cold, yet can be again made soft by fusion. It can be used, therefore, either as a hard or soft metal. Another striking peculiarity is that it is highly sonorous and admirably adapted for bell metal. It is equal to silver as a conductor of heat or electricity, while four times lighter, and two and a half times heavier than water. This lightness would give it a high value in directions too numerous to mention. It might very well be, for example, that the iron ships of our days are destined to be superseded by the aluminum ships of the future, of greatly lessened draught. Comparing it with silver, which it resembles in whiteness, it is superior to that metal in that it refuses to oxidize even at a red heat. It does not tarnish or blacken in the presence of sulphuretted hydrogen or other gases—a fault which makes silver so constant a burden to the housewife.

When it is remembered that this wonderful metal, so superior in many ways to all its rivals, is to be found in the greatest abundance in every portion of the globe, we are warranted, almost, in saying that the discovery of a method of bringing it into general use might fairly take rank as an epoch-making event. We read of the stone age, the bronze age, the iron age of the world. Perhaps Prof. Hirsch may have the honor of bringing it about that the last decade of the nineteenth century should be known as the first decade of the aluminum age of human story.

Diamonds from the Skies.

It is one of the most singular facts in scientific history that while meteoric stones have fallen to the earth in every age and country, yet it is only within the past hundred years that men of science have convinced themselves that such a thing is really possible. Meteors are simply part of the forage of space that the earth gathers as it rushes along with the sun. They bring us strange things—iron in a condition which we cannot produce upon the earth, nickel and more than twenty other known substances, including carbon, which in one instance at least appears in the form of minute diamonds.—San Francisco Echoes.

FOR THE FARMER.

Directions for Grafting—The Agricultural Department on Rust, Leaf-blight, Fire-blight, Black-rot, Etc.

Importance of Thorough Work—Economizing Labor—Among the Poultry—Farmers and City Consumers.

Directions for Grafting.

Mr. S. Miller, writing from Southern Texas to the *Southern Horticultural Journal*, describes his process of grafting as follows: "Whether the tree be large or small, the same process will answer, only if it is on large trees it is not advisable to graft on limbs over one inch in diameter. A fine-toothed saw well set and sharp, a strong-bladed knife, a little mallet, a well-tapered little wedge and another small-bladed knife that will carry a sharp edge. Saw the tree or limb off square, then with the large knife smooth the stub, taking care that the bark is not bruised. Place the knife in the middle of the limb, and with the mallet drive it down until the split is an inch or more, according to the thickness of the stick; drive your little wedge in the middle until opened sufficiently to receive the graft. The graft should be about three inches long, and shaved wedged-shaped, with a taper of about an inch, leaving one side a little thicker than the other. Insert this wedge and press it into the side of the cleft firmly with the thumb and finger of course with the thickest part of the wedge on the outside, and so that the inside line of the bark of the graft and that of the stock be on an exact line. Take out the wedge and cement the graft (which should be put in two-thirds of the wedge part), also the split on both sides and on top, or in other words, cover all the bare wood to keep out the air and rain.

The cement I have used forty years is used by me still, and is made as follows: "One pound resin, one-quarter pound beeswax and one-quarter pound beef tallow; melt all together over the fire, and when liquid, pour into water not too cold; grease the hands and work it like shoemaker's wax or taffy until the water is out and it becomes a nice yellow color, or roll in balls of half a pound each, and lay in a cool place. When needed for grafting, have a little iron kettle and melt your cement in it over a slow fire. Apply with a thin paddle, sloped off at the end, or a small paint brush will answer, if care is taken that the cement never gets so hot as to scorch, as this cement will get hot enough to singe a feather.

In operating upon large trees there should never be more than one-half of the top worked upon at one time, as the balance is needed to carry off part of the force of the tree to prevent the grafts from growing too fast and make them liable to be blown off by high wind.

When the graft commences growing, the sprouts around the graft must be kept rubbed off.

When grafting is done on small trees under ground, the cement is really not necessary; only fill in with earth and press firmly, with care that the graft may not be put out of place.

When grafting small trees on limbs, I make the split with a knife, without the mallet, and stick the point of the blade in the split to hold it open until the graft is inserted.

Fungus Diseases.

The United States Department of Agriculture has just issued Bulletin No. 11 of the Section of Vegetable Pathology. This publication, prepared by B. T. Galloway, Chief of the Section, is a report on the experiment made in 1889 in the treatment of several important plant diseases.

