

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Household

VOL. XXI.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, DECEMBER 20, 1890.

NO. 38

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.
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 \$2.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies \$6.00.
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 The Kansas News Co., also publish the Western
 Fiscal News, of Lawrence, and nine other country
 weeklies.
 Advertising for the whole list received at lowest
 rates. Brokers and manufacturer's cards, of
 four lines, or less, (25 words) the Spirit of Kan-
 sas, one year, \$5.00. No orders taken for less than
 three months.

Lionel, son of Mrs. Burnett, the
 authoress, died recently in Paris, of
 consumption.

Sitting Bull, the mischief-making
 Sioux meddler, with his son
 and several other Indian braves, was
 killed while resisting a band of Indi-
 an police sent to bring them in to the
 agency.

"There are many people in the
 United States who could prolong life
 by moving to Southern California,"
 says Charles Dudley Warner in his
 forthcoming article in the January
 Number of HARRIS'S MAGAZINE; "there
 are many who would find life easier
 there by reason of the climate, and
 because out-door labor is more agree-
 able there the year through; many
 who have to fight the weather and a
 niggardly soil for existence could
 there have pretty little homes with
 less expense of money and labor. It
 is well that people for whom this is
 true should know it. It need not in-
 fluence those who are already well
 placed to try the fortune of a distant
 country and new associations." Mr.
 Warner's paper will be very fully il-
 lustrated from photographs and from
 drawings by H. Bolton Jones, W. H.
 Gibson, and others.

To Kansas Churches.

The Ministerial Union of Topeka,
 representing over thirty churches of
 twelve different denominations and of
 different races and nationalities, be-
 ing solicited by ministers of various
 churches throughout the State, at its
 regular meeting, held Monday, Decem-
 ber 15, 1890, unanimously adopted
 the following action:

We venture to suggest that Sun-
 day, 4th January, 1891, being the first
 day of the Week of prayer, be ob-
 served by all christian churches in
 Kansas, as a day of special private
 and public prayer for the Power of
 the Holy Spirit upon all churches;
 that reviving influences may visit
 them; that their membership may be
 aroused to earnest effort and holy liv-
 ing; that many may be led to the Sav-
 ior. Notable historic works of grace
 have begun with such observance.
 May this day of prayer not be in
 vain. Let all unite.

E. C. RAY, } Committee
 J. B. THOMAS, } on
 S. E. BUSSER, } Special Work

William P. Southworth, of Cleve-
 land, has given \$50,000 for a ward or
 wards in the hospital there to be
 devoted to the care of sick and dis-
 abled children.

The foreman in one of the largest
 barber shops in New York is author-
 ity for the statement that more men
 part their hair in the middle now
 than ever before.

Gud's Hill Place, Rochester, fam-
 ous as the home of Charles Dickens,
 has just been purchased by the Hon.
 Francis Law Latham, Advocate Gen-
 eral at Bombay.

Bears and deer are very plentiful
 in the Dismal Swamp, Virginia, and
 old residents say they are more num-
 erous than for many years. It is
 said to be no unusual thing to see
 deer drinking from the canal.

Mrs. Mary E. Beasley, of Phila-
 delphia, has invented and patented a
 barrel-hooping machine which gives
 her an income of \$20,000 a year; her
 machine, it is claimed being capable
 of hooping 1,200 barrels a day.

The Talleyrand Memoirs in the Century.

The CENTURY magazine is running
 a last press day and night in order to
 print the first instalment of the de-
 layed "Talleyrand Memoirs" the Janu-
 ary number. This same magazine
 was the first to print, before its ap-
 pearance in France, the life and lit-
 erary remains of the great French
 artist, Jean Francois Millet, and now
 the Century is to bring to light, be-
 fore they appear in any other country,
 the long hidden memoirs of the most
 famous of French diplomatists. This
 first article will be preceded by what
 is said to be a brilliant pen portrait
 of Talleyrand, by Minister Whitelaw
 Reid, who has made the selections
 from the most interesting chapters of
 the first volume.

The first instalment of selections
 from "The Memoirs of Talleyrand"
 will contain a sketch of the author's
 strange and lonely childhood, an ac-
 count of his entry into Parisian soci-
 ety, his estimate of La Fayette, some
 account of the beginnings of the
 French Revolution, a striking pas-
 sage concerning the Duke of Orleans;
 an account of Talleyrand's residence
 in England and America, and of a
 most interesting conversation between
 Talleyrand and Hamilton on the
 subject of Free Trade and Protection.

Dr. Louis Barkan of Brooklyn, N.
 Y., has written a book entitled "How
 to Preserve Health." It is a remark-
 able book. First, it is sold at a low
 price, only one dollar. It is plain and
 practical, and literally overflowing
 with common sense. It is not an ad-
 vertisement, in any way, of any medi-
 cine or medical scheme. The author
 writes with great clearness, always
 for the benefit of the reader. There
 is no household in which it will not
 be found worth many times its cost.
 It is not often that one finds a book,
 in every way so deserving of praise.
 For sale by all book-sellers, and by
 the American News Co. of New York.

Something that Suits.

An early train, always on time, which
 waits for nothing, stops at all points,
 and runs fast between stations, is what
 suits everybody.

Santa Fe Route new express, running
 between Kansas City and Wichita, is
 that kind of a train. People set their
 watches by it.

Leave this station, westbound, at 11:20
 A. M., and arrive in Wichita 4:35 P. M.,
 or, leave here at 3:10, P. M., eastbound,
 and arrive in Kansas City 5:30 P. M.,
 in time for Eastern and Southern connec-
 tions.

Buy tickets of nearest local agent A. T.
 & S. F. R. R.

In Paris there are professional
 trunk packers who can be hired to
 pack a trunk artistically, folding ex-
 pensive gowns and other garments in
 tissue paper, and stowing away deli-
 cate bric-a-brac in the safest way.

The Manhattan club of New York
 has at last taken possession of the
 old A. T. Stewart mansion, which is
 to be its future home. Nearly all the
 furniture and carpeting owned by
 Mr. Stewart was bought by the club.

In an orchard near Visalia, Cal.,
 1,103 pounds of prunes were recently
 gathered from one tree, which is six
 years old. The product of one acre
 has brought \$1,900. A few years ago
 the land was considered to be value-
 less.

Six Withers brothers, who are of
 remarkable stature, held a reunion in
 Louisville, Ky., recently. It is said
 that each of these men are over six
 feet six inches in height, and they
 average 191 pounds weight. The oc-
 casion of the reunion was to welcome
 home one of their number, who had
 been in Texas for ten years. The
 mother of the giants, Mrs. Mary
 Withers, is eighty-nine years of age.
 She lives at the family homestead in
 Meade county.

The Christmas Issue of the New York Ledger.

The Christmas issue of the New York
 Ledger is a souvenir worthy of the source
 from whence it emanates. It contains a
 choice selection of articles by George Ban-
 croft, Margaret Deland, James Russell
 Lowell and others, who would certainly
 wear the "palm-embroidered coat" were
 there an American academy of "immor-
 tals."

The veteran historiographer contributes
 to this periodical the second of his papers
 on "Oliver Hazard Perry and the Battle
 of Lake Erie," portraying with rare abili-
 ty incidents of the carnage and the fate
 of the flagship *Lawrence*. In watching
 the vivid scenes depicted here the reader
 is deeply impressed with the phenomenal
 activity of the nonagenarian, enabling
 him to rise superior to physical infirmity,
 and, like another Titian, continue to cov-
 er his canvases to the admiration of man-
 kind.

Amelia E. Barr, author of several much-
 admired stories, begins in this number
 "The Beads of Tasmer," a novel of prime
 interest, whose scene is laid on the shores
 of West Ross, off the coast of Scotland.
 Between William Black and Mr. and Mrs.
 Pennell the Land of Mist and the stormy
 Mench seem familiar localities.

Robert Grant begins "Mrs. Harold
 Stagg," a lively story of American life,
 displaying a profound knowledge of the
 life he describes. The opening chapters
 contain a striking illustration, drawn by
 H. C. Edwards.

Mrs. Deland's novelette, "To What
 End?" is brought to a close, and so is
 "Old Elizabeth," by the Marquise Clara
 Lauza.

An admirable dialect story is "Fore-
 fathers' Day" by "Josiah Allen's Wife,"
 who is a much appreciated member of the
 community. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith
 gives sensible advice in the current num-
 ber of "Common Sense for Mothers and
 Nurse."

A beautiful Christmas story of a West
 Jersey village is "A Happy Leaf" by
 Marion Harland, a writer who never fails to
 touch some secret spring of happiness,
 and set it vibrating for all to hear.

Mr. James Russell Lowell's poem, "My
 Brook," was written especially for this
 paper, and is a feature of prime impor-
 tance; in recognition of its value the pub-
 lishers print it as a supplement in a loose-
 leaf, with a series of appropriate illustra-
 tions by William de Mox. In "My
 Brook" the poet reverts to the days of
 his youth "when the hours were so many,
 the duties so few," and sings some of the
 dreamesque suggestions of the poet. The
 imagery is aerial in its delicacy and adapted
 to the evanescent "will-o'-the-wisp"
 character of the fancies exhibited in the
 verse. While reflecting on the "Land
 of Lost Days," as he calls the past, Mr.
 Lowell sings in a regretful strain, as if he
 mourned the idyllic days.

The closing stanza implies a reconcil-
 iation with the Fate that had changed the
 rural stream, with suggestions of naiads
 and water-lilies into a poor drudge, sup-
 plying "power" for pisicatic factories. But
 the memory of the old joyous days
 abides with the poet:

"As the Moors in their exile the keys
 treasured still
 Of their castles in Spain, so have I; and
 no fear
 But the doors will fly open, whenever we
 will.
 To the prime of the past and the sweet
 of the year."

The sentiment expressed in "My Brook"
 places Mr. Lowell on a plane with Mr.
 Ruskin regarding the want of poetry im-
 plied by the flourishing era of manufac-
 tures. When the industrial arts, machine-
 impelled, come in at the door, bringing
 wealth, plenty and luxurious comfort in
 their train, poetry—accruing to these
 two voices—flies out at the window.

The Christmas number of the New York
 Ledger comes with a cheerful exterior, in
 keeping with the festive season. The cov-
 er displays a New York girl, with her
 arms full of parcels (Christmas shopping),
 hastening forward to greet the subscrib-
 ers and wish them a "Happy Christmas."
 —Philadelphia Ledger.

Every newspaper man has at some
 time or other in his business experience,
 met the man who "Now takes more pa-
 pers than he can read." He was in town
 last week. He wiped his nose on the
 awning, tried to light his cigar on it, paid
 twenty-five cents for an almanac, put a
 nickel in the slot at the post office and
 kicked because the mail did not appear,
 wanted to ask Frank Eskins because he
 closed the bank at 3 o'clock, and watched
 the clock sign over John Oney's Jewelry
 store waiting for it to strike.

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A Lesson Well Learned.

I was a mere youngster when I learned
 two important lessons in business mat-
 ters: never to lose anything and never
 forget anything. An old lawyer gave
 me an important paper, with instru-
 ctions to do with it. "But," I inquired,
 suppose I lose it; what shall I do then?"
 "You must not lose it!" "I don't intend
 to; suppose I should happen to?" "But
 I say you must not happen to; I shall
 make no provision for any such occur-
 rence; you must not lose it!" This started
 me on a new train of thought, and
 from that very hour I resolved never to
 fall in these particulars. I once had an
 intelligent young man in my employ-
 ment who deemed it sufficient excuse for ne-
 glecting any important task to say, "I
 forgot it." I told him that would not
 answer. If he was sufficiently interested
 he would be careful to remember. It was
 because he did not care enough that he
 forgot it. I drilled him with this truth.
 He worked for me three years, and dur-
 ing the last of the time he was utterly
 changed in this respect. He did not for-
 get anything. His forgetting, he found,
 was a lazy, careless habit of the mind
 which he cured and it has ever been a
 lesson to him as it should be to all others.
 A lad telling his employer, "I didn't mean
 to" was answered by the employer, "Well,
 young man, "You must mean not to."

Success of an Experiment.

An English woman who employs edu-
 cated women of the upper classes as ser-
 vants, is well satisfied with the result of
 her experiment. Being ladies, they sub-
 mit gracefully to the inevitable, and do
 not allow their work to disgrace them be-
 cause they do it well. "Of course I try
 to avoid giving them dirty work as much
 as possible. A great many arrangements
 can be made in this way to make house-
 work less hard and unpleasant, and if we,
 the mistresses, would only spend a little
 more thought on these matters I am sure
 there would be fewer complaints from
 and about servants. At the same time,
 I always insist on my servants fulfilling
 every duty they have undertaken to per-
 form. If they engage to black my boots,
 they have to do it, and do it regularly
 and well. But this does not prevent me
 from having them in my drawing-room
 after dinner and playing a game of whist
 or any other game with them. Their
 lives are, even under the most favorable
 circumstances, rather monotonous, and
 where we can put a little more color and
 brightness into them I think it is our
 duty to do it. Their work is very confin-
 ing and after their work is done, they should
 be permitted to go out every day." "Do
 they eat their meals with you, too?"
 "No, as a rule I find that they prefer to
 take their meals together separately, and
 as they have to cook and serve the meals
 this is a more convenient arrangement.
 But otherwise I treat them as equals."

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Some little families have been made at
 work for us by John R. Goodwin, 107
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 than you go in. In any way you can
 get home, give me a moment to see
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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.

The husbands of the world view with equanimity the prospect of the extinction of the fur bearing seal and the coming of the time when they will be able to say with truth, "I really can't buy one, my dear; there are none."

As CONSERVATIVE progress is the basis of lasting prosperity, so is magnanimous modesty, combined with steadfastness of purpose, based on sound principles of political economy, the safest method of stimulating the great agricultural resources of this country.

REPORTS from London are to the effect that the agents of American dressed beef dealers are showing great activity in the building of shops in West Cornwall for the sale of their frozen products, and the farmers and small stock raisers are much alarmed by the movement.

WHEN cold waves unexpectedly follow fine weather, and the remorseless blizzard lashes its fury on live-stock that has no other protection "fore and aft" than barbed wire, then the shiftless farmer loses more money, without giving it thought, than it would cost him to provide tolerably good shelter.

NO MAN can be so brave that the picture of death will not shake his nerves. No man who has counted the weeks, days, hours and moments between him and the gallows can stand on the drop unshaken. That he does not break down is because his pride supports him. He has too much manhood to exhibit the fear eating at his soul.

AMERICANS pride themselves on the advancement of science and the industrial arts while they hold those of China in contempt, but in the oldest and most important of all arts—agriculture—China certainly leads, supporting a larger population to the area than any other country in the world and apparently with less pauperism.

