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THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

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Miss Mary Abarr, well and favorably known in Topeka as a young lady of fine literary ability, had an interesting article in a late issue of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper entitled "Sunrise on Pike's Peak."

There has been little progress in cooking utensils in 2,000 years, says a writer. Implements like those now in use are to be found in Pompeian ruins. But this does not prove that we have not more and better ones also.

Harper's Bazar for September 10 contains an interesting chapter on Old Spoons, illustrated from drawings and photographs of spoons in the possession of historic families. In the same number appears a short story by H. Butterworth entitled "Mrs. Fremantle's First Lecture."

Besides instalments of serials by Kirk Munroe, William Hamilton Gibson, and Margaret E. Sangster, Harper's Young People for September 9 contains a fairy story by Howard Pyle, a historical story entitled "How the Women went to the Well," and other attractive articles for boys and girls.

It may not be generally known that the true source of wealth of Chili is in its natural deposits of nitra of soda and other salts. The vast desert between the Camarones and Copiapo have been aptly compared to an immense laboratory, so great is their richness in salts of various kinds. Theodore Child, in Harper's Weekly of September, 10 describe a recent visit to these "nitra deserts," and will relate some curious facts in regard to the peculiar and extensive industries of that region.

Chairman Manley, of the republican state committee, sent the following dispatch to President Harrison: "Maine gives the largest republican majority, though an off year, since 1886, and a larger majority than given in a presidential contest since 1868, with the exception of 1884 and 1888. Governor Burleigh is re-elected by a majority exceeding 15,000. Speaker Reed is re-elected by the largest majority he ever received, exceeding 4,500. Representatives Dingley, Boutelle and Milliken are re-elected by majorities ranging from 3,000 to 5,000. The Pine Tree State indorses your administration and remains firm in its advocacy of protection to American industries and American labor."

Private Robert J. Burdette expresses himself as follows: "Why am I a woman suffragist? Because I am. Because a woman has more good hard common sense than a man. Because she doesn't give \$1.50 for an article that she knows very well she can get for seventy-five cents. Because she does not stalk loftily away from the counter without her change if the roofer behind is a little reluctant about counting it out. Because she is too independent to pay the landlord \$2.25 for her dinner, and then pay the head waiter one dollar to send her a waiter who will bring it to her for fifty cents. Because she will hold her money tightly in her own good little right hand for two hours until she gets a receipt for it from the fellow who made her husband pay the same bill three times last year."

Grand Opening September 2nd. Of the Chillicothe Normal School, Business Institute and Short Hand College. Commodions Chapel Hall crowded to overflowing. This Institution has the largest and strongest faculty, most students, and best building of the kind in the West. Faculty composed of 23 members. Students can enter any time, select their studies, rent text books, receive private help free, etc. \$31.00 pays for board, tuition and room rent 10 weeks. Short hand by Mail. For Free Catalogue, address Allen Moore, W. S. Pres. Chillicothe, Mo.

A Chinese Rite.

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

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

A New London Tower.

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

Estimates are now being prepared for that purpose. The fabulous profits from the Eiffel Tower are a matter of notoriety. English capital, which is seeking investment throughout the world at present, was attracted by the golden opportunity of doing as well, if not better. London, with her own five millions and her hundreds of thousand visitors, could support a tower as well as Paris.

The president of the elevator company says: "The new tower in London will undoubtedly be built. We are now preparing estimates for the elevators. The tower will be 1,200 feet high, and will cost more, probably, than the Eiffel."

The Young Siamese.

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

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Do unto Others as You would have Others Do unto You.

"Shakey."
"Yes, fader."
"Dis is your birthday. You was eight years old. Come into the pack room. I want me to talk some things mit you."
Jakey had been very attentive to the business of late, so he expected his father would do something handsome for him when the day came around. In fact, he behaved specially good before the old man, and now he was to receive his reward.

Dinkelman took from his money drawer a crisp ten dollar bill. "Here, Shakey," he said, "take dis, and may it be the corner-stone on rich to build a fortune."
The young fellow was dumfounded. "All this for me?"
"Every cent, and besides, you can enjoy a holiday to-day. And, Shakey, in giving you this I make you happy and I make myself happy. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Remember dot."

Jakey left the store with a light heart and walked down town and was induced by a friend to go to the races, and the result was that he came back to the store penniless and heartbroken.
"Fader, you look so sad?" asked the old man when he came in.
"Fader, will you kick me?"
"Fader, will you kick me?"
"Almost, I lost dat ten dollars. If I could kick myself hard I would. Will you kick me hard?"
"No."

Jakey thought a moment, then he jumped on his fader. "I don't like to do it," he said, "but I promised you fader," and then he began to kick old Dinkelman under the coat tails in the liveliest fashion.
"Main Gott, Shakey, vat for you do dot?" he shrieked.
"Do me or bust as you would have others do unto you, don't it?" said Jakey.

Old Humanity.
A curious human being died at Siegor Island, N. H., a few days ago, of whom the outside world know nothing, but was wonderfully spoken of in her own neighborhood as "the girl who sewed with her mouth."

This "girl" was fifty years old when she died. Her name was Mary Goodline, and she had no arms, hands, legs or feet. She learned when quite young to perform with her mouth the offices usually filled by the hands in cutting and sewing, and pieces of patch-work done by her are now held by relatives as memorials of her surprising accomplishments.
She lived with a brother and sister, and once refused an offer from Barnum because her brother did not care to accompany her.
Her body was of full size and she was of ordinary intelligence.
An engine on the East Tennessee and Virginia road is regarded with superstitious dread by the railroad men. It has killed twenty-seven people during its career.



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Whatever of cheerfulness or hopefulness you feel, let it have free expression. Emotion expressed is sure to be reflected in the actions of your companions. If sickness or ill-temper rule the day with you, they will be quickly communicated to all about you—more quickly, it must it must sadly be said, than happiness or sweetness of disposition. There is enough misery and unhappiness in this world, and when your sorrows are past general help comes to make them matters of general conversation. Otherwise your remaining friends are driven away by the depression you constantly exhibit. It is not always easy to conceal one's grief or disappointment, but it is best to do so as far as possible, that the world may not look upon you as a stricken, blighted being, who must be avoided on account of misanthropy or melancholy.

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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.

Low water in the streams of the Northwest is forcing the millers to use steam power. The avarice of the timber destroyers is the cause of the low water. Streams can't live without forests.

A CHICAGO chemist claims that he has a method by which aluminum can be made from common clay for 15 cents a pound or less. Some day this metal will be cheap enough to use for making dollars.

The Spanish government keeps a fierce eye upon all Cubans suspected of favoring autonomy for that island or its annexation to the United States. No open movement for a change would be tolerated. Soldiers would slam the propagandists into prison. Nevertheless, there is much quiet talk in Cuba about annexation.

A CHICAGO brewer recently remarked to a friend: "I find myself to-day the owner of 365 saloons—as many as there are days in the year. I never intended to own one saloon, and I do not wish to now, but so many fail in the business that a brewer is obliged to take the saloons from those who cannot make their expenses."

Words have often two meanings, that of etymology and that of popular usage, and the word politics is one of these. In its highest sense it means the science of human government, the protection of human rights and the improvement of the people. In its other sense it means party finesse, management, office hunting, scheming, trickery.

LITTLE political complications cannot change the hearts of men, and cannot make them your friends on short notice, or enemies without cause. If for no provocation whatever, or even for slight cause, men are induced to turn against you, or try to injure other men because they are your friends, it shows that they are no new enemies, but have always felt in their hearts just as their conduct, under this pressure shows.

ONCE possessed of the fever for lottery gambling, money becomes as necessary to the victim as rum to the drunkard or opium to the opium slave. Money they will have by fair means or foul. If the opportunity offers them to steal it, in their frenzy to play lottery, in the eyes of many stealing ceases to be criminal. There is no influence more potent in the encouragement and development of crime than the lottery craze.

The ignorant rich woman is a social degrader. She has the audacity of money, which is the most brutal of all audacities. She is generally as coarse in taste as she is rich in purse. She has no reserves of topic, however great her reserve of cash. Being without intellectual cultivation she must fall upon the meager store of topical material that belongs to her rudimentary intelligence and unrefined nature. She rules with money a social sphere all material. She has no comprehension of things ideal, no perception of or sympathy with things spiritual.

The most expensive investment that a community ever made is a cheap teacher, and until our public school system is so improved that teachers are properly paid for the work which they do, they cannot be expected to do good work, and teachers that are fully competent to do the work that is required of them cannot be obtained at the small prices now paid. The educators of the country should be men and women of thorough education, great culture and refinement, whose time will be valuable anywhere and in any business, and until we are able to pay for the services of this class of teachers, we need not expect our children to receive the benefits which proper education bestows upon them.

SCIENCE and inventive ingenuity have done little in producing new materials to be used in the construction of buildings. The first men dwelt in caves. In the course of time the idea came to some phenomenal men that a better and dryer dwelling could be secured by making walls of stone on the top of the ground. In forest countries men found homes in hollow trees. These suggested the idea of piling up logs so as to form a house. Some savages having built a fire on earth, composed of clay and sand, found that it became almost as hard as a rock. This suggested the burned bricks and their use in the construction of a building. All these things occurred many thousands of years ago. But the list of building materials has been increased but little from that time to the present.

The Old Canteen.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours.
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots, I ween;
But for a bond I think few are stronger as this,
Held good by a grip instead of a kiss:
We have drunk from the same canteen.
It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes 'apple-jack' fine as silk;
But whatever the beverage has been
We shared it together in bare or bills,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this:
We have drunk from the same canteen.
The rich and exalted sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess, as their golden potatoes they slip
They miss the warmth of our friendly grip,
Who have drunk from the same canteen.
We have shared our blankets and tents together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather.
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best;
We have drunk from the same canteen.
And when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean;
Oh, when I remember, you crawled to my side
And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
When we drank from the same canteen.
—Miles O'Reilly.

MARION AND MILLICENT.

"Of course I can't advise you," said Marion Lang, rejecting responsibility. "No-o," assented Millicent Dormer. "You ought to know whether you care to marry a man who—let me see—how old is this Mr. Kane?" "I don't know. Thirty-three or five, I suppose." "Yes, well, he's nobody yet, you know, and if a man is not somebody before forty the chances are—"
"Yes, yes, I know! Oh, I know. You are quite right. He won't do at all. Young lawyers always have a miserable struggle getting on. I don't know just how much he makes a year, but I suppose it's dismally little. Gertrude Pycke married one of his chums last winter. But see what she came to. Her father helped her, too. But they lived in an awfully small way. No, I see clearly that it is not to be thought of."
And, having reached this conclusion, Millicent looked questioning at Marion. The latter was a year or two older, handsome, collected, impressive, large and fair. She laughed out: "My dear Millicent, I believe you really care for this Gerald Kane. You want me now to tell you that you had better accept him; for I suppose he has already proposed," she added.
Millicent made no reply to this. "Well," continued Marion, "I cannot tell you that. I don't think you would do well to marry him. Oh, I dare say he's delightful—these ineligible creatures are always fascinating. That makes it all the harder to have an eye to the future. But unless one is very silly one tries not to let one's self be carried away. If you marry Gerald Kane you will probably live in a mite of a house. You will probably have a servant who won't wear a cap—that class of servants objects to caps, you know. You will have to give up the continent in summer and 'take board' somewhere quite near the city, where 'Mr. Kane' can go in and out to his business conveniently every day. You—"
"Oh, Marion! Don't!"
Marion laughed again, showing all her magnificent teeth. "Am I telling you any thing but the truth? Is not that what you will have to do?"
Millicent, her hands in her lap, sat the picture of dejection in her blue and white boudoir. Involuntarily she cast a glance around it and Marion followed the processes of her thought. It was a dainty place. It was full of flowers, books (which Millicent rarely opened), bric-a-brac, soft rugs, pictures. It was a sheltered and perfumed bower, and indubitably it was the right setting for Millicent, who was delicate and slight, and violet-eyed and fastidious, and not accustomed to rough encounters with the world. Marion came closer to her friend and with a fine movement of her handsome arms, her slender, beautiful hands drew the younger girl's fair face down to her shoulder. Such demonstrations were rare with Marion Lang.
"I am sorry, dear, if you really care for him," she murmured. And Millicent cried a little and then pushed her friend away.
Marion had her on her mind the rest of the day.
"I hope she does not care very much for him," she thought. "It is hard, I suppose." From personal experience she did not know whether it was hard or not. She consoled herself at last by remembering, though there seemed a certain disloyalty in the act, that, perhaps, after all, Millicent, sweet as she was and gentle, and lovely, was not capable of caring deeply for some other. "Now, if I really loved a man very much—but no, I hope I should have sense enough to do just what Millicent is doing."
That was in the last days of the spring. Before another fortnight had elapsed Millicent had sailed for the continent still free, and so far as Marion could see, looking bright and happy enough, and Marion herself had left town with an invalid aunt for a quiet summer on the Devonshire coast.
"It is fearfully and wonderfully stupid," she wrote in her first letter to Millicent, "and I shall read Browning and Herbert Spencer for four months without intermission." This letter she drove to the village office herself to post. It was a hot day, and when Marion discovered that there was no one in sight to take her letter to the

