

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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

"Hog cholera" is too real and genuine a disease to cope with, and so the veterinarians give it the go by. They prefer to give high sounding scare-crow names to simple or imaginary cattle ailments.

A FRENCH statistician finds that a large portion of the world's gold supply is buried in the cemeteries, in the form of fillings for decayed teeth, and figures out that in the course of time it will all go there. "What," he inquires, "will the world then do for gold?" Simple enough. Mine the cemeteries.

GENERAL SHERMAN says it is outrageous for the government to support the Indians in idleness when white men are compelled to toil and struggle for a living. General Sherman has uttered a good many sensible truths in the course of his long and useful life, but he never said anything wiser or more to the point than this.

AMONG historic rings is one said to be Shakespeare's signet. Upon the seal, entwined with a true lover's knot, are the initials W. S. It was lost before his death, and found many years after by a laborer's wife near Stratford churchyard. This is the only authentic piece of his personal property known to be in existence.

A WRITER in the Forum recommends country life and active exercise as the best means of insuring the perpetuation of "good families." This phrase is a difficult one to define. There is not the least question that the best families of the country are to-day living in the country and taking an abundance of open air exercise—if we are to consider the physical and the moral excellence as determining the matter. These are of the farmer class, and they are almost uniformly vigorous and of the most exemplary habits.

The prominent physician who cannot discover the microbe of some disease is nowadays no honor to his profession. The discoveries of Koch and Pasteur regarding consumption and hydrophobia are but the beginning, it seems, of the investigation of disease germs. A German physician named Reiger has discovered the microbe of diphtheria, and announces a sure cure for that dread disease, while an Edinburgh doctor claims to have captured the elusive parasite of the deadly cancer. In view of the frequency of such discoveries no microbe is safe.

AMONG fruit trees suitable for road sides we have, first of all, the cherry, and, for some sections, perhaps the plum. For variety, we might have the mulberry, chestnut, walnut and perhaps other nut trees. Altogether, we should have more such trees along our road-sides. The rural highways in many parts of Europe are veritable cherry avenues, straight as a bee line for miles, and they are one of the greatest charms in the landscapes of those countries, a delight to the traveler, and a source of income to the common-wealth. It is an example that is well worthy of imitation.

UNDOUBTEDLY, for a wool-bearing flock, the Merino stands first of all the varieties of sheep. Its wool enters into the most numerous classes of fabrics, as ladies' cloths and dress goods, fine flannels, the finest blankets and shawls, felted goods of the finest kinds, knitted goods and fine under-clothing, cashmeres, meltons, and finer cloths for men's wear; for mixing with shoddy for a large class of inferior cloths, as diagonals, tricots, etc., and for the finest hosiery; in short, for all goods where fineness of texture, softness, warmth and durability are desired, we have to depend upon the Merino for our raw material. And hence the high value which this sheep should hold in the estimation of western shepherds.

ANY business which its conductor cannot manage himself in his own way may easily prove more disastrous than a runaway team. Under ordinary circumstances, business men generally keep their financial affairs well in hand, and so long as they do this they are comparatively safe. The farmer, even with the best intentions and really good business capacity, cannot always do this. He may be the victim of crop failures and of unavoidable accidents in losses of animals by death or of buildings and crops by fires. He and his family must live, and if he hires help it must be paid. It is the usual tendency in prosperous years for men to live up to what they make. No matter how great the surplus in any year, little is usually kept over.

ARTS OF THE CHINESE.

PIG-TAILED HAND WORKERS BEAT LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY.

Making Lanterns and Other Articles—The Celestial Artisans' Dread of Waste—Mongolian Shoe-Makers, Carpenters.

It is not exactly pleasant to speak of Chinese labor in any shape, still less to notice those features in which the most ancient empire in the old world seems to set an example of a certain sort to the most powerful republic in the new. But as Robert Bruce learned a lesson from the spider, it may be worth while in this age of labor controversy to inquire why Chinatown gathers up so large a percentage of the shekels which should properly go into the pockets of American artisans and white men in San Francisco.

If a citizen of California desires to trace Chinese competition in skilled labor to its source he has only to go into the alleys running east and west from Dupont street beyond California. He will then see that while there is no branch of trade in which the Chinese artisan has not more or less succeeded by more apt imitation, there are many peculiar handicrafts in which the Swiss and other painstaking, unambitious, persevering, poverty-content European importations are his only rivals.



SHOE-MAKER.

For example, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, if a Chinese lantern were submitted to free competition as an industrial product neither the free-trade Englishman nor the protected American would attempt its manufacture, because labor-saving machinery could not be used. The Chinese lantern belongs to a department of industry in which machinery counts for little. It is a product of cheap art, and its manufacture is a good illustration of how money is made in Chinatown in certain lines.

Of course, the Chinese lantern is not a necessity of civilized life, neither is it to be regarded as anything but an accidental requirement, as in the case of public displays. But the Chinese have been adepts in picturesque illumination at night from time immemorial, and there is tolerably good evidence that as pyrotechnists they were contemporary with the Pharaohs. Anyhow, it is a hard matter for a white man or a white woman to get about making a Chinese lantern. To begin with the framework of the lantern has to be constructed of fine bamboo splints, split by the hand with a knife, and woven on a frame of



HE MENDEE UMBRELLA.

the proper size. This work is done by women and children as far as possible, and an expert hand can finish six or eight in a day. When brought to the workshop the workman cuts off the fag ends, shapes it, and rearranges all the splints, so that the interstices will be of equal size. He then attains them with a coat of glue, and lays the skeletons away to dry. Then sheets of thin and coarse bamboo paper are glued on the frame, and two or three extra coats of a peculiar glue of great transparency are laid on. The lantern is then mounted with a socket for the candle and a wire for the handle. Finally the painter adorns it with flowers and more or less picturesque designs—all, of course, done by hand after the lantern is finished. The whole thing is sold at a price ranging from 10 cents to \$1, even the latter being a competitive price at which most Americans would decline to produce any hand-painted article without regard to previous effort.

The Chinese workman has the oriental horror of waste. He regards waste as something to be avoided as an evil. Nothing is more convincing on this point than an afternoon stroll through the Chinese industrial centers. If the barber has not the convenience of warm water he shaves or cuts the hair of his friend the smith in fee simple for the use of the latter's furnace. The smith constructs his fire on the principle of burning no coal except in actual work, and then as little as possible. The fire is contained in an iron basin, somewhat like an old-fashioned coal-scuttle, and the mouth of the bellows enters on the back corner. If a drill is to be tempered the water to temper it is kept in an earthen pot, and if any cooking is to be done this pot serves the purpose. When

the job is done the coals are picked out, put in a basket, the anvil is set astride of the bellows, and the whole apparatus strung on a pole, so that it can easily be carried off. Even the iron and steel filings are rigorously preserved and utilized.



MENDING OPIUM PIPES.

The same spirit of economy is observable in the case of the tinkers of Chinatown, who show a wonderful dexterity in getting a multiplicity of useful implements into the compass of a few cubic feet. Some of these gentry repair pipes, locks, and other small metallic articles; others give their attention to broken glassware or crockery, while a third makes a specialty of restoring pots and kettles to a sound condition. The repairs of broken glass and crockery perform their work by means of a small drill with which they pierce the fragments, and then fasten them together very neatly with pieces of small wire bent into a hook on the inside of the utensil. Although the glass is drilled while cool (usually with a drill wetted with turpentine) the workman seldom fractures it in mending. Articles of glass which have been broken into several fragments, some of them not half an inch in diameter, are not beyond the perseverance and ingenuity of the Chinatown artificer though it is certain that an American artificer would advise the owner that it might be cheaper to buy a new one.

The Chinese artificer is especially successful as a locksmith, although a regular Chinese lock and key is about as cumbersome and ugly a combination as the human mind can devise. On Ross alley there dwells a Chinese locksmith who not only sells Chinese locks and keys, but understands the construction of the most complicated American locks, and can duplicate a latch key or pick a tumbler lock with a swiftness startling to witness.



SIZING UP A JOB.

The Chinese are good carpenters and joiners, and as watch repairers they can hold their own with the best of white men, but watch making by machinery beats them. They are good harness-makers, and can do any kind of house painting or plastering. Of their aptitude for cigar-making and laundry work there are only too many unwilling witnesses.

As a shoe-maker, and especially as a repairer of shoes, the Chinese artisan is a most formidable competitor with American labor at rates which are, as in most departments where the races come in conflict, 30 to 50 per cent less. It needs a very short stay on any street in Chinatown to disclose the fact that nearly all the repairs executed by Chinese shoe-makers are under orders from the white people resident in the section bounded by California, Kearny, Pacific, and Powell streets. In the department of shoe-making, as in needlework, the Chinese have fairly grappled with and mastered the problem of labor-saving machinery. Three hundred men are daily employed at one establishment on Dupont street alone, and of smaller establishments the name is legion.



A SOLDIERING JOB.

Leaving out of consideration Chinese competition in cigar-making, needlework, and especially overalls, it is startling to note in how many branches of industry Chinatown is competing successfully with American labor. It is sufficient to mention that 1,245 sewing machines are running night and day in Chinatown to indicate what a beehive of enforced or willing industry is located there.

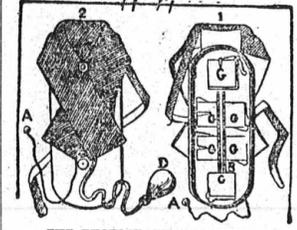
Beginning with factories exclusively Chinese, there are in Chinatown the following establishments working on the wholesale plan as producers in the articles mentioned: Tinware, six; shoes, two; candles, one; tanned leather, five; brooms, two; jewelry, four. Of clothing establishments and tailor shops (exclusive of underwear and shirts), there are no fewer than fifty-seven places of business under different proprietors.