A GREAT deal has been done of late in various directions to promote systematic reading. Too much cannot be said in praise of the Chautauqua and similar courses of reading and study, which have laid out valuable lines of work in different directions and in a way that they can be carried on by individuals in the home or socially in groups, classes or clubs. The elasticity of the Chautauqua course has been one secret of its deserved popularity.

THERE has always been plenty of preaching against the way girls go on—the conventional girls; that they dress wrong and do everything wrong that has relation to their bodily health and condition. By this time nearly all of them must be familiar with the kind of fault that is found with them, Physiologically, the conventional girl, propped up by corsets and pinched by tight, high-heeled shoes, has not a leg to stand upon. Counsel for the prosecution has had it all his own way; the accused has offered no defense. Sentence has been pronounced against her; but the shoes and corsets still continue.

THERE are at every election in this country, especially in non-presidential years, vast numbers of voters who stay away from the polls through sheer indifference to the result, or because they, being one of party and dissatisfied with its candidates, lack the patriotic independence to vote for the better ticket of the party to which they are opposed. This disregard of the duties of citizenship, this lack of appreciation of the right to choose the makers and administrators of the laws of the nation, state or municipality is one of the most fruitful reasons for the enactment of bad laws and the inefficient enforcement of bad ones.

THOSE people who are constantly harping that crime of all sorts is alarmingly on the increase, that honesty is at a premium, etc., are talking at random. The increase of facilities for learning of crime is mistaken for an increase of crime itself. The increase of crime in this country can be attributed to the increase in population. That of course must be expected. Few criminal acts of any special consequence are perpetrated in the rural districts, where the population is scattered and where the incentives to crime are not so numerous as in the cities. The great crimes, the murders, robberies, outrages, etc., are in the main perpetrated in the cities; and the greater the population the greater the number of crimes.



Amid the hurrying snow
I saw you first.
You, deep dark eyes aglow
With warmth, with heart athirst
I waited for the spring,
That with new life might grow
Some subtle thing
To let you know
My heart must burst;
I loved you so.

Backward spring came round,
Then summer, too.
And not a song or sound
But made me dream o' you.
The doubtful summer flew,
And o'er the leafy ground
Came lonely walks,
With head bent low.
My heart spoke in those talks,
I loved you so.

And now, in Leafy Fall,
'Tis time you know.
So let the dead leaves fall;
Rustling as our feet push thro',
They speak my love to you.
And darling, this I know:
What's fate bids me do,
Tho' seasons come and go,
I'll only dream of you,
I love you so.

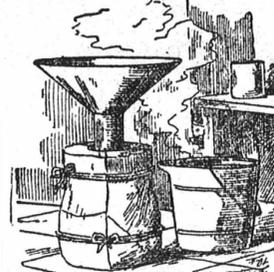
George Frederick Lyman. 1

FIGURES OUT OF WAX.

DETAILS OF AN ART THAT HAS REACHED A HIGH STAGE OF NICETY.

Obstacles Overcome by the "Waxer"—How the Presentment of Historic Strength or Gentle Grace Is Made.

Few people who look at a waxwork group of artistic make have any idea of the manifold operations which have led up to its completion. Until within a few years the wax figures and groups exhibited in this country were most crude and unfinished. The light demand for them, except in cheap amusement halls, was responsible for the poor quality of the work, and there was no incentive given to clever wax artists abroad to show us just what could be done in the way of mechanical reproduction of life says a writer in the N. Y. Herald.



A HEAD MODEL READY FOR THE WAX.

As the average wax figure is the reproduction of some man or woman of note in past or present the greatest skill on the part of the sculptor is necessary to produce a likeness. Very often there is nothing but a portrait to work from, and that is not always in the exact shape or position that the group calls for.

When the sculptor has secured all the material possible he begins to shape a head in clay. If the design calls for an exposure of the body below the neck, as in the case of a savage, or, perhaps, a woman in a décolleté dress, the shoulders are reproduced in clay as well as the head. If the face is a bearded one the beard is modelled in form, and naturally to secure a likeness the hair of the head is also formed.

When the head is finished in clay it is approved either as regards its proportions or its likeness to the original, and when so approved it is ready for the molder to handle.

The next operation is an important one, as it means, to a certain extent, the destruction of the likeness obtained by long and patient work. This operation is the cutting away of all the clay which represents the hair and beard of the original. This mutilation is necessary, because the hair and beard are to be made eventually of the real article.

The head of clay, when stripped, is now oiled and then covered with a coating of plaster of Paris about three or four inches thick. In ten minutes this



THE WAXER'S FINISHING TOOLS—1. THE BURNING IRON; 2. THE SPATULA; 3. THE HAIR NEEDLES.

coating is partially hardened and the work of cutting the mold into pieces is begun. A sharp knife will cut through this dough-like substance, now too soft to chip and too hard to run.

When the mold is cut in five or six pieces the lowest end, at the base of the neck, is cut away in the center, leaving an opening about five inches in diameter. If the head is life size. On one of the sides of each piece the artist makes

two or three holes at intervals of three inches. On the piece which fits against the places little dabs of soft plaster. The holes are now oiled and the whole mold is put together again. The soft plaster dabs are now allowed to harden in the oiled holes, and when the mold is taken apart again it is provided with little "locks," which prevent the pieces from slipping apart at an inopportune moment.

While these operations on the head are under way the bodies which are to complete the figures are being made in a somewhat different manner. As explained above only those portions of the upper part of the body as are to be exposed are made in clay. The hands, arms and extremities are made in most cases from living models.

When a group has been designed the different positions of the hands and arms are made from male and female models, and a plaster cast is made from them in the same way as described above. In a great many cases where certain poses are needed casts are also made from the lower limbs of both sexes. Even the trunk is sometimes reproduced in this way.

As none but the exposed portions of a figure are made of wax, on account of the great cost partly, the bodies are made of papier-mache. The moulds for these portions of the figure are made in two pieces for each lower limb, upper limb, forearm, upper arm or trunk. These moulds, when perfectly hard, are ready for the mannikin maker. A woman does this work.



FINISHING A HEAD.

The first operation is the fitting of pieces of cardboard in each half mould. To this is glued a layer of coarse bagging and after that alternate layers of cardboard and bagging until the structure is nearly a quarter of an inch thick. It is then coated on the inside with a thin layer of plaster.

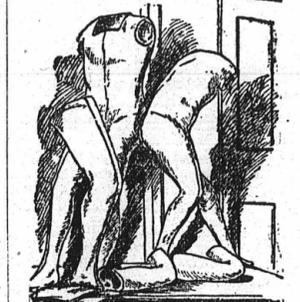
When all these parts are taken from the moulds and put together the result is a very graceful reproduction of a nude human figure, minus the arms, head and neck in most cases, though the arm is very often made in this way.

Numbers of these figures stand about in the mannikin room awaiting the time when the wax portions are to be attached and the whole figure made ready for exhibition. To insure that the final clothing of the mannikins shall hang properly the mannikins are invested with complete suits of knit underclothing.

We will now follow the head and the other portions of the figure which are to be finished in wax. These particular moulds are now carried down to the wax room. This room is a sort of hot box, the temperature being at 120 degrees at all times.

The most delicate operation of all is now made. In a long, wooden tank at one end of the room the mould is placed in water. Connected with this bath is a steam pipe. When the mould is ready the steam is turned on, and, the water becoming heated, the mould is soon ready for the wax.

The wax used for the figures is the best obtainable quality of American bleached beeswax, which comes in this district. It is perfectly white when bought, and in this state it is melted down until it has reached the consistency of oil.



SOME LIFE SIZE MANNIKINS.

As it is not desirable to make the heads and hands of such pale material, the artist colors it to suit his needs. For a head and face he mixes in the wax when melted certain quantities of dry colors. These colors are Prussian blue, crimson lake and silver white. When the wax is meant for heads requiring a more sombre tint or for the hands of males, some burnt amber is added.

It is necessary to insure a good wax mould to have an almost exact temperature in the wax and the heated plaster mould. Experience has taught the artist the proper time to take out his plaster, and when it is just hot enough it is oiled to prevent the wax from sticking and stood on its head on the stone floor.

A large funnel is now placed in the opening at the neck, and the wax is poured into the funnel, the lower end of which is as far down in the mold as it will go. When the amount of wax needed to fill the whole space has been poured in, the funnel is pulled out slowly and the wax is distributed gradually. If the wax is poured directly into the mould from the large tin vessel in which

it is melted bubbles are apt to form in places where they may mar the surface of the head.

After fifteen minutes' time has partially hardened the wax nearest the mould, the soft wax in the centre is poured back into the tin. In the fifteen minutes allowed for cooling, the wax left in the mould when the soft portion is poured out is about one-quarter of an inch in thickness, although it may vary a sixteenth in some places. Such variation is not objected to, as it serves to give transparency to the head.

Very often when the mould is unwrapped of the strong ropes which hold it together during the pouring, and taken apart, the wax is found to have stuck fast to some part of the plaster not fully oiled. This necessitates the operation being done all over again.

The day following the melting the head is ready for its final shaping. Though it is now perfected as regards the general features, there are many roughnesses apparent, especially along the lines where the plaster mould had its joinings. These lines and any little lumps that may have been caused by small holes in the plaster are carefully shaved down. The eyes of the waxen head are simply rounded reproductions of the eyeball and the mouth is generally partially open, with no modellings of the teeth. When the wax is as hard as it can be made by the atmosphere a crooked tool with a round end is heated and the eyes are burned out from the inside of the hollow head. The back wall of the open mouth is similarly treated, and the head is now ready for the accessories. The rims of the eye have to be painted and other parts of the face made deeper or lighter in color.

One of the most artistic operations is the reproduction of the color of the human lip. This effect is not made with paints, but is obtained by the skillful laying on of colored wax. A spatula, a small modelling tool, is heated in an alcohol flame and pressed into a cake of wax of the proper color. This white hot is distributed along the two lips thinly, and although it gets lighter in color when hot it dries or hardens to just the desired tint. In heads where the design calls for uneven teeth the artist introduces small pieces of wax and shapes them to suit the subject. Ordinarily the teeth used are the usual variety of false teeth procured from the dentist supply houses.

Many of the male heads have to be represented as recently shaven, and the work necessary to give the life size face



MANNIKIN SECTIONS BEING SHAPED IN THE MOULDS.

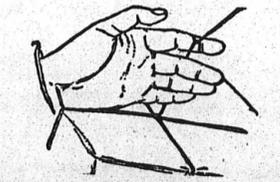
this effect is something enormous. With a little sharp needle point the artist punctures the face in many thousand places. While the holes are not as close together as the hairs in a man's beard are the head when finished has the proper appearance. After the tedious operation of puncturing is done black color is rubbed all over the cheeks and the chin, and then the surface of the face is wiped off with a dry cloth. The paint that has gone into the little holes in the face remains, and the effect, even when you stand close to the figure, is very fine.

Putting in the eyelashes is a very difficult and slow piece of work. The wax at the eyelid is very thin, as the edge has been trimmed to sharpen the lid and do away with any appearance of clumsiness. Along both lids little holes very close to one another are punched, and every hair has to be carefully pushed in and poised so as to give the whole row a natural regularity.

Putting the hair in its place is one of the most interesting operations of the clever French artist. The hair is procured in this country and is of all colors and degrees of fineness and coarseness imaginable. Tradition having credited some olden time ruler with a peculiar kind of hair, the right sort of thing, if not in stock, must be procured or imitated.

How to Break a String.

It is easy to break a string if you know how. Women need not hunt for a knife or a pair of scissors after tying a bundle, nor saw the string over the edge of the counter. The grocer's loop does the business. Hook the first finger of



the left hand over the string, giving the finger a twist, or, rather, bringing the palm upward. Then roll the finger over backward until it is tight against the bundle, drawing tight the cord, which is held in the right hand all the time. Press the thumb hard against the loop; then jerk the cord suddenly with the right hand, and the string cuts itself.

The professors and tutors of Columbia College wore gowns at examinations for the first time this year, in accordance with a vote of the faculty.

AN AFRICAN QUEEN.
She Commands the Cavalry of the Emperor of Abyssinia.

There is something peculiarly appropriate in the fact that the leading general and vassal sovereign of the emperor of Abyssinia, who claims to be able to trace his descent in an unbroken line to the biblical queen of Sheba, should be a woman, says a letter from Rome to the N. Y. Tribune. The lady is Queen Joster, Mastera, and she commands the magnificent Galla cavalry division of Menelek's army. A member of the warlike Galla nation, she first became connected with the Abyssinian empire in a rather peculiar manner in 1887. It was just about that time that Prince Area Selassie, the only son and heir-apparent of the late Negus Johannes, was sojourning with his tutor and mentor, Gen., or "Ras," Michael, in the town of Sulul, on the Gallo-Abyssinian border, where he happened to contract an intimacy with the only son of the Galla queen. On one memorable day, when a fair was being held in the town, the two young princes amused themselves by performing divers feats of equestrianism, among others that known as tent pegging, in which the rider stiffens with his lance a tent peg stuck in the ground while dashing past at full gallop. The young son of the Galla queen greatly excelled in this particular form of sport and left Prince Area Selassie far behind. The latter, goaded to fury by the jeers which his frequent failures to touch the peg excited among the onlookers in the marketplace, at length ended by drawing his revolver and firing point blank at the queen's son, who only escaped with his life and sustained several serious wounds. On becoming aware of the treatment to which her boy had been subjected, the Galla queen became greatly enraged and vowed vengeance. She immediately caused the tam-tam to be sounded and having summoned a body of 3,000 cavalry to arms placed herself at their head and three days later inflicted such a lesson on the arrogant Prince Area as he was not likely to forget. Three hundred of his followers and adherents were massacred in cold blood by her mounted warriors and the young imperial prince was subjected to the most ignominious treatment before being allowed by the queen to take his departure from the district.

Curiously enough, his father, the frantic old Negus John, instead of taking steps to punish the good lady for her conduct toward the imperial lad, determined to win her over to his side. He was shrewd enough to realize that such a dashing cavalry general would be more preferable as friend than as foe. He therefore lost no time in contracting an offensive and defensive alliance with her, almost overwhelmed her with honors, presents, and dignities, and finally intrusted her with the command of his magnificent cavalry which is recruited mainly from the members of the Galla tribe, which is renowned throughout the world for its superb equestrianism and for its perfect physique. It was at the head of the imperial cavalry that she took part in the 1888 campaign against the Italians, and it is she who is held responsible for the terrible massacre of the Arab and Mussulman inhabitants of the district of Ailet, who were rightly or wrongly suspected of entertaining sympathies for the Italians.