hold her horse while she dismounted from her cart, she was filled with an unreasonable irritation. Her pug barked and she administered to him a sharp rebuke with her fan, while the horse fidgeted restlessly.
At that moment a dark man in light tweed, looking very cold, passed and observed the predicament of the young woman, by this time flushed and angry of glance, and suppressed a smile.
"May I take your letter?" he said civilly.
Marion's blue eyes met his in a straight look from under the rim of her broad white hat. The man was an admirer of beauty. He thought he had never seen a handsomer creature.
"Thank you." And the cart rattled down the road, raising a little cloud of white dust which mounted slowly in the still, hot air.
The following day Marion, calling on a friend in the cottage next to her aunt's, discovered sitting on the piazza her deliverer of the morning before.
"It was very considerate of you to come to my rescue, Mr. Kane," she laughed.
"Kane," amended their hostess, smiling.
"Ah, I always blunder over names when new people are introduced to me." So his name was Kane? Marion looked at the man before her more attentively. Thirty-three or five. Yes, that might be his age. She had decided that she would ask as soon as he had gone whether his other name was Gerald when the question answered itself.
"I properly should have had the pleasure of meeting you before, and without coming as far as a village post-office in Devonshire. Miss Lang, I have heard Miss Dormer speak of you very often. You were away from town all last winter, were you not?"
"Yes," said Marion. He had spoken of Millicent very quietly and naturally. "He has either more command over his emotions than most men," thought Marion, "or he did not care as much for dear little Millicent as he ought to have done."
Before the week was out they were friends.
"And I don't make friends very easily either," said Marion. "But, you see, Millicent is a bond between us."
"Are you apologising for having admitted me so soon to the privileges of companionship?" said Gerald Kane, with his quiet smile.
Marion flushed a little. She was not sure that she always liked his smile. It was masterful in its own calm, unobtrusive way. And Marion, being somewhat masterful herself, resented its tacit assumption of power.
"Oh, dear no, I should never think of apologising. Did Millicent use herself to apologise to you for things?" she asked cruelly.
Kane looked at her.
"I don't know what you mean."
Marion bit her lip. She wondered as the days went on how he had happened to care especially for Millicent. Of course Millicent was the dearest little creature, but—
And then Marion deliberately turned her thoughts on other things.
"Where is Miss Dormer now?" Kane asked her one day. "You hear from her, I suppose?"
"In France. Yes, I hear from her. Shall I send her a message from you?"
"Thanks, yes. I wish you would present my remembrances to her. She is one of the most charming girls of the type—I think I ever met," he added, placidly.
A moment later, looking round, he caught an expression in Marion's face that made him exclaim:
"I wish you would explain to me once for all in what way you connect me in your mind with Miss Dormer?"
He looked masterful enough now. Marion met his challenging glance, then said with an impulse she could not help but have accounted for:
"I was admiring, simply, the way in which you bear your defeat."
She was abashed after she had said it. Kane was silent a moment, then throwing his arm over the back of his chair:
"My defeat? Did you suppose that I—proposed to Miss Dormer, perhaps?"
"I—," began Marion, confused.
"I see," he said quietly. "I never did. I admired her; I saw a great deal of her. Some friends of mine—and of hers—probably thought that I—but no. Much as I admired Miss Dormer I did not admire her in that way. It is strange that lookers-on can make this distinction. It is plain enough, though, to the interested parties."
Poor Millicent! It has not been plain enough to her, thought Marion.
"No," he continued, "and I should not have proposed to Miss Dormer even had I had the inclination. I should never have expected such a girl, brought up as she has been, to marry a poor man, such as I am."
Marion was silent in her turn a moment and she looked away.
"Men are very severe in their judgment of girls situated as Millicent is, who hesitate to marry in the way you suggest," she said, finally, in a low voice, "but it is unjust to them to criticise their course so harshly."
Kane laughed.
"It is kind of you to defend those girls, but you know very well that you cannot sympathise with them."
She turned her eyes full upon them.
"You are mistaken. I think as they do."
"You, yourself, would not marry a poor man with his career, his way, to make."
"No." Her heart was beating fast. Kane rose and stood looking down at her.
"I don't believe you," he said.
"You may!" she cried.

He did not seem to hear. "No, I do not believe you. You are a woman, not a pretty doll who needs—pshaw! How you label yourself! You don't even know the capacity for loving that you have within you."
"Mr. Kane—"
Again he seemed unaware of the interruption. He seemed to be pursuing very rapidly, some train of thought.
"After all, why should not I speak?" he said. "You are not an ordinary girl. You can understand. You are an exception in all things. Why should I wait what the humdrum ideal of what is proper would consider the right length of time before telling you I am desperately, enduringly in love with you? I ask you to be my wife. You are the only woman whom I ever have asked."
Marion was standing now as well. He looked into her white face.
"Then you have your answer? I have already given it to you."
"And I refuse to give that answer a second thought. I repeat that you do not know yourself. If you loved a man you would marry him if he offered you a crust and a cup of cold water."
"And who tells you I love you?" She tried to laugh him to scorn, but it was a dismal failure.
Kane's brows contracted as with a spasm of pain. The motion barely lasted a second.
"Perhaps you do not now—but you will. Don't fight against it. We were made for each other. You will see. I can wait. I have been very premature. Do not turn me away, that is all I ask. I shall never refer to this again until you give me permission. Only give me a chance! And now let us talk of other things."
This was still early in the summer. The leaves were beginning to fall and Marion's invalid aunt was talking of returning to town, when Marion came to her one day with a great secret, a great piece of news. Marion, usually so self-possessed, told it with flaming cheeks, with halting voice.
"So—that is the reason why that young lawyer kept coming on here from London all through the season?"
"Yes, aunt."
"And you take your best friend's cast-off admirers?"
"He never cared for Millicent in that way, aunt! It was all a mistake, and Millicent does not care for him now, for I have just had a letter from her and she is engaged. They met this summer. He is rich—and she is very happy."
"And you—"
Marion laughed.
"Oh, I shall be poor, but very happy also, I trust!"
Miss Dormer was married at a fashionable church in November, Miss Lang, very quietly, a month later.
"And are you to live in a little house, Marion?" asked Miss Dormer the day before her own wedding.
"Probably, dearest!"
"And shall you spend your summers—"
"In some quiet suburb where Mr. Kane can conveniently come up and down." Yes, yes!" laughed Marion. Then with a sudden rush of tears in her eyes, she threw her arms about her friend.
"Oh, Millicent, I hope you will be as happy as I am!"
Hat Flirtation.
Wearing the hat squarely on the head signifies "I love you madly." Other styles of using the hat have these meanings:
Tipping it over the right ear—My little brother has the measles.
Pulling it over the eyes—You must not recognize me.
Wearing it over the back of the head—Ta, ta; awfully awful.
Taking it off and brushing it the wrong way—My heart is busted.
Holding it out in the right hand—Lend me a quarter.
Leaving it with your uncle—Have been to a church fair.
Throwing it to a policeman—I love your sister.
Using it as a fan—Come and see my aunt.
Carrying a brick in it—Your cruelty is killing me.
Kicking it up-stairs—Is the old man around?
Kicking it down-stairs—Where is your mother?
Kicking it across the street—I am engaged.
Hanging it on the right elbow—Will call to-night.
Hanging it on the left elbow—Am badly left.
Putting it on the ground and sitting on it—Farewell forever.—Halter and Furrer.
Footprints of Prehistoric Monsters.
A reminder of the gigantic footprints of prehistoric monsters in the red sandstone of the Portland quarries on the Connecticut river has been presented to the Trinity college cabinet here by Erastus Brainard Bulkeley of the class of '90. It is a large slab of Portland sandstone, 11-12 by 2 feet and 5-12 inches thick, having four well defined footprints of the moose species. This huge animal is supposed to have walked chiefly on its hind feet, rarely touching its forepaws to the ground, and these footprints, having extreme measurements of about 18 by 20 inches, were all made by the hind feet.
While the slab is said to be by no means equal to the famous one at Yale college, either in size or beauty, yet it is a superb addition to old Trinity's cabinet.—Hartford Special to the N. Y. Times.
It is reported that in the past fifteen months 71,000 negroes have left North Carolina.

MARRYING MONTANA MINERS.
Men Who Now Get the Best That the House Affords.

The next Montana miner who registers at Gore's Hotel will be under surveillance from the time he enters the house until he goes away. Tuesday afternoon two plainly dressed men, with pronounced Western manners, registered as H. B. Swan and W. Cotton, Butte City, Mont.
They were assigned a good double room, and stated that they would be in the city a month at least.
"We are here on a powerful important errand," said Mr. Cotton, "and we can't tell just when we can get away."
That afternoon the miner stopped one of the hall maids and asked her where a "general" employment agency could be found. After a few words Mr. Cotton confided his errand in this city to the girl, and in that way described what he meant by a "general" employment agency.
"It's like this," he said. Henry and I have been in the rough West for nearly twenty-five years. We got a little money, but it don't do us any good so long as we are lonesome. We live alone. See?"
The girl blushed threw down her broom, and told the stranger to go on with his tale of woe.
"You ain't interested yourself, are you?" asked Mr. Cotton. "I reckon not, but you are just hearing me as a part of your work to make the guests feel at home. Oh, this is not the first time I've travelled. Well, to go on. Henry and I have good homes near Butte. We have a few thousand dollars, and there is more coming. Now, we made up our minds we would come to Chicago, round up these employment agencies that I heard so much of, and each bring home a wife. If she can't love us at first perhaps she can cook. There, I've told you what I came here for. Now, if you can send us to an employment agency, or, better still, send us to two girls who are willing to try a go at a marriage, why, I'll stake you to a fine dress for Sundays."
"I think I can find two girls," answered the maid, as she stooped to pick up the broom.
"When?" asked the Westerner.
"To-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, in the parlor down stairs."
"Bully!"
The hardy old miners felt chagrined the next morning when they went into the hotel parlor, but they had gone too far to back out. They had been in the room only a few moments when the maid to whom one had talked the previous day and her companion entered. The maid declared that she and her companion were ready to take a new lease of life. The matches were made, and at 10:30 the girls were in the office asking for their time.
"Where are you going?" asked the housekeeper.
"We are engaged to go out West."
"In a hotel?"
"No; in homes of our own. We are to be married at noon, and it is nearly 11 o'clock now, so good-by."
The licenses were secured, the couples were married, and on Thursday night they started for Montana. The affair has literally torn the hotel upside down.
"Why" said Manager Laughlin, "a man from Montana came in, and every girl in the house is trying to wait on him. The next unmarried man from Montana will have to pay \$8 a second to stop here."—Chicago Tribune.
Barnum's Lecture on the Yosemite.
"You have abandoned the lecture platform, Mr. Barnum?"
The showman laughed. There is nothing mechanical in this Barnum laugh. It comes like the sunlight which breaks over a cloud.
"I must tell you of my Yosemite lecture. I don't think it ever has been printed. I was one of a party of Bridgeport folks that went out to that picturesque section: Like every one who has seen it we all come back full of wonder, and our neighbors listened to our tales with astonishment and doubt. A church in my town wanted some money, and I was asked to give a lecture before its Sunday-school on the wonders of the Yosemite, the proceeds to go to the church. I consented, and on the evening of the lecture the church was crowded. I had not written a line. I relied upon the inspiration of the theme. I began by giving an account of the organization of the party that made the excursion. I talked and talked of the trip and the incidents until I discovered I had consumed two hours of the audience's time and had gotten only as far as Omaha. Not a word about the Yosemite. I apologized and told the people if they would come back in one week from that night I would tell them something about the valley.
"They did so and I began where I had left off, at Omaha, and at the expiration of one and one-half hours' time I had reached the gates of the Yosemite. 'When we arrived there,' I said 'we all threw up our hands and said, Great God, how wonderful!'
"That was my lecture on the Yosemite Valley. No, I do not lecture now."—Chicago Tribune.
A Large Sailing Ship.
The largest sailing ship in the world is in the possession of France. Her name is the France. She is a vessel with five masts, on four of which a square sail is carried. The length is 344 with beam of 49 feet. The cargo which the France could carry is not less than 61,000 tons.

A CITY BOY'S VACATION.

SHOW THE INDULGENT FATHER PROVIDES FOR THE EVENT.

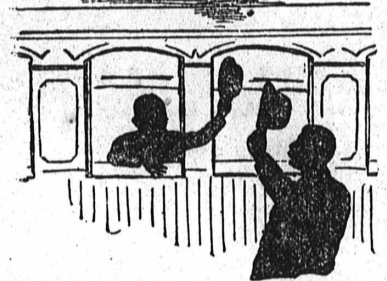
In Return His Young Hopeful Explains How He and Cousin John Tricked Their Mamma.

The city boy's father is the most indulgent, the best-hearted, and the best-intentioned. When the vacation of his boy is about to begin, the city father fixes out his hopeful with a lot of things which will surprise the country cousin

where the city boy is going to visit. There is a new fangled fishing rod with a reel on it—such as the country cousin never saw. There is the most improved bicycle, a base-ball club and a base-ball suit. At no time in his life does the heart of the city father swell with such a swelling as when he has spent about \$87.50 on his boy for his vacation.

Then he looks the boy over, and says to his wife: "I guess you had better go with him to keep him straight."

The city father will not admit it, but away down in his heart he chuckles over the idea that his boy needs watching just a little bit when he goes out into the country. The day comes for the departure and the city father heads the procession to the station and the family embarks. The boy crowds his



head out of the window of the coach and waves his hat, and his father returns the salutation.

While the train is flying countryward the father returns to his place of business, and as his friends come in he says: "I've just shipped my boy on a vacation. There'll be music in the air where he is going when he has been there about forty hours."

In two days the city father gets a stock of mail which he runs over. He picks out the envelope on which is a chirography which he recognizes from its post-mark style. If there were no post-mark on the envelope he would know who wrote the superscription.

It is the boy's first letter and is brief: Dear Papa: We are all well. I thought I'd write that as maybe you'd want to know. Ma said you'd be anxious. We are all well. Haven't been fishin' yet. Am goin' today maybe. Ma says for me to wait, but Cousin John says it's good fishin' today. So we're goin'. Ma says she'll write so I won't write any more. Don't forget to send some fire-crackers—cannons, you know. Cousin John never saw any. So no more at present but remain your loving, etc.

The father reads the letter to several of his friends, puts his hands back of his head, looks out of the office window, shuts his eyes slowly afterwards, falls asleep, and dreams! The smiles play across his face, and he is happy. He wakes, looks about him, reads the letter again, puts it in his pocket, and goes to the club, where he reads it to his old cronies.

The summer days drag along and no more letters come from the boy for a while. The father is kept posted on the boy's health by a thoughtful mother and he is satisfied, for he says to himself: "The boy is having fun and I can't expect him to write letters. Bless his heart! I was a boy once myself!"

The vacation over, the father meets his family at the train and there is a reunion. The base-ball suit is not what it was. The bat is gone; the bicycle is broken; the boy's right arm is in a sling; a section of court-plaster adorns one cheek, and the face is a full counterpart of a guinea-hen's egg so far as the spots are concerned.

By and by the father learns the story of the boy's vacation. He pretends that he doesn't care, but he is dying to know just the same. His good wife tells him in her way, but what mother could ever relate the experiences of her boy as well as the boy himself?



"THEY'RE ON TO OUR RACKET."