The work was carried on in nine States, embracing nearly every variety of soil and climate and the results as set forth are as a whole highly encouraging, despite the fact that the season was one of the worst ever known for fungus diseases of all kinds. The diseases under treatment were scab, rust and bitter-rot of the apple; powdery mildew, downy mildew, leaf-blight, anthracnose, and black-rot of the grape; leaf-blight of the pear; leaf-blight, rust, and fire-blight of the quince; leaf-blight of the strawberry; rust and leaf-blight of the blackberry; rot and blight of the potato, tomato, and melon.

Considerable space is devoted to a summary of volunteer reports on vine diseases, from which it appears that nearly every one who followed the directions laid down by the department succeeded in saving the greater part of their crop. From all accounts it would seem that the Bordeaux mixture containing six pounds of copper and four pounds of lime to twenty-two gallons of water is still the most reliable remedy for grape diseases. The results, however, of the treatment with the ammoniacal carbonate of copper solution are highly encouraging and lead to the belief that in ordinary seasons it will be the cheapest, most desirable and effective remedy. One great advantage it possesses over the Bordeaux mixture is that it does not spot the fruit, which is a matter of importance, especially where the grapes are used for the table. Mr. Galloway suggests that the Bordeaux mixture be used for the first three treatments after which the ammoniacal solution be substituted for the rest of the season.

Apple scab was treated in Wisconsin and Michigan with remarkably satisfactory results, the best remedies being the ammoniacal solution and modified eau celeste. By the application of these preparations at a total cost of 25 cents per tree, the yield of fruit free

from scab was from 60 to 75 per cent greater than on trees of the same variety not treated. The bulletin gives a detailed account of the entire work, describing the methods of preparing and applying the remedies, cost of the various treatments, etc., and concludes with a paper on the amount of copper in wines made from treated grapes, and the hygienic questions this involves.

Thorough Work.

It is the first cultivations that are the most important with the crops. Once a good thrifty start to grow is secured, it can be kept up much more readily than to allow the plants to get stunted when small and then attempt by cultivation later to overcome this.

Weeds will grow, seemingly, where other plants will not; and in growing they will retard the growth of the others. Hard, beating rains after the seeds are planted will often run the soil together, so that the plants can not make as good a growth as they should. The roots are near the surface, and the soil being packed close, they can not penetrate readily.

Having the soil in good tilth before planting the crop will be found a help in securing a good start to grow, and in addition make the work of cultivating much easier.

No rule can be given as to the best plan of commencing the cultivation that will be applicable under all circumstances. What will be best for one soil and in one season will not answer with the next.

When the germination is slow, in many cases it will pay to commence the cultivation, using the harrow, before the plants show above ground, and especially is this the case if the land is weedy and hard rains come after the seed is planted. Using cultivators with harrow shovels or blades that can be worked close to the plants is a good plan. The more thoroughly the surface is stirred the better the weeds will be destroyed, and the soil be fined. It is not necessary to stir the soil deep; keep the surface in good tilth, or as nearly so as possible. This is usually more difficult to do early in the season than later, as frequent showers interfere more or less with the work; but the more thoroughly the work is done the better will be the results. It is difficult, at least in the early stages of growth, to give too much cultivation; generally what is needed is not given. In many cases the harrow can be used twice, sometimes it will be a good plan to harrow once, and then cultivate and then harrow again. This levels down the soil and gives the plants a better chance, especially if the weather is dry. In a wet season often it will be necessary to use the diamond plow, running as close as possible to the plants so as to give good drainage, and admit the heat closer to the roots of the plants.

Which is the better plan must be largely determined by the season. But care must be taken as far as possible to do thorough work; this is always important.—*Farm Field and Stockman.*

Among the Poultry.

Do not dose poultry continually. Selection of the breeding stock comes under the head of good management.

Double-yelk eggs will occasionally hatch, but there is no economy in setting them.

Millet seed is a good feed for young chickens, but should only be supplied in small quantities.

Do not expect too many eggs to hatch from a setting if shipped any distance. Ten is more than an average.

Unless it cannot be avoided, fowls that moulted late should not be used for breeding. As a rule, they lack thrift.

In the spring, especially, a quick-maturing fowl will be found quite desirable, and in selecting breeding stock the fact should not be overlooked.

If Brahmas or Cochins are kept, it will, in many cases, pay to make them forage for a part of their living. The exercise will be very beneficial.

Care should be taken not to in-and-in breed too closely, as not only will the quality be lowered, but there is always more or less risk of deformity in some way.

Commeal and milk are among the best materials for fattening fowls, and can be supplied liberally at this season for regular feeding for any length of time. A mixed ration will give the best results.