Emperor John was subsequently speared to death by the Soudanese dervishes in the battle of Metemeh, his only son having come to an untimely end some months previously by means of poison, which is believed to have been administered by one of the principal officers of the army, possibly by the Galla queen herself. She has, therefore, given her allegiance to the new emperor, or negus, Menelek, and constituted not only one of the most picturesque but also the most important feature of the army with which the Ethiopian monarch marched toward Adowah. Although no longer young, her appearance is asserted to have retained a certain number of charms, among which may be included a most commanding and impressive carriage and presence. Her apparel is magnificent, according to Arabian notions, and her wrists, ankles, throat, and hair are decked with gold amulets and jewels. She is always splendidly mounted on a horse, which she rides seated astride, man-fashion, and which she manages with marvelous skill.

Has the Sun Moved?

An East Machias lady, having noticed in our paper a Farmington man's account of the sun's shining on a part of his house that it never touched before, writes us of a similar phenomenon that has come within her own observation. "My father's house, she says, 'faces the southeast. Exactly opposite the front windows in the sitting room are two doors—a kitchen door and a closet door. When I was a child, in the shortest day as the sun arose it came squarely into the room, shining on the kitchen door from the window opposite that door. Now, in the shortest days, when the sun rises it shines from the window opposite the kitchen door on the closet door, that is opposite the other window.' The lady is positive as to this change, and thinks the 'sun must have moved north' or the earth have changed its relative position. Who will explain?—Lewiston Journal.

Dr. Austin Flint says: "I have never known an instance of a healthy person living according to a strictly dietetic system who did not become a dyspeptic."

STORIES OF THE OZARKS.

PATHETIC TALE OF BENSON AND THE FAIRIES.

Short Anecdotes of Life in Southwestern Missouri—The Dialect of the Old-Timers Happily Portrayed—The Mountaineer's Request.

There is no other place under the heavens where the early mornings of summer and fall have the charm of those down in the Ozarks of Southern Missouri. With the first peep of the sun over the groups of exaggerated hills the mist of the night settles deep in the valleys, and before the full blown gleam of the morning comes the atmosphere is as fine and clear as that of noonday. Only the tint of a bluish haze is discernible miles and miles away, and that is so slight and so blue that it seems to mingle with the line of the horizon.

It was on one of these fine mornings about the middle of last August that Benson set out across the hills to catch a few fish and do a little shooting.

"Good bye, Ben," he shouted back to the youngster that stood in the door of the little log house. "Good bye, and be er good boy."

"Good bye, dad," squeaked a youthful voice; "good bye, an' don't forgit the fairies."

The little fellow waved his hand energetically until the mountaineer father was lost to view in the brush beyond the cleared patch. Benson knew more folk lore and fairy tales than any of the other natives. He had read of the brownies and their moonlight antics, and when Bennie became able to talk he was told of the little elfins and the big goblins and the shiny, golden water sprites. Benson was in all other respects a rough, homespun mountaineer.

"Jes' wait," were his last words before breaking through the undergrowth on that golden Ozark morning. "jes' wait, an' I'll bring yer a fairy, sure pop."

All day long the little native sat in the cabin door and peered off into the woods.

"It's no use fer yer ter be settin' there," said Benson's wife, "fer yer par'll not be back afore night."

"But ef he gets er fairy he'll come," said Bennie, "cause ther fairy'd die ef hit wa'n't brought home right er way."

Bennie watched until the sun went down and then when it grew so dark that he could no longer see into the woods he went inside of the house and laid down on the dirt floor. Pretty soon he forgot about the fairies and was fast asleep. When the sun of another beautiful morning broke over the Ozarks the little fellow's eyes opened and the first thoughts were of the fairies.

"Ain't dad come yet?" he cried; but Benson's wife shook her head.

"Not yet, Ben," said she, "an' may-by—may-by—"

"Maybe he's got more fairies than he kin er bring home," suggested Bennie, and mother smiled feebly and patted the boy's head with her rough hand.

Then the brush out across the cleared patch parted, and four roughly clad natives pushed through. Between them they bore the limp body of Benson, the mountaineer.

"He hu't hissef ez he war shootin' at er flyin' squir'l," explained one of the natives.

"One—one er ther fairies," gasped the wounded man, "but—but I didn't git him fer yer, Ben."

The little native put his hand in Benson's rough one.

"An' yer didn't git no fairies, daddy," he asked, eagerly.

The mother drew him away, but Benson pulled the boy back.

"No, I didn't git none, Ben, but I'm goin' back to fairy land—I'll be there ter-day, Ben—fer—fer good."

"Kin I go, too, dad?" cried the boy, leaning over the mountaineer's breast. But there was no answer. Benson had gone.

Then Bennie sat down on the dirt floor and cried—because he was left behind.

He Was in Search of Knowledge.

Several months before the Memphis railroad had penetrated the region about the point now known as Thayer, in Oregon county, a party of engineers in charge of the locating survey stopped for a night near the Howell county line. About dark the camp was visited by a gaunt, tall and stooped mountaineer.

"I wanter know," he broke out suddenly and without ceremony, "of this hyar steam keer road is er gwine ter be built?"

"That is the intention of the company," replied the chief engineer.

"I don't know," responded the native. "Say, where's she gwine ter be?"

"The track will in all probability

run through this valley," said the spokesman.

"It must cost er pile er money," continued the mountaineer, resting on one foot and looking inquiringly at the instruments of the party.

"It does," said the engineer.

The native kept quiet for a moment or so, looking around at each member of the party and gazing intently at every piece of the camp furniture. Then he started to speak again, but he hesitated.

"Anything we can do for you?" asked the surveyor.

"Don't know ez yer kin," was the deliberate reply of the mountaineer, "but I tell yer what," he continued, earnestly, "I'd like ter see one er yer injines that I've hearn er bout of yer got one handy. An' I'll tell yer," he went on, feeling that the ice was broken, "mar an' ther gals ud like ter see one, too, an' ef ye'd let me run it over ther erik fer ter night, I'd git er back an hour by sun in ther mornin', 'thout a scratch."

Uncle Jim's Metropolis.

Jim Torrence was a white man about 60 years of age, and he spent the last fifty years of his life down in Douglas county. He was brought to South Missouri from Indiana by his parents. He had no schooling before leaving the Hoosier state, and he was very sure to get none in the Douglas county of fifty years ago. Old Jim's health was wretchedly bad about a year ago, and some hunters from Kansas City, who had taken something of an interest in the old character, proposed that he go back to the city with them.

"If you do," they said, "we will take you over to Excelsior Springs and try the water there."

Old Jim looked interestedly from under his spectacles and asked:

"How fer is it er this hyar Kansas?"

"About 200 miles."

"Is it ez big ez Mountain Grove?"

"Oh, a great deal larger."

"Two hundred miles, d'yer say?"

"Yes."

"I don't b'lieve yer."

"Why, it's true, Uncle Torrence."

"I reckon not."

"But why?"

"Kase yer needn't tell me that there's ernother town ez big ez Mountain Grove in no two hundred miles. I won't b'lieve it, an' I don't want none er yer water."

The old man died soon after that, and his body was taken over to Mountain Grove by one of his sons, where it was put to rest under the shade of a pine tree, through whose branches the winds will sigh for the old pioneer whose 60 years were almost wasted.

An Unmistakable Sign.

"How long yer bin in Christian county, stranger?" asked a native, stepping up to me as I was riding slowly along one of the narrow roads near Chadwick.

"About six months," I replied.

"Startin' er boom?"

"No," I answered with some astonishment.

"Gotter patent right?"

"Not that I know of."

"Runnin' fer office?"

"I rather guess not."

"B'long ter ther Bald Knobs?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Serkit ridin'?"

"No."

"Makin' moonshine?"

"What do you mean, sir?" I broke out, impatiently.

"Oh, nothin'," ingeniously replied the native, digging one of his bare toes in the gravel. "I on'y wanted ter know which yer waz, fer ef er man aint one er them things down hyar, its purty nigh right ter set him down fer hoss stealin', an' bein' consterbul, I'm jes' carryin' on mer dooty.—Detroit Free Press.

Made Him Sick.

St. Paul Man (on railway train)—It just makes me sick to see the cheap wit that's gotten off about St. Paul and Minneapolis, just as if there was a deadly rivalry between them.

Stranger—Well, isn't there any?

"Bless your heart, no; not a particle. Each place is contributory to the other, and we all recognize it. No feeling on the subject at all, sir—never was. Couldn't be, of course, among sensible people, you know. You are on your way to St. Paul, I presume?"

"No, I am going to Minneapolis, to settle there."

"Minneapolis? What do you want to bury yourself in that miserable little hole for?"—New York Weekly.

His Reply.

Fiery anarchist (sinking his voice to an impressive whisper)—My friends, if the red-robed angel of war should sound through his brazen trumpet to-night to call to arms to fight the battle for your liberties, what would you say in response?

Excited hearer (near the door)—Louder!

BIG PROFITS IN NUTS.

BEGINNING OF A GREAT INDUSTRY FOR AMERICA.

Plantations of Walnuts, Pecans, Chestnuts and Many Other Varieties Already Started—Permanent Sources of Annual Profit to Him Who Waits.

"The era of nut cultivation in this country is just dawning," says Chief Van Deman, of the pomological division in the department of Agriculture. "Before long, however, the growing of nuts for market will become an enormous industry in the United States, where now the product depended upon for consumption is either gathered from wild trees or imported from abroad. Incidentally the clearing of the land for settlement nut-bearing trees are being largely wiped out, and the wild crop is necessarily diminishing in proportion from year to year. This is especially true of the pecan, which the pickers are fond of collecting by cutting down the trees—a proceeding that naturally lessens the production of subsequent seasons.

It is only within the last ten years that nut culture has been tried in this country, but it is being widely taken up because of the large profits obtained from it, and great orchards of hundreds and even thousands of trees are growing or being planted on every hand. In central California almond groves of from 2,000 to 5,000 trees are not unusual, and in the southern part of the same state the English walnut, properly called the Madeira nut, is already extensively raised. The English walnut is grown also for market in most of the other states, and on Staten Island it is cultivated and sold green for pickles and catsup. The pecan is grown in orchards in the South and Southwest, and the pinon, or pine nut, though quite unknown to people east of the Mississippi, is produced in immense quantities on the Pacific slope. Wonderful results are obtained with nuts by selection and proper grafting. With such care they increase surprisingly in size and become thin shelled. Here, for example, are some pecans. I don't wonder that you are astonished at their bigness. The pecans you are accustomed to see have been wild ones, whereas these are cultivated specimens. You will observe that they are five or six times as big as the ordinary nuts and their shells are so thin that you will notice I break this one easily between my thumb and finger, just as I would a peanut.

The chestnut is susceptible of the same sort of improvement and in not less degree. It is beginning to be extensively planted and is found a most profitable agricultural product. You are familiar with the chestnut called the 'marron' that we import from abroad. It is grown in China and Japan, as well as in France, Spain, Italy and Portugal. In point of flavor it does not nearly equal the American chestnut, but it has a great advantage in point of size, being as big as a horse chestnut. Now, we can grow these marrons perfectly well in this country and are already doing so in the central states, along the Atlantic and as far west as the Mississippi. Orchards of seedlings are starting in many places, and before long the marron will become a plentiful native crop. There are some choice varieties of American chestnuts, grown mostly along the Appalachian range in North Carolina, Georgia and as far north as New York, which are nearly as big as the foreign kind. Here are a few that you see, are quite an inch and a half in diameter. These are chestnuts well worth cultivating. There is plenty of waste land lying about that could be made admirable use of for chestnut plantations, and when I tell you that a single tree can be made to bear from \$40 to \$50 worth of the nuts each year you will perceive that the business of raising nuts is well worth the farmer's attention."

A Long-felt Want.

Able Editor—Want a position, eh? Do you understand the tariff question?

Applicant—Um—to tell the truth, I don't know anything about the tariff."

"Are you familiar with international law?"

"No; can't say that I am."

"Have you followed up the various African and Polar explorations, and have you all the localities at your finger-ends, so that you could write column after column on the subject without exhausting yourself?"

"I—I never took any interest in such things."

"Are you thoroughly familiar with English, French, German and Russian politics?"

"Don't know anything about European squabbles, and don't want to."

"Young man, take that desk there. I shouldn't wonder if you could make a paper that sensible people would like to read."

NOTES FROM GOTHAM.

SOME REMARKS UPON AN OLD AND UNSETTLED PROBLEM.

How the Panic Affects the Poor—The Decline of Rural Life—Misery in New York City—What Is the Remedy?—A Police Opinion.

[Special New York Letter.]

We may all quarrel, if we will, over the late Federal census—and we are pretty much all disposed to do so in this town—but there is one fact in connection with that abused enumeration that admits of no dispute.

That fact is, the growth of cities and the decline of the rural communities throughout the older settled States.

Is this country, in its progress, simply to repeat the history of Europe? Who that has read General Booth's recent volume on "Darkest England" can fail to note the applicability of his most stirring chapters describing the sufferings of London's poor to a similar condition of affairs in the chief cities of this country—especially New York.

This city has to-day the densest population of any civilized city on the face of the globe.

Our cities are growing and our agricultural communities declining. What does it all mean?

Let any man with a normal aptitude for benevolence spend a single day (under proper police protection) in exploring the crime and misery of this metropolis. In short, let him go "slumming."

I did this. The sights and smells still linger in my mind and nostrils, but I shall not attempt to describe them. I have no fancy for the realistic portrayal of misery and degradation now so popular in a certain school of literature. I gained some valuable points from my blue coated guardian, however.

"Why is it," I asked, "that the poor crowd to the cities in the winter?"

"That's simple enough," he replied. "There is more ready charity here—that is, organized public charity—and then the means of living are cheaper for the very poor. There are scores of 10 cent lodging houses, and, on a pinch, the police station is always available for a free night's rest."

The accommodations are not nice, to be sure, but the patrons are generally not over sensitive. Then a hungry person can find plenty of places in this city where, if they are not particular, they can get a dinner for five cents."

DINNER FOR FIVE CENTS.

We afterward peeped into one of these five cent saloons, and the table was well patronized, but it certainly would require a person not to be overparticular to enjoy the menu.

"But," I asked, "are any of these men honest seekers after work?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "nearly all of them will work if they can get it. There are many tramps crowd to the cities in the winter, but because a man is down in the world and accepts charity it is no sign that he wouldn't better himself if he had the chance. Of course, drink brings many of them down, but there are hundreds and thousands who are driven to the gutter by actual want."

It is a sad commentary upon our civilization. The facts, however, can not be shunned or denied.