The boy begins to talk in a shy way at first, but he soon gains confidence and, boylike, he tells it all, sometimes getting his dates mixed, but the dates don't count. Only the story goes.

Cousin John is a good boy. His mamma hadn't much occasion to correct him, but that was because Cousin John hadn't seen anything much and hadn't many temptations.

The city boy soon found that his own mamma was quoting Cousin John as such a good little boy, and that Johnny didn't want to do so any so. The city boy concluded he would initiate Cousin John and proceeded to do so. He said to John: "They're on to our racket, and we've got to play it fine or it won't be any vacation. See?"

The city boy found that he must post Cousin John on sign language, for the city boy's and Cousin John's mamma had become such listeners that it was dangerous to talk—and they had no chance at night, for after the second night of the vacation it became necessary for Cousin John to sleep in the family room, and the boy from the city had a lounge in his mother's room.

Cousin John was an apt pupil. It is with the country boy as it is with the country legislator. A lobbyist knows whom to pick out.

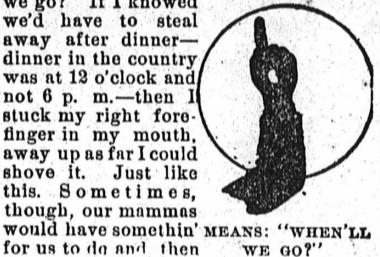
Sometimes, when Johnny's mamma and the city boy's mamma were in the room with Johnny and the city boy right under their eyes, the city boy and Johnny were arranging a program for the following day by means of a system of signals.

The city boy must tell his own story about this:

"One day when our mamma had us in the house and had been lecturing us, Cousin John and I put up a job to go swimmin' right while our mamma were tellin' us we mustn't. I put up my sign like this: I put up my left thumb to Cousin John. That meant 'Let's go swimmin'.'"

"Course it was always necessary to have it understood when and where. 'Twant necessary to have any sign of 'yes,' for Cousin John he always was in favor of anything I put up. We had that understood. So when I put up my left thumb Cousin John he put up his right forefinger, this way. That meant, 'When'll we go?' If I knowed we'd have to steal away after dinner—dinner in the country was at 12 o'clock and not 6 p. m.—then I stuck my right forefinger in my mouth, away up as far I could shove it. Just like this. Sometimes, though, our mamma would have something for us to do and then maybe we couldn't go after dinner. And when we had to send some more telegraphin', I asked Cousin John, let's go swimmin', and he asked me when, and I had concluded to steal out in the night, I made myself understood to Cousin John by shuttin' my eyes tight. That meant, 'Go swimmin' at night—they can't see us.'"

It was like this: "Well, we used to have to work it purty fine to get out of nights. Of course the doors and windows always are open in the country and we could crawl out. But sometimes our mamma would ut away our clothes after we had gone to bed, and we had to hunt around for ours. One night I got the wrong clothes and so did Cousin John. We met in the orchard and he says, 'Whose shirt is that you've got on?' and I says, 'Whose have you got on?' and then we laughed out loud, and that made the dog bark, and Cousin John said he'd tie up that blamed dog next time we went out. That was the first time I ever heard Cousin John swear."



ONE THUMB: LET'S GO SWIMMIN'.

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AFTER DINNER. IT WAS LIKE THIS:

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GO SWIMMIN' AT NIGHT.

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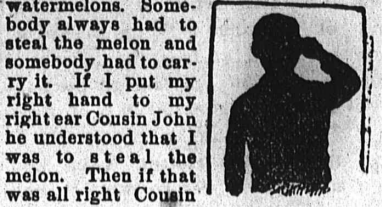
IN THEIR MAMMA'S WRAPPERS.

"Well, we didn't go swimmin' that night. And the next day we heard our mamma sayin' they wondered how they had got that mud on their gowns. See?"

"The farm was about four miles from town and we had to steal off to get there. There was always a horse. You know that somebody—Shakespeare, I think it was—said where there's a will there's a way. But we beat that. We said, 'Where there's a will there's a way.'"

"LET'S GO TO TOWN." a horse there's a way. And when we put up a job to go to town it was this way. Two forefingers crossed. The reason that I crossed my two fingers that way was that there never was but one horse and we had to ride him double. Crossed fingers meant that we was to go double. Then we had a hole in a hayrick

where we hid cherries and apples and watermelons. Somebody always had to steal the melon and somebody had to carry it. If I put my right hand to my right ear Cousin John he understood that I was to steal the melon. Then if that was all right Cousin John he was to telegraph to me in a way that I would understand. And that was by his clappin' both hands on both of his ears. That meant that he was willin' and that he would carry it.

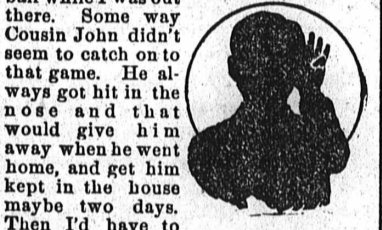


"I STEAL THE MELON."

"When we was goin' out swimmin' at night and we wanted it understood that the dog had to be tied up Cousin John would put both his hands around his neck. We never tied up the dog, though, but one night.

"We used to have lots of fun skinnin' the cat. Did you ever play that? You ketch hold of a pole with your hands and put your feet through your arms and pull yourself up on the pole. Sometimes you fall. When I wanted

"TIE UP THE DOG." Cousin John to skin the cat I'd put one hand, open, up on the side of my head. That meant 'We'll skin the cat.' It is a great game in the country. We didn't play much base-ball while I was out there. Some way Cousin John didn't seem to catch on to that game. He always got hit in the nose and that would give him a way when he went home, and get him kept in the house maybe two days. Then I'd have to break in a new boy and there wasn't many boys around. See?"



SKIN THE CAT.

"We got so we had signs for every-thing. For climbin' trees; for stealin' eggs; for teeterin'; and so on. And our mamma didn't know a word of what we was doin'. Cousin John told me that I left that maybe he'd come to Chicago some day and be a policeman or a cowboy, he didn't know which, but whichever had the most fun in it. I had been a tellin' him about the policemen in Chicago and about the cowboys in the circus two years ago. And then we agreed on a sign of how I am to know him when he comes here, but I mustn't give that away."

The city boy's father heard all this, and as the hopeful clambered on his knees and said he wished he had a gun the city father stroked the hopeful's hair and the two repeated the evening prayer, and the father laid his boy on his bed and kissed him good-night and murmured to himself, "He'll be President if he lives."—Chicago Tribune.

The Early Rising Humbug.

Most of the talk about early rising is moonshine, says the Domestic Monthly. The habit of turning out of bed in the middle of the night suits some people; let them enjoy it. But it is only a folly to lay down a general rule upon the subject. Some men are fit for nothing all day after they have risen early every morning. Their energies are deadened, their imaginations are heavy, their spirits are depressed.

It is said you can work so well in the morning. Some people can, but others can work best at night; others again in the afternoon. Long trial and experiment form the only conclusive tests upon these points. We all know the model man, aged 80: "I invariably rise at 6; I work three hours; take a light breakfast—namely, a cracker and a pinch of salt—work five hours more; never smoke, never drink anything but barley-water, eat no dinner, and go to bed at 5 in the evening." If anybody finds that donkey-like sort of life will suit him, by all means let him continue it. But few people would care to live to 80 on these terms.

If a man can not get all withered and crumpled up on easier conditions than those it is almost as well that he should depart before he is a nuisance to himself and a bore to everybody else. Schoolboys and young people generally ought to get up early, for it is found that nine-tenths of them can stand it, and it does them good. But let no one torture himself with the thought that he could have been twice as good a man as he is if he had risen every morning at daylight. The habit would kill half of us in less than five years.

Freaks of the St. Lawrence River.

"The St. Lawrence river," said a Clayton member of the Cogburn club last evening, "is a most erratic as well as beautiful body of water. You have probably noticed several items in the newspapers of vessels sailing on it running aground because of low water. Just think of it—low water with the almost continuous rains we have had the last spring, summer, and fall! But such is the fact. And in some other generally dry seasons the St. Lawrence has been unusually high. It is said that the grand old river has one of those low spells—sinking fits, so to speak—ever seven years, but I can't vouch for the truth of that. The fact remains, however, that it is unlike any other body of water I know of, and when other streams and neighboring lakes are high the St. Lawrence is apt to make a contrary showing."—Vt. Observer.

The Lewiston Journal says it's a pretty small Maine town that hasn't a "dry goods palace" nowadays.

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Rivers That Run the Wrong Way—Lefty Glaciers, and Enormous Mountain Peaks.

There are very curious things about British Columbia rivers. Everybody knows, says the Victoria Times, that they flow in the wrong direction while they are young. For instance, the Peace and Liard persist in going to the Arctic Ocean, in defiance of the Rocky Mountains and the laws of nature, while the Columbia, Fraser and Kootenay only consent to travel seaward after going in the opposite direction some hundreds of miles. But they also have very peculiar ways of making ice, quite opposite to that laid down in the text books. In the Skeena I have observed the ice in autumn to form on the river bed among the bowlders, this often growing until the reef actually reaches the surface, but more often it breaks away in large pieces and floats off down stream, bearing pebbles and even bowlders for many miles. I have seen the river in December entirely covered with this ground ice adrift, the globules being the size of peas and cohering like loose snow.

There are many natural bridges on our rivers also. In the Kicking Horse, three miles below Field Station, there is a rock bridge, in a slate formation, which is inclined so as to present sharp edges very unpleasant to walk upon. Every observant passenger on the Canadian Pacific Railroad has noticed the snow bridge on the Illecillewaet, but there are records of ice bridges also. I think I have heard of one on the Homatheo River, but of the Stick-teen a marvelous story is told. There is a great glacier descending out of the high snowfield to the north, and this in ancient times flowed right across the valley, meeting a lesser ice stream from the heights opposite. The Stick-teen flowed under the ice in a tunnel, and at very low water the passage was too small for it, although the water must have been banked up into a lake at the spring freshet.

Now, the Sicane Indians of the upper valley used to regard this tunnel in the ice as leading to the "sweet by and by." They were, therefore, very anxious to avoid the place. But once the tribe was encamped not far above the glacier, and there was a very old man and his wife with them who were too mean to die because of the expense of giving a funeral feast. They were very rich and of no use and had large appetites, and their relatives at last consented to part with them. They were, therefore, set adrift in a leaky canoe and consigned to the current, and all the people, conscious of self-sacrifice, stood on the bank and watched the canoe vanish into the tunnel and felt good. Now, the old people were very much frightened and squealed a good deal, but when the blue shadows of the ice closed over them they thought they were dead Indians, and behaved accordingly. Presently the old lady thought it was getting light, and became curious and looked about her. Then she kicked the old man and asked if he didn't wish they were at the funeral feast. He looked up and found the canoe out in the open again, the glacier behind it, and the world pretty much as usual. They got ashore, cut paddles and poles, and prepared to go home again. The old man began to be hungry for the grease boxes; the old lady set her heart on grease and berries, and they both determined to get home for the banquet, since they had assisted at the funeral. Well, by dint of making the old lady work while he steered and gave good advice, they succeeded in making their way up through the tunnel and home, and were in ample time for the feast. In fact they lived happily ever afterward. But how shall we condole with the relatives, whose sweetest and most pious traditions had been shattered about the sweet by and by?

Not least among the natural wonders of the coast is McKenzie Passage, a little to the westward of Kingcome Inlet. It is a chasm about six miles in length, leading to the base of an isolated and broken peak 5,665 feet high. The walls are very close together, vertical and snow-crowned. The sun never shines in this awful gorge; the vapor from its waters hangs dark and bitter cold, unmoved by any wind, and no living being enters its solitude. I find but two records of this place having been visited by white men.

Scarcely less wonderful is an inlet tributary to Dean's Canal, and the scene of one of the most important events in Canadian history. It is thus described by Vancouver: "The width of the channel did not anywhere exceed three-quarters of a mile; its shores were bounded by precipices much more perpendicular than any we had yet seen during this excursion; and from the summits of the mountains that overlooked it, particularly on its north-eastern shore, there fell several large cascades. These were extremely grand and by much the largest and most tremendous of any we had ever beheld." In conclusion of a long description he named the place Cascade Channel.

Two months afterward arrived here the greatest of Canadian explorers, having been the first man to cross North America. Much threatened by a large body of Indians, he fortified himself on a rock for the night, and the next day mixed some vermilion and grease and painted on the enormous mountain wall the following words: "Alexander McKenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three." And in his record the explorer says that as he stood on the rocks a

native spoke to him of Vancouver.

"At some distance from the land a channel opened to us, at southwest by west, and, pointing that way, he made me understand that Macubah came there with his large canoe."

La Perouse, the great French explorer, entered Lituya Bay under the shadow of the St. Elias Alps, and said: "I suppose that this is the most wonderful place in all the world." This bay, entered by a very narrow aperture, was shaped like the letter T, the head of which was a fathomless abyss, surrounded by mountains of from two to three miles of vertical height. Glaciers broke off the summits of its walls, forming an icy cornice from which ponderous masses fell at times into the sea with a crash that resounded more heavily than the loudest thunder. The tides surging out of this cause an overflow, and a party of officers being out mainly on pleasure one of the boats was caught in this and overwhelmed, with the loss of all hands.

Some of these tide sluices are very dangerous and many lives have been lost in them. A great puzzle they were to early travelers, who found cataracts of sea water pouring into many of the inlets. They are explained by the existence behind them of large basins filled by the flood tide, the outlets being too small for its ready escape at the ebb. Some of these salt water cataracts are as much as twelve feet high. There is a miniature example of the gorge near this city.

On the Yukon River the upper waters are rendered quite clear by the deposit of all their silt in a chain of lakes, but lower down a stream called White River enters from the south so charged with glacier mud that the Yukon thence to the sea is too dirty for even the bottom of a cupful to be distinguished. Graylings rise rapidly to the fly above; no fishing without nets is possible below. Moreover, where the great river crosses the arctic circle the tributaries from the tundra lands are like rivers of tea, so the strain of vegetable matter from the moss swamps of the far north.

His Decoration.

He walked by her side, as they strolled apart, Through the lonely blossoming ways, Afar from the bugles and rolling drums, The realm of a nation's praise; Afar from the crowds that linger there 'Mid the sunlit graves and the headstones fair.