Alaska has the largest gold mine in the world. It is lighted by electricity and is worked day and night.

AN INVISIBLE WALKING CAMERA.

Neckties Furnished with a Complete Photographing Outfit.

We have all heard of the photographic opera-glasses and hat; but here we have something more cunning. It is a necktie provided with a pin. The latter is an objective, and the necktie is a camera. When any one approaches you and speaks to you at a distance of two or even three feet, you press a rubber bulb concealed in your pocket, and you have the portrait of your interlocutor. This ingenious little apparatus, with which also general views may be taken, was devised by Edmond Block, a Frenchman.



THE PHOTOGRAPHIC NECKTIE.

Fig. 1 represents the photographic necktie, and Fig. 2 gives a front view of it as it is to be worn by the operator, the metallic camera, which is flat and very light, being hidden under the vest. Fig. 1 gives a back view, the cover of the camera being removed to show the interior mechanism, comprising six small frames, which are capable of passing in succession before the objective, and which permit of obtaining six negatives. The instrument may be constructed with twelve or eighteen frames.

The apparatus is operated as follows: The necktie having been adjusted, the shutter is set by a pull upon the button A (Fig. 1, No. 2), which passes under the vest. In order to change the plate, it is necessary to turn from left to right the button-hole of the vest, and which simulates a button of that garment.

This button must be turned until the effect of a locking, which occurs at C (Fig. 1 No. 1) is perceived, and which puts the plate exactly before the objective. In order to open the latter, it is necessary to press the rubber bulb, D, which has been put into the trousers pocket. The rubber tube E, passes under the vest and serves to transmit the action of the hand.

In order to charge the apparatus it is opened at the bottom by turning the small springs; the sensitized plates are put into the frames and the springs are turned back to their former position.

The apparatus is scarcely any thicker than the ordinary necktie. The six frames are turned before the objective through an endless chain, as shown in the figure.

Some of the photographs taken with this first apparatus are sufficiently sharp to allow the portraits to be recognized. The photos are an inch and a half square.

New Military Tent.



The umbrella tent is one of new design for military purposes. The method of construction of this tent admits of opening either one section or as many sections as may be desired. It can also be entirely closed by hooking up the tent flaps and closing the entrance, in case of a storm, or when being used for bathing purposes. In warm weather the walls of the tent should be staked two or three inches from the ground, which, in connection with the large opening between the umbrella and side walls will cause a constant draught of air. The especial feature of the tent is its simple construction and portability. It folds up, and the bundle, including poles, stakes, guylines, &c., when the tent is made of ton-ounce duck, weighs about forty-six pounds. The tent was first used by the New Jersey troops at the last encampment at Sea Girt.

Palaces of Various Kinds.

Away back in the misty past, when the porcelain-makers of China combined and erected their famous "palace of porcelain," they little thought of the example they were setting for coming generations. The ice-bound Russians first took the hint and erected the first of the "ice palaces"—an example followed by Montreal, Quebec, St. Paul, and other boreal American cities, who thought to boom their prospects by advertising the fact to the world at large that they were situated within the circle of the shadow cast by the north pole. With a more practical eye to business, the people of the south erected the "cotton palace" at New Orleans, followed closely by the "corn palace" at Sioux City, Iowa. Since the last-named unique erection "palaces" have sprung up all around, like toad-stools in damp weather. Nebraska has her "sugar palace," Oregon, Iowa, her "hay palace," Pueblo, Col., her "mineral palace," Ottumwa, Iowa, her "coal palace," and last but not least the "flax palace" at Forest City, Iowa. If this "palace" business is carried much farther we may soon expect to hear of a "gold palace" on Wall street, an "oyster palace" on the shores of the classic Chesapeake, or a "yam palace" in Georgia.—*St. Louis Republic.*

WINGED MISSILES.

There used to be female base ball teams, but as yet there have been no foot ball teams composed entirely of the gentle sex.

New York City has been suffering from an epidemic of "moths" and thieves. The moths will pass away but the thieves will remain.

The Kansas soap weed may have a rival right at home. A Yankee has discovered that corn makes a soap of first-class quality.

Sir Edwin Arnold is a man of unbounded hospitality and gives a hearty welcome to any fellow countryman in his beautiful Japanese home.

John Ruskin says: "The good book of the hour, then, is simply the pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot converse with, printed for you."

Stanley has become a member of the English society for psychical research. He will find much more darkness there than in "Darkest Africa."

A San Diego county (Cal.) horticulturist is going to graft the many live oaks on his place with chestnuts, which he has learned will succeed well on oak trees.

Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, who lives now in Spencer House, London, is said to receive as many offers of marriage as any widow in the British metropolis.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, wife of the Standard oil millionaire, is one of the most modest and unpretentious of women. She is active in good works of many kinds.

George W. Colby, who was in the Salem custom house with Nathaniel Hawthorne, died recently. Whoever was with Hawthorne secured fame if not immortality.

Familiarity with leprosy has made Sandwich Islanders so careless that they sometimes allow school teachers suspected of the loathsome disease to ply their vocation.

The period of "a generation" has been lengthened. It used to be 30 years. Now a scientist says the mean term of human life has increased in the last fifty years from 34 to 42 years.

A tunnel between Scotland and Ireland is one of the projects discussed by engineers. It would be thirty miles long and would cost 40 millions. In these days all things are possible.

The joker wrote: "Those hardy perpetual annuals, the summer resort girls," and the affable composer set it up, "Those homely, perpetual animals, the summer resort girls."

Some years ago Lady Assington philanthropically sent twenty-four British families to the cape to found an improved colony. She bought land for them, but the result was a failure. The men would not work.

The water system of the Amazon affords not less than 30,000 miles of free navigation within the great Brazilian territory. That beats the navigation system of the Missouri, but it is not so important to this section.

A life of ease does not satisfy some rich girls, Miss Mabella Young Low, a Harlem, N. Y., girl and college graduate, has purchased a nursery and will devote her time and energies to the cultivation of roses and mushrooms.

Senator Voorhees, who in his youthful days used to say a negro never wrote a poem nor carved a statue, may now read Louis Janvier, a Haytian negro, has recently published in Paris a novel which is said to show considerable ability.

A very extensive domestic industry in Russia consists in the manufacture of spoons which are made to the extent of 30 million annually, mostly of birch. The poor of that land are happy if they can get something to eat even in wooden spoons.

So far as is known, tea outranks coffee as a beverage by many centuries. According to Chinese legend, the virtues of tea were discovered by the mythical Emperor Chinung, 2737 B. C., to whom all agricultural and medicinal knowledge is traced.

Von Moltke married an English girl, Mary Burt. His love and tenderness for her while she lived were among the noble traits for which his countrymen love and admire him. Now the old man spends an hour each day in meditation beside her tomb.

The hunting costume for women is of such a clerical stamp that when a lady was thrown lately in Ireland a countryman rushed up with the remark: "If your reverence will just kape along the bank a bit there is a handy rail you might climb over."

Does literature pay? Zola can answer: "Yes, it has paid me." Twenty-five years ago he was a clerk estimating himself passing rich on a salary of eighty francs a month. Now he is practically a millionaire, all made by painting in a realistic manner the underside of life.

Ernest Renan, the French religious historian and critic, lives in a modest house that seems almost lost in the woods of Brittany. He is a tall and very stout man with curious long hair. His welcome is most hearty, and his face beams with kindness. Never a bitter word crosses his lips, and he is greatly beloved by the peasants of his neighborhood.

President Eliot of Harvard, addressing the Massachusetts Teachers' association, says that the school children of our cities have too much vacation, especially in cities where there is no adequate occupation for them during the two and a half months' vacation, and when also they are unable to leave town. It may be that they have too many studies and too many idle days.

The mystery of the authorship of "Caesar's Column" has been cleared up. Almost every celebrated writer had been "guessed at" as having written the book. The publishers, F. J. Shulte & Co., of Chicago, now announce that Ignatius Donnelly wrote it. The book is somewhat in the line of thought of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." Julian Hawthorne and others have given the novel, if novel it may be called, high praise.

THE STORY OF A PICNIC.

One morning not very long ago Frank Mahew woke with a headache. This he ascribed to the heat of Lady Braginton's ballroom the night before and the lobster mayonnaise which he had eaten at supper. His familiar friend, Jack Welman, who shares his diggings, remarked that the lobster was extra sec, cuvee reservee, of a very good brand, and would not have hurt a baby unless consumed in excess. "Talking of which," he added, "shall you run to fizz at your picnic?"

"Picnic!" said Mr. Mahew in a careless tone; "what picnic? I remember something about a bean-feast to which some one I know has asked me to go next Saturday. I fancy I accepted; but my headache made me forget. Where is it?"

Jack Welman, who always presides at breakfast, poured him out a third cup of tea, and shook his head.

"My dear fellow, were you as bad as that? Really don't you know that you are giving a picnic, and have twenty people, at least—seven girls to my knowledge—coming to Maidenhead on Saturday next, and have got to provide boats and lunch?"

"Jack!" said Mr. Mahew (in a confidential, if rather nervous tone, "I believe you are right; it's coming back to me now!" and he laughed uncomfortably. "I'm not quite sure it will suit me. All the same—"

"Can't you get out of it?"

"I really must if I can; I am deuced short. It will be a matter of ten pounds, at least—ready money, too, for most of it."

"Cheap at that."

"What am I to do? Tell me a good excuse. You've not got a headache?"

"Write and say you can't find a chaperon. You have only asked girls and a lot of young fellows; you must have some one to give an air of respectability, though you did issue your invitations in rather an informal way. How many boatfuls will there be? You might say you must have a dowager in each."