We are on the verge of a "hard winter." It seems curious that the money panic that has made and unmade fortunes in Wall street should be of any moment to the miserable poor who crowd the cheap lodging houses, through the police stations, and even seek refuge in such outdoor resorts as afford a pretense of protection against rain or cold. But so it is. The "hard times" to the rich and prosperous mean still greater privation to the needy and helpless.

There is a problem in all this. Why should labor crowd to the great cities? Why should millions of acres that could

afford abundant sustenance to all the world's poor go untilld? Why are all the avenues of mechanical labor crowded to repetition?

It strikes me that, if the country boy, before he leaves the homely but comfortable farm home where he has known no privation but that of honest toil, could only realize the heart breaking want and untold misery of the struggle of thousands upon thousands for mere existence in this great city, he would not enter into the contest.

LOVING THEM.

A baby carriage stood in front of a small shop. In it slept a pretty dimpled baby. A drowsy puppy lay on the pillow, its black nose close to the baby's cheek.

By their carriage stood a ragged little waif, dirty, with scarcely enough clothes for decency. She stroked in turn the baby and the puppy.

A lady passing by noticed the strange picture—the cunning little dog, the ragged child. The baby's mother was in the shop.

"Are you caring for these?" said the lady to the waif.

A wonderful smile lit up the dirty little face. "No, please, ma'am, I'm only loving them."

And Yet He Was Not Happy.

City Visitor—What makes little Tommy cry so, Mr. Leeks?

Farmer Leeks—Well, the fact is, he went out this morning to find a hornet's nest for his natural history collection, and—

City Visitor—And the poor boy couldn't find one?

Farmer Leeks—Now, the poor boy found one.—Lippincott's Magazine.

I met such a boy on the street last evening. His dress and manners told of his country birth and rearing. But his cheeks, though still brown with the imprint of the sun, were gaunt, his eyes were wild and hollow, and he stretched a hesitating hand for charity.

"Please, sir, I didn't want to come to this—I've tried every way to get work—and I haven't had a thing to eat in two days."

He told the truth, I have no doubt.

There is something wrong in the development of our social conditions. Isn't it possible we are over-riding purely

mechanical industry, and forgetting that true abundance and prosperity are after all based on the cultivation of the soil? Evidently our cities are too attractive, and country life too lonesome and unsatisfactory.

Who can offer a solution of the problem?

Is it to be charity? Is it to be benevolence? Is it to be work superintended by civic authority?

All these remedies have been tried and tried over again, and General Booth's scheme is as idle as that of any dreamer who ever planned relief to human misery.

What is needed is something to revive a genuine rural life. The youth of the land need the inspiration and the purpose to make them cultivators of the soil.

No artists' pen can do justice to the gaunt misery that awaits the approach of frost and cold in this crowded center of wealth and business activity. Its hungry eye meets you at every turn. Its trembling hand is stretched at every corner. It seeks you out in your office, and rings your bell when you have donned your dressing gown and slippers at night.

What is it all to come to?

JEROME.

Oil on the Breakers at Dangerous Bars.

The steamer Mexico appears to have solved a marine problem which may be of great use to navigators along certain portions of the Pacific coast. On a recent trip she was detained outside the Columbia River bar, and could not cross it. The detention was caused by the heavy breakers which render passage of vessels impossible at certain phases of the tide. Captain Patterson states that he waited outside ten hours for a favorable chance to cross the bar, and at last decided to try oil.

A large quantity of "waste" was placed in the closet pipes, and oil was allowed to drip slowly through to the water. The oil spread with astonishing rapidity over an immense area of water surface, and it spread inshore over the dangerous bar. The result was that the comb of the breakers was broken, and the Mexico passed over in safety, without shipping any sea. The experiment proved such a success that it will be tried at several bar bound harbors along the north coast by vessels that usually suffer long and unprofitable detention.—San Francisco Chronicle.

"Of No Use."

Many persons complain that their powers are so small, their education is so limited, their means are so circumscribed, they can not hope to be of any use in the world. Let such take courage. No one is so powerless that he can not in some way strengthen the hands of another; no one is so dull that he can not help another to shine; no one's life is so small that he can not make some other life greater. And in those lives which the humble and earnest man has aided to build up he will find his own life grow richer and fuller. Everything done for others, with the desire of doing good to them and to the world, will react upon the doer, bringing to him its own satisfaction and the reward of a good conscience.

THE CHEAP LODGING HOUSE.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20.

Hog cholera is playing havoc in Atchison county.

Parnell is not so big a man as he was before the fall.

A two hundred and forty foot vein of salt has been struck at Kanopolis.

Three women in a powder factory, in Hungary were blown to pieces in an explosion.

Shawnee county will organize a Horticultural society December 20, at the Farmer office in Topeka.

The tent of Fulford's circus which is wintering in Topeka, was burned a few days ago and with it a valuable horse.

Topeka police officers have put their big feet down very squarely with the declaration that party thieving must be stopped.

The Capital comes to the defense of national banks. The people have about settled it that the country does not need national banks.

A train on the Santa Fe, three miles west of Lawrence, was fired into a few days ago for the second time, recently. The news agent was slightly wounded.

The shrewd politicians are hustling themselves to secure a financial reform that they had been opposing until they heard the voice of the last election.

Jay Gould has bought more land near Hutchinson which will be used to enlarge his salt works and for railroad yards for the Missouri and Union Pacific roads.

Senator Plumb is to be commended for his efforts to keep up with the sentiment of the country. P. B. Plumb is a practical commonsense statesman, and worth a score of such men as Ingalls. It is only a rare instance that we need statesmen for leaders. In great emergencies they become useful. In ordinary times the people lead and their public servants have only to study their wishes and to follow their guide. Men like Ingalls are simply the erratic comets of our politics, brilliant and showy enough but of no practical use.

A SINGER'S ROYAL GUEST.

How Madame Albani Entertains Queen Victoria at an Informal Tea.

Once every summer Queen Victoria drives over from her Balmoral Castle to the Scottish Highland home of Madame Albani-Gye, the famous prima-donna, where the latter entertains her at an informal tea. For years the Queen has made a practice of this, a compliment which Her Majesty bestows upon no other woman in the kingdom. It is a return for Madame Albani's appearance each year at Court to sing before the Queen, and to the prima-donna it affords an exceptional glimpse of England's royal sovereign. "No outsiders are ever present," says Madame Albani, "and I see Victoria as a woman; never as a queen." "How do you entertain your royal guest?" was asked of the prima-donna by a friend.

And for more than an hour the great singer held the uninterrupted interest of a private dinner party with the story of how she served a tea for the Queen.

So full of interest was the narrative that Madame Albani was induced to write out the account, and it will shortly appear in 'The Ladies' Home Journal,' of Philadelphia, under the title of 'Victoria at My Tea-Table.' Of its freshness of interest the caption of the article is the best indication.

A copy of the last portrait taken of Queen Victoria, and printed only for Her Majesty and the royal family, will accompany the article. "It will be my last portrait," wrote the Queen on this presentation copy, which is the only copy possessed outside of the royal household.

The State Teachers' association will meet in Topeka during the holidays. A meeting will be held on December 29.

The state oratorical contest will take place at Emporia on February 13, and the interstate contest will occur May 7, at Des Moines Iowa.

Fred B. Shipp, who has lately filled the position of office secretary of the state Y. M. C. A., is to become traveling secretary for the sixth district.

The Mettmen murder case in the United States court has been continued until the June term of the court, on application of the defense, which is unable to secure the presence of the principal witness.

The wheat crop of the far west is immense. In Washington the crop is put at 16,000,000 bushels, and transportation cannot be furnished, elevators, ware-houses and box cars are filled and the grain is stacked up in the fields.

United States Pension Agent Kelly made the largest payment of pensions this quarter that has ever been known in this district. The payment began on December 4, and up to Friday night the sum of \$1,475,988 28 had been paid out.

Major R H Hendershot, known as the "Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock," has been arrested at Portland, Ore., on a charge of passing a worthless check on the hotel keeper. He refused to settle or give bonds and went to jail.

The house committee on alcoholic liquor traffic have agreed to report favorably to the house a bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of spirituous and intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia, except for medical, mechanical and scientific purposes. The act is to take effect November 1, 1891. There was but one vote against the bill recorded, although three or four members of the committee were absent.

The Secretary of Agriculture has sent to Congress the annual report of the chief of the bureau of animal industry. The report says that the year has passed without the discovery of pleuro-pneumonia in any new district. The department's regulations have been enforced without difficulty. No cases have been discovered in New York, except on Long Island; none in Pennsylvania; none in Maryland since October, 1888; New Jersey has improved rapidly, and there is no contagion in any other States.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props, Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KENYON & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c, per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Literary Note.

In the New York Ledger of November 29, Robert Grant begins a brilliant and entertaining social satire under the title of "Mrs. Harold Stag." The story is told with the amusing and quiet cleverness which has made the author's reputation, and contains many striking ideas which will cause Society's backbone to creep. Like "The Antigoniacs," it places its heroine under a cross-fire from a wealthy swell and a talented youth to fame and fortune unknown—a situation which allows Mr. Grant a coveted opportunity to bombard New York society.

THE QUEEN'S LATEST OFFER. A Free Education or One Year's Travel in Europe.

In The Queen's "Word Contest," which the publishers of that magazine announce as the LAST ONE THEY WILL EVER OFFER, A Free Education consisting of a Three Years' Course in any Canadian or American Seminary or College, including all expenses, tuition and board, to be paid by the publishers of THE QUEEN, or One Year Abroad, consisting of One Entire Year's Travel in Europe, all expenses to be paid, will be given to the person sending them the largest list of words made from the text which is announced in the last issue of The Queen. A special deposit of \$750, has been made in The Dominion Bank of Canada, to carry out this offer. Many other useful and valuable prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The publishers of THE QUEEN have made their popular magazine famous throughout both Canada and the United States by the liberal prizes given in their previous competitions, and as this will positively BE THE LAST ONE OFFERED, they intend to make it excel all others as regards the value of the prizes. Send six two cent, U. S. stamps for copy of THE QUEEN containing the text, complete rules and list of prizes. Address THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada. 1-17-91.

Holiday Travel.

A holiday excursion ticket makes an appropriate Christmas present. It fits any size stocking and suits any size purse.

The favorite Santa Fe Route has made very low rates from this place to points on A. T. & S. F. R. R. within a distance of 200 miles, for holiday business.

Tickets on sale December 24th, 25th, and 31st, and January 1st, good until January 6th returning. Call on local agent A. T. & S. F. R. R. for particulars. 12-27

Knowledge: A Weekly Magazine.

KNOWLEDGE is a unique little magazine which ought to have great popularity among all owners of Cyclopedias. It undertakes to supply the information which one ordinarily seeks in his Cyclopedic and fails to find there, because it is not "up to date"—it was published "last year," or, more probably, several years ago. "The world moves," and the most important questions that want answering are the questions of today, not of yesterday; KNOWLEDGE answers, during the year, several thousand such questions. It is published weekly, for the amazingly small sum of 50 cents a year; specimen copy free. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 303 Pearl St., New York.

Something that Suits.

An early train, always on time, which waits for nothing, stops at all points, and runs fast between stations, is what suits everybody.

Santa Fe Route new express, running between Kansas City and Wichita, is that kind of a train. People set their watches by it.

Leave this station, westbound, at 11:20 A. M., and arrive in Wichita 4:35 P. M., or, leave here at 3:10, P. M., eastbound, and arrive in Kansas City 5:30 P. M., in time for Eastern and Southern connections.

Buy tickets of nearest local agent A. T. & S. F. R. R.

The Atlantic for 1891

will contain—
The House of Martha,
Frank R. Stockton's Serial.
Contributions from
Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell,
and Mr. Whittier.
Some heretofore unpublished
Letters by Charles and
Mary Lamb.

MR. PERCIVAL LOWELL will write a narrative of his adventures under the title of
Noto: an Unexplored Corner
of Japan.

The Capture of Louisbourg will be treated in
A Series of Papers by
Francis Parkman.

There will also be Short Stories and Sketches by
Rudyard Kipling,
HENRY JAMES, SARAH ORNE JEWETT, OCTAVE THANET and other distinguished papers on Questions in
Modern Science.

will be contributed by Professor OSBORN of Princeton and others. The University, Secondary, and Primary Education will be a feature.

The Atlantic for 1891

MR. RICHARD WATSON GILDER, Dr. PARSONS, Mrs. FIELDS, GRAHAM E. TOMSON, and others will be among the contributors of Poetry.
TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance. POSTAGE FREE: Six cents a number. With new life-size portrait of Lowell, and also portraits of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, or Holmes, \$5.00; each additional portrait, \$1.00.
The November and December numbers sent free to new subscribers whose subscriptions for 1891 are received before December 20th.
Postal Notes and Money are at the risk of the sender, and therefore remittances should be made by money-order, draft, or registered letter to
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,
4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

The NESTOR of the MAGAZINES.

"According to Homer, NESTOR, the old warrior and the wise counselor of the Greeks, had ruled over three generations of men, and was wise as the immortal gods."

The North American Review.

has been in the van of American thought for more than three quarters of a century ranking always with the best and most influential periodicals in the world. It is the mouth-piece of the men who know most about the great topics on which America requires to be informed from month to month, its contributors being the leaders of thought and action in every field. Those who would take counsel of the highest knowledge on the affairs of the time, and learn what is to be said regarding them by the recognized authorities on both sides, must therefore read THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the Nestor of the magazines.

"THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is ahead of any magazine this country has ever seen in the importance of the topics it discusses and the eminence of its contributors."—Albany Argus.

"It has become, as it were, the intelligent American citizen's hand-book on great questions of the hour."—Buffalo Express.

"THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW touches Americans on almost every point in which they are interested."—Boston Herald.

"A model of intelligent opinion by the impartial presentation of both sides of important subjects."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The list of recent contributors to the Review forms a roll of representative men and women of the time, including W. E. Gladstone, J. G. Blaine, Cardinal Gibbons, Speaker Reed, Ex-Speaker Carlisle, W. McKinley, Jr., Ouida, Mme. Adam, General Sherman, Admiral Porter, Mme. Blavatsky, T. A. Edison, Bishop H. C. Potter, Elizabeth S. Phelps, Chas. S. Parnell, A. J. Balfour, John Morley, Col. E. G. Ingersoll, Henry George, Chauncey M. Depew, Edward Bellamy, Professor James Bryce, Gall Hamilton, etc., etc.