They, too, with the reverent throng had bent, And in dear remembrance crowned With palms, and laurels, and garland bright— Fully many a grass-grown mound. And heard the voices of comrades tell How nobly the heroes fought and fell.

But now, in silence, they turned away Through meadows with daisies spread— Her face was grave, but her eyes were sweet With the languor of tears unshed; And she held a rose in her finger tips, Red as her own soft rose-red lips.

"You were kind to the dead," he said, at last, In a pleading, injured tone, "But what of the living soldier brave, Who in daily fight alone Must strive for duty, nor dream of fame— Dare he no token of honor claim?"

She turned with a smile, half tears, and placed Her rose on his bosom. "There, My one last flower! It was meant for you, But I was not sure—would care We give, unthought, to the noble dead, But the noble living must ask," she said, —Madeline S. Bridges.

Being Best Man.

It is no small undertaking to be best man at a wedding writes Hepburn Johns in the Pittsburg Dispatch. The awful responsibilities of the groom usually fill the minds of the spectators, and the best man's trials are rather lost sight of. Still important as the chief male assistant's duties are, they are not really so formidable as they seemed to an Allegheny man who recently was called upon to fulfill them.

This young man was asked by an old friend to stand up with him when he entered the solemn estate of matrimony. He consented willingly. He is of a nervous temperament, and a number of his friends, for a joke, resolved to give him a fright. So they went to him one by one and impressed upon him that being best man carried with it no small obligations. He would have to wear a new dress suit, they told him, and a new hat, new shoes, a new tie and so on. Besides, he would have to give the bride an expensive present, and contribute liberally to the groom's expenses. One particularly solicitous friend was kind enough to figure out exactly how much his performance at the wedding would cost him. The sum total, by this ficitious figuring, was \$180.

Now to a young man on a small salary, as the best-man-to-be was, \$180 was no joke. Being, as I have said, of a nervous temperament, the obligation of spending a sum so far beyond his means affected him powerfully. He could not think of backing out, yet how to scrape together the money to do "the thing well" he hadn't an idea. He worried himself sick about it, actually sick, and, to cut a long story short, when the wedding day came the young man who should have been best man lay seriously ill in bed in a hospital.

And this is strictly true. The joke was carried much too far.

Death From a Cat-Bite.

A few days ago David Stokes, colored, of Rockingham county, North Carolina, struck at a cat, when the enraged animal flew at him and fastened its teeth in his wrist. The cat held on so tenacious that its head had to be severed before its grip relaxed. Stokes became ill at once and soon died.

Oil on the Troubled Waters.

Iceland fishermen now carry oil regularly as a means of smoothing the waves and enabling them to continue at work in weather in which heretofore their boats could not have lived.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

A new political party was organized in St. Louis last week. It is very similar to the people's party only that it declares for prohibition and woman suffrage. This addition is in its favor.

Congressman Breckinridge, who has been sitting in the seat that belonged to the murdered Col. Clayton of Arkansas, has been sent back to his home, the house of representatives having declared the seat vacant.

Kansas is doing something in behalf of prohibition in Nebraska. Several speakers who can testify to the effective results of prohibition in this state will do campaign work there in favor of the constitutional amendment.

Gov. Robinson is certainly getting into his dotage. The poor old man has been writing letters to Nebraska telling how the consumption of liquor has increased in Kansas since the enactment of prohibition laws. All evidence on this line is refuted by liquor makers and wholesalers.

The convention of Douglas county John Waller's old home, tabled a resolution to instruct for him for state auditor, and the state convention following the suggestion, laid him upon the shelf. John has rivalled the best white man in the state as an office seeker. His party seems to have come to the conclusion that the colored brother has no great claims to office.

The republican state platform is an excellent one in many respects. It promises many things it has had the power to do, and which the people have asked, but which it has failed to do. In political platforms, from old parties all such planks are worthless and are put in to catch voters. A party that has the power to do, and then fails to do, may be condemned. When it fails to fulfill its promises it can not and should not be trusted.

The great southwest seems to have lost its influence in the republican party of the state, and to be succeeded by the great northwest. By some it is said to be a blow to Santa Fe influence and a triumph of the Union Pacific and the Rock Island. By others it is regarded as a rebuke of the seventh district for its nomination for Congress of J. R. Hallowell, and the ignoring of prohibition in the platform. At all events the republicans in the southwest are very sore and many of them are more than ever inclined to assert their independence and to vote for the people's ticket.

Slavish devotion to party always leads to reckless and careless action on the part of political leaders. When a party is not held to strict account and made to feel that its lease of power depends only on its merits, the men who are always ready to assume leadership will become corrupt and exacting. The people should always exercise their independent rights and be ready to censure by their vote, or destroy by their vote, any party whose leaders do not ignore self, and always show that their devotion to party means strict devotion to the interests of the people.

If there are those who imagine that they are going to put a stop to the use of cotton seed oil as an article of food by law, they have yet to learn a lesson in domestic if not political economy. Cotton seed oil is one of the cleanest and purest products of our country. It is as such an agricultural product as lard in this country, or olive oil in Europe, and for domestic use it is equal to either. Its use in the household is not yet general but it is daily growing in popularity and it is destined to become as common as lard. There are now many housekeepers who laugh at the idea of adulterating lard by mixing cotton seed oil with it. They declare that it is no adulteration but an improvement. Cotton seed oil as an article of food is being well advertised by those who oppose its use.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat says the Farmers' Alliance is doing most of its work in democratic States. In that case we do not see as republicans have much to fear. In fact, one may imagine that any attempt to make a split in democratic states can be nothing less than republican work.

Frank Leshe's Weekly talks about the new people's party killing the prohibition party. It may kill that party, but it will not destroy nor injure the cause of prohibition. There is no reform movement that concerns the people more than the war upon the saloon and the drink habit. Any popular reform must include this reform. The republican party must go down largely because it has refused to nationally accept this issue. The People's party in Kansas is not making this question an issue because prohibition is considered the settled policy of the State, and it has brought forward only such issues as have not been passed upon. But it may be considered without question that the people's party is a prohibition party.

The Farmer's Movement is spreading. It is gaining ground where the Alliance has not penetrated. The present uprising is one of the people, and not the work of politicians, north and south, as the Capital would make it appear. It is a movement born of necessity, and no matter what interested politicians may say, it is a patriotic national movement that is calculated to blot out sectional prejudices that have been cultivated by political demagogues, and that have been the bane of the nation for half a century. The movement is one calculated to restore republican principles. To some it appears radical, but this is simply because the party in power for over thirty years has failed to keep up with the progress of events. When one is compelled to make up for lost time it requires extraordinary effort and radical measures. But the people's movement is really conservative. True, there are those who would charge it with agrarian and socialistic tendencies. But the agricultural classes have no sympathy with anything of this kind. They are not anarchists, are not socialists, are not radical theorists of any sort. The farmers are the prime movers in the present attempt at reform, and they are naturally conservative. If there are those who ally themselves to the movement, who are violent and revolutionary, such persons, or such factions, are alone responsible for their actions.

It is a source of regret that our people cannot be inspired by more patriotic and less selfish motives. The tariff discussion, which has now come to a close, has shown how difficult it is for most persons to take a comprehensive view of national affairs. A few months ago when we heard nothing that did not favor extreme protection, the republican party seemed to be a unit in favor of the McKinley bill. When opposition developed, greatly accelerated by Blaine's reciprocity notion, it was found useful to have an excuse for such opposition. It would not do to let the party be split open on this question, and it was agreed that no one's position on this tariff bill should be a test of party fealty. Still those republican papers that had favored extreme protection, but still wished to follow Senator Plumb, felt compelled to have some reason set forth for their flopping. It was found in sectional prejudice. It was the eastern manufacturer who was profiting by the tariff and the western farmer who suffered from it. This could not be seen by them six months ago. It did not become apparent until the farmer's movement, not in the west alone, but in the east and south as well, promised to become a power that would overthrow old parties. Then Mr. Blaine was struck forcibly by the idea of reciprocity. Then the political managers found that the farmers had interests that were antagonistic to manufacturers and began to make party capital out of the error they had hatched. The farmer is anxious to encourage manufacturers. There is no conflict between them. Legislation is not wanted for classes, but for the nation at large.

We learn that Mrs. Lease has been in the habit of attacking the memory of Gen. Logan, in other places as she did in Rossville. If this is the kind of work she is doing the sooner she is withdrawn from the field the better it will be for the people's party. There is not a particle of necessity for Mrs. Lease or any one else referring to this matter. Gen. Logan's memory is dear to every old soldier, and all their love for him was well deserved. He was not the earliest to enter the union army. He had been a democrat of the southern type. His sympathies were southern. It was not easy nor natural for him to take up arms against those who had been his co-workers. He naturally hesitated, not two years, but for a few weeks only. When open war began he enlisted for the war. He became the idol of the volunteer soldier because of his dash, enthusiasm and skill. The very qualities that made him marked as a democrat of the southern school, made him afterwards distinguished as a soldier. Mrs. Lease has not the least occasion to attack the memory of Logan. Certainly she has no occasion to exaggerate the truth and say that he hesitated two years, since he had won golden spurs as a fighting soldier before that time. But Mrs. Lease is given to exaggeration. The Alma News tells us that it was the great fault of her address in that place, and apologises for it by saying that it may be necessary at this time in order to arouse the people, we do not believe it. Such work is not permanent. What the people want is truth. Nor do they want so much of redflag anarchy as Mrs. Lease seems to give her hearers. We believe that her influence in the field is not healthy and that she should be withdrawn by the committee.

The resubmissionists have found their dead level. They have united with the whiskey democrats. It is exactly where they belong, and it is hoped they will stay there. At Wichita on Tuesday they held their separate State conventions and nominated Charles Robinson for Governor, and agreed upon the remainder of the ticket, including the endorsement of the alliance candidate for Attorney General, J. N. Ives, which certainly ought to secure his defeat. It leaves nothing for the reputable portion of the people to do but to vote for the re-election of L. B. Kellogg, the republican candidate. War upon prohibition is to be made through a combined attack upon him, and this ought to insure his election by the decent elements of the State.

The total number of farm mortgage foreclosures in Kansas from January 1 to July 1, 1890, was 1,108, or about twenty-five to the county. The total for 106 counties of the State on the same basis would be 2,650, or probably about \$2,000,000. A significant feature is the fact that a large portion of the foreclosures are on unoccupied lands bought up and mortgaged for what they would bring by speculators.

H. T. Thompson & Co.'s Chicago wool circular of August 26, says: "There is very little change to note in the wool situation since our last. The volume of trade has been large. Manufacturers visit the market frequently, and after looking it over take sample lots, or at most their purchases are only sufficient to supply actual needs. There is no settled feeling regarding the future, and while this continues the tendency is always in the buyer's favor. At such a time as this it does no good to try to force sales, and the best policy seems to be to wait for an improved demand."

The Queen Pays All Expenses.
 The Queen's last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publishers of that popular magazine offer another and \$200 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "British North America." Additional prizes consisting of Silver Tea Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantle Cloaks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Shetland pony to girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States) sending the largest lists. Every one sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send six U. S. 2c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of The Queen. Address The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Canada.

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 FLOUR, MEAL & FEED, GRAIN, GRAHAM AND HOMINY,
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SILVER LEAF FLOUR A SPECIALTY.
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 Manufacturers of the following celebrated brands of Flour: WHITE LOAF, High Patent; DIAMOND, High Patent; BUFFALO, Straight Patent; IONA, Straight Patent LONE STAR, Fancy.

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MACHINE WORKS.
R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r.
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PIANOS & ORGANS.
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 Teeth Saved—Not Pulled. Crowns, Clean and Strong, on Broken Teeth.
 S. S. White's Teeth on Celluloid Plates. Best and Strongest Made. Whole and Partial Sets.
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J. K. WHITESIDE,
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DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED BY
DR. GROSVENOR'S BELL-CAP-SIC PLASTER.
 Cures quickly and permanently. Rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy and lumbago cured at once. Genuine for sale by all Druggists.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
 Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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

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

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

Free Reading Matter.
 There are various schemes for supplying reading matter at a trifle above actual cost.
 What would you think if you could get good literature free?
 Drop a postal to G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A. A. T. & S. P. 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.

Established in 1879.
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THE ODELL
Type Writer.
 \$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER and CHECK PERFORATOR, with 78 Characters, and \$15 for the SINGLE CASE ODELL, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
 It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASY OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two to ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become a good operator in two days. We offer \$1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the DOUBLE CASE ODELL.
 Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to dealers.
 For Pamphlet giving Indorsements, etc., address ODELL TYPE WRITER CO., Rookery Building, CHICAGO ILL.

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Tickets
 ON SALE TO ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS EAST, WEST, NORTH and SOUTH —AT—
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 H. B. HARRINGTON,
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FREE
 OUR NEW Solid Wash
 Washes in the world. Perfect
 Mangle. Warranted heavy,
 with work and easy
 Both ladies and gent's sizes
 with work and easy
 equal value. One piece in
 each locality can secure one
 free, together with our large
 and valuable list of household
 necessities. These samples, as well
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 need do is to show which one you like best—our
 in valuable lists for you, which hold for you, once started,
 and then we are ready. We pay all express, freight, etc. After
 you have all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can
 earn from \$10 to \$20 per week and upwards. Address,
 Robinson & Co., Box 512, Portland, Maine.

This has been a disastrous year for bees.

About 86,000 acres were planted with broom corn in Kansas this year.

An authority states that the output of steers from New Mexico this year will be about 225,000 head.

It is claimed that the world's wheat crop for 1936 is 2,057,000,000 bushels against 2,041,900,000 bushels in 1935.

The Wisconsin cranberry marshes are beginning to show signs of activity. Men are engaged to superintend the picking, and buildings and barrels are being placed in readiness for the harvest, which will begin soon.

A good corn crib is necessary on every farm, and in arranging care should be taken to make sure that it is vermin proof. Rats and mice will destroy a considerable quantity of grain during the winter if they are given anything like a fair opportunity.

Grind corn and oats or corn, oats and barley together in equal proportions to feed to the brood hogs and the growing pigs. This will make a much better ration for the development of bone and muscle than corn, and this is what is the most desirable with this class of stock.