Mr. Welman went to the writing-table and wrote a little pile of notes, drank a lemon squash, and departed to Lincoln's inn for the day, where doubtless he rendered valuable assistance to the conveyancer with whom he was reading. Postal delivery in London is sometimes fairly rapid, and next morning Mr. Welman pointed with an air of friendly concern to a little pile of envelopes, directed in ladies' handwriting, which lay beside his friend's plate.

"Tender regrets," said Frank Mahew, airily.

"Offers of chaperonage, you bet," replied Welman, and Frank Mahew read the first one aloud, with a lengthening face, which would not have flattered the writer:

"DEAR MR. MAHEW: It will be all right about the picnic, as I can easily find a chaperon. Hoping it will be fine, yours very sincerely,
BLANCHE SMITH."

"It may not be fine," he muttered. "What do they say from America? Wait a bit, though."

"MY DEAR MR. MAHEW: We are much looking forward to your picnic on Saturday, and shall come, whatever the weather, though we had better all have mackintoshes. My cousin, Mrs. Thomson, will do propriety. So that is all right. Are there many coming? I thought you only wanted me. Yours very sincerely,
ROSE DE JONES."

"Confound Mrs. Thomson! Here's another of them."

"MY DEAR MR. MAHEW: (Wonder why she underlined the dear. What can I have said?) You have forgotten you asked mamma to chaperon us at your picnic, and she has ordered a new shady hat on purpose. Yours in haste,
MAY ROBBINSON."

"Old Lady Robbinson in a new shady hat; my prophetic soul! Look here, Jack, don't grin—it's no joke. I've overdrawn already, and the quarter's only half through."

"There's another," said Welman, grimly, "in a pink envelope."

"One of the Currey girls," said Mahew, with his teeth set. "I fancy I asked both."

"DEAR FRANK (Frank forsooth): Don't forget you promised Ethel you would have plenty of boats, and let Capt. Maudsley scull her. I think I'll come in a punt with you, as you want me to do so much. Get one of your young married friends to chaperon the party, and give her some one to entertain her in a separate boat. Yours in frantic haste,
DORA CURREY."

"Nice style of girls that, said Mr. Welman. "You seem to have made the running all round. Lady Robbinson will be particularly glad to chaperon the Curreys! I heard her saying to Mrs. De Jones she wondered how Lady Braginton could invite such girls to her ball."

"My dear Jack," said Mr. Mahew, with a still longer face, "I don't at all want to offend Lady Robbinson, and I don't want to go in a punt with Miss Currey. What am I to do?"

"Can't say. Drown yourself, or have some lobster before starting—to

Keep up your spirits. Any more letters?"

"Only one, from the governor."

"Is the old man friendly?"

"Severe rather—paternal reminder of the shortness of life as instanced by the death of an elderly relative at the age of 97. But Lady Robbinson—"

"But your dead relative, who was he?"

"Gen. George Mahew; retired, cracked, distant cousin; lots of money, cuts with his family. Shall I write to the Curreys and say I won't take them?"

"When is the funeral?"

"Saturday next. Dash it all, old man! don't call it that; we'll make it lively somehow."

"The funeral, my gentle ass! I mean the funeral—your deceased cousin's?"

"I'm not going to it. I never saw the old fool; besides it is on Saturday."

"The very thing, my dear fellow."

"If you really want to cut this picnic write your regrets all round. 'Sudden mourning' and duty to your family." His name is in the Times obituary. He must have been rather a swell in his way once, and your name as a mourner at his funeral will be in the papers to show it was a genuine business."

"It's away down in Devonshire."

"All the better. If it's anywhere near my people run over and have half a day's fishing."

"Are your people all at home?"

"If you mean Maggie by all my people, she's there; and if you don't take care she'll hear of your picnic and the Currey girl. She knows Blanche Smythe."

Later on that day Mr. Mahew duly regretted that the sudden death of his relative, Gen. Mahew, and the necessity, etc., caused the postponement of his proposed picnic. He had it lithographed on black edged cards, and the printer sent in one hundred and fifty—he uses them for book markers still.

It was a very fine morning when Mr. Mahew started from Paddington by a very early train, and the river at Maidenhead looked so lovely he almost regretted his picnic. He recognized no relations at Paddington, nor was there any one Exeter; but a carriage was there to meet him, as he had written to say he was coming; and as no one else turned up he found himself figuring as chief mourner. His cousin's elderly solicitor came to him in the garden as he was smoking a cigar after the funeral.

"I have found an envelope," he said, "labeled 'Will,' and I think as you are going away I had better open it in your presence."

"I suppose you had," said Frank Mahew, carelessly. "It's a pity no other relations are present. Where are they all?"

"Well, you see," said the solicitor, "they never came near the general of late years, except when an uncle of yours came down to make an investigation whether the general had married his housekeeper, a Mrs. Jenkins by name. She died a few years ago, and latterly they seem to have made some advance toward him. He would have nothing to say to them, but had some circulars printed of a more or less abusive character, insinuating that they had designs on his fortune, and sent them to every one whom he could discover who was in any way related to him. I wonder you did not get one."

"Not worth it, I guess—if he ever heard of me," said Frank Mahew. "Open that envelop, though; I want to get away."

The solicitor opened it and read the contents of half a sheet of note paper. "I must congratulate you, Mr. Mahew," he exclaimed. "I must congratulate you; this is, indeed, the fitting reward of your affectionate reverence for the deceased testator."

"What's that?" said Frank. He had been blowing cigar smoke at a bumble bee and had not quite heard. "Is that the will? Short and sweet, like a donkey's gallop, is it not? I must show them how to do that at Lincoln's inn. Who drew it?"

"I did not, certainly," said the solicitor with a rueful eye.

"So I should imagine," said Frank to himself, holding it at arm's length. "It's in his own writing by the signature witnessed by the cook and the gardener."

"But read it, my dear sir!" said the solicitor. "Read it!"

"It is so very badly written I don't think I can."

"My dear sir, allow me," and the old gentleman took the paper.

"The last will of Mr. George Mahew. I leave everything I have to leave to be divided between those of my relations who have the decency to attend my funeral. Signed, etc."

"That means about 60,000 pounds for you, Mr. Mahew, besides this house. If you will allow me I will see

to the 'prop.' Wellman always said that his friend had no sense of decency, and he would have thought his opinion confirmed if he had seen him then seize the gray-haired old solicitor round the waist and waltz him across the lawn tennis court with a whoop like a red Indian's. The undertaker was just starting to drive back to the Exeter with the hearse and equipments; he had seen grief manifest itself in many forms, and was quite touched—it took him back to his Irish home and his father's wako.

The solicitor looked rather ruffled; but being a prudent man he consoled himself with the prospect of managing the estate, though he did not for the moment see how he could include dancing with the residuary devise in his bill of costs. No doubt Frank paid for it eventually.

"Good old Jack!" he said as he told the history of the funeral to Welman on Monday evening over an excellent dinner. "Never forget to be dutiful to the aged and show respect to the dead even at the expense of a day's pleasure with the young and lovely."

"I think," said Mr. Welman, "you had better let me finish that magnum."

—St. James Gazette.

ONLY BOYS KNOW.

Boys Can Have Lots of Fun Where Others Never Look for It.

Half a dozen boys out in the woods have more fun than the same number of men on board the finest sailing boat. It is because boys know where the most fun can be found, and that they find it is assumed, says Kellar in *Arkansas Traveler*. They have fished up the little stream that goes running through the shady woods until they have finally struck a spot where no fish were ever caught; but just beyond, a little ways, is the grandest frog hole known to the boys, and if they don't know it no one else need bother to hunt it up.

The strings of fish are left dangling in the water, and frogging begins. The great green chaps pop their heads out of the quiet water from the grass that crowds the pool. Now for it. "Who's got anything red?" One chap turns up the cotton band of a straw hat. Good. It is soon torn into strips, and the strips are knotted to the fish-line a few inches above the hooks. Then the sport begins. Frogs are like bulls; there is something about red that makes them mad. The red is dangled above their heads. They seem to get more and more mad; finally they jump for the red flag, and presto! The sharp hook catches them. A quick stab of a sharp knife through the head soon puts poor frog out of his misery. The hind legs of our frog only are eaten, though the boys in France prepare the whole frog after cutting off the head. Every boy knows that there is a thin line drawn around a frog's waist-band—and every boy cuts the legs off right there and nowhere else. The thin skin is easily slipped off—and there you have one of the choicest dainties for hungry boys. Some boys would not eat a frog's legs for a good sum of money; but that is because they haven't learned what a delicious morsel it is. The meat is white and sweet, and better than the tenderest chicken. After a sufficient number of frogs' legs are gathered, a nice little fire is built against a big stone. Some green willow rods are cut, the legs are strung upon the rods and the cooking begins. The legs cook readily; they are laid upon flat stones, and one boy produces a pepper can, another a salt-box, and then, if any man who has eaten frogs in expensive restaurants can enjoy his repast better than the boys out there in the woods, I'd like to know it. This is only one of the many things of genuine fun that only boys know, and that they never let slip a chance for frogs' legs, I need not affirm stoutly.

For Agile Tongues.

Here are some sentences which rival the celebrated "Peter Piper's Peck of Pickled Peppers" in testing the agility of the tongue:

Gaze on the gay gray brigade.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?

Strange strategic statistics.

Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig-whip.

Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly.

She sells sea-shells.

Smith's spirit flask split Phillip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.—*New York Ledger*.

Too Much to Stand.

Lawyer—Well, aunty, what can I do for you?

Aunt Ebony—I want a dee-vo'ces frum ma husband.

Lawyer—What's he been doing?

Aunt Ebony—Doin'! Why, he done got relig'n, an' we ain't had a chicken on de table for a month.—*New York Weekly*.

A RACE WITH ROBBERS.

EXCITING TIMES IN EARLY IDAHO DAYS.