50 Cents a Number; \$5.00 a Year.
Now is the Time to Subscribe.
The North American Review.
3 East 14th Street, New York.

CATARRH Cured. Write for sample FREE. LAUDERBACH COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED BY 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. 25c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. Epps's Cocoa. BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundred of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

OF ALL PLASTERS PUREST & BEST. DR. GROSVENOR'S Bellcapsic PLASTERS. The best Porous Plaster made for all aches, pains and weak places. Unlike other plasters, so be sure and get the genuine with the picture of a bell on the back-cloth. GROSVENOR & RICHARDS, Boston, FROM PAINTRYIT

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. Epps's Cocoa. BREAKFAST.

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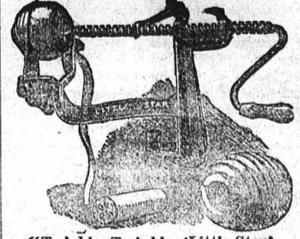
CENTRAL MILL. J. B. BILLARD, Proprietor. FLOUR, MEAL & FEED, GRAIN, GRAHAM AND HOMINY, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR AND COAL. SILVER LEAF FLOUR A SPECIALTY. Terms Cash. Telephone 318. COR. KANSAS AVE. & A ST. NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.

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"LITTLE STAR" Apple Parer. CORER AND SLICER.



"Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Little Star', How I wonder what you are!" I'm a little Apple Parer—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 with others 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 driers all over the country. It pares, cores and slices the apple at one operation. It is so simple a child can use it. Agents Wanted in every State, \$2.00 per doz can easily be made. Send 7c, and I will forward to any address, one sample machine, prepaid. Regular price, \$1.00. 70,000 machines already sold. Call for the "Little Star" Pamphlet.

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DR. HENDERSON. 109 & 111 W. Ninth St., KANSAS CITY, MO. The only Specialist in the City who is a Regular Graduate in Medicine. Over 20 years' Practice, 12 years in Chicago. THE OLDEST IN AGE, AND LONGEST LOCATED. Authorized by the State to treat Chronic, Nervous and "Special Diseases," Seminal Weakness (night losses), Sexual Debility (loss of sexual power), Nervous Debility, Poisoned Blood, Ulcers and Swellings of every kind, Urinary Diseases, and in fact all troubles or diseases in either male or female. Cures guaranteed or money refunded. Charges low. Thousands of cases cured. Experience is important. All medicines are guaranteed to be pure and efficacious, being compounded in my perfectly appointed laboratory, and are furnished, ready for use. No running to drug stores to have uncertain prescriptions filled. No mercury or injurious medicines used. No detention from business. Patients at a distance treated by letter and express, medicines sent everywhere free from gaze or breakage. State your case and send for terms. Consultation free and confidential, personally or by letter. A 64 page BOOK For Both Sexes, sent illustrated, free in plain envelope for 6c in stamps. Every male, from the age of 15 to 45, should read this book. RHEUMATISM THE GREAT TURKISH RHEUMATIC CURE. A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. 60c for any case this medicine fails to cure or help. Greatest discovery in annals of medicine. One dose gives relief, a few doses remove fever and pain in joints. Cures completed in 1 to 7 days. Send statement of case with stamp for Circulars. Call, or address Dr. HENDERSON, 109 & 111 W. Ninth St., Kansas City, Mo.

Shawnee County Farmers'

The Shawnee County Farmers' alliance met Saturday, about 100 ladies and gentlemen being present.

The forenoon session was taken up in discussing recommendations to the legislature and congress, and a committee was appointed to consider measures and present them at the next meeting.

At 2 p. m. Prof. F. H. White of the Agricultural college addressed the meeting on "Transportation." He followed the improvements which have been made in the various modes of Transportation, pointing out the advantages and evils pertaining thereto. He discussed governmental aid to railroads, and said that the construction of the Union Pacific was a political and civil necessity.

The speaker read a statement from the board of railroad commissioners of Kansas, of their business since the board was organized in 1883, showing the number of cases disposed of, etc. "By experience," said the professor, "the people have found that the railroad, though a good servant, is a bad master," and he favored the enlargement of the powers of the commissioners.

He spoke of the government control of railroads in approving words and said that the control of the railroads by the government in Prussia was the most satisfactory. The speaker closed by suggesting the following questions to be discussed at subsequent meetings:

First—Shall there be one or three railroad commissioners?

Second—Shall they be elected by the people or executive council?

Third—Shall poolings of earnings or traffic be allowed?

Fourth—Shall the government manage and control the railroads?

Fifth—Shall the government foreclose its lien on the Union Pacific railroad?

At the close of the address Major William Sims spoke for a few moments arguing that it would not be advisable from a business standpoint for the government to own and operate the railroads.

Resolutions were introduced favoring the building of a line to the Gulf, but they were not seconded and were not considered.

This isn't a joke. It can be explained. \$1 plus \$2.40—\$2.50.

Teacher, to Visitor: "Now, there's an industrious boy in the corner seat, James, you may put your example on the blackboard."

James chalks the above figures on the board, and explains the peculiar result as follows: "The folks over t' the 'News' office said if I'd give 'em \$5.50, they'd send me the value of \$1 plus \$2.40, an' dad an' I decided to do it."

James was a wise boy. He learned that \$2.50 was the clubbing price at which he could get the News for the family and WIDE AWAKE for himself and the girls; both for a whole year. Our readers should know that WIDE AWAKE is the famous Boston magazine for young people (100 pages every month) and costs \$2.40 alone. But with our usual enterprise we have arranged to offer that magazine and the News, for a while, for \$2.50. The News will take care of all orders, and show anyone the magazine.

"GO SNOWSHOEING?" Yes, my dear madame, why not?—provided the heavens be propitious and furnish the snow, and there is every prospect of plenty this winter. Snowshoeing is as easy as sliding down hill,—after you know how, and you will know how, and how to form a club, and what to wear, and all about it, after reading the breezy article on "Snowing" in DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for January; and if you don't become enthusiastic about the subject, we are mistaken. Or if your tastes are artistic rather than athletic, you will be delighted with the excellent paper on "Modeling for Sculpture," with its numerous and beautiful illustrations, including a superb full-page portrait of the eminent American sculptor Hartley; and if you have never modeled in clay, the suggestions for amateurs and beginners will be of great assistance. "Sage Maidens of Cornell University" is another handsomely illustrated article, written by one of them, telling of some of the trials and many of the pleasures of the life of a "co-ed" at that noted seat of learning; the illustrated Chinese story is particularly interesting; the other stories are all good; the "Sanitarian" has seasonable articles about the "Effects of Cold," and how to take silt, foot, and other baths, for remedial purposes; "Chat" and "The World's Progress" are especially attractive; and all the other departments are brimful of good things. Indeed, for beauty, variety, and completeness, DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE must be awarded the palm of superiority as the Family Magazine, and should be in every household. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

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 Coughs, Sore Throats, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, etc. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILLSON, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

Strange Superstition.

At a recent meeting of the Scottish Antiquarian Society in Edinburgh Rev. Dr. Stewart of Nether Lochaber read a paper on fire superstitions, in which he mentioned that a correspondent, while in a remote glen in Wigtownshire a few months ago, saw a child smoke rising from a hollow. On proceeding to a bank above he saw five women passing a stick child through a fire. Two of the women standing opposite each other held a blazing hoop vertically between them, and two others standing on either side of the hoop were engaged in passing the child backward and forward through the opening of the hoop. The fifth woman, who was the mother of the child, stood at a little distance earnestly looking on. After the child had been eight times passed and repassed through the fiery circle it was returned to its mother and the blazing hoop was thrown into a pool of water close by. The child, which was about eighteen months old, was a weakling, and was supposed to have come under the baleful influence of an evil eye. The hoop had been twisted round with a straw rope, in which a few drops of oil were scattered to make it burn all round at the same time. The child was passed through the hoop once for each month of its age. When the child was taken home a bunch of bog myrtle was suspended over its bed.

How One Man Proposed.

I was very much amused at the article published a few days ago on "How Girls are Proposed To." I think the way I proposed was just as unique, and the time and method a little more novel than the methods the fellows in that article adopted.

It was a case of love at first sight, but the girl didn't know how I felt; neither was I sure that she cared a continental for me. She was a modest, retiring, bashful little thing, and while I wanted to tell her how much I thought of her I was afraid to. One Sunday night, the fourth time I had called, I made up my mind fully that I wanted her. But she was so shy I thought it would frighten her away if I spoke. About 10 o'clock I proposed a game of cards, and in a joke suggested that we play for a wager, and that she put up herself against me. She modestly consented.

I thought I was going to lose, and I knew if I did it was a last chance, even if it was a joke. Well, I won, and told her with a laugh that she belonged to me. After sitting and looking at each other a few moments I took her hand and said she must always pay her losses, and the hand that I held was mine. She looked at me with a smile, and said quietly: "Well, if you want it you can have it." I won that girl by a game of cards on Sunday, but we neither have regretted the violating of the fourth commandment. Perhaps my method may help some other bashful couple.

Somewhat Compromising.

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

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

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

A tramp applied to a crusty merchant for a small loan. "It's against my principles," he said, "to give money to such fellows as you." "I hope, sir," said the tramp, "that you will change your mind in my case, I want so little, you know." "How much will satisfy you?" "You may determine that, sir." "Well, here's a nickel; now don't spend it for whiskey." "You might do that, sir," said the tramp, taking the money, "but I won't." "I might?" queried the surprised merchant. "What do you mean?" "Well, I mean that you look like a man that would drink a five-cent whiskey and I know I'm not that kind. Good day," and he disappeared hurriedly.

THE PANSY

—1891—

ISABELLA M. ALDEN } EDITORS. G. R. ALDEN

THE PANSY for 1891 will be brimful of good things for the boys and girls. PANSY has prepared a new series, TWENTY MINUTES LATE. PANSY'S GOLDEN TEXT STORIES will be under the general title THE EXACT TRUTH. MARGARET SIDNEY will write about THE FRISBIE SCHOOL. A stirring tale. Mrs. C. M. LIVINGSTON will continue the deservedly popular BABY'S CORNER. DR. FELIX L. OSWALD, has prepared a series of articles: HEALTH HINTS. SUNDAY AFTERNOON will be a new corner in THE PANSY.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE will contain twelve stories, by Margaret Sidney, Prof. Frederick Starr, Mrs. C. M. Livingstone, Emily Huntington Miller, Faye Huntington and others.

THE J. S. C. E., which letters mean, as you have all come to know, "Junior Society of Christian Endeavor," and THE BIBLE BAND READINGS, will be continued as heretofore.

As to the other features—SPARKS FROM HISTORY, P. S. CORNER, ALL ALONG THE LINE, and the MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT—these will be made better than ever before.

THE PANSY is \$1.00 a year. The new volume begins with the November number. You can get your own subscription free by sending two new subscribers with two dollars to pay for the same. Remit direct to the publishers, D. LOTHROP CO., BOSTON.

Think of This a Moment! New Mexico presents peculiar attractions to the home seeking farmer. What are they?

Here is one of them: Cultivable land bears so small a proportion to total area, that home demand exceeds supply, and that means high prices for farm products.

And another: Development of mines and lumber interests causes a continually increasing need of food.

For instance: Corn in New Mexico is worth 75 cts. per bushel, when in Kansas it only brings 40 cts. and other things in like proportion.

Irrigation, which is practiced there and costs little, insures a full crop every year. The climate is cool in summer and mild in winter, making plowing possible every day in the year.

For full information, apply to H. F. Grierson, Immigration Agent, A. T. & S. F. R. R., No. 600 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kansas.

It is said that more than 6,000 women work around English mines at surface jobs, and that the wages they receive scarcely gives them the necessities of life.

The art of making matches has been so perfected that 10,000,000 of the tiny sticks can be cut into shape, all ready for dipping, by one machine in a single day.

From Now until Jan. 1, 1892,

The Topeka Weekly Capital

And This Paper for \$1.25.

THE WEEKLY CAPITAL will contain the most complete reports of the organization and proceedings of the coming Legislature that will be published, besides all the news of Kansas and the Capital City. No Kansas should be without it. Address KIMBALL Ptg. Co., North Topeka, Kans.

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A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

It was after Mrs. Jeffries, still a young and pretty woman, was dressed for dinner, and sitting at the window with her embroidery, that she saw a messenger boy crawl up the street, stop to throw a stone at another boy, and finally ring her door bell.

A moment after this, Bella, the "upstairs girl," brought her a note. It was from her friend, Edwin Jones, familiarly Ned, who had come from afar to pay her a visit, and being timorous, had decided to wait at the depot until she came to meet her. There was no time to lose. Mrs. Jeffries gave a few directions to her cook, and hurried away.

Half an hour after she had gone Mr. Jeffries returned home and let himself in with his latch key, wondering that his wife did not come to meet him.

Mr. Jeffries had been a very jealous man before he married. He confessed it. He would not permit any one to pay the least attention to his Emma Jane. Even cousins of the first degree made him suffer pangs of grief unknown when they called of Sunday afternoons, and an uncle, who was unusually young for that relationship, while as yet unknown, had driven him to the most serious thoughts of suicide, for Emma Jane had kissed him in the front hall.

"Do you really think, Jefferson Jeffries, that I can endure such conduct?" his Emma Jane had remarked. "Is it possible that any one can be put up with being followed around like that, and stared at like that? Do you think I will?" and then she had given him back her ring, and he had ground it under foot.

However, he bought her another in a month or so, and they made it up and married; and Mr. Jeffries, warned by the past, had behaved himself very well, indeed, and he had never yet been jealous of his wife, when one afternoon in August he came home early to dinner and found her "gone out."

"Bella, did she say where she was going?" asked Mr. Jeffries.

"No, sir," said Bella. "She gave out the things for desert and went out in a hurry like, in her best things, just after she got a note like, brought by a boy dressed like a tallygraph."

"Ah!" said Mr. Jeffries. "I trust her mother is not ill. It really seems as though something must have happened."

He went up stairs when he had said this, and looked about him for the message, which, doubtless, she had left lying somewhere. He could see none. He opened the drawer in which Emma Jane kept her trifles of lace and ribbon and quilted muslin and still saw nothing. But, glancing into the waste-paper basket, he discovered a twisted paper, and, as it was the last of the little heap, picked it out and unfolded it.

Spreading out the wrinkles, he put his glasses on his nose and read. And as he read his cheeks grew pale, for these were the words:

DEAREST EMMA JANE: Meet me on the New York side of Twenty-third-street ferry. I long to see you after our long parting. Yours very, very fond, NED.

"Ned!" ejaculated Mr. Jeffries; "Ned!" He ground his teeth and clenched his fists. He could have howled with rage, but for the proprieties, which we generally observe in our greatest agonies. This was the end of it all, then; Emma Jane had gone to meet her old beau. Old or new, who could tell? A lover, anyhow. He tried to be calm; but he could not believe himself mistaken. He knew her brothers and cousins well. They were Peter, Paul, William, Elias, Samuel and James. Even her father, who would not have signed his first name, Adoniram. There was no way out of it.