When the other farm work will permit it will be found a good plan to haul up the necessary supply of wood or coal. Usually at this time the roads are good and the work can be done easier now than later, at least as far as the teams are concerned.

Farm Notes.

Every farmer should study how to save quite as much as to produce crops.

The nest egg gourd is a novelty now grown as a substitute for porcelain or glass nest eggs.

Now is the time when a watch must be made for the white butterfly, the parent of the cabbage-worm.

Rats will keep out of the way of pine tar. Pour it into their holes and daub the posts of the granaries with it.

As much as 600 pounds of hops have been grown on one acre of land, but such yields are far above the average.

Two crops of potatoes have been grown on the same ground in one year with the early rose variety, and the use of plenty of manure.

Milk will absorb enough odor from foul gases in ten minutes to affect its quality, and the colder the milk the more rapidly it absorbs odors.

Those who have used the arsenical remedies to eradicate the canker worm say that they have also largely assisted to destroy the codling moth.

Plenty of fresh-burnt charcoal is excellent in the pig pen, especially during this season, when green food is plentiful, and they will eat it readily.

To keep more stock than you can feed liberally is to simply starve the feed gradually. It does not pay to attempt to do more than your limit allows to be done well.

Lay aside some pure manure, free from litter, for the asparagus beds. Late in the fall clean off the bed and apply the manure, allowing it to remain on the ground the whole winter.

On warm days and nights corn grows very rapidly, experiments made for that purpose showing that in twenty-four hours as much as 5 inches of growth has been made by some stalks.

A Missouri gardener secures early potatoes by planting the tubers in boxes, keeping the boxes near a stove, and when the sprouts are 3 inches in height they are removed and set out.

Rye is recommended as a green manure for peach orchards. The rye should be sown thickly about the 1st of September and plowed under in the spring. It is also an excellent mulch for protecting the roots.

The wool of the merino sheep is very fine, as many as 40,000 fibers having been counted on a single square inch on a full grown ram, and the half-bred merinos give nearly as fine wool as the pure bred.

A Michigan farmer tells a contemporary how he manages to conquer Canada thistles by the help of 200 sheep. He puts a small handful of salt on each thistle at the root. The sheep eat the thistle close to the ground. Repeat salting, and the thistle seldom appears next year.

There is one sure and certain specific against milk fever in cows, not as a cure but a preventive. This is to avoid all grain feeding for one month before calving, to gradually dry off the cow two months before it, to feed no grain food for one month after calving, and to keep the cow quiet and remove the calf before it has suckled. Dairies where this system is practiced never have a case of milk fever.

The man who is always harping upon the foolishness, or worse, of farmers keeping the common cattle instead of pure bred herds, is a well, there is no mood strong enough to express the idea. For while there are more than 6,000,000 farmers who keep cows, there are only 92,000 pure bred cows and 49,000 bulls recorded in the herd books, to which good, bad and indifferent all go from the first beginning of the records, and a large number of these are dead. How far would the whole go around all the farmers? One to every 120 farmers, that is all.

Germany does well by its royal family. Princess Victoria, sister of the Emperor William, is to be married this fall, and the German Government will give her a dowry of \$50,000 and an annuity of \$5,000 for life.

The Household

Whole cloys, it is said, will exterminate the moth.

Excellent sandwiches can be made of pate de fol gras and brown bread.

Fruit picked just at maturity will keep much better than when picked sooner or later.

To beat the white of eggs stiff with ease they should be sold, with a very small pinch of salt added.

Lunch baskets to be used in traveling should have a cheap cotton lining to protect the lunch from dust.

When acid of any kind gets on the clothing spirits of ammonia will kill it. Apply chloroform to restore the color.

Cold ham may be so carved as to attract or repel, and there is real art in carving the slices in the most artistic manner.

Brown Bread.—Two-thirds of a cup of molasses, two cups sour milk, one cup of salt, one cup flour, four cups cornmeal. Steam three hours and brown a few minutes in the oven.

Delicate Pie.—Whites two eggs, four tablespoonfuls cream, one large spoonful flour, one cup white sugar, one cup cold water, flavor with lemon. Line a pie plate with pastry, pour in the mixture and bake at once.

Molasses Cookies.—One cup butter, two cups molasses, one teaspoonful ginger, sufficient flour to make a stiff batter, not dough. Mold with the hands into small cakes and bake in a steady rather than quick oven, as they are apt to burn.

Washington Cake.—One pound of brown sugar, 1 pound of flour, one-half a pound of butter, 2 pounds of stoned raisins, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in half-cup hot water, one-half pint of molasses, two grated nutmegs.

Cookies.—Two eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg to taste. Mix in enough flour to roll, cut into round cakes and bake in a quick oven.

Plum Cheese.—To every quart of ripe fruit put a half pound of loaf sugar in a deep yellow ware dish. Bake in a moderate oven till very soft, then rub through a hair sieve. To each pound of pulp add a half pound of fine sugar and boil slowly for an hour, stirring all the time. Pour into daisy cheese pots and tie down as jam.

Ginger Pound Cake.—One teacup of butter, one teacup of sugar, sifted; two teacups of molasses, one teacup of milk or cream, with a little soda dissolved in it; about a large spoonful heaped and flour enough to make a stiff batter; four eggs, well beaten, three tablespoonfuls of powdered ginger, one of cinnamon and one of cloves.

Preserved Cucumbers. Slice the cucumbers half an inch thick, and dip the slice in pulverized sugar; put them into a pan and turn constantly until every part is coated with sugar and dry; put into jars; make a strong, clear syrup, with lemon juice added; when the syrup is nearly cold, pour it over the fruit, adding a little extract of ginger before doing so.

Pickled Apples.—Pare and core sweet apples; take one quart of cider vinegar and dissolve in it 4½ pounds of sugar; boil five minutes; add cloves and cinnamon to suit taste; put into the vinegar as much of the apples as will cook conveniently; stew slowly until a fork will pierce it readily; skim the fruit out and add more, putting the cooked apple into ajar; after it is all cooked pour over the boiling vinegar that is left—the fruit should be covered with it; cover the jar closely, and keep in a cool place.

HOME institution. Oldest and best. 21 years of success. Facilities for education in business, shorthand, typewriting, and English, unsurpassed. Instruction thorough, honest and practical. Students enter at any time. Address for catalogue, **Lawrence Business College, LAWRENCE, KAN.**

Horses are said to be low; indeed there is no sale for certain grades. It is safe to assume that 50 per cent of our entire product represents this unsaleable class. I hear of no complaint of no market, or low prices from handlers of good roadster-bred carriage horses, or large, smooth, well formed draft horses.

Life is too short to lose a single step in grading up to improve our stock. We should breed to the best sires and keep the mares to grade up higher. Many are already getting into the stud books, with their four and five crosses, and a great many more might have done so if they had not sold their mares or bred to stallions not recorded in the same stud book.

Missouri and Kansas Inter-State Fair.

The people of Kansas City will hold an old-time Agricultural fair this fall, from September 22d to 27th, inclusive. In connection with the regular fall meeting of the Exposition Driving Park Association.

The magnificent grounds and track of the Exposition Building and Grounds, insuring ample facilities for all exhibits. The fair is in the charge of the best citizens, who have provided a large sum with which to pay the premiums, and all indications point to a very successful meeting.

Swine Notes.

During the summer, at least, the feeding place for hogs and shelter should be separate; this will lessen materially the risks of disease.

Because the old sow has been a valuable one is no reason why she should be kept beyond her age of usefulness. Better fatten her while she is still a vigorous and healthy feeder.

There is but little difference in the the cost of a shed built to be comfortable, such as will exclude gales of wind, rain and snow, and one through which the finger can be thrust between the weather boarding. The advantage gained by building the best will justify the difference in outlay every time.

When feeding hogs in the same field in which sheep are kept we often have found it necessary to use a swinging door to the hog pen to keep the sheep from feeding with the hogs, which they are bound to do if possible, when once they have tasted the grain. The door we hang from the top to swing in or out. The hogs soon learn to open it, the sheep never.

The little pools of water found in the hog pasture after a summer rain are apt to become unsightly wallows if attention is not given to have them filled up. Such a wallow the hog loves because he can plaster his sides with mud against the attacks of the flies, but we prefer to have them go to the clean water for a cooling bath. It is certainly more healthful.

The idea is prevalent with many hog growers that hogs do not need shelter other than shade during the summer months, and some are not careful to know that they have an abundance of this. Close observation teaches us that both are important, and necessary. Any man that can fatten a pig and get together enough to build a shelter.

The Art Amateur gives as one of its two color supplements for September a double page panel picture of "Climbing Kittens" by the famous English artist, Helena Maguire. Nothing at once so life-like and artistically attractive has probably ever been given gratis with an art magazine. It is to be followed by a companion panel of "Descending Kittens" by the same painter. China painting designs in the color form the other color supplement. In black and white designs there is the usual abundance of patterns for china painting, wood carving, brass hammering, needlework and, indeed, all kinds of decorative art work; and the text comprises, besides much admirable criticism about art and artists, invaluable practical articles on House Decoration, Pen Drawing for illustration, Tapestry Painting, Still-Life Painting in oils, Landscape Painting, Drawing in Chalk and Charcoal, Miniature Painting, Wood Carving, Brass Hammering, China Painting, Monogram Designs and Art Embroidery. The Answers to Correspondents are crowded with information useful to all art students. Price 35 cents. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

Three Through Trains.

We offer you the use of three elegantly equipped trains, Kansas City to Chicago. Being the shortest line, we can take you to destination in the quickest time.

How does this suit you? Leave Kansas City 10:00 a. m. and arrive in Chicago at 7:25 a. m. or leave Kansas City 6:20 p. m. and arrive in Chicago 8:50 a. m. or leave Kansas City 8:45 p. m. and arrive Chicago 11:36 a. m.

Santa Fe Route is the one we mean. Solid vestibule trains, free chairs cars, dining cars, palace sleepers. Geo. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., Topeka, Kans., or Jno J. Byrne, A. G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Sufficient bedding to keep the stock clean is as necessary during the summer as in the winter, so long as any of the stock are stabled.

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 you have 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.

A generous Boston lady has promised to endow Garfield University with \$1,000,000 as soon as the trustees clear it of its indebtedness. The indebtedness will be cleared up. The above will be good news to every member of the Christian Church.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

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

A Chinese Rite.

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

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

A New London Tower.

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

Estimates are now being prepared for that purpose. The fabulous profits from the Eiffel Tower are a matter of notoriety. English capital, which is seeking investment throughout the world at present, was attracted by the golden opportunity of doing as well, if not better. London, with her own five millions and her hundreds of thousand visitors, could support a tower as well as Paris.

The president of the elevator company says: "The new tower in London will undoubtedly be built. We are now preparing estimates for the elevators. The tower will be 1,200 feet high, and will cost more, probably, than the Eiffel."

"How much will the elevators for the London tower cost?"

"The two we put in the Eiffel Tower cost about \$100,000 each. More than that I am unable to say."

Courage in Crime.

A curious manuscript which came under the observation of the writer of this article contained the confessions of a woman who for years had been a "shoplifter," and who finally took an odd sort of pride in her skill as a thief. Her first theft was a petty one—some trifle costing a fraction of a dollar—and caused her such terrible remorse that she was tempted to return the stolen article and confess her offense; but that period of grace passed she never returned to it, and pursued her nefarious occupation coolly and with apparent enjoyment. Holding a respectable position in her native town she escaped detection for years, and had not boldness outrun cleverness, might have done so always. But at last, grown bold by success, she coveted a sealskin garment worth several hundred dollars, and in attempting to possess herself of it was caught in the act and arrested, when the whole story of her thefts came to light. She is now in prison with ample leisure to reflect whether the game was worth the candle. Many women of this sort feel a certain pride in their skill as "shoplifters" and talk freely of their exploits when the necessity for reticence has ceased. The following narration came from the heroine of it: She once visited a large store and asked to be shown some expensive cloaks. The goods were brought out and the stylish looking shopper took off the jacket she wore and tried on a cloak. She was not entirely satisfied with it, she said, and the saleswoman who was waiting upon her went to another part of the store to get some more cloaks. This was the thief's chance. She walked away, leaving the jacket. On the stairs—the cloak department was on the second floor—she met one of the owners of the store. "Have you been waited upon?" he asked politely. "Yes, thank you, and I am very well satisfied with this cloak," she replied, and walked coolly from the store—safe for that time, though Nemesis overtook her at last. Happily for the ends of justice, the greed which grows with what it feeds upon is a fatal passion with thieves, and inevitably leads to conviction and punishment. After that, their doom is sealed: outcasts from society, distrusted even by members of their own order, despised, if pitied, by the friends who formerly loved and trusted them, all the pleasant aspects of life are shut out from their eyes forever.

"Once a thief always a thief," says the world, and a lifetime of penitence is insufficient to reverse the verdict.

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"Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Little Star', How I wonder what you are!"

Oh, I'm just a little Parer— I can PARE and CORE and SLICE, And you'll think me awful nice. At the Hardware Store you'll find me, Just three "quarters" then will buy me. If your hardware man don't keep me, Don't wish of hers let him cheat thee, But send for me direct, or go To Messrs. C. E. Hudson & Co., Leominster, Mass.

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

Germany does well by its royal family. Princess Victoria, sister of the Emperor William, is to be married this fall, and the German Government will give her a dowry of \$50,000 and an annuity of \$5,000 for life.

"WORKED" A MINISTER.

THE CREWSOME HISTORY OF A CONFIDENCE MAN.

Strange and Sudden Death of Every One Who Had Previously Declined to Make Him a Loan.

Rev. John W. Woodruff, pastor of a large church and one of the gentlest of men, was walking meditatively in his garden, when a man came up to the fence and said:

"I am a stranger to you, Mr. Woodruff, but you are no stranger to me. Many and many a time when the wick of the candle of hope had grown long and the blaze threatened to go out your sermons have buoyed me up."



HE LEANED BACK IN A CHAIR.

"You move me deeply by saying so," the reverend gentleman answered, casting a look of inquiry upon the man, whom he found to be solemn of countenance and exceedingly plain of dress. "Do you live near here?"

"No," the visitor answered. "my habitation, humble and scarcely worth a glance of the traveler that passes the door, is situated miles from here, but your sermons come to me on the great thought-carrying waves of the press. Are you too deeply engaged in contemplation to spare me a few moments in your library?"