Joaquin Miller Relates a Thrilling Experience of His Youth in the Wilds of the Great Northwest—Saved by the Merest Chance at Last.

I was lying ice-bound at Lewiston, Idaho, says Joaquin Miller, in a thrilling article in *St. Nicholas* magazine. Men wanted to send money below to their friends or families; merchants, anticipating the tremendous rush, must get letters through the snow to Walla Walla. Would I go? Could I go?

The snow was deep. The trails, over open and monotonous mountains, were drifted full. Could any living man face the drifting snow and find his way to Walla Walla? At first the merchants had tried to hire Indians to undertake the trip and deliver their letters. Not one could be found to go. When the storm abated a little, the men who kept the ferry across the Shoshonee River scraped off the snow, and cutting down the upheaved blocks of ice made it possible to cross with a horse.

At first I meant to carry only letters. But having finally consented to take a little gold for one merchant, I soon found I should lose friends if I did not take gold for others. The result was that I had to take gold worth nearly ten thousand dollars.

A few muffled-up friends came down to the river bank to see me off. It was a great event. For two weeks we had not had a line from the outer world. And meantime the civil war was raging in all its terrible fury. As I set out that bleak and icy morning, after I had mounted my plunging pony I saw in the crowd several faces that I did not like. There was Dave English, who was hung on that spot with several of his followers, not forty days later; there was Boone Helm, hung in Montana; Cherokee Bob, killed in Millersburg; and also Canada Joe. This last lived with some low Indians a way down the river. So when he rode ahead of me I was rather glad than otherwise; for I felt that he would not go far. I kept watch of him, however. And when I saw that he skulked around under the hill, as if he were going home, and then finally got back into the trail, I knew there was trouble ahead.

But the "Rubicon" was now behind. My impetuous horse was plunging in the snow and I was soon tearing through the storm up the hill. Once fairly on my way I looked back below. Dave English and Boone Helm were bidding good-bye to two mounted cow-boys at the ferry-house. Ten minutes later, as I looked back through the blinded snow, I saw that these two desperate fellows were following me.

True, there was nothing criminal in that. The two highwaymen had a right to ride behind me if they wished. And Canada Joe had just as good a right to ride ahead of me. But to be on a horse deep in the blinding snow and loaded down with gold was bad enough. To have a desperado blocking the narrow trail before you with his two friends behind you was fearful!

I had two six-shooters close at hand under the bearskin flap of my saddle-bag where the gold was. I kept my left hand in my pocket where lay a small six-shooter warm and ready. Once, as the drifting and blinding snow broke away up the mountain, I saw Canada Joe with his head bent down in the storm still pushing on ahead of me at a safe distance. A few moments after, as I crossed and climbed the farther bank of an ugly canon, the two robbers came close enough to hail me. One of them held up a bottle. They evidently intended to overtake me if they could, and profess to be friendly. This I must not allow. I urged my ambitious horse to his best. But to my dismay, as I hastened up a narrow pass I found that I was not far behind Canada Joe. This low-browed black fellow was reported to be the worst man in all that country. And that was saying he was bad indeed.

I was in a tight place now, and had to think fast. My first plan was to ride forward and face this man before the others came up. But I was really afraid of him. It seemed a much easier task to turn and kill the two rear men and get back to town. But, no! No! All this was abandoned almost as soon as thought of. In those days, even the most desperate had certain rights which their surviving friends would enforce.

I was now but a few hundred yards behind Canada Joe. So far as I could find out the robbers were closing in on me. But we had ridden over the roughest part of the road and were within a few miles of the high plateau, so that the wind was tearing past in a

gale, and the drifting snow almost blinded me.

Suddenly, I had a new thought. Why not take to the left, gain the plateau by a new route, and let these blood-thirsty robbers close their net without having me inside? I rose in my saddle with excitement at the idea, and striking spurs to my brave horse, I was soon climbing up the gradual slope at a gallop. Ah! but I was glad! Gallop! gallop! gallop! I seemed to hear many horses! Turning my head suddenly over my shoulder, I saw my two pursuers not a hundred yards behind me. They shouted! I was now on the high plateau and the snow was not so deep. Gallop! gallop! gallop! Canada Joe—thank Heaven!—was away to the right, and fast falling behind. Gallop! gallop! gallop! I was gaining on the robbers and they knew it. Fainter and fainter came their curses and their shouts.

And then: Whiz! Crack! Thud! I looked back and saw that they both had thrown themselves from their saddles and were taking deliberate aim.

But to no purpose. Not one shot touched me or my horse, and I reached the first station and, finally, rode into Walla Walla, with my precious burden, safe and sound.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

According to M. Bertillon's police detectives' photography, the ear is the most important factor in the problem of identification.

Every year a layer of the entire sea, fourteen feet thick, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back through rivers.

Telegraph lines are subject to a great variety of pests. In Rio, for example, there is an orchid that incrusts the wire and causes leakage. In Japan the large web of a spider, dripping with rain or dew, frequently interrupts the tariff, while in Norway a large species of woodpecker raises havoc with the poles.

Heretofore reports in relation to the comparative power of different illuminants, as seen through fog and haze, have been against the electric light. Lately, however, three prominent English scientists say that when the electric light is deprived in a measure of its highly refrangible rays by the haze, its further progress is not more cut down than the light from oil or gas.

Thumping or knocking in a piece of machinery is often hard to locate, and the following has been suggested as a means of discovering the difficulty: A rubber tube about a yard long is used, one end of which is placed in the ear, and the other end passed over the suspected spots. The vibrations from all other parts than the one covered being excluded, it is said to be an easy matter to find the jarring noise.

Prof. H. A. Hazen, in Science, discusses the possibility of dissipating the energy of a tornado by artificial means. He is of the opinion that serious damage may be warded off from a town or a village by an extensive forest to the west and southwest. The electric tension might also possibly be relieved by a properly arranged network of wires and poles placed in the direction of usual approach. "A tornado is exactly the same as a waterspout at sea," he says, "and if ships have broken up such a spout from the concussion produced by the firing of a canon, there seems no reason why the energy of a tornado may not be largely diminished by the explosion of gunpowder or dynamite."

The Story Told Anew.

In the dusk and down a lane
Two walked hand in hand together;
Blew the wind and fell the rain,
Little heeded they the weather.

Gold March winds might storm about,
Warmth within mocked cold without.

Had the road been paved with gold,
They had never seen a shimmer;

Had the stars left Heaven's high fold,
Night to them had grown no dimmer.

Earth, unto its widest hem,
Consisted of four feet for them.

What said he to make her start,
Flush and glow with sudden pleasure?

What could cause the woman's heart
Then to beat a faster measure?

Why did eyelids prone to rise,
Hide the light of glowing eyes?

'Twas the story told anew,
Old, yet never antiquated;

Just the same words—just as few—
Just the case so often stated—

Just the same in every wise
As once told in Paradise.

—New York World.

A Great Head.

Says the *New York World*: Emin Pasha relates that in the forest of Msonga is a large tribe of monkeys that understand the art of making fire. They go out at night to hunt fruit and light their way with torches. This fact clearly accounts for the man who carries a torch in a political parade. Darwin had a great head.

Death to Chinch Bugs.

Chancellor Snow is continuing his experiments for the extermination of the chinch bug. He is receiving the praise and thanks of farmers all over the state for what he has already accomplished. The following is a summary of the results of the field experiments in the season of 1890:

Number of boxes of deceased bugs sent out, thirty-eight. Seven of these lots were either not received or received and not used. Reports were received from twenty six of the thirty-one remaining cases. Of these twenty-six reports three were unfavorable, nineteen favorable, and four doubtful concerning the success of the experiment. These doubtful cases are not to be looked upon as unfavorable, but more evidence is needed to transfer them to the list of favorable reports. These nineteen out of twenty-six reports, or 73 per cent were decidedly favorable. The experiments will be continued during the season of 1891.

Of the nature of these contagious diseases it is difficult to speak to the non scientific man. The study of bacterial diseases is being pushed so energetically that almost all are beginning to have conception of the nature of these minute disease-producing germs. Prof. Snow has found that there are three different causes to which may be ascribed the rapid dying of chinch bugs. First, and perhaps the principal cause in his experiments, the attacks of a certain bacterial germ. Myriads of these minute bits of life may be seen with a microscope in the body of the diseased bug. The second cause is the growth of a white fungus, the spores of which are carried by the wind and are thus easily scattered over the entire field. The third cause is the presence of still another fungus which differs from the white fungus in that it does not give the bug the white color. These fungi have jaw-breaking scientific names and have been described and studied by various scientific men. The main fact of interest about them, however, to the Kansas farmer is that under the skillful hand of a practical scientist they seem to be able to be turned against the chinch bug. While the chinch bug attacks the wheat and corn these moulds and bacteria attack the chinch bug, and if Prof. Snow with the assistance of the farmers of his state is as successful in the future as he has already been, the chinch bug seems doomed to utter extermination.

The Farmers' Institute at Lawrence, last week, was not as well attended as deserved to be, considering the program and the position of Douglas county in agriculture.

Every teacher should attend the state teachers' association to be held in Topeka during the last three days of the year. Reduced railroad and hotel rates are given to all who attend.

Mr. Frank S. Ditto, of the U. S. Signal Office at Topeka, has prepared an outline map of Kansas for the use of classes in geography, which might be used to great advantage by every school in the state. The cost of the map, which measures twelve by nineteen inches, is five cents per copy, or three dollars per hundred.

The supply of natural gas is falling in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the manufacturers who have been using it for fuel in a number of cities have been notified that they must return to the use of coal. Thus are fulfilled the prophecies of a large number of unscientific people who ignorantly maintained that it didn't "stand to reason" that the natural gas supply was inexhaustible.