Watch the hens as they lay and select eggs for hatching from the best layers. In this way a good breed of hens for eggs can be readily secured. There is a considerable difference in this respect, and it is quite an item to get the best.

Take a pound of copperas dissolved in a gallon of water and then add an ounce of sulphuric acid and you have the Douglas mixture. Put a half pint of this into the drinking water twice a week. It makes one of the best tonics.

One of the cheapest as well as the most convenient ways of marking fowls of any kind is with a punch, cutting one hole or more if desired in the web of the foot. A watch key if sharpened can be made to answer, but it makes almost too small a hole.

Care must be taken to feed the setting hens. The days are sometimes so chilly that if the eggs are left too long they will be so chilled that the vitality will be killed. While the hens will not need so much feed as when they are laying, yet what they do need should be supplied where they can get it conveniently.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Lieutenant Wordsworth, of the British Army, who has disappeared and is believed to have committed suicide, is a grandson of the great English poet.

IN GAY PARIS.

Here is the Refuge of All Grades of Rascals. From Highest to Lowest.

Paris is the chief receptacle of the veriest scum of the whole earth. All the villains who can no longer remain in their own countries, for they would have to pay the penalty of their misdeeds, come here, destitute and desperate, ready for any uproar, hoping for some profit by fishing in troubled waters. With these, less dangerous at the outset, but finally corrupted to any degree, are the discontented provincials—men who, through want of brains or want of energy or want of steadiness, have failed in all they have undertaken; who consider themselves persecuted geniuses, only to be appreciated in Paris, where they come with a large stock of delusions. Any real and striking talent will make its way in Paris, but mediocrity has less chance than elsewhere. The standard is high; those who rise above it are quickly noticed and pushed on, those who remain below (of course the vast majority) cannot even get an opportunity of showing what they might do—they are swallowed up in the vortex of the struggle for life.

Consciousness of mediocrity is a rare virtue; people always imagine that they excel in all that they undertake, and ascribe their defeat to any cause but the real one; the more so as they have probably possessed some superiority over their local surroundings. Hence bitterness, fury against all who have succeeded and who enjoy the fruits of their efforts. Then, the example, still more perniciously exciting, of the dishonest prosperity attained by so many, the luxury of swindlers, great gains by bad means. The last restraints of home principles—early education, perhaps the religious teaching of childhood—are broken through one by one, and we find men, not bad originally, but now frenzied with the desire of holding a prominent position and enjoying the good things of this world. These are the men who become the gilded Generals of the Commune, wearing smart uniforms and imagining themselves heroes; who eat, drink and are merry, living in palaces and dreaming they are princes, till, when suddenly awakened to the stern reality, they turn into wild beasts, with the one surviving instinct of general destruction, that others may not have what they have not.

Made a Fortune in Frogs' Legs.

"About twenty-five years ago," said an old attendant in the big Washington Market, in Boston, "several men made fortunes at catching frogs and sending them to market. The hind legs were cut off, skinned, washed, and, after being mildly salted, were sent away in barrels. Prices used to range from fifty to seventy-five cents for a dozen pairs of legs, and, as sales were quick, there was a pile of money in the occupation.

"One old fellow, a blacksmith by the name of Weld, down in Greenbush, Me., supplied all of New England for years. He lives by the side of very extensive swamps that were filled with wigglers and cattails. The former furnished food for the frogs, while the latter gave them shade. I have seen bullfrog legs that were nearly as big as the legs of a chicken.

"Old man Weld used to hire boys to kill the frogs for him, giving them five or six cents a dozen. The frogs were so plenty that many of the children earned good wages, even at that small price. Weld dressed the frogs, corned them and shipped them to Boston in barrels, like herrings. He kept up the business for years, and though he slew hundreds of thousands every year, the supply did not diminish at all.

"By and by the prices went away down and as the old man had cleared about \$100,000 out of the scheme, he retired, built himself a fine mansion and lived at his ease. He is the only man I know of who got rich by catching frogs, but I have heard of several others."

A Legend of the Sioux.

A strange legend comes to us from the Sioux, who alone can tell the true history of that deadly ambushade. They say that on the hillock where Custer fell now grows a plant never seen there before—a curious plant with tall, slender leaves, curved in the exact form of a sabre, with edges so sharp as to inflict keen wounds upon unwary hands, and those who pluck it once soon drop it, so strangely cold and clammy are its leaves. It bears a golden-hued, heart-shaped blossom, and in the center is one small spot of brilliant red, like a drop of blood. The Indians regard it with superstitious awe. They call it "Custer's heart," and cannot be induced to touch it, claiming that the blossom crushed in the hand leaves a blood-red stain impossible to remove.