"Oh, by no means," the minister responded. "Walk into the house, please." They went into the library, and the visitor, after seating himself, looked earnestly at the preacher and said: "I did not know that I was in your immediate neighborhood until your house was pointed out to me, and then my desire to see and talk with you, overcoming my judgment, perhaps, urged me to stop."

"I am really glad that you did stop," the minister replied, moving in an embarrassed manner; for, although accustomed to the compliments of the sisters and brothers of the church, the praise of this solemn man made him feel uneasy.

"I thank you profoundly," said the visitor, bowing. "For many days I have thought that I should like to talk to you on a subject that has become very serious to me, and you can scarcely imagine the thrill I felt when your house was pointed out."

"I am ready, my dear sir, to talk to you on any subject," the minister answered. "It is with regard to religion, of course."

"Well, hardly. The truth is—I am almost ashamed to acknowledge it—I fear that I have become superstitious. I have fought, have really struggled against it, but still I can not drive away a horrible belief that seems to hourly fasten itself stronger and stronger upon me. Before I proceed farther, let me tell you my name. I am Calvin N. Beyers. I am exceedingly poor, but all my friends know me to be honest. Sometimes I have money, and then sometimes I find myself in extreme need. My superstition began in this way: About four months ago I went to a man named Anderson and asked him to lend me \$25. He refused. What happened? The next day he dropped dead."

"There is nothing remarkable in that," the preacher remarked.



"YOU DON'T SAY SO!"

"Oh, no; but wait. The very next day I went to a man named Cal Simmons and asked him to accommodate me with \$25. He declared that he did not have the amount. He was a very strong man, but the next day he dropped dead."

"Humph!" grunted the minister. "Then I began to grow superstitious," the visitor continued, "and although I needed money I waited for several weeks before asking any one else. Finally need drove me to it and I went to B. S. Featherston, our county judge, and asked him for \$25. He said that he would let me have it, and I know that his intentions were good, but upon looking in his safe he found that he had not the amount. I thanked him, of course, but the very next day, just as he had

admitted old Stephen Doyle's will to probate, he fell off the bench, dead."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the minister.

"Yes, sir, it is a fact. When I went home I heard of it, and shut myself up and for more than two days did not eat a bite. Finally I came out, and remembering a moneyed man, a friend of mine, that lived not far away, I went to him, and, telling him of my experience with the other men and reminding of what had befallen them, I asked him to lend me \$25. He not only refused but actually laughed at me. The next morning, while he was out in the pasture looking at his fine horses, he was stricken with apoplexy and died almost instantly."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the minister, "you startle me."

"Ah, you are beginning to see that I have cause to be superstitious."

"Oh, no," said the preacher, thoughtfully; "oh no, for we are in this enlightened day warned against superstition. Coincidents are sometimes perplexing, but we should never permit them, to drive us into the dark corners of superstition."

"I know that, Mr. Woodruff, and I have fought against it, but still I can not help yielding to a strength so immeasurably greater than my own. Let me give you another instance. About two weeks after the last man died I went to a preacher, a dear friend of mine, and begged spiritual comfort."

"You should have done that long before," the Rev. Mr. Woodruff broke in. "I know that," the visitor assented; but somehow I did not have the strength to acknowledge my weakness. Well, I talked with him long and earnestly, and after awhile he convinced me that I was foolish. My spirits rose, and I laughed for the first time in many weeks. But suddenly the thought flashed across my mind that I had to raise \$25 or my land would be sold for taxes. I explained the distress I was in and asked him to let me have the money. 'I should do so with pleasure,' said he, 'but the truth is I am in absolute and immediate need of every cent I have.' I went away, knowing that he had spoken the truth, but—"

"The visitor took out a red handkerchief and wiped his eyes. 'How I did love that man!' he continued after a painful silence. 'He was more than a brother to me; he was indeed a father.' 'But did anything happen to him?' the minister eagerly asked.

The visitor arose and, standing with his back to the preacher, looked far away over the landscape. He wiped his eyes again and in a voice husky with



A SOLEMN MAN.

emotion answered: "He fell dead the next day. Oh! my dear Mr. Woodruff," he exclaimed, suddenly wheeling about and stretching forth his arms, "you now see why I am held down by the blackened chains of superstition. You can now appreciate why I am no longer a real man."

"My dear brother," said the minister, "your case is indeed deserving of commiseration, but still I say be not led into the foul waters of superstition. You must pray."

"I will do so," the visitor exclaimed. "I will pray deep within my soul. Well, I must go now. I must hasten home, but alas!" he sorrowfully added, "I expect to find strangers in my house. The tax-gatherer I fear has supplanted me. If I had only \$25 I should, now that you have so comforted me, again be happy."

The Rev. Mr. Woodruff began to wince. "Just to think," the visitor continued, "that so small an amount can make a man forget all his troubles. Say, my friend, can you not accommodate me for a few days?"

The preacher began to cough. "Why, I declare, I—"

"Oh, do not inconvenience yourself, sir," said the visitor.

Mr. Woodruff began to walk up and down the room. "Your words have given me such strength," the visitor went on, "that I am sure I can never wholly repay you. I have fought so hard against—but," he suddenly added, "I had such awful evidence to combat. I know that to let me have the money would be a pleasure to you, and I really supposed that you were well fixed financially or I should not have requested the loan, even though you had so strengthened me against a belief in the dark shadows of—"

"I think I can let you have the money," the preacher broke in. "I have only \$30 to my name and had intended getting some books that I have wanted for a long time, but I can not think of you going home and finding your house sold away from you. Wait a moment and I will bring the money."

The good man left the room—and the visitor, humming a melancholy tune, stretched out his legs and clasped his hands back of his head. When the preacher returned and gave him the money he became a veritable fountain of thanks, throwing up the silvery spray of gratitude.

That afternoon a neighbor called on Mr. Woodruff. "I had rather a queer caller this morning," said he. "A fellow came to the house and after talking for some time began to tell me of people that had dropped dead because they had refused to lend him money. Then he

wanted me to lend him \$25, and I pledge you my word that it took all my strength to resist him, almost believing at one time that I should surely die suddenly if I did not yield to him. In fact, I don't know but that I should have given him the money had not some one interrupted our conversation. Upon seeing the newcomer my impressive visitor took his leave, and when he had gone the newcomer asked: 'Do you know that fellow?' 'No,' I rejoined, 'who is he?' 'One of the shrewdest confidence men in the country,' he replied."

The minister, holding his hands behind him, walked up and down the room. After awhile he said: "You did well not to let him taint you with his professed superstition. We should cultivate strength and root out the germs of weakness."—*Opie P. Read, in N. Y. World.*

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Events Which Astonished and Interested the People of the United States.

Fifty years ago the population of the United States was only 17,697,420. The census cost the government \$833,427. There were slaves in all the states except Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont and Michigan. Iowa had sixteen slaves; Wisconsin, eleven; Ohio, three; Indiana, nine; Illinois, 331; total in all the states and territories was 2,486,228. Fifty years ago the first railroad spike maechie was put into use, making fifty a minute, forming both point and head. Henry Burden, of Troy, N. Y., was the inventor. It ranked among the best paying inventions of modern times.

Fifty years ago the whig party held its first convention at Harrisburg, nominating General William Harrison, of Ohio, as President of the United States. Fifty years ago Joseph A. Adams for the first time made use of the idea now embodied in the art of electrotyping by reproducing from wood cuts. Fifty years ago the first power loom for weaving carpets was set in motion by E. B. Bigelow, of Boston. Ten yards a day was its original capacity. Fifty years ago (1839) the first wheat was shipped from Chicago, amounting to seventy-eight bushels. It was sent eastward by the lakes to Buffalo. Fifty-one years ago the first steam fire engine ever made was tested in New York. It was invented by Captain John Ericsson.

Fifty years ago the Sirius and Great Western, the first ocean steamships, entered New York harbor on their return trip No. 1. Fifty years ago 1,000 reformed drunkards marched in procession at the first anniversary of the Washington society. Fifty years ago a law was enacted against dueling in the District of Columbia. It grew out of the Cilley-Graves duel. Fifty years ago the Cherokee Indians were removed from Georgia and placed west of the Mississippi River. Fifty years ago was established the first commercial college in America, Comer's college of Boston. Fifty years ago the first patent was granted to Goodyear for vulcanized india-rubber goods.

Fifty years ago a survey was made by John Baily for a canal across Central America. Fifty years ago John Ericsson was allowed letters patent on a steam propeller boat. Fifty years ago beet sugar was first made by David L. Child, of Northampton, Mass. Fifty years ago the banks of the United States resumed specie payments. Fifty years ago the Massachusetts abolition party was organized. Fifty years ago wooden clocks had only been in use one year. Fifty years ago the daguerrotype was invented in France.

African English.

English as she is wrote by native potentates on the west coast of Africa is intelligible, if not elegant. A private letter received here from the French Congo says that his majesty King Moni Machindu had been stealing the wives of employes at the white trading posts, and otherwise cutting up in an unseemly manner. The French administrator sent him a stern and dictatorial message ordering him to transfer his royal person to the French post for a palaver and accounting. Thereupon the king took his pen in hand and produced the following forcible and defiant answer: "I save English, me save Portuguese, me save German, me no save French. Dem Frenchmen be king for Coango, me be king for Mayumba. Suppose them Frenchman get palaver for me, he better him come for my town."

The Frenchman came for his town with a gunboat and a squad of soldiers, and the king suddenly took to the woods, with all his people, looking back now and then to see the smoke rising from his burning village. At last accounts Moni Machindu had quit letter-writing, and was sadly rebuilding his village, convinced that his literary attainments in this instance had been a positive detriment to him.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Depew's Southern Story.

I was talking with Chauncey M. Depew the other evening about his recent trip South. During our conversation he said: "I found the Southern people very interesting. The negroes are much more entertaining than I expected to find them. You know in the North we rarely if ever see the real darky, ragged, lazy, and happy, as he is naturally. I overheard one conversation between an old 'aunt' and her daughter that will amuse you, I know. Here it is:

"Liza Jane, hev yo' drum up all dem chickens yit?"
"Yass, ma."
"Yo' sho' yo' druv em all up?"
"Yass, ma."
"Yo' count dem chickens, Liza Jane?"
"Yass, ma."
"How many wuz dere, Liza Jane?"
"One."
"Right, Liza Jane."—*N. Y. Star.*

MISSING LINKS.

You can get 100 acres of land in Samoa for \$1.37 and the taxes will be only 39 cents a year.

The experiment of treating typhoid fever by prolonged immersion of the patient in water has been tried with gratifying success.

A rattler was killed in Cucamonga Canyon lately that measured 7 feet 2 inches long by 11 inches around the waist. It sported twenty-one rattles with a button.

Zenas and George Mayo, at Hancock, N. Y., married two sisters simultaneously, and, just as simultaneously, the two sisters obtained divorces from the brothers for cruel treatment.

A woman at Westerly, Conn., who had rheumatism and neuralgia arose in the night and daubed herself with liniment. In the morning it was found that she had used ink, and she is not at home to callers.

An electric typewriter is being constructed which will write letters in New York as they are transmitted from Boston, and vice versa, the communications being transmitted simultaneously over four separate wires.

A Matilda A. Scott, living in North May street, New York, has a kennel and a dog farm, where she raises toy terriers that net \$200 a year, and she pays all her expenses with the proceeds of the canine sick ward.

The statement is made that at least seventy letters a day miscarry because of the similarity of the names of Oswego and Owego—cities in the State of New York. For this reason each town wants the other to change its name.

The largest steam derrick in the world is used by a shipping company at Hamburg, Germany. It is kept at the docks and used in lifting immense weights on and off shipboard. It can pick up a ten-wheeled locomotive with perfect ease.

An accepted authority says the spring onion is a great inducer, and about equal to quinine for malaria. It is kept out of its useful province by the prejudice against the odor. This may be overcome by hypnotism, and made a nasal delight.

A novel way of raising money to build a church has been adopted by a congregation in an Iowa town. They borrowed \$120,000 and gave life insurance on a number of the members, which is to be applied on the debt as fast as death ensues.

Murder seems to be the least perilous of all the felonious pastimes known to this country. Out of 14,779 murderers who took human life in the six years from 1884 to 1889 only 558 paid the penalty of their crimes by yielding their own lives to the law.

The kola nut was experimented with during the German autumn maneuvers of last year with such evidences of its ability to enable men to endure immense physical labor that the German war office ordered thirty tons of it for consumption in the army.

Women inventors appear very often on the patent office records, and one of them who succeeded in pushing through an improvement in an eye-glass spring is said to have made a very comfortable fortune by the crystallization of her ideas in practical form.

The most prominent experts in dogs in this country are firm in the belief that thoroughbred dogs are less intelligent than mongrels. Nearly all the dogs exhibited on the stage are cross-breeds and dogs of low lineage, if they can boast known parentage at all.

King Dinah Sallifou, the dusky monarch of the Nalous, who attended the Paris Exposition accompanied by the sons of several political opponents as hostages of peace in his absence, is not dead, despite the reports that he was poisoned or strangled for introducing European customs.

A novel method of plowing was that recently adopted by a colored man in North Carolina. His steer refused to work when hitched to the plow, and thereupon he hitched it to a cart and fastened the plow behind the cart. He proceeded to plow with the steer without any further trouble.

Judge W. T. Newman, of Atlanta, owns a pewter coin bearing on one side the representation of Independence Hall at Philadelphia and the date 1796, on the other side is the liberty bell and the inscription, "Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land, Unto All the Inhabitants Thereof," with the denomination, "25."

An ear of corn on exhibition at San Luis Obispo, Cal., is described as being in the exact form of a human hand, the wrist, palm, thumb and fingers being all perfect. It is covered with small grains to near the tips of the fingers, which are bare prongs of cobs, giving the hand the appearance of being clad in a mitt.

English religious papers frequently sneer at this country because a marriage which is lawful in one state may be unlawful in another state. But a similar condition of things exists in great Britain. In England, for instance, marriage with a deceased wife's sister is illegal, while in the Island of Jersey such a marriage is valid.