The Christmas number of Entertainment contains; "Christmastide," a poem by Howard Lee; three prize Sunday School Entertainments for Christmas; "The Wonderful Yule Log," by Helen Sanders; "The Bridge of Time," by Mrs. Wendle; and "Kris Kringle's Balloon," by Rose K. McKnight. Three prize home entertainments; "St. Nick's Hat," by Preston Willis; "A Star Party," by Carrie May Ashton, and "Christmas Stocking Bee," by "A Little Hooster." In addition to the prize papers are original articles on "Christmas Motives," "Christmas Decorations" and "Christmas Hints" and a most interesting Christmas Praise Service by Elizabeth T. Nash. Eight Christmas poems for recitation are given and five games suitable for Christmas parties find a place. The Sunday School Blackboard outlines for December are appropriate and valuable. In fact the number is wholly devoted to Christmas work and enjoyment and is at once a most unique and valuable publication for the holiday time. Published by The Entertainment Bureau, Council Bluffs, Iowa, \$1. a year.

A Charming Memory.

No improvement has been so marked, so signally perfect in attainment, in the last few years, as the numerous luxuries which have been introduced in transcontinental travel. Instead of borrowing recollections the tourist now has left to him when his journey is completed, a charming memory of perfect train service and peace dining cars. The arrangements this winter for dining cars on the Union and Southern Pacific roads, is something far in advance of anything in that hitherto attempted.

Agricultural Meeting.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Kansas state board of agriculture convenes in Topeka on Wednesday, January 14, at 10 o'clock p. m., and will continue in session three days.

This annual gathering of the farmers of Kansas and representatives of our Agricultural college and of the State university, is attracting more and more attention each year.

The high order and practical character of the papers read and discussed have awakened an interest among farmers, and taught them the importance of these meetings. An increased attendance is expected this year, with an increased interest in the work done.

Dr. Paul Paquin, state veterinarian of Missouri, who ranks among the foremost in his profession, will be present and address the meeting on "Black Leg," "Hog Cholera" will also be discussed.

President Geo. T. Fairchild, Prof. C. C. Georgeon and J. D. Walters of the Agricultural college, will be on the program, and will be present throughout the meeting to participate in the exercises.

Chancellor F. H. Snow of the state university, will give a full report of the results of his experiments for the extermination of chinch-bugs. Prof. Robert Hay, F. G. S. A., and Judge J. W. Gregory, field agent and artisan wells investigation, with others, will fully and thoroughly discuss the question of irrigation in western Kansas.

In addition to these, representative farmers from different portions of the state will appear on the program, and topics of interest, covering the general field of agriculture, will be thoroughly discussed.

Reduced, probably half, rates will be secured over the railroads of Kansas. Programs will be distributed two weeks before the meeting.

In connection with the annual meeting of the board the improved stock breeders of Kansas are called to meet on the same day. They will meet at 10 o'clock a. m. of the 14th. The object of this meeting is to organize a Kansas Improved Stock Breeders' association. A program will be issued.

It is hoped that the meeting will also be well attended by those who are engaged in breeding fine stock. Secretary Mohler urges all who can to avail themselves of this opportunity to add to their resources of knowledge and to receive a fresh supply of enthusiasm and of ambition to excel, which can come only through the intermingling of those engaged in the same calling in life.

Think of This a Moment!

New Mexico presents peculiar attractions to the home seeking farmer.

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 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.

PETERSON FOR JANUARY, with its finer paper, wider pages, and profuse illustrations shows what a charming holiday gift a year's subscription to this admirable periodical will prove. The steel engraving, "Her Feeble Steps" is a picture worth framing, and "The First Dancing Lesson" is simply exquisite. The ten large fashion sheets display the newest walking, skating and other out door costumes. "Scenes in Norway" is a most interesting paper, well illustrated. Miss M. G. McClelland begins a novel, "In the Woods" which promises to be extremely powerful. Clarence M. Boutelle contributes "A Man's Wish" which will stand unsurpassed among the new year's stories. "Jean of Sevre's" is one of Minna Irving's most stirring lyrics. "The Hen's Revolt," by Emma L. Thomas, will delight the children with its rhymed fun and its series of delicious pictures. "The Care of Young Girls," by the Newport Hospital Superintendent, ought to be read by every mother. These are but a few of the number's attractions. PETERSON is evidently determined to make its anniversary year a triumph. No family should be without it. Terms \$2.00 a year, with large reductions to clubs. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

The American Idea.

Is that "nothing is too good for me when I travel," and in consequence we have become noted as the most luxurious travelers in the world. That which the people demand, the roads must supply, and thus we have also the most perfectly appointed rail-way service in the world. The traveler now dines in a Pullman palace dining car clear through in his journey, from Council Bluffs and Omaha to San Francisco, on the Union and Southern Pacific roads.

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.

The Atlantic for 1891 will contain The House of Martha, Frank R. Stockton's Serial. Contributions from Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Whittier. Letters by Charles and Mary Lamb.

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

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

here will also be Short Stories and Sketches by Rudyard Kipling, HENRY JAMES, SARAH ORNE JEWETT, OCTAVIA THURGOOD and others. Technical papers on Questions in Modern Science.

The Atlantic for 1891 MR. RICHARD WATSON GILDER, Dr. PARSONS, Mrs. FIELDS, GRAHAM R. TOMSON, and others will be among the contributors of Poetry.

TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance. POSTAGE FREE: 50 cents a number. With new life-size portrait of Lowell, and also portraits of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, or Holmes, \$5.00; each additional portrait, \$1.00.

The November and December number sent free to new subscribers whose subscriptions for 1891 are received before December 31st.

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.

DR. HENDERSON 109 & 111 W. Ninth St., KANSAS CITY, MO. The only Specialist in the City who is a Regular Graduate in Medicine. Over 23 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 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 cost or order. State your case and send for terms. Consultation free and confidential.

A 64 page BOOK For Both Sexes, sent absolutely free, sealed 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. \$50 for any case this treatment will cure or help. Greatest discovery in annals of medicine. One dose gives relief. A few doses remove fever and pain in joints. Cure completed in 7 to 10 days. Send statement of case with stamp for Circulars. Call, or address Dr. HENDERSON, 109 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

The American magazines have come to be recognized the world over as the best illustrated and most ably conducted; in fact, it is said that larger editions are sold in England of at least two of our leading magazines than of any of the English monthlies. This condition has resulted from the fact that the American magazines hesitate at no expense, either for the purchase of manuscript or illustration. \$50,000 has been paid by one magazine for a single series. In proportion to bound volumes, the magazine gives as four to one. Take for instance the COSMOPOLITAN, which contains annually 1536 pages by the leading writers of the world, and more than 1200 illustrations by clever artists. That would make four volumes of nearly 400 pages each, yet it is furnished to the subscriber at only \$2.40 a year. The four bound volumes which it would make would be worth on the book stands not less than \$12.00. It seems impossible that so much should be furnished for so little, and it is only when the number reaches 100,000 or upwards that such work can be turned out at a profit to the publisher. Formerly it was considered impossible to place such a magazine before the public for less than \$4.00 per annum, and the predictions were numerous, when the price of the COSMOPOLITAN was fixed at \$2.40, that it would be impossible for it to survive at such a figure. The publisher believed that a first-class magazine at the low price of \$2.40 would be quickly appreciated by the public. His expectations have been more than fulfilled, and the December issue of the COSMOPOLITAN reached the 100,000 mark.

"The broom corn crop of the counties of Finney, Grant, Morton and Stevens," says the Garden City Impint, "will bring the farmers more than \$50,000. The broom is said to be of superior quality, both as to fineness and length of straw and excellence of color."

A GREAT CLUB OFFER. \$12.25 FOR NOTHING!

THE GREAT DIVIDE GEMSTONE CABINET GIVEN AWAY FREE!

This is Done to Call Your Attention to the Best Dollar Monthly in the World.

THE GREAT DIVIDE (STANLEY WOOD, Editor.) Published at Denver, Colo.

Is a superbly illustrated monthly journal containing articles every month on Rocky mountain scenery, illustrating and describing its canons, lakes, valleys, natural parks, mountain peaks, waterfalls, cascades, trails, minerals, mines, crystals, relics, cliff dwellings, Indians and customs, sights above the clouds, summer and winter resorts, haunts of fish and game, natural wonders, caves, grotesque and marvelous works of nature, burning rock, mineral springs, climate resources, birds and animals, wild flowers, and hosts of other interesting things. Brim full of fresh, original and spicy reading every month. Different from any other publication in the world. Subscription only \$1.00 per year, including the Gemstone Cabinet. This journal recommends itself. Send for a sample copy, which is free, if you say where you saw this announcement.

LIST OF GEMSTONES AND THEIR VALUE. Cameo, finely cut, can be used for ring, scarfpin or brooch set. \$1.75 Goldstone, can be used for ring or scarfpin. .75 Tiger Eye, can be used for ring, scarfpin or brooch. .60 Pink Crocidolite, can be used for ring or scarfpin. .75 Green Crocidolite, can be used for ring or scarfpin. .75 Carnelian, can be used for ring or scarfpin. .50 Tree Agate, can be used for ring or scarfpin. .50 Petrified Wood, can be used for ring or scarfpin. .50 Jasper, can be used for ring or scarfpin. .50 Bloodstone, can be used for ring or scarfpin. .75 Mosaic, inlaid with Agate & Jasper, a watch-chain, to be mounted with compass, 1 00 Agate, two cut stones complete, for ladies' sleeve buttons. .75 Agate, two cut stones complete, for gents' sleeve buttons. 1.00 Mosaic, square pattern, sleeve button sets. 1.25 Sardonyx, setting for ring or scarfpin. .60

This whole lot of Gemstones will be sent with each subscription. Total value, 12.25. All of the above are finely finished out gemstones, all polished ready for any jeweler to mount as you may desire. They are all guaranteed to be of value stated, and it is given to increase our subscription list quickly. We recognize its costliness, but nowadays it requires an unusual offer to establish a journal with a large circulation in a short space of time. The Great Divide and this paper will be sent for one full year upon receipt of only \$1.25. The Gemstone Cabinet will also be sent you as a premium free of any cost. Bear this in mind. As it may seem impossible that we can and do give you so much value for so little money, we have a sample copy of THE GREAT DIVIDE and a Gemstone Cabinet at our office, and will be pleased to have you call and see it. THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING. Send \$1.25 to this office and secure THE GREAT DIVIDE, this paper and the Gemstone Cabinet free, as a premium. Do not delay. Address Kimball Ptg. Co., Topeka, Kans.