"No end but one," thought Mr. Jeffries as he sought for the pistol generally kept on hand for possible burglars. "I must follow them, find them, shoot him first, her next and myself last. No one shall know why; but the traitress will know as she dies!"

He put the pistol in his pocket, crowded his hat over his eyes and rushed out of the door. A Twenty-third-street car was passing, he jumped into it and retired to a corner, folding his arms.

"Fare!" cried the driver. Mr. Jeffries mechanically deposited something in the box and sank into his seat again. A volley of shocking reproaches from the driver aroused him. He found the passengers glaring at him.

"I've had this trick played on me before!" cried the driver through the door. "You're a nice one, ain't you, at your age, to put a coat button into the box?"

Mr. Jeffries received the remark without an answer, and repaired his error by putting a quarter into the

same aperture into which he had dropped the button.

"My belief is you are crazy," remarked the driver.

"Oh, yes!" responded an old lady, shaking her head.

Mr. Jeffries only groaned. What was silver to him? He rode on, the object of much comment.

Shortly after a friend entered the car. He was a man of jovial disposition, and, as he said, fond of his joke. After nodding and smiling in vain, he bethought himself to poke Mr. Jeffries in the ribs with the immense knob of the handle of his umbrella. Taking the passengers into his confidence by a knowing wink, he stole forward and perpetrated his joke.

The "punch" was a hard one; the result an explosion. If any one had tried to fire the pistol in that manner he would have failed. Accidentally Mr. Joblings had done it.

Mr. Jeffries gave a groan, started up and fell forward on his face, blood trickling over his stocking. The car stopped, and policemen carried Mr. Jeffries into a drug store. The penitent Joblings was in custody, having voluntarily delivered himself over to justice. The wound was not perhaps a dangerous one, but Jeffries remained unconscious. Joblings accompanied him to his home in a cab, and having told the tale in a court of justice, was permitted to go free on his own bail. And just as Jefferson Jeffries opened his eyes his Emma Jane arrived at her door in a cab, with a trunk fastened on behind marked "E. J.," and a young lady within in a plum-colored cloth traveling suit.

"My dear, dear Jeffy hurt!" cried the poor wife, as Bella told the tale. "Oh, let me go to him!"

Away she rushed up the stairs to the bedroom above and bent over her husband's pillow.

"Jeffy, dear!" she sobbed; but, to her consternation, Jefferson opened his eyes, looked at her, and said:

"Leave me, woman!"

"It isn't a woman. It's your own Emmy," sighed Mrs. Jeffries.

"Take her away!" said Jefferson.

"Is he delirious, doctor?" asked poor Emma Jane, trembling.

"No, madam," replied that gentleman, gravely.

"Then what does this mean?" asked the poor woman.

"Madam," said the doctor, the most solemn of his profession, which is saying much, "madam, I have no desire to pry into your domestic difficulties."

"My domestic difficulties? I never had any. Oh, dear, dear Jeffy, speak to your Emmy," sobbed Mrs. Jeffries.

But her Jefferson only replied by saying in deep chest notes:

"Crocodile! Take her away! The sight of her is madness. Will no one rid me of her presence?"

"Oh, Mr. Joblings, tell me what he means!"

"Beg pardon, madam, I must request you to retire," answered Mr. Joblings, all his nature apparently turned to gall.

"You alone know the meaning of those awful words."

Poor Emma Jane. She rushed down stairs when the door of her own room had actually been closed upon her, and told her incoherent story to her friend.

"I've seen him jealous before," she said, "but not like this. What can it mean?"

"What did you do? Whom is he jealous of?" asked the other woman.

"Oh, Ned, I don't know," sobbed Emma Jane.

And Edwina Jones concluded very naturally that Emma had been flirting terribly with several individuals.

Thus, wronged by all, even her girlhood's friend Mrs. Jeffries abandoned herself to despair.

A bullet in the calf seldom kills, and, as it was extracted promptly, the wound healed and Jefferson Jeffries began to recover, but he still refused to see his wife; and on the first day of his convalescence he summoned his lawyer and sent him to Emma Jane empowered to effect a separation.

"This letter is my reason," he said, with a dreadful groan, thrusting the crumpled note into his hand. "I was on my way to shoot the fellow when Joblings managed to shoot me. She shall keep the house if she likes, but I never wish to see her again."

With this message the lawyer sought the unhappy lady, and in the presence of Edwina Jones interviewed her.

"One comfort at least I shall get from this," said Mrs. Jeffries, with dignity. "I shall know my crime."

"Mr. Jeffries opines that this will explain," said the lawyer, presenting her with the crumpled letter, which with its signature suggested very dreadful things indeed.

Emma Jane took it in her hand, looked at it, and then handed it to her friend.

"My letter!" cried Edwina, dumb-founded.

Miss Jones. "Surely Mr. Jeffries knew that. Oh, Emma Jane, how I have wronged you in my heart."

Explanations followed. The lawyer, choking down his laughter, returned to Mr. Jeffries' apartment, and gave them to that gentleman with dramatic effect. Never had he more trouble in preserving the grave dignity proper to his position, when Jefferson Jeffries, clasping his hands together, ejaculated:

"Edwina Jones! Of course I knew. But I forgot her very existence. How I have wronged my wife! Wretch that I am, can she ever forgive me?"

"Never!" Emma Jane decided. "You have disgraced me before your friends, before strangers, cast suspicion on me and insulted me by word and deed. I demand a separation."

Then she went home to her parents, and Jefferson Jeffries was left alone to reflect on his ridiculous conduct. He was obliged to explain to the doctors, to Joblings, to everybody, and he suffered agonies of shame. He longed for his Emma, whom he loved more than ever, and he writhed under the reproaches of her mother and father and the menaces of her big brothers. When he was able he used to go along at midnight and stare up at his wife's window, and by day haunt her steps unseen when she went out walking. At last he followed her to church one Sunday. She was alone in her pew. He entered and sat down beside her. When the hymn was given out he offered her his hymn-book. Over it their heads met.

"Oh, Jefferson, how could you?" she whispered, but that evening she went back home again. She felt that Mr. Jeffries had had his lesson and would profit by it for the rest of his existence.

Ned says they are the happiest couple she knows.—Mary Kyle Dallas, in New York Ledger.

Wholly Indefensible.

In southern archipelagos he fought the bloody cannibal; He skinned and tanned the crocodile and found him very tannable; Not a word of fear he'd uttered, not a word and not a syllable, When he killed the Bengal tiger, and he found him very killable.

He claimed his strength was very great, for bears and lions suitable; He used to boot the grizzly bear, and found him very bootable; He claimed in killing monstrous snakes that he was very capable, No boa-constrictor could escape, for he was unescapable.

In fighting hippopotami, he said he was unconvinced; No jaguar could make him wince, because he wasn't winceable; He made the ramping elephant no longer recognizable, And pulverized the roaring bull, and found him pulverizable.

Just then his wife came in and said, "I'd think it quite commendable If you'd come and tend the baby; and you'll find him very tendable." The way she took him by the ear will make this poem readable; She pulled him out and led him home and found him very leadable.

The Drummer Didn't Enjoy It.

Conductor Rodman, who runs on the Villisca branch of the Burlington, has a very pretty wife, and both Mr. and Mrs. Rodman had an opportunity of enjoying the discomfiture of a traveling man on the down town train the other morning. The drummer knows Mr. Rodman rather well, as his business takes him to Villisca frequently. Last Monday Mr. Rodman took his wife on his trip, and they came back to St. Joseph the next day. On this morning as Mr. Rodman came through the car collecting tickets, the drummer pulled at his arm and whispered:

"Say, Rodman, do you see that rattling pretty girl back there?"

"Yes," responded the conductor glancing in the direction indicated.

"Well, do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Where does she come from?"

"St. Joseph, I believe."

"Say, old man, do you know her well enough to give me a 'knock down' to her, for she's a beauty, and no mistake."

"Oh, yes. I guess I can fix it for you. Come along."

In a moment more the drummer was standing in front of the "rattling pretty girl" and had a winning smile prepared, when—"Mr. Blank, allow me to present you to my wife."

The drummer murmured something about his pleasure, but went up into the baggage car soon after, where he managed to say to Mr. Rodman, "I didn't say anything out of the way, did I, old man?"—St. Joseph News.

A Designation of His Quality.

McCorkle—Is Col. Webber an officer in the regular army or in the militia?

McCorkle—Neither; he isn't a military man at all. We call him "Kernel" because he's a hard nut.—West Shore.

MONKEYS IN SUMATRA.

REMARKABLE VARIETIES SEEN BY A TRAVELER.

The Intelligent Little Ones and the Dull and Stupid Big Species—Some of Them Attain the Enormous Sizes of Six Feet or More.

An Englishman who spent some two years in Sumatra, that country of which so little is known, writes for Chamber's Journal a most entertaining account of the animals he saw there. Of monkeys, which throng the land, he says the commonest species is the black macaque, but another, almost equally plentiful, is the pig-tailed macaque, the "brok" of the Malays. This monkey is about the size of a bull terrier, and at a distance is not unlike one, from its habitual walk being on all-fours and its general dog-like carriage. This is, I believe, the most artful and intelligent of all monkeys, and is the one trained by the Malays to gather coconuts and durians. But, like all their race they are spiteful, "unchancy" brutes, and never safe to handle. You can never trust a monkey however tame he appears, as the late Frank Buckland found to his cost on more than one occasion. I have several times seen a monkey, which after being some time in captivity had made an excursion into the jungle, set upon by his wild relatives, and ignominiously hunted back to the abodes of men. I don't know how to account for this. Did they think that his morals or manners had deteriorated in the society of the anthropoids who couldn't climb trees and didn't know how to screech?

Then there are the gibbons, these marvellous trapeze and horizontal bar performers, with their almost bird-like flights from tree top to tree top, and their chorus of melancholy howlings at morning and evening. I only saw one specimen of the siamang in captivity, at the house of a Malay chief at Sirdang. It was about 3 feet high, but the stretch of its arms was over 5 feet. A sad-looking, depressed creature it seemed, as it moved awkwardly about the floor, tripping itself with its own arms; but once among the rafters of the roof it moved with the agility of a spider. Of its gigantic relative, the orang-utan, I am able to give a few particulars. But I may at least observe that it is rather ludicrous to any one who has a smattering of the Malay tongue to see him so frequently styled orang-utang, which signifies literally "a man in debt," utang being in Malay "debt," while "utan" is forest, or jungle. But I always found the name incomprehensible to the Deli Malays, whose name for the animal is "méwas." The Sumatran species appears to be totally different in its habits from that of Borneo, which approaches human dwellings, and even plunders gardens. In Deli, at all events, it inhabits only the densest ratun swamps, of such a nature that any attempts at observation of its habits would be impossible; and it makes off instantly at the approach of man. It is certain, however, that it attains an enormous size, fully equalling the much debated African gorilla. Those specimens which have reached Europe alive are mere pigmies. I have seen skins in the possession of natives (Bataks) whose original owners must have been something terrible to behold; one indeed could not have been less than 6 feet high and 2 across the shoulders, though the arms and legs had not been preserved.

I also saw at a Batak house a skull of a howler, evidently a very old specimen, whose teeth and jaws were no whit inferior in strength to that of a tiger. I tried to buy it, but the owner would not part with it, and told a long story as to how it came into his possession. From his want of front teeth and his defective Malay, he was almost unintelligible; but I made out that it had been slain either by his father or grandfather, after a desperate encounter; and, indeed, the deep cuts in the bone must have been done by a strong arm.

One or two small specimens I saw in captivity, but they seemed to have less intelligence than any animal I ever saw, and reminded me in all their actions of Chinese coolies after an overdose of opium. It is very possible that their captors "housed" them with that or something similar to keep them from escaping. There is a belief among certain of the Sumatran natives of the existence of a creature half ape, half demon, which feeds on human flesh, and decoys its victims into the jungle by imitating the laughter of women. What foundation there is for this I don't know, probably none, except the cannibal practices of the Bataks; but it is not at all the kind of thing to remember in the depths of those gloomy, nightmarish, swamp jungles, with only two or three unhearted Javanese in company.

At such times the sudden appearance of a full-sized howler would be highly calculated to "rizz the har" for the moment, if not longer.

The tiger is plentiful enough, but it is not held in much dread. They are much more frequent in the older settled districts than in virgin jungle. One reason for this is that in Deli proper, where tobacco planting has been carried on for many years, the fields which have been planted, and, as is the practice, allowed to lie fallow for six or seven years, have become covered with a dense growth of *lallang* or sword-grass, thus affording just the cover that the tiger likes. But though their tracks may be found thickly on the roads immediately surrounding the large town of Medan, they very seldom attack human beings, and are not very destructive even to cattle. I do not remember half a dozen cases of man-eating in two years. But they have a very strong penchant for dog flesh, so much so, that a dog left outside the house at night will most certainly be carried off. In one instance two Germans were sitting in the veranda of a house in broad daylight, about 4 p. m., with one of the great useless mongrels so much affected by Germans lying on the top of the wooden steps. The house faced a road on which parties of coolies were coming and going every five minutes. Suddenly a tiger, which had been lying concealed in the deep roadside ditch, dashed up the steps and disappeared into the *lallang*, dog in mouth, before the astonished men could rise from their seats. I remember a fine young half-grown tiger trapped a few years ago in Langkat whose stomach contained a large number of frogs—an odd diet for a tiger.

The Color of Water.

What is the color of pure water? Almost any person who has no special knowledge of the subject will reply at once: "It has no color." Yet everybody knows, either through hearsay or by the evidence of his own eyes, that the ocean is blue. Why the ocean looks blue is a question that few who have crossed it have ever sought to solve, and there are, probably, many travelers who, though they have seen most of the famous rivers and lakes in the world, have failed to notice the remarkable difference in color which their waters present.

Even the ocean is not uniform in color; in some places its waters are green or even yellowish. Some lakes are distinctly blue; others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are hardly distinguishable from their level, grass-covered banks; a few are almost black.

The cause of the difference in the color of lakes and rivers has engaged the attention of many celebrated investigators of nature, absolutely pure water when seen in masses of sufficient thickness is blue, and all the varieties of color exhibited in lakes and streams arise from the presence in the water of mineral salts of different degrees of solubility and varying quantities.

Water containing carbonate of lime in a state of almost complete solution remains blue, but if the solution is less complete the water will have a tinge of green, which will grow stronger as the point of precipitation is approached. If lime is added to blue water in which so much carbonate of lime is already dissolved that the point of saturation is approached, the water will become green. In proof of this he cites the fact that the waters near the shores of lakes and seas, where it comes in contact with limestone, is generally of a greener hue than elsewhere.