The Marquise Clara Lanza, Dr. Hammond's daughter, is described as a decided blonde, whose fluffy hair, lying in short boyish locks against forehead and neck, could scarcely be a paler yellow, or her skin of a most unvarying pallor. She has lovely eyes, of a rare grayish blue, and regular features, but her charm lies chiefly in the mobility of her expression.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Getting up a woman's club—Raising a broom.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Sandbagging may be classed among the too base hits.—*Texas Siftings.*

The best illustration of mingled hope and fear is a lazy man looking for work.—*Ashland Press.*

It is only when a man begins to dictate his letters that he finds out how poorly he can talk.—*Puck.*

Every beginning is difficult, except laziness, which is the beginning of all crimes.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

"What did she do when you sent her those flowers, with your love?" "Returned my love."—*N. Y. Herald.*

The course of true love never runs smooth, and it would not be half the fun if it would.—*Emira Free Press.*

Sometimes a man is a hard-working man and then again sometimes he is only a hard workingman.—*Terre Haute Express.*

It is better for a young man to have his trousers bag at the knees than to have his brains bag at the ears.—*Boston Traveller.*

Charles Lamb's humor never shows a taste of bitterness; but, then, Charles had a regular job as bookkeeper to fall back upon.—*Puck.*

At the concert—"I want to ask you a question." "Don't talk now; wait until the concert begins."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

"Well, I called on Miss Bobbett last night and broke the ice." "How unfortunate when ice is so hard to replace."—*N. Y. Herald.*

It is not always proper to address the young man behind the soda fountain as doctor, even though he is a fizician.—*Toledo Blade.*

"I saw Chappie last night. He had a head on." "You don't say. Was it the same one he usually has or a real head?"—*N. Y. Commercial.*

The Enumerator (turning back)—"One question, more, Mr. Blank." "Well, out with it." "Are you single or baldhead?"—*Somerville Journal.*

Happiness never comes when it is sought. It simply loafs lazily in the shade, and lets people tire themselves out hunting for it.—*Somerville Journal.*

When Richard III. offered to give his kingdom for a horse he might have meant a horse that would win when he bet on him in the races.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Minister (to horse jockey)—"What is your business, may I ask?" Horse Jockey—"I am in the service of the American Track Society."—*Boston Herald.*

Mrs. Bunting—"I see that Emin Pasha is to have a salary of \$50,000 a year." Bunting—"You don't say! What club has he signed with?"—*The Bostonian.*

"Professor, what's the difference, anyhow, between a fiddle and a violin?" "Zee same doefersenz zat grzeest between zee vee'dler an' zee violinist."—*Harpers' Bazar.*

First Saleslady—"Have you seen Mollie's new fellow. What does he look like?" Second Saleslady—"O, he's just a bargain counter affair, that's all."—*Terre Haute Express.*

If people generally would only try half as hard to secure health as they do to obtain wealth this would be one of the healthiest countries on the face of the earth.—*Scranton Truth.*

"What do you do with your flannels after they have begun to shrink?" "I let 'em shrink a little more and then put 'em by to use for pulse-warmers in winter."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Nephew (with newspaper)—"They're having a hard time trying to settle the Hungarian Diet question." Aunt—"Why don't they give them just plain pork and beans?"—*Boston Herald.*

Mr. Staid—"And is Miss Gigglegagle well educated?" Mrs. McFad—"Educated? I should say so. Why, the ribbons on her graduating dress alone cost over \$50."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Jones, hiring a victoria for a drive in the park—"There, wife, we'll put on the coachman inside, and you get up on the box with me. We'll be as fine as any of the folks."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Probably the ice man has never noticed the dainty little tongs that are furnished with boxes of confectionery. They are neat, inexpensive, and would be quite useful in his business.—*Washington Post.*

Briggs—"Is your office boy still pursuing his duties with the same feverish avidity he exhibited at the start?" Bragg—"Not exactly. He is exhibiting what might be called a spring-feverish avidity now."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Father—"Clara, what game was that you were playing when I looked in the parlor last night?" Clara—"Hide and seek." Father—"What was the kissing for?" Clara—"O, that was the duty on the hides."—*Boston Herald.*

Citizen—"If you know of the approach of great storms why don't you stop them before they reach a place?" Gen. Greely—"Stop them? Why, that is impossible." Citizen—"O, no. All you have to do is to predict them."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"You shouldn't find fault with my temper," said she. "When we were married, you know, you took me for better or for worse." "I know it," was the reply. "but I had a hope of striking something like a general average."—*Washington Post.*

MY TYPEWRITER.

For the last few days I have been a much injured and much enduring man. Some persons when crushed beneath a mass of circumstantial evidence, readily accepted by the tribunal which in more senses than one is sitting upon them, take a pride in knowing that they are innocent, and, virtue sua involuti, await the future acquittal or free pardon, of which they feel certain, with tranquil minds, actually in some cases finding employment in the sensation of martyrdom. I am not one of them, for I have not felt at any time sure of my acquittal; and even now, when it should be practically secured, it is possible that I shall not leave the dock altogether without a stain on my character. Besides which, even innocence may be a matter of regret to one who has suffered for a crime, or, let us say, an act of indiscretion, without having enjoyed the pleasure of committing it.

It happened in this way. Some few months ago I had an occasion to require in my business the services of a typewriter, and I made my wants known. As a consequence I was visited by no fewer than forty-seven candidates in person, without counting the hundred-odd who applied by letter. Of the forty-seven thirty-seven were of the weaker sex, and as these demanded a slightly lower wage than their male competitors I decided—for that reason, and that only—to employ one of them. Now, the thirty-six had all brought samples of their work, and, as all possessed the useful qualifications and one typewritten letter is precisely like another, I did what every other man would have done under the circumstances and chose the best-looking one. She was a very handsome girl and a very charming one, too. I say it in spite of the trouble she brought me.

For a time she was a complete success. Apart from the fact that I had to dictate to her continually, it was obviously undesirable that she should sit with my male clerks. Some of them, I know, are frivolous, and, as a married man, I had a sense of responsibility; so I allotted her a corner in my own room and she set up her machine there.

It was pleasant to have some one to talk to when one was not busy, and Miss King being of a lively disposition interested me much with her experience as a beautiful and meritorious young woman fighting the battle of life in London. Some of her adventures were almost romantic enough to have interested the readers of the *Family Herald*—to which, indeed, I believe she had contributed. Others might have amused students of a more frivolous class of literature; but, except to account for the interest I still feel in her, they have nothing to do with the present narrative. I am not in the habit of "taking the office home with me" and worrying my wife with "shop" so naturally I never mentioned typewriter in the domestic circle. That simple omission has been thrown in my teeth many hundreds of times during the last two days. I begin to fear it always will be.

My typewriter, as I have said, worked admirably till within about a fortnight ago, when she became restless, melancholy, and abstracted in manner. For a time I took no notice of it; but last Saturday, business being dull, I called her to me as I sat at my table, and placing her near a window looking over old Broad street far below, where I could get the light on her face and observe her expression, began to interrogate her in a kindly way, as an employer always should interrogate his clerks if he thinks they are in need of his help or advice. While I was doing so the 1 o'clock post came in. I did not look at my letters for a moment, as I was saying to my typewriter:

"Gertrude—I make a rule of calling my younger clerks by their Christian names, and as a rule in my office is a rule I was resolved from the first to make no exception in her favor"—Gertrude," I said, "there is something on your mind; you are anxious and distressed."

"It is nothing," she answered.

"Nothing be hanged!" I said in my friendly way. "Nothing does not make a girl pale, and absent, and silent for ten days at a time. I simply do not believe you."

"My dear Gertrude," I said (I am not sure that I ever called young Bob Smithers, my junior clerk, "my dear Robert, but circumstances alter cases), "I want you to try and let me help it, or help you, in any way I can."

"You are very kind," she said.

"Then tell me what is the matter."

"You have not opened your letters; there is one marked 'Immediate.'"

I know she was only trying to put me off, as my clerks as a rule do not dictate to me in such matters. However, as I could see that the girl had tears in her eyes, I took up the envelope she spoke of and, opened it, to give her time to recover from her evident emotion. At a glance I saw to my surprise, that the letter was a note from my wife, whom I had left at home in the Cromwell road at 9:30 that morning. It ran as follows:

"DEAR CHARLES: I want to take you to the shop in the city where I saw the seal-skin I was telling you about. I have decided I must have it at once, as Mrs. Carruthers has just got a new one. I know the shop closes at 2 on Saturday, but if you can leave your office with me when I call for you, a little before 2:30, we can do it. Your affectionate wife.

ELIZA JOHNSON.

P. S.—Have your check-book in your pocket."

Now why, in the name of fortune, Mrs. Charles Johnson, who, as her letter shows, is a woman of decided purpose when it suits her, could not have made up her mind to have the

sealskin before I left home that morning, and why she could have grudged sixpence for a telegram, I do not know. I have spoken to her about it, and all she says is that in future she will visit me without any warning at all.

I read her note, and at once grasped the fact that my wife might come in at any moment. The presence of a stranger, even of my wife, who is really in her way a very kind woman, would of course have been unwelcome to my typewriter in her distress; so I said, without looking up:

"I will not press you further today, Gertrude; but on Monday I shall expect to be treated with more confidence. I am expecting some one here on important private business, so you may go at once."

She made no answer, and I could hear her breath coming in short, quick pants. I turned to look at her. She was standing with parted lips and widely staring eyes, her tear-stained face tightly pressed against the window pane. I took her by the hand; then she turned, uttering a cry:

"Charlie, Charlie, my darling!"

At the moment she did so—in fact, before the words left her lips—I was conscious of the door opening, and that my wife was there and must have heard her with so much surprise as myself, and even more horror. But before another word could be said there was a rush across the room, an ink-pot, a pen or two, a sheaf of letters, and a typewriter (the machine) were lying overturned upon the floor, and a typewriter (the operator) had dashed into a small closet where she kept her hat and cloak, seized them, and, almost upsetting my wife in her flight, vanished down-stairs, her little heels clattering in a wild tattoo on the stone-flagged stairs. Then a scene took place which was only the prelude to the ordeal I have spoken of. It was useless for me to argue and aver that I was innocent myself, and as unaware of any passion for me indulged in by my typewriter (a mere clerk as I repeatedly said) as I was of any insanity in her family or in her individual constitution. Now I suppose the worst of my misery has been practically put an end to by the following letter—not typewritten—which I am just receiving at the office and am taking home to show my wife:

"DEAR MR. JOHNSON: I hope you did not think me quite crazy when I left you so abruptly Saturday, especially after your very kind conversation with me. The reason of my anxiety and sadness was that the man I had been engaged to for two years was coming home from Australia, and his ship was much overdue, owing to the gales. He never let me know he had arrived, but went straight to my home and followed me to the city to find your office, where I saw him from the window, which was the cause of my hurried exit. I shall not have to typewrite any more, and I dare say you have discharged me; but you have been so very kind to me that I must come, with him, that we may both thank you personally, and also remove the remains of the typewriter. I think I shall be Mrs. Charles Webster. Thanking you again and again for your great kindness and sympathy, yours truly,

WELL, there is her letter; it speaks for itself, and I must show it to my wife and convince her of my innocence. But I do wish it said a little less about my kindness; in this censorious world natural humanity is liable to misconstruction.—*St. James's Budget.*

Beggars.

A rare race we of the beggar band;
Hurrah for our goodly number.
We roam on the roads of the open land,
We ply our plaint as we onward plod;
"An alms, sweet sir, for the love of God."
Our grip, the trick of an upturned hand;
Our shibboleth,
But a pleading breath;
A trembling lip and a dear demand,
Hurrah for the world we cumber.

A lean lot we of the beggar clan;
Hurrah for the thirst that thins us.
We've been afoot since the world began,
One yearns for gold, and one craves for fame,
One starves for art, and one longs for fame;
And not the least of the caravan
Faints at the start.
From a hungry heart,
But struggle on as beset by a man,
Hurrah for the wants within us!

A proud crowd we of the beggar tribe;
Hurrah for each tear and tatter!
We scour the squalor our rage describe,
But vain would fashion by father men
To hide our needs from our neighbor's ken;
We fear his frown and we loath his gibe.
We'll bear our pain,
But we'll not deign
To win a wealth with our tears as bribe,
Hurrah! What do heart-breaks matter?

A queer crew we of the beggar kin;
Hurrah for us all together!
We love and hate, and we strive and sin;
We stumble oft on the stony ways
Like children chiding for their skyward gaze,
But up again and our trampl'd begin,
Through sun and rain
And through joy and pain,
With the hope of heaven we all may win.
Hurrah for the storms we weather!
—Julie M. Lippmann.

A Gopher's Long Sleep.

Early in 1861 a young farmer of Bulloch furnished a home for himself and bride. The kitchen was a log one of the old-fashioned hard clay floors. He had built over a gopher hole and of course the hole was filled up and the owner was forgotten. The farmer went off to the war and when he came back he found some charred timbers which Sherman had left. The house was rebuilt and the dirt floor was still a feature. But the kitchen was never remodeled. Recently the mother, who first set foot on the clay floor twenty-nine years ago, was sitting by a window, when chancing to look down on the kitchen floor she was astonished to see it show signs of being disturbed underneath. For five minutes she watched it intently, and then called other members of the family who entered just in time to see his gopher-ship emerge from his long sleep.

Had Better Save Their Money.

A lawyer who was sent to England by the Mosher heirs, who think they own \$100,000,000, worth of property over there, refuses to tell what he has discovered unless he is paid \$15,000 in advance.

GULF STREAM MYSTERIES.

An Old Sailor Gives the Results of His Experiences and Investigations.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal, writing about the gulf stream, says: "From what source or cause is its origin? What are its peculiarities? What does it follow? What is its depth, width, temperature, velocity, etc.? Let me give you an old seaman's experiences, investigations and opinions; but first a very brief description of the wonder and the generally accepted opinions in relation to its origin. Its source was supposed to be from the pent up water which from several sources accumulated in the Gulf of Mexico and made its exit into the Atlantic Ocean between the Florida reefs and Bahama banks. This is undoubtedly true in a great measure, but investigators have long believed that other yet unexplained causes exist. It reaches the Atlantic Ocean, flowing in a due north direction, at about 27 degrees latitude, thence following the general coast line to Cape Hatteras, where it is deflected very much to the east by the rocks and shoals which extend some ten or twelve miles east from the cape—say in latitude 35 degrees. That the stream has in the long ages of its existence gradually worn away the outlying banks of Cape Hatteras to their present limits, and that the attrition is still continuing, there can scarcely be a doubt; and what will be the result of this gradual approach of the stream to our immediate coast line we way conjecture, and we may also quite reasonably attribute our milder growing winters to the change already effected, at Cape Hatteras.