Western Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS. R. L. COFRAN, Prop'r. Manufacturer of Steam Engines, Mill Machinery, Shafing, Pulleys, Gearing and Fittings, Etc. WRITE FOR PRICES Topeka, Kans

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

Millers and Grain Merchants Manufacturer of the following celebrated brands of Flour: WHITE LOAF, High Patent; DIAMOND, High Patent; BUFFALO, Straight Patent; IONA, Straight Patent LONE STAR, Fancy.

HOTELS. THE PLAC HOUSE, LAWRENCE, Corner of Warren and New Hampshire Streets. J. M. STEPHENS, M'n'g'r. Has been thoroughly renovated, and is the Best \$1.00 House in the city. A free barn to patrons of the house.

ST. JAMES HOTEL. S. S. HUGHES, PROP. 118 West Sixth Street, TOPEKA. The best \$1.50 a day house in the city. First Class in every respect.

The Kirby House, Perry, Kansas. T. C. KIRBY, PROP. A good table and clean, comfortable beds a specialty.

Silver Lake House. AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL. R. B. EATON, Prop'r, Silver Lake, Kan. Good Table and clean and comfortable beds. Feed and Livery Barn in Connection with the House.

The Perry House. Is now open to the public: Special Attention to Farmer's Dinners. HENRY STEIN, PROP. PERRY, KANSAS.

ROOFING GUM-ELASTIC ROOFING FELT costs only \$2.00 per 100 square feet. Makes a good roof for years, and any one can put it on. Send stamp for sample and full particulars. GUM ELASTIC ROOFING CO. 39 & 41 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Local Agents Wanted.

UNION PACIFIC Tickets ON SALE TO ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS EAST, WEST, NORTH and SOUTH Topeka - A T - Kansas, H. B. HARRINGTON, City Ticket Agent, 525 Kansas Avenue. J. F. GWIN, Depot Agent. R. E. HAYNES, Perry, Kansas.

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

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS IN AGRICULTURAL ECONOMY.

Discriminating Care Should be Observed in Feeding Horses, Sheep and Cattle in Winter—Farm and Stock Notes—Useful Household Hints.

Feeding Horses.

Nearly every farmer has his own ideas in reference to feeding horses, and especially those who look after their stock carefully and seek to derive from each the largest profit. Horses must be kept on the farm all of the time, and to more or less extent at least, they must nearly always be ready for service, and this implies keeping them in a good, thrifty condition. The small amount of feed that may be saved by stinting the feed when the teams are at rest, is usually more than made up by the extra feed required to get them in the proper condition for work. In order to get the most work at the least cost with the teams it is very essential that they should be in a thrifty, vigorous condition, and this is fully as important during the winter as in the summer. Horses as well as any other class of stock not only relish a variety of food, but need an occasional change. To feed corn and hay or corn and fodder as is so often done during the winter, will not keep them in the best condition at the lowest cost. This is a good ration, but when fed for any length of time, the horses tire of it and need a change. Unthreshed oats run through a cutting box and a small quantity of bran added, is another good ration, and oftentimes a very economical one; but it should not be used exclusively too long. Straw, clover hay and bran with a little oil-meal is another good ration. Where it is raised a ration of part oats and barley with hay or fodder can be given. On the average farm there ought not to be any difficulty in securing a good variety, and to make sufficient changes to keep in good appetite if a little pains are taken.

Give a Variety of Food.

The policy of feeding any animal only one kind of feed is a great mistake. It is not possible for them to thrive thus, nor is this their natural way of feeding. Observe a cow or horse at pasture. If there is any variety in the succulent herbage they avail themselves of it. Even weeds are not disdained between mouthfuls of clover and grass. In the barnyard in winter a little bright straw will be greedily eaten by animals whose usual diet is hay. People in cities who keep a horse or cow, and have to buy everything they feed, are most apt to restrict animals and with least excuse. By using a little forethought they can secure a variety of feed, and all will then be eaten, with less waste than is the case where only one kind at a time is given. Appetite fails from lack of variety in horses and cows, as it does in men.

Shrinkage of Corn.

Old corn is worth more than new, because it contains the concentrated nutriment of the grain after its water has evaporated. This moisture in new corn is injurious, as it leads to fermentation rather than digestion in stomachs of weak digestion. Besides, this corn shrinks greatly in bulk while thoroughly drying, the Western or Horsetooth corn more especially. If a man puts 100 bushels of this corn in his crib, he does well to take out eighty-five in the spring after loss by shrinkage and depredations of vermin.

Salting Stock in Winter.

Our impression is that stock, and especially milch cows, are not generally supplied with salt so regularly in winter as they are at pasture in summer. There seems to many less need of salt with their dry feed than with the green herbage they get at pasture. Yet the stock are no less eager for it, and it probably is as necessary to their well-being. The only caution about giving it in winter is not to allow the salt to mix with snow. This produces intense cold.

Cows Losing Their Cud.

There is no such disease as cows losing the cud, and the various nostrums intended to supply it are useless. When the cow does not remasticate her food it is a sign that she is not well, probably from too much dry and unwholesome feed. A bran mash fed slightly warm, with a little linseed meal in it, will, in most cases, correct the evil, and give the cow after an hour or two, something to chew. This is better than any medicine.

Agricultural Atoms.

The farmer is a bigger factor than the farm. Moving does not cure the ill-fortune resulting from ignorance or extravagance.

Broad wheels draw easier on grass and mud roads, and do not cut the fields so badly or wear the roads so rapidly. Then why are not farm

wagons built with wide tires? Can anybody tell why they should be built with narrow tires?

It is not the agricultural college that weans the boy from the farm; but the dude literary college that gives a smattering of science, the languages (dead) and literature. It is reliably stated that in Ontario, where they make a business of sending children to agricultural schools, more than eighty-five per cent of them go back to the farm. And President Chamberlain says he has often wished that he could exchange two years study of Latin, Greek and philosophy for the instruction that is usually given in a real agricultural college.

One serious fault of agriculture is the slight attention paid to root crops—most valuable aids; in fact, all but absolute necessities, in the economical production of the best, and therefore the most profitable meats. Our English brethren are ahead of us in this matter, and they have discovered for one thing that a crop sown in early summer has available not only all the nitrates available to wheat or oats or barley or rye, but also the large supply of nitrates formed in the soil during summer and early autumn. The autumn and winter rains wash the soil rather bare of nitrates before the cereals begin growth in the spring. A large part of the nitrates which would be lost were a cereal crop grown is assimilated and retained by a root crop; and when the roots are fed on the land, we may return the nitrogen to the soil in the manure of the animals and thus enrich the land for a cereal crop.

Stock and Dairy Notes.

When a man complains that his fingers get so cold while he is milking, we are ready to hear him complain that for some reason his cows do not give big messes. A temperature that makes fingers uncomfortably cold in a few minutes is not calculated to help the milk production of an animal that must endure it twenty-four hours per day. Cold fingers at milking means less milk.

Don't adopt the idea that a good beef animal must be a poor milker. It is erroneous. Good calves to grow into beef animals can not be raised without plenty of milk, although it may just as well be skimmed milk if something is used to replace the cream; and we cannot have plenty of milk without good milkers for dams. The best beef animal, because the most profitable, comes from a breed of cows that will raise a good calf and with milk and butter pay for their keep besides.

The milk and butter test fever has subsided. The tests became generally discredited, and at the best they had little practical value. Stuffing a cow with all the milk producing food she can handle has little practical interest to the dairyman, and is of little value as evidence in favor of a breed. But every dairyman should test the animals of his herd, not to see how much milk they can give when force-fed, but to determine which animals pay the most or the least for their food—which are the most and which are the least profitable when full fed and wisely fed. The test must take account of the quality of the milk as well as of its quantity. Unless the dairyman makes these tests, how can he know what animals he should keep and what he should sell?

Household Hints.

To take out spots from wash goods, rub them with yolk of egg before washing.

The best way to fry apples is to halve them, remove core, put some butter in frying-pan and put in the halves the cut side down, then add a little water and let boil dry; then fry. To clean hair brushes, put a tablespoonful of ammonia into tepid water, dip them up and down until clean, then dry with the bristles down. In place of the ammonia, they may be cleaned by using a teaspoonful of soda.

The fashion of sewing tiny sachets of fragrant powders in the corsage of dresses is not new, and is certainly a very agreeable one. There also the perfume used must be no stronger than violet or eau d'Espagne, amber or orris-root.

Ivory may be bleached by placing it for an hour in a solution of alum; then polish it with a piece of woollen and wrap it in linen to dry. Another method is to take peroxide of hydrogen, and to one pint of it add one ounce of aqua-ammonia. Warm it and soak the ivory in it for twenty-four hours; then dry and polish with chalk.

When any part of a dress skirt or drapery has been torn or soiled, it can often be successfully covered by changing the arrangement of draperies, or by an ingenious disposition of trimming, in harmony with what is already in use. A rent should always be darned with ravelled threads of the material, and well pressed on the wrong side, on several thicknesses of heavy cloth.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The fibre of the hop vine—now used in France for paper—has great length, flexibility and delicacy, and is claimed to be the best substitute for rags yet obtained.