Glistening Gems.

"More in sorrow than in anger"—the letter O.—Binghamton Republican.

First Vet: Was you shot at Bull Run? Second Vet: No; I was on the dead run when shot.—New York Herald.

Married people, it is said, live longer than single ones. It seems longer, anyway, to unhappy couples.—Boston Traveller.

The eye may be the window of the soul, but frequently the stock does not come up to the window display.—Indianapolis Journal.

Somebody has said that the man who pays his rent must hustle and the man who doesn't pay his rent is obliged to keep moving.—Lynn Item.

There is one good thing about Theosophy. Nobody expects a theosophist to be able to define exactly what he believes.—Somerville Journal.

"That Statue of Liberty," said Mrs. Bluxum, is very appropriately posed, standing, of course. Uncle Sam isn't getting up to give his seat to anybody these days.—New York Sun.

"I say, Bobby," whispered Featherly, "did your sister say that she hoped my trip would do me good?" "Yes, she told me last night that if Mr. Featherly went West she hoped he would go for good.—Spare Moments.

A DEAR LITTLE SCHEMER.

There was a little daughter once, whose feet were—oh, so small! That when the Christmas Eve came 'round, they wouldn't do at all, she tried another's, and so she tried another's, and folding her wee stockings up, she slyly took her mother's.

"I'll pin this big one here," she said—then sat before the fire, watching the sunple, dancing flames and shadows darting by her, till silently she drifted off to that queerland, you know.

Of "Nowhere in particular," where sleepy children go. She never knew the tumult rare that came up on the roof! She never heard the patter of a single reindeer hoof!

She only knew, when morning dawned, that she was safe in bed. "It's Christmas! Ho!" and merrily she raised her pretty head; then, wild with glee, she saw what dear old Santa Claus had done, she ran to tell the joyful news to each and every one.

"Mamma! Papa! Please come and look! A lovely doll and still!" And "See how full the stocking is! Mine would have been so small, I borrowed this for Santa Claus. It isn't fair, you know, To make him wait forever for a little girl to grow."

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

AN UNLUCKY PRESENT.



WAS only twenty-one when I fell in love with Celestine Byngs. It was at a party; and by the time I had waltzed with her twice, and helped her to lobster salad and several ices, I knew that my fate was sealed, and that henceforth life would be to me not worth living unless I could claim her for my own.

But alas! fate was against me in the person of an aunt, with whom my charmer lived, and whose heiress she expected to become. This was Miss Byngs senior, a wealthy lady of an age so uncertain that no two persons could agree concerning it.

She had wrinkles, and yet the whitest of complections, with a blush of youthful bloom on her cheeks. Her lips were drawn, but the teeth which peeped through them were pearly white, and nothing could be more golden and luxuriant than the tresses



Two cocks one day upon the ground / A piece of cake espied; / The one, who first the prize had found, / Suggested to divide.

which crowned her head and descended in little curls so low on her forehead that only her finely penciled eyebrows were visible. Her bust and figure were those of a well proportioned woman in the prime of life, while her hands and neck which could not be entirely concealed, lacked a corresponding plumpness.

I could not avoid noticing on my introduction to her these strange contrasts, and became so interested in endeavoring to solve in my own mind the problem of her age that I fear I stared more than I should have done. At any rate, Miss Byngs undoubtedly then and there contracted an aversion for me which not all my subsequent deferential attentions were sufficient to overcome.

Celestine, however, returned my affection. This she confessed to me about two weeks subsequent to our first meeting, with tears in her eyes and blushes on her cheek.

She was partaking of caramels at the time, and her remark that she "loved them above all things in the world" opened to me an opportunity of introducing the subject nearest my heart.

Perhaps I was to precipitate, for the suddenness of it and her agitation were such that she very nearly choked with the last caramel, but on recovering confessed with faltering breath that she loved me far above

caramels; and finally that her affection for me had been, like mine for her, a case of love at first sight. Thenceforth we might have been blissfully happy but for Miss Byngs. "She doesn't like you, Claude,"



"Oh, no!" the other cock replied: / A greedy cock was he. / "I certainly shall not divide; / This cake belongs to me."

Celestine confided as she hid her tearful eyes upon my shoulder. "I'm sure that there's nothing she can bring against you, except that you are poor. But somehow she doesn't like you, and she says if I ever marry you she will leave every cent of her fortune to the Home for Destitute Orphans, and then, dear, what could we do?"

In vain I assured her that I was willing to work my fingers to the bone. I spoke of a cottage and roses and bird cages, but she very sensibly remarked that we couldn't live on roses, and that birds like ourselves would require to be fed.

"I wish I could do something to propitiate Miss Byngs," I said sadly. "For instance, if her horses were to run away, and I were to stop them and save her life; or if her pug dog should fall into the basin at the



To argue then they did commence, / While downward flew a crow, / And settled near them on a fence, / To watch how things would go.

park and I were to plunge in and save it at a risk of my own life—do you think she would like me any better, darling?"

"I don't know of but one thing by which aunt could be propitiated by any person to whom she had taken a dislike," said Celestine, mournfully. "And that, dear, you are not able to afford."

"But tell me what it is, my love?" And then she told me, with a little touch of high-minded scorn for her aunt's weakness, that that lady was very fond of receiving handsome presents, and always treated the donor of such with great favor, even if she had previously disliked him.

In fact, she had wanted her—Celestine—to marry old Maj. Shanks for no other reason than that he was always making herself handsome presents.

Upon this suggestion I decided to act. Christmas was near at hand, an occasion most suitable for carry-



Soon words were followed by a blow; / They quite forgot the cake; / While from the fence the watchful crow / Did observations take.

ing my plans into effect. I said nothing to Celestine, but commenced by saving up all the money I could spare for the purpose even to doing without a new hat and going tempo-

arily into debt to my washerwoman; and with the cash thus accumulated I repaired on Christmas eve to the fashionable establishment of Lilly, White & Co. Here I invested in an elegant fan, inclosed in an ivory box and perfumed with attar of roses, for which I paid \$20.

I placed my card inside, ordered the parcel to be sent to my lodgings, and on its arrival had it conveyed just as it was to Miss J. C. Byngs, No. 13 Sharon Terrace. From the retirement of the park shrubbery opposite the house I satisfied myself that it was honestly delivered, and then went home, picturing to myself the surprise and delight of Celestine when she saw the parcel opened and my card lying within.

For two days I waited, hoping that Miss Byngs would either send a note or in some other way acknowledge my present. But nothing of the kind occurred, and on the third day, unable to bear a longer separation from my darling, I proceeded to make a call at the house.

To my surprise I was stiffly informed by the servant that both ladies desire to be excused. Then I waited another two days and again called, with the same result as before.

Next day I met Miss Byngs on the street, who when I lifted my hat, cut



"The cake is mine!" each cried aloud; / While each replied, "Tis not!" / They glared and screamed, they screamed as / The strife was growing hot, / [crowd]

me dead with a Gorgon stare.

Next time I met her, she would not see me at all; but Celestine—who was with her, and on whom Argus-like, she kept her gaze—flushed deeply and looked down, pretending to fasten her glove.

What was I to think of it all? Only that Miss Byngs had devided my intention in sending the fan, and probably also discovered Celestine's part in it, and so resolved to at once and forever crush our machinations and our hopes. More than probably she had induced her niece to promise to have nothing more to do with me.

In this suspicion I was confirmed by receiving no answers to two notes which I addressed to Celestine. Then I took to haunting the neighborhood and watched the house, in hope of



And while the feathers flew around, / From each contending fowl, / The crow hopped lightly to the ground, / And to the cake did prowl.

seeing my false love come out alone; but this was put to a stop by a policeman, who arrested me as a suspicious character and probable burglar, as I always suspected at the instigation of Miss Byngs herself, who must have observed him hovering about the park shrubbery.

At length, utterly dispirited and disheartened, and feeling that I had indeed lost Celestine forever, I joined a party of friends who were starting West to make their fortunes.

After knocking around for some months, and finding myself reduced to either cutting timber or starvation, I made my way to San Francisco, where I secured a situation as assistant stoker on an Australian-bound steamer.

It was just one year after my departure from home that I landed in New York, and thence in a few hours made my way to my former place of residence.

As I walked slowly up the familiar streets, thinking of Celestine, and wondering, with a pang, if she were yet married, some one darted out of a shop and addressed me excitedly. It was a youth whose countenance was to me unfamiliar.

"Excuse me sir," said he, "but are you not—ahem!—the gentleman who bought a \$20 fan from us last Christmas eve?"

I glanced up and saw that I was opposite the establishment of Lilly, White & Co.

"I do remember making such a purchase. I am Mr. Claude Davinant, to whom the fan was sent from your store."

"Thank you sir. There was some mistake about it and we have been unable to find you since. Please be good enough to step in and see Mr. Lilly, sir. This is Mr. Lilly."



When beaten was the greedy one, / He said, with humble air, / "I think you're right; when all is done, / The slice of cake we'll share."

And in a few excited words he wildly explained to the senior partner.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Lilly, blandly; "I do recall your face, though we were so unfortunate as to forget your name and address after the delivery of the parcel. You see, your card by some mistake got into the wrong parcel, which was sent to your address, while that containing the fan, went to a lady customer of ours. She returned it next day, and then waited to hear from you, having, as I remarked, forgotten your address."

"I never discovered that there was anything wrong about the parcel I received," returned I. "I sent it immediately unopened to the lady for whom it was purchased as a Christmas present."



The pair, now being of one mind, / Turned round the cake to share. / Alas! the prize they could not find— / Because it was not there.

"And your card inside! Dear me, how very unfortunate!"

"What did the parcel contain?" I demanded.

"Well, sir, there were, if I remember aright, a blonde false front, a rubber brush for cleansing and polishing false teeth, some complexion enamel, French rouge, and—"

"Great Jerusalem!" I involuntarily exclaimed, sinking on a counter stool; "and that parcel went with my card to—Miss Byngs!"

"I see it all now!" Mr. Lilly offered profuse apologies, and suggested that I should take either the fan, which had been kept intact for me, or the \$20 which I had paid for it. I told him that I would see him later, and at once rushed off to the office of my friend, Harry Dillon, whom I found very glad to see me, and to whom I related the whole story.

"Fancy me sending such a present to Miss Byngs!" I exclaimed wiping



So, children, as you go through life, / To heart this lesson take: / If you indulge in greedy strife, / Some crow will get the cake.—H. L.

the cold moisture from my brow. "The wonder is that she did not have me assassinated outright. And as for Celestine, why, she must have set me down as a fool, I say, Harry, the only hope now is an explanation to Miss Byngs herself. Shall I write to her at once and explain the matter?"

"My dear fellow, a letter would scarcely reach her. She has been dead these six months."

"Dead! And Celestine?"

"Is her heiress, and is still living in the same house on Sharon Terrace, with an old lady companion who was her governess."

That evening when I sent up my card to Celestine I breathlessly awaited her appearance.

How would she receive me? My heart beat almost to suffocation as I heard her light step on the stair. The door opened. We each looked inquiringly at the other, and the look was enough. In a another moment we were in each other's arms.

We live now in the house on Sharon Terrace, but have a cottage, with roses and birds, in the country which we enjoy quite as much. And the people who, when we were lovers, called us foolish young things, say now that we have done wisely and well, and visit us a good deal in both town and country.

The Earth Growing Larger.

The earth, traveling in its orbit around the sun and onward with the entire solar system around some unknown and still greater center of attraction, is constantly traversing new regions of space, which it depletes of meteoric dust and meteorites, thus steadily—no matter how slowly—increasing in diameter. Now let this growth continue till the earth has just twice the attractive power which it now possesses; we should then have twice the number of meteorites and double the quantity of dust falling annually upon it than now.

Fortunately for our heads, the earth has not as yet attained very formidable dimensions, but we may look upon it as an established fact that it constantly gains in weight and that in proportion to such gain its attractive power steadily increases.

The attractive force of the sun is so enormous that a perpetual hail of meteorites and a torrent of dust particles must rush upon it from all directions, and some of the foremost observers are now of opinion that these falling bodies are the sole cause of the sun's heat.

In the light of this theory our earth is a young and growing, not an old and dying, planet, a planet with a future, which ought to be cheerful news to all of us, although we shall not live to reap the benefit of it; and the sun, far from being on its last legs as an expiring luminary, is steadily gaining in heat and lighting capacity.—American Geologist.

A Story of Burton.

The following is from Joseph Jefferson's autobiography in The Century. "I have often thought that Burton must have had Irish blood in him, for he was continually spreading the tail of his coat for a fight—I mean an intellectual fight, as physically he was not pugnacious. Quarrelsome persons who do not indulge in pugilistic encounters are fond of law suits; it is only another way of having it out, and Burton must have spent a fortune in fees. His humor on the witness stand was quite equal to that of Sam Weller. On one occasion while the actor was going through bankruptcy, an eminent lawyer in Philadelphia thought he detected a desire on Burton's part to conceal some facts relative to a large sum of money that he had made during the production of the 'Naïad Queen.' Rising with great dignity, and glaring fiercely at Burton, he demanded: 'What became of that money, sir?' The comedian looked him straight in the face; then rising in imitation of an attorney, he replied: 'The lawyers got it.'

"Well, sir, there were, if I remember aright, a blonde false front, a rubber brush for cleansing and polishing false teeth, some complexion enamel, French rouge, and—"

"Great Jerusalem!" I involuntarily exclaimed, sinking on a counter stool; "and that parcel went with my card to—Miss Byngs!"

"I see it all now!" Mr. Lilly offered profuse apologies, and suggested that I should take either the fan, which had been kept intact for me, or the \$20 which I had paid for it. I told him that I would see him later, and at once rushed off to the office of my friend, Harry Dillon, whom I found very glad to see me, and to whom I related the whole story.

"Fancy me sending such a present to Miss Byngs!" I exclaimed wiping

Establishing Their Genealogy.

It was at the depot in Macon, Ga., a colored man from the country stood looking at the locomotive when the colored fireman called out:

"Hey, yo' nigger, what yo' lookin' at?"

"Who's nigger?" demanded the other.

"Yo' is."

"So is yo."

"Look out, dar, nigger. I doan' take no sass off'n shucks!"

"Yo' is shucks yo' self."

"Humph! Do yo' know what my fadder sold fur befo' de wah?"

"No."

"Fo'teen hundred dollars in gold, sah, an' dey reckoned dat was \$200 under price. Who was yo' fadder, sah?"

"He was de gem'lan who bought yo' fadder fur a waitah, sah an' he allus 'llowed he paid a thousand dollars mo' dan he was worth."—New York Sun.

His Day of Trouble.