At Cape Hatteras the gulf stream meets the Arctic current which strikes the western edge and passes beneath the warm waters of the gulf, and probably mingles, and is, in a great measure, lost in that great stream, which here is about 160 miles wide and about 600 feet deep, flowing with a variable velocity from one to three miles per hour, with a temperature averaging 76 degrees. Here the gulf stream loses much of its strange blue color, while its peculiar electrical waters produce wonderful developments in the atmosphere, and the almost incessant storms continue in its course up to and beyond the Banks of Newfoundland. A ship in striking the current from the west often plunges her bow into a thunderstorm, while her stern is in clear sunshine, and at the same time a thermometer suspended from the ship's bow will register 70 degrees, while another hanging at the stern shows but 40 degrees.

The gulf stream, as it passes out between the Florida reefs and the Bahama banks, is some 3,000 feet in depth and forty miles wide, with a velocity varying from two to five miles an hour, and a temperature from 77 to 83 degrees. It has some peculiar attributes and differs in many respects, aside from its temperature and electric elements, from the waters of the Atlantic, through which it plows its way for thousands of miles before its effect or identity is lost. These singular characteristics have led seamen to believe that from some subterranean sources a vast stream of heated water, strange and peculiar in its elements, issued from some orifice near the Gulf of Mexico, and mingling with the outrushing waters of the gulf, accelerated its rapid course into the Atlantic. The United States coast survey has devoted much study to this theory, and its investigations have added much weight to the above explanation. The supposed orifice may be comparatively small—may be overlapped in such a manner that the deep sea lead may never find it in 6,000 perpendicular feet of water; but that it exists is becoming a very marked belief and a very interesting phenomenon.

Saying of Bismarck.

A French writer has made a collection of the sayings attributed to Bismarck, and some of them are queer enough:

"A Bavarian is something between an Austrian and a man."

"If Austria has astonished the world by her ingratitude, England will astonish it by her cowardice."

"God made man after his own image and Italians after that of Judas."

"The powers are generally represented by men of mark, but Franco is sometimes represented by marked men, queer fellows, who are really envys extraordinary."

"It is easy to recognize the ambassador of France, because he never speaks the language of the country to which he is sent."

"Thiers a diplomatist! Pshaw, he wouldn't know how to sell a horse!"

How Women Should Sit.

Women who sit with their legs crossed, to sew or to read, or to hold the baby, are not aware that they are inviting serious physical ailments; but it is true, nevertheless. When a man crosses his legs he places the ankle of one limb across the knee of the other, and rests it lightly there. A woman, more modest and restricted in her movements, rests the entire weight of one limb on the upper part of the other, and this pressure upon the sensitive nerves and cords, if indulged in for continued lengths of time, as is often done by ladies who sew or embroider, will produce disease. Sciatica, neuralgia and other serious troubles frequently result from this simple cause. The muscles and nerves in the upper portion of a woman's legs are extremely sensitive, and much of her whole physical structure can become deranged if they are overtaxed in the manner referred to.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

DIARY OF MARIE BACKBAYSHIFT.

A Blue-blooded Boston Girl Who Is the Type of the Age.

Ah, mon Dieu! Fifteen years old to-day, and not one affaire du coeur to look back on—mon Dieu! I will be loved! I am young! I am beautiful! I am svelte! I am chic! (Smashes a chair.) Ah, mon Dieu! but I will be loved!

Tuesday—Yesterday, after my ebullition of passion, during which I looked very handsome (my eyes flashed and my beautiful nostrils dilated), I dressed myself carefully in my purple moire antique, with the green ribbons, letting my stockings fall a little loosely about my ankles, and thrusting a large yellow jonquil in my belt, I stripped lightly down the stairs, singing as I went, that little chanson:

Oh, to feel the breath
That comes through a soft mustache
To lean my head on a manly breast
Without being considered rash.

My voice is a beautiful one. Wouldn't I like to sing in Music Hall, and raise the roof, and make Patti tear her imperial dyed hair with rage. Ah, mon Dieu! (The reason I say mon Dieu so much is because I had a French governess. Oh, she was une mignonne—a corker! She taught me to roll cigarettes and read Zola. Ah, friend of my infancy, in what paths do your tender feet wander? Art thou listening to seraphic music in the heavenly spheres or wandering on the dull orb? She ran off with a heroic driver. I could have killed him.)

Still singing, I slipped into the drawing-room, where I knew a man from some dry goods establishment was putting up curtains. I went swiftly over to the step-ladder on which he stood. He was beautiful. His hair, of a rich, deep red, was dressed pompadour, and his nose was Roman. Oh, Rome! Rome! goal of my young infancy, even a nose will turn my thoughts to thee. (If I do not succeed in music I shall go to Rome and study art! Ah, mon Dieu! Glorious, heavenly art! Art can not exist without artists, and artists are usually men! Oh, art, beautiful art! But the man on the ladder. I turned an arch look upon him (I am always arch), and said in a low trembling voice: "Did it rain when you came in?"

"Not much, miss," said he.

Ugh! how I hate that word "Miss" so bourgeoisly, so sou-edy. I shook the ladder with rage. He lost his balance, and I caught him by the arm, not so much to save him as to feel his manly breath on my cheek. Ah, mon Dieu, for one instant I was delirious with happiness. "Look here, young woman," he cried, "where's your keeper and your cage?" "But I love you, I adore you," I cried; and with that he picked up his leather apron and hat, and ran quickly from the room. Poor boy, how he loved me! He was pale with passion, but I no longer love him; I tire of him. Alas! he loved me too well and my man shall ever kiss me! I swear it. Mon Dieu! Ah, love, love, when shall I find love?

Wednesday—I have been reading "The Quick or the Dead," "Thou Shalt Not," and "The Evil That Men Do," mon Dieu!

Thursday—I wanted a sweet bracelet that I saw down at Bogigan's this morning. Another girl bought it before I could get home and ask mamma. I threw an inlaid table straight through the plate glass window and put my foot through a showcase. Why not be frank and candid, mon Dieu, and act as you feel?

Friday—Ah, but I am cruel! I feel I have no heart, and can never know a grande passion. To-day I met a handsome man at 5 o'clock tea. I deftly stood in front of him for one hour, and kept him from talking to anyone else. I was brilliant in conversation, ris quel brusque! I said:

"You are a naughty man."

"How so, Miss Backbayshift?"

"Oh, I know you are."

"But—"

"You want to flirt with me. I know you do. Don't you try to squeeze my hand."

"But I assure you—"

"F'you may. Here it is. Nobody is looking. You may kiss it if you like."

"But I do not like, Miss Backbayshift. I haven't any desire to kiss your hand, and you are a great bore. If you will kindly let me get away from you—"

I threw my cup of chocolate in his face and let him go. The man is mad to love me so passionately. Why, why can I never reciprocate love? Ah, mon Dieu!

Saturday—I have been to the Symphony concert. I cast burning glances at all the orchestra, and smiled in submissive style. None of them looked at me. They do not yet appreciate my style; I am not like other girls. There was one silly young thing in front of me who got a smile from one of the violins. I promptly ran one whole length of my hat pin into her back! Cell! Then I went home, and, after taking a hot bath, stood at the open window for an hour with only a pongee wrapper on. Mon Dieu! if I can't attract attention any other way, I'll die young.

Sunday—Tried to get the minister to walk home with me. He went to see a sick boy instead. Ugh! I have taken a box of liver pills and ate Welsh rarebit. I will be sick, and he shall come to see me. Mon Dieu!—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

Badly Rattled.

"I was wounded three times during the war," said Maj. L. with a merry twinkle in his fine brown eye—"once

fatally, but you see I am still an inhabitant of this beautiful earth."

"Perhaps," suggested one of his listeners—a N. Y. Tribune man—"you were like the man of whom the country newspaper man wrote: 'The ball entered his left side, inflicting a mortal wound. With good care he will be able to pull through all right.'"

"That's just where the ball did enter," replied the grizzled veteran cheerfully. "I was in the Shenandoah valley with Sheridan and we were having a lively time of it, a regular hare-and-hounds race all the time, it seemed. We were chasing Mr. Johnny Rebel out of the country and in one of our charges I suddenly stopped short, feeling as if a red-hot sword had been thrust through me. I was wounded, badly, too. The ball had entered my side and had passed clear through my body, leaving a fierce burning trail."

"Well, I said to myself, 'Abe L., this time you are a dead man. No man can live when a bullet has plowed its way through his vitals.'"

"I staggered out of line. The fighting business was so brisk just then that wounded men were looking out for themselves. I managed to get to a log and sat down on it to wait until I should die. The pain was so fearful that I could barely move my limbs. It seemed to paralyze my nervous and muscular force. As I sat there watching the men scamper along, one of my old comrades passed me."

"What's the matter, Abe?" he cried.

"Hi!"

"They've done me this time," I answered.

"Hope not," he turned to yell back as he ran. One doesn't expect delicate attention at such times.

"Well, I waited to die, until finally I said to myself, 'If this is dying it isn't so bad after all.'"

"I unbuckled my belt to ease the pain and thought I would like to see what a deadly wound looked like. I took a look and there was no wound there. I could not believe my eyes. I knew I had been hit, for I could feel where the ball had come out in my back. I put my hand around there to touch the hole and could not find it. There was not a sign of a wound in my side, not a mark on the skin. It took me not more than thirty seconds to buckle my belt around me and make a run for my company. I caught it in twenty minutes."

"How's this? Two or three of the boys panted; we thought you were killed."

"Well, you see I am not," I said falling into the ranks.

"I had been hit by a spent ball, and that night when I examined my side I found a black and blue spot on it as big as my cap. I didn't mind it in the least. A man who suddenly recovers from a mortal wound feels pretty cheerful."

Feathered Pirates.

A pair of robins, as has been their custom for several years past, recently commenced building their summer home in an elm tree on the sidewalk in front of my house, says a contributor to *Forest and Stream*, and the work went bravely on, with song and rapid flutter of wings. Suddenly the songs ceased and work on the nest stopped. But it was not left alone, for a band of miserable sparrows attacked, and, if possible, were more active in its destruction than the robins had been in its construction.

A few days later the robins began another nest in a tall maple tree near by, and the work was pushed rapidly. But a few days since it was evident that something was wrong again. There was a great outcry on the part of the robins, and an unmusical chatter by pugacious sparrows. The latter were again victorious, and at once began to demolish the nearly finished nest, which work they soon completed—strings, grass, feathers, etc., being scattered promiscuously about.

This was not all, nor the worst, for the male robin was seen hanging by a cord fastened to its neck and one wing dead, and not more than ten feet from the place where the nest had been. The sight attracted the attention of passers by, but it was so high that none cared to ascend the tree to get the bird.

Being anxious to know the facts as to the reason of the bird's death, I spliced my stiff trolling rod, with a knife attached to the tip, to a long pike pole, and with the help of a neighbor I succeeded in cutting the string above the bird.

An examination showed that a string, common wrapping twine, was passed through the wing quills, around the neck, and knotted so tightly that considerable patience was required to remove it, so that death must have been soon affected.

The male being dead and the nest destroyed, the female has departed, so that we are no longer favored with their sweet morning and evening songs. The question now is: "Who killed cock robin?" Was it suicide from repeated defeats, or was he accidentally caught in the string? Or was it premeditated murder on the part of piratical sparrows?

An Anti-Chinese Decision.

Judge Willis Sweet, in the District court at Mount Idaho, Idaho, has decided that Chinese have no right whatever on mining lands in the United States, and that a lease of mining ground to them is invalid, and amounts to an abandonment of a claim. Measures will now be taken, if an appeal is not allowed, to oust all Chinese miners in the territory. The decision is far-reaching and will lead to the abandonment of much ground by the Chinese.

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 cokes, when placed in the fire they rug off in liquid form. It is considered that should there be no further upheaval this island will be entirely submerged in a few years.

A Merchant's Scheme.

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

Ready to Retire.

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

He Cut Off His Finger.

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

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

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.

Puzzled as Usual!



The people of Shawnee and surrounding counties are perplexed. How we continue to sell goods at such low prices and exist is beyond their comprehension. But it is a settled fact that we are yet alive and prepared to give more goods for one dollar than any other house in the city. The seal of popularity and attractiveness has been placed upon our new Fall and Winter stock. Profuse with novelties, great in assortment and

UNAPPROACHABLE IN PRICES!

Everything you want in the line of Dry Goods, Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods, is waiting your selection at

The "LION," 112 East Sixth Street.

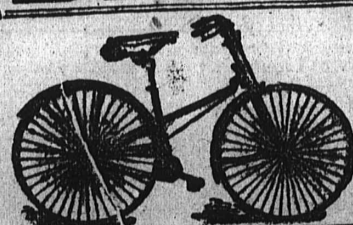
<p>6 1/2c. One case French Chabra Ginghams. These goods were bought direct from the factory in case lots and are cheap at 10c per yard.</p>	<p>5c. Apron Check Gingham. They are good values at 7c.</p>	<p>35c. Window Shades—Fixtures all complete for 35c.</p>
<p>20c. Ten pieces All Wool Dress Flannels. You must see these goods to realize how cheap they are. Good values at 30c.</p>	<p>5c. Unbleached Muslin. We are just trading dollars with you selling this muslin at 5c.</p>	<p>5c. Five pieces of crash, former price 7c.</p>
<p>35c. Six pieces Fancy Striped Dress Flannels. These are novelties and are splendid values at 50c.</p>	<p>5 1/2c. Canton Flannel. This is good value at 7c.</p>	<p>\$1.50. We sell the never rip, bull breeches. The best all wool jeans pants in the market.</p>
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per on the "The Future of American Literature." Mr. A. Werner, the well-known traveler and ethnologist, has a paper on "The Future of Africa." There is a clever article on "Nihilism and Socialism of the World," by John Page Hopps, a discussion of The Prehistoric Race of Italy, and a very curious paper on The Hebrew Hell. Mr. Graham Sandberg tells us about a very remarkable "Journey to the Capital of Tibet." There are several very readable short papers in the number.

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