A substance having all the essential qualities of silk has been made from wild hemp by Nayemura Sakusaburo, of Hikone, Japan. The plant grows on moors and hillsides, and could be readily cultivated. The fibre is strong and glossy, and several silk factories are said to have found it to be in no way inferior to silk.

The belief that chimney-sweep's cancer is disappearing from London with improvement in methods of sweeping does not seem to be well founded. Dr. Bullin shows from the registrar-general's statistics that the liability of the sweeps to malignant disease is about eight times as great as the average liability of all males.

An electric target is made by an English company. When a bullet strikes the target, which is built up in sections, the particular section hit is pushed against the spring of a lever, closing an electric circuit and causing the section to be indicated on the registering apparatus at the firing end of the range. An electric bell is simultaneously rung.

A London merchant rejoices because he tried music as a medicine. His boy, six years old, was dying with typhoid, and was quiet inausible with no appearance of being able to live through the night. Knowing his son's fondness for music, the father procured a large music box, and caused it to play, with the result that the child's attention was aroused and his life saved by the reaction.

A Timely Discovery.—A new insulating material, having all the properties of gutta percha, but with a higher dielectric resistance, is claimed by Dr. Purcell Taylor of London. It is to be called "purcellite," and is said to be exceedingly tough and elastic, capable of being given any color, and of being made either flexible or rigid, and to be only one-fortieth as expensive as gutta percha.

The Range Finder.—The electrical range-finder is designed for use in naval warfare, but if it proves successful, it should be of great value in times of peace as an instrument for readily and accurately finding the distance of inaccessible objects. Two telescopes are used at a known distance apart, and the operation is based upon a fact that by a simple electrical arrangement no current will pass unless the two telescopes are exactly parallel. The observer notes on one of the telescopes the angle required to prevent a current from passing through the instrument, and thus measures or electrically weighs the difference in angle of the two.

The Most Offensive Odor.—Some researches by two German chemists have been brought to a close in a somewhat ludicrous manner. Among several products obtained by them from the reaction of sulphureted hydrogen on acetone was a small quantity of an extremely volatile body which seemed to be monosulphureted acetone, or thioketone. It was impossible, however, to obtain the substance pure on account of its odor, which makes all other foul smells sweet by comparison, and entitles this compound—whatever it is—to rank as the worst smelling substance known. In the attempts made to purify the product, with every precaution to prevent its escape, the atmosphere about the laboratory was so infected to a distance of at least a quarter of a mile that a storm of complaint from the citizens of the town made it necessary to abandon the investigation.

Speed of Railroad Trains.

There seems no serious difficulty, on the engineering side, in securing and maintaining a speed of one hundred miles an hour, or probably more; but the capitalist is here intimidated. Higher speeds cost money for initial and operative expenses in vastly higher ratio than either increase of speed or the returns to be expected on capital so invested. Our fastest trains do not directly pay, even now, when the wear and tear of engines, cars, roadbed and bridges, to say nothing of flesh and blood, nerves and health, are considered. When the people want higher speeds, and need them so badly as to be able and willing to pay for them, the engineers will construct, and the railroads will furnish trains of still higher velocity and of still greater safety.—Engineer.

His Start in Life.

"I see that Bloomer has made a big haul out west? He bought a tract of land, divided it into small lots, and sold them at a big profit."
"But where did he get his money to start with?"
"He worked his way out there as a porter in a Pullman car."—New York Sun.

NEW YORK'S CHINA TOWN.

JOSS HOUSES, GAMBLING ROOMS AND FILTH.

The "Pig-Tailed Heavens" Lead a Life of Careless Abandon and Evident Enjoyment and Accumulate Much Good "Melican" Money.

Of all the settlements of foreigners in New York—and there are many of them—the most picturesque is the Chinese quarter. The almond-eyed children of the sun are, it is true, scattered all over the city and its suburbs, to the number of more than eight thousand. It is hard to find any neighborhood where there are no Chinese laundries, for they seem to have taken to that business almost exclusively in this part of the country. Nevertheless they have a sort of headquarters in the neighborhood which they have taken for their own, and here goes on all the traffic—no inconsiderable volume—which they have among themselves. Here are their temples, their gambling-houses, and their opium dens, all under the same roof in some instances. Here are their restaurants, their grocery stores, their society rooms (for every Chinaman belongs to a society), their municipal government (for they have one of their own), their professional people, their artisans, and their bankers. Here are several great Chinese importing houses, and here are the homes of many of them who could afford to live on Fifth avenue if they choose to do it. As to any one of these, a long and interesting chapter might be written, but we are now considering the colony as a whole.

It is not a healthful, an inviting, nor a beautiful place which we are studying. On the contrary, it is squalid in appearance, rickety, old, and ill-preserved as to its buildings, badly kept as to its streets, and at the first glance seeming like the haunt of despairing poverty. It has, however, two advantages which, to the mind of the Mongolian, outweigh the disadvantages. It is a central location, easy of access by the principal routes of travel from all directions, and the rents are cheaper than they would be likely to get in any other neighborhood equally accessible. The Chinaman does not come to America to spend money, especially in rents. He comes to accumulate.

The neighborhood which they have appropriated is small, comprising only about three city blocks in Mott and Pell streets just out of Chatman Square, but their ideas about space are those which obtain in all the crowded tenement districts of the city, and some thousands of them are to be found here night and day. No exact statement of numbers is possible, for they are suspicious and secretive, and take refuge in their ignorance, either real or pretended, of the English language, when questioned by the "Melican man." Moreover, this is the pleasure resort of all those who live and work elsewhere. When work is slack, or they feel inclined for a holiday, they seek their companionship and their dissipations in the company of their compatriots. Here, too, they worship, naively seeking the aid and comfort of their religion whether they are bent on business or debauchery.

They have built one house only, renting all the others they occupy. This one is a large double tenement house of ordinary New York fashion, and in it, as said above, are a temple, shops, homes, and gambling and opium dens. On every house in the district, however, are the queer-looking signs, hiero-glyphically illegible to the Caucasian, which indicate the business carried on within. The vista of the street with these projecting signs, handsome and grotesque lanterns, and queer tinsel ornaments, hung out apparently for decorations only, is so quaint as to be bewildering to the average New-Yorker, who has not studied the queer sides of the city.

Found in the Marsh.

A remarkable discovery was recently made in the town of Oneonta, N. Y., where a company is engaged in digging for phosphates from the depths of a swamp. In one place the marsh is underlaid at a depth of twelve feet by an impervious stratum of blue clay, above which are found evidences of three successive and distinct eras of forest growths.

The bottom layer is of deciduous trees that grow only on uplands, such as beech, oak and maple. The second layer is of soft swamp woods, such as alder, basswood and dog wood. The upper layer is of coniferous trees, such as pine, hemlock and spruce. The puzzle to the naturalist is the finding of upland trees at the bottom of the marsh, with the trunks and larger limbs and abundant specimens of leaves and beech-nuts in a good state of preservation.

Another wonder unearthed by the

excavations is the finding at a point five feet below the surface and among the trunks of the coniferous trees of a flat stone of about five feet square which had been utilized as a fireplace. The blackened stone, the large collection of ashes and cinders, and the bits of crumbling bones of animals indicate that long ages ago somebody cooked food there. That somebody must have been man in a strictly primitive and savage state, for no trace of any utensil or tool, not even a sharpened flint, has been found among the debris of the fire.

A MUSCULAR SCHOOLMARM.

How She Treated a Boy and Afterwards Cut Him Down.

I was driving along a highway in Woods county, Ohio, with a man who was selling farming machines to farmers, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we came along to a district schoolhouse. The schoolma'am and about twenty scholars stood under an elm tree, about forty feet high, near the house, and in the topmost branches of the tree was a boy about fourteen years old.

"Anything wrong here?" asked my friend, as we halted before the door. "Budd Hawkins says he won't and the teacher says he must!" called a little girl.

The teacher herself then came forward. She was a plain-looking girl of about twenty, with a mouth showing great firmness, and with some embarrassment she explained.

"It's the terror of the school. He refused to mind, and I started to whip him. He broke away and ran out and climbed the tree. I've been up about twenty feet but had to give it up and come down."

"Yer can't conquer me!" shouted the boy.

"Budd, I order you to come down?"

"I won't!"

"I have sent for an axe, and here it comes," she said as she turned to us. "He'll come down with the tree if not before."

We offered to use the axe, but she declined the offer with thanks, and stepping to the tree she swung the implement around and buried the blade in the wood.

"You dasn't!" shouted Budd from the top.

"I'll do it or resign!" she answered as she struck several blows.

At the end of three minutes the tree began to totter and Budd to yell in alarm, and a few seconds later it fell with a crash. I thought the boy was badly hurt, if not killed, and was relieved as the school-ma'am sprang forward, yanked him out of the branches, and while applying a gad with one hand she pulled him into the schoolhouse with the other, saying:

"Now, Budd Hawkins, you've got to do some of the awfulest begging ever heard in the state of Ohio, or I won't leave enough hide on you for a flea to bite!"

He was hard at it when we drove on.

Not Very Far.

Not very far to happy hasting feet
The little stretch of land between our lives
In distance so diminutive, so sweet
To love that listens, and to life that strides;
To fullest rest a little pausing bar—
Not very far!

And when my day is heavy, when all light
Fades from the time, and life is dull and dim,
I think how little hides you from my sight,
And quaff a cup of joy full to the brim,
Thankful that I am living, since you are
Not very far!

Epicurean.

There are sonnets to an eyebrow,
There are rondeaus to a shoe;
There are madrigals to duchesses
Whose nose and hose are blue;
There are ballads to the dairy maid
With her ankles in a brook.
But why don't poets write a rhyme
Or so about the cook!