A traveler in the central part of Kentucky, while riding through a woods, saw an old fellow standing with his back against a tree, striking matches and holding his finger in the blaze.

"What on earth are you doing there?" the astonished traveler exclaimed.

"Go on an' mind your own business," the old fellow replied.

"Yes, but I want to know why you want to destroy yourself that way."

"Jest as well destroy myself this way as any other way."

"But why destroy yourself any way?"

He struck another match, and as he held his finger in the blaze, replied: "A great trouble has come on me, an' I ain't fitten to live no longer."

"What is your trouble?"

"It is so great that I am holdin' my finger in this blaze to take my mind off it."

"Then you are burning yourself to take your mind off the trouble?"

"Yes, that's about it."

"Tell me what the trouble is, and perhaps I can help you."

"No, don't think you can. Am beyond earthly help now."

"May I ask if it is a family affair?"

"Oh, no, it's much worse than that."

"I don't see what it can be."

"No, I reckon not, for mebbe you never was in such a fix."

He struck another match and held his finger in the blaze. The traveler, amused in spite of himself, could not help smiling. "Oh, it's nothing to laugh at," said the native. "It may look funny, but if you was in my fix you would grin on the other side of yo' mouth."

"I am not smiling at your trouble, but at your peculiar method of taking your mind off it. Come, tell me what it is."

"I don't like to be paradin' my 'fictions round, but I will tell you as you 'pear to be a putty sympathetic sort of a feller. Some time ago I seed a colt that I wanted mighty—wanted him so bad that I couldn't sleep none at night for thinkin' about him. Well, I didn't have much money an' was in debt anyhow, an' I couldn't see no way to git the object of my great desire till my old uncle he ups an' dies an' leaves me three hundred dollars, an' they hadn't more than got the dear old soul buried till that colt was mine. I rid him at a race down at Winchester the next day after I got him an' won the race as smooth as a ribbon, an' that I stood the pride of the community an' the joy of the wife of my bosom. I come home an' the neighbors crowded around an' almost smothered me with their congratulations, an' I 'lowed to myself that the day of our stren'th an' pride had come. But what tuck place the next day?" He struck another match, and as he applied the blaze to his finger, continued: "What tuck place next day? That colt that I had been kep' awake over—that colt that had brought me so much joy an' pride—that colt that —" He broke down and had to strike another match. After awhile, and when he had struggled with himself, he continued: "That colt run agin a barbed wire fence and—killed himself. Go on, stranger. That ain't no human sympathy nor words of wisdom that kin comfort me. My light has dun went out."

Station Master—"Come, come, my good man! You must not walk on the track! The conductor says I can't ride and you say I can't walk. What's your blamed old road here for, anyway?" asked the tramp, discomfitedly.

Daughter—"Mr. Slim and I were discussing which was the preferable, 'He will go, or 'he shall go.' What do you say?"

Fa (looking at his watch)—"As it is 11:30 o'clock I should say 'He must go' was the correct expression."

Bags—"What is the difference between a male and female poet?"

Coggs—"The difference! Well, one is a man and the other a woman."

B—"That's not the answer. The male poet is born, not made; whereas the female poet is both born and made."

"Wanted—reliable men," read Mrs. Bascom from the advertisement columns of the paper. Then she raised her glasses upon her forehead, looked severely at her husband and remarked: "And the world'll wait a considerable number of centuries yet before it gets 'em."

Fred—Why, Charlie, I thought you were getting on so well with rich Miss De Hoofe! She's out you dead."

Charlie—Yess; she told me at Christmas I might send her enough candy to fill her slipper. I sent her four pounds, and she's never spoken to me since!

"Salem! Salem!" called out the conductor, as a train rolled into the station the other day.

"What!" said an old lady, turning to the Judge, "is this the place where they hung witches?"

"Yes, yes," replied the Judge, with a twinkle in his eye, "but be calm, madam, they don't do it now."

"Do you think Fred is in earnest, about our daughter?" asks father. "Sure of it," says mother, with conviction. "Well, I'm not so sure." "You silly old goose, look what the boy has given her—a music stool, a set of silver-backed hair brushes, a cookey book, and I don't know what else; he's doing a little preliminary furnishing in earnest. Oh, you men, what d'ye heads you are!"

Miss Twenty-eight (cooly)—"I had a strange dream the other night, Mr. De Peyster. I dreamt—only think!—that you and I were married an' on our wedding tour. You don't know how real it seemed. Did you dream the same thing, too?"

He (firmly)—"No, Miss Twenty-eight, I did not. In fact I haven't had the nightmare now for a good many years."

WIDE AWAKE.

beginning with the Holiday Number.

1891 is permanently enlarged to one hundred pages, radiant with new and larger type, a new style of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, whose story of "The Anommalia" has been the sensation of the season in "The Century," has written for the WIDE AWAKE a story called "Diamonds and Toads."

Hon. John D. Long (ex-Governor of Massachusetts) furnishes six articles, under the general title of "Our Government," for the enlightenment of coming citizens—the boys and girls of to-day.

Kirk Monroe, who lately lived for a time the life of a railroad man, in all phases from parlor car to cattle cage, has put his experience into a thrilling serial for boys called "Cab and Caboose. Striking pictures by Edmund H. Garrett.

Margaret Sidney's new serial, "Five Little Peppers Grown Up," will tell more about Polly and Jasper and David and Joel and Phronie, and others, as it runs through the year. Fifty charming illustrations by Charles Mente.

Marietta's Good Times will chronicle in her own words, from her own manuscript, the childhood adventures of Marietta Anrosi.

Miss Matilda Archambeau Van Dorn, a little girl who had a great many ancestors, is an irresistible little folks' serial, by Elizabeth Cummings.

Unusually Interesting Articles so elaborately pictorial: "Dining with Glacé" by Mrs. General John A. Logan; "Amy Robsart's Embroidery," by Francis A. Humphrey; "Mother Goose's Feet," by Agnes Repplier; "Cypriotes and Cyprioting," by Elizabeth Robbins Pennell; "Some Horses that I have Known," by Maud Howe; "Santa Maria College of Mysteries," by Oscar Fay Adams; "Boston's Girl Sculptor," by Mrs. Newberry; "The Sugar Crank," by Theodora R. Jenness.

Some Problems in Horology, by E. H. Rawley, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, will interest High School students—three sets of Cash Prizes.

The best of Short Stories from thousands offered and selected the past year.

The Landing of the Pilgrims, a fac-simile production of FELIX BRADDOCK'S famous poem from the original MS., now in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth.

Figure Drawing for Children. In twelve illustrated lessons, by CAROLINE H. RIMMER, with four prize offers each month.

Fine Ballads by Graham R. Tomson, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mary E. Bradley and Laura Richards, beautifully illustrated by Garrett, Sandham and Taylor.

The ever popular **Ways to do Things**, the School and Playground Stories, Tangles, Post-Office Men and Things.

Wide Awake is only \$2.40 a year.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY,
Publishers, Boston

Amateur Photographers at Work.

AMATEUR photographers throughout the United States are sending the finest specimens of their work from week to week to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, of New York City, which has offered a series of prizes for the best efforts, and prints weekly a full page of the choicest contributions sent in. This week's number includes six pictures by amateurs, all of them beautiful specimens of photography. The Indian tipping has a full page of pictures. Christmas shopping, dressing dolls for the great charity-doll fair, and other features are illustrated with splendid effect. Get a copy from your newsman for ten cents.

A Noble Revenge.

De Quincey gives a beautiful anecdote, illustrative of the nobility of a generous heart.

An officer in the army one day struck a common soldier. He was young and hot tempered; and he forgot the respect due to himself, and the duty he owed his neighbor.

The soldier whom he struck was a young man too, and noted for his courage; he felt the insult deeply. Military discipline forbade that he should return the blow; he could only use words. Perhaps he was hot tempered, also, for he said to the officer—

"I will make you repent it!"

So they were ill friends.

One day in the heat of a furious engagement, the young soldier saw an officer who was wounded and separated from his company gallantly striving to force his way through the enemies who surrounded him. He recognized his insulter and without a second thought, rushed to his assistance. Supporting the wounded man with his arm, together they fought their way through their own lines.

Trembling with emotion, the officer grasped the hand of the soldier, and stammered out his gratitude.

"Noble man! What a return for an insult so wantonly given!"

The young man pressed his hand in turn, and with a smile said gently—

"I told you I would make you repent it."

From that time they were as brothers.

Girls as Pickpockets.

An incident in the experience of a shopper in Indianapolis indicates the presence of some one proficient in the training of "Artful Dodgers." A lady was going up a street and was addressed by two little girls, who ran out from a doorway and trotted along by her side.

"Lady," said one, in a piping voice, "will you please untie this string? I can't do it myself."

The child had on a cape fastened with strings, tied in a series of hard knots.

"I stooped," said the lady, "to untie them, and worked industriously at the task for a minute or two without success. The other girl pressed close to my side, but I thought nothing of it, even when I saw the flash of a handkerchief in her hand. At that instant the little one I was trying to assist said—

"I never mind any longer, lady; I will get somebody else to untie the knots for me."

"With that they both ran away as rapidly as they could fly. A moment later I missed my handkerchief, which I had slipped into my coat pocket when I stooped to reach the knots. The unoccupied girl had taken it, and the tightly fastened cape was merely a ruse to withdraw my attention."

New York Tribune.

1891.

The Tariff and the Farmer.

The Tribune will devote much space during 1891 to the Tariff as it affects the Farmer and the Mechanic.

Hon. Roswell G. Horr, of Michigan, has been added to the Tribune's staff of Tariff writers for this purpose. He will, through the columns of the Tribune, devote himself to this topic, and will invite and answer questions upon points which perplex the American Farmer and Mechanic. He will also, so far as other duties will allow, attend Farmers' Institutes and agricultural gatherings the coming winter and spring, and expound the principles of the Tariff.

Those who desire the presence of Mr. Horr at Farmers' Institutes, etc., are invited to communicate promptly with the Tribune.

Young Men who wish to Succeed.

Many a man feels the lack of early direction of his energies and early indication of the maxims which promote the formation of character and success in after life. Every such man would gladly see the young men of to-day better guided in youth than he was. The Tribune has planned the following series of admirable articles, which will appear in this paper only:

What shall I Do? By S. S. Packard, President of Packard's Business College.

Stipulations for the Boys on the Farm who are Ambitious. By the Hon. J. H. Brigham, of Delta, Ohio, Master of the National Education without the Help of a College.

Education without the Help of a College. By President C. K. Adams, of Cornell University.

A College Education of How to Win Fortune. By Andrew Carnegie, whose remarkable article of last Spring was so full of encouragement to poor men.

Multiplicity of Paying Occupations in the United States. By the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of the Department of Labor.

Examples in the History of Our Own Country. By Gen. A. S. Webb, the gallant soldier of Sackett's Harbor and Spotsylvania and College president.

Importance of Good Manners. The views of Ward McAllister.

Proper Education good for all; what is best for those who cannot get it. By President William Pepper, University of Pennsylvania.

Well-considered answers to any questions which young men or women, in any part of the country, may ask.

Vital Topics of the Day.

Present Needs and Future Scope of American Agriculture. By the Hon. Jeremiah Rusak.

Proper Education of the Farmers of Iowa. By the Hon. Julius C. Burrows, Kalamaazoo.

Village Improvement Associations; their practicability in Rural Districts with the story of certain Model Villages. By the Hon. B. B. Northrop, of Clinton, Conn.

Principle in Politics and the Virtue of Courage. By the Hon. James C. McLaughlin, of Iowa.

Influences of the Labor Movement upon Human Progress. By Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.

America's Suburban and Rural Homes. By George Fallisner, of New York.

Wardhouses for Grain Products. By L. L. Polk, President of the National Farmers' Alliance.

Glaciers of the United States. By Professor Israel C. Russell, of the United States Geological Survey and Explorer of Alaska.

Other Features.

During 1891 the Tribune will print a valuable series of articles, written by its own traveling correspondent, on the agriculture of the United States with explanations of a large number of model farms.

A special correspondent, a practical farmer is now in the States, who will visit the farm-buildings of that thriftest of the agricultural nations of the world. He will report upon the dairy, grain, stock and other branches of French farming in illustrated articles.

Mrs. Anne Wittenmeyer, President of the Woman's Relief Corps, will contribute a column of notes and news from the Tribune's G. A. R. page, every week.

Admirable letters of travel in the Southern States, illustrated with pictures, will be printed, describing the South as it exists to-day.

All the regular features will be continued.

Lighted-up columns will be varied by frequent illustrated articles on home decoration, fashions and other subjects of intense interest to women. Written principally for people with little money.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor, the widow of Bayard Taylor, will write articles on Cookery. She is a remarkable housekeeper, who is scientific as well as a practical knowledge of her subject.

Scientific, the great chess champion of the world, will supply a column of news on the greatest and purest of all the games of the home.

Foreign letters, good stories; the news of the best of market reports, book reviews and literary news, etc.

The Tribune is printed in large type and broad columns, and is the easiest paper to read in the country.

Premiums.

Premium List for 1891, containing many new and useful articles, will be sent to any applicant, free.

Prizes for Large Clubs.

Club prizes are invited to write to this office for The Tribune's new Terms to Agents.

Subscriptions.

The Weekly, \$1.00 a year; free for the rest of 1891. Semi-Weekly, \$2.00 a year; free for the rest of 1891. Standing, Tribune Monthly, \$2.00. Tribune Monthly, \$2.00. Sample copies free.

THE TRIBUNE, New York.

A Novel Announcement.

The publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION have sent us a handsome Souvenir with the announcements of authors and articles for next year's volume. It has seven illuminated pages, one for each day in the week, very quaint in style, the whole forming a "Book of Days," and each page illustrating a line of the old rhyme:

"Monday for Health,
Tuesday for Wealth,
Wednesday the Best Day of all;
Thursday for Losses,
Friday for Crosses,
Saturday No Luck at all;
Sunday the Day that is Blest
With Heavenly Peace and Rest."

This novel and unique Calendar is sent free to all New Subscribers to THE COMPANION who send \$1.75 for a year's subscription and request it at the time they subscribe.

THE COMPANION will also be sent to January, 1890, free, and for a full year from that date, including the Five Double Holiday Numbers and all the Illustrated Weekly Supplements. THE COMPANION is already a favorite in half a million homes, and old as well as young enjoy its weekly visits.

HALF RATE

Holiday Excursions

SOUTH!

On December 21, 22d, and 23d, the Memphis Route, Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis R. R. Co., will sell round trip tickets from Kansas City and all coupon stations on its lines to all prominent points in Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida, etc., at rate of one lowest first-class fare, tickets good thirty days for return.

J. E. LOCKWOOD,
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