Why He Objected to the Lord's Prayer.

A tenant of mine came in this morning, said a Chicago landlord, and said he wanted the windows in his office washed; that the dirt on the glass was so thick that he could write the Lord's Prayer in the dirt. I told him he had better write it there, as it would do him good to have it before him. He said he didn't want it there; that he was in the real estate and loan business and that he had to do some gouging frequently in the way of interest, and that he never could do it if the Lord's Prayer was standing before his face to rebuke him. I don't know whether I ought to have his window washed or not. If I do some poor devil will get skinned. If I do not I may lose my tenant and he may lose his soul.

Chivalry.

Doctor—"I must ask you, miss, to tell me your age?"
Fair One—"A woman, you know, doctor, is only as old as she looks."
Doctor—"Ah, yes, but I am sure you are past nineteen."—The Jester.

A WAIL.

The Way in Which the Summer Girl Lost Her Lover.

"Twas a summer ago when he left me here—
A summer of smiles, with never a tear
Till I said to him, with a sob, my dear:
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

For I loved him, oh, as the stars love night!
And my cheeks for him flashed red and white
When first he called me his heart's delight,
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

The touch of his hand was a thing divine
As he sat with me in the soft sunshine,
And drank of my love as men drink wine,
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

And never a night as I knelt in prayer,
In a gown as white as our own souls were,
But in fancy he came and kissed me there;
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

But now, O God, I want an empty place
My whole heart laid in the old embrace,
And the kiss I loved there lives no trace;
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

So called not over the stormy sea,
And he went not down in the waves, not he;
But, oh, he is lost, for he hurried me;
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

—James Whitcomb Riley in Newark Journal.

The Boy's Grandmother.

A stitch is always dropping in the everlasting
knitting;
And the needles that I've threaded, no, you
couldn't count to-day;
And I've hunted for the glasses till I thought
my head was splitting;
When there upon her forehead as calm as
clocks they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms
and the Epistles,
When the other boys were burning tar bars
rel down the street;
And I've stayed and learned my verses when I
heard their willow whistles,
And I've stayed and said my chapter with
fire in both my feet.

But, there always is a peppermint or a penny
in her pocket;
There never was a pocket that was half so
big and deep;
And she lets the candle in my room burn to
the very socket,
While she stews and putters round about
till I am sound asleep.

And when I've been in swimming after father's
said I shouldn't,
And mother has her slipper off according to
the rule;
It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that
says, "I wouldn't!"
The boy that won't go swimming such a day
would be a fool!

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if
she gave a blessing,
And I look at her a moment and I keep still
as a mouse;
And who she is by this time there is no need
of guessing;
For there's something like a grandmother to
have about the house!

—Independent.

THE OLD MAN'S ROMANCE.

"Going west, are you, Bob?" asked the old man quietly, as he added a fresh stick to the already glowing fire.

"Yes, I leave for Texas on the early train to-morrow, Cousin Tom," the young man answered firmly, almost solemnly.

"Do you find—have you heard that there is a good opening for a physician out there where you are going?" said the old man as he lighted his pipe and reentered himself in his comfortable leather chair.

"I don't care a continental whether there is an opening for a physician or not; I am going west to go to work," said Bob, quickly. "I may end by being a cowboy or something worse, perhaps," he added with a laugh that it was not pleasant to hear.

"And how does the little Alice like the idea of your going?" asked Cousin Tom carelessly, it seemed, but his half-closed eyes under his shaggy brows were fixed very intently upon the young fellow as he spoke.

"Bob winced. "I have not considered it necessary to notify Miss Ames of my intentions," he said stiffly. "Perhaps I may as well tell you," he continued after a moment, "that it will be through no voluntary act of mine that she ever hears of me again; so, if you please, we will leave her out of the conversation. But come, Cousin Tom, you have been out west yourself. Tell me something about the country."

The old man puffed away slowly at his pipe. The young fellow's indifference did not deceive him. There were a good many thoughts in his mind. He had been sitting a long while alone with only the dim firelight and memories for company. The coming of his young cousin had hardly dispelled the visions he had been recalling, and he waited a long time before replying.

"Yes," he said, at length, between the puffs, "I have seen a good deal of the west, and a very different country it is from this, I can assure you. There is hardly a square mile of ground in the whole state of Texas that I have not been over; and Mexico and the territories, and California, too, I know pretty well. I was a considerably younger man than I am now when I went to the frontier. I little thought then of becoming the decrepit old bookworm that I am now, with hardly strength enough to light my pipe. It has been a good long time since the Mexican war though, hasn't it? I was hardly as old as you when I enlisted. "Did I ever tell you, Bob," said the old man suddenly, "how I came to go to the war?"

"No," said Bob, "and I have often been curious to know why you threw up everything and spent so many years of your life in wandering about."

"Well," said the old man, leaning forward to empty his pipe upon the hearth, "I may make a pretty long story of it, and if you get tired you must let me know. After I left school I settled down in the village to practice law. I was never a very wild fellow, only quick and hot-tempered—quick and hot-tempered. Ay, there's where the trouble came," said the old man musingly. The firelight flickered upon his bald head and sunken cheeks, and his eyes were very sad.

"Here, boy," he said, as he fumbled in his pocket and produced a little

worn velvet case, "that has been with me everywhere through all that western wild. Look at it as I talk to you."

"Why, this is Alice, sir," said Bob eagerly as he opened the case. "Aye, Alice," said the old man, "but not your Alice. My Alice I used to call her in the old days. She was Alice Ames' aunt. I can see her now, boy, as I saw her the day she sat listening to me as I told my love to her. She kept her eyes bent down upon the grass at her feet all the time I was talking to her. We had walked down the hill to the rustic seat under the old beech tree, but that, too, is gone now. I forgot. Her hat had slipped off, I remember, and her rough rings of hair seemed to have caught the rays of the sun himself and shone and glistened round her head. She lifted her sweet eyes to mine when I had done, and putting her hand in mine, said:

"Why, Tom, don't you know I have loved you always?"

"And, boy—but why am I telling you all this? You wanted to know why I went west. Well, as I told you, I was a hot-headed, quick-tempered fool, and though it seems to me now that Alice did everything that a sensible man would have been satisfied with, I used then to be very exacting, and was often vexed with her. She was bright and cheerful, and happy, and used to treat my high and mighty humors with the lightness they deserved. Finally one day—I shall never forget it—I had been to see Alice in the morning, and, with my usual foolhardiness, had been censuring her for dancing so much the night before with Henry Wentworth, your banker in town, you know. It seemed to me she had taken my strictures a little more defiantly than usual; at all events, I went off feeling very angry.

"But, as is always the case with hot-headed fools, I cooled off very quickly. Alice had always been so ready to forgive me that it was with no hesitancy that I went out that afternoon to take her for a drive. I found her with her hat upon her head, standing on the gallery pulling some roses. They were yellow, I remember, and very sweet. "Come, Alice," I said, "sell me in excellent trim; let us take a drive out the Greensboro pike."

"I am very sorry, Tom," she said, "but I cannot go with you this afternoon."

"She stopped breaking the flowers as she spoke and looked at me half shyly from under her lashes.

"Why not, pray?" I asked, frowning in a moment. I fancied there was something teasing in her tone.

"I have other fish to fry," she said simply. "I shall never forget how she looked as she stood there twirling the yellow rose in her hand and bending down her head till her little chin rested upon her bare, white throat. Somehow a yellow rose always brings back that picture to me. I remember my first impulse was to take her in my arms and beg her to forgive me, but ere I moved or spoke I heard the sound of wheels on the gravel without, and, turning, I saw young Wentworth drive up. Without a word I turned and left the house. As I entered the village I met a little band of troops starting for the Mexican war. In a moment I was out and had enlisted. We left that night. I was accountable to no one for my actions, and no one knew of my whereabouts.

"What I suffered in the war it matters not. That gash across the little case you have shows how near I came being pricked by a Mexican sword. When my term of enlistment was out I was more than willing to return home, and lost no time in doing so. As I left the train and walked up the village street I saw a funeral procession just turning the brow of the hill. Henry Wentworth and his young wife were getting in the carriage as I passed the gate. He had married, he told me, the week after I left, a girl from the south. They both seemed very sad and in a hurry to be gone.

"Whose is the funeral?" I asked as I turned to go.

"Alice's," he answered. "My God! It was my Alice, and I am gone and left her."

The old man pressed his head upon his hands and the tears trickled down his sunken cheeks. Bob did not speak; his face was hidden too.

"After that," the old man said by-and-by, "I spent the next twenty-five years of my life in prowling about the west, and it was only when I became an old man, when I had nothing left but Alice's grave over there on the hillside, that I came back home to rest. But here am I," he said with a sudden start, "keeping you up listening to my chatter when you ought to be in bed, getting ready for your trip to-morrow."

The young man sprang to his feet. "Just 1 o'clock," he said. "I can yet catch the 1:30 train to town. I shall not go west at all, Cousin Tom, and if my Alice will forgive me you may come to our wedding next month." —*Pittsburgh Courier in Philadelphia Times.*

Size of a Spider's Thread.

I have often compared the size of the thread spun by full-grown spiders with the hair of my head, says a well-known naturalist. For this purpose I placed the thickest part of the hair before the microscope, and, from the most accurate judgment I could form, more than 100 of such threads placed side by side could not equal the diameter of one such hair.

It is estimated that only 12 per cent of the population of Russia can read and write. The number of primary schools is 38,000 for the population of over 100,000,000.

A HINT FOR NORTHERN TRAVELERS.

"Lapping" Books No Longer Pays on Southern Railroad Trains.

"We don't lap any more books," said a chipper newsboy at the Central depot last night. "Truth is we lost so many that way till we just can't 'ford it. I don't know for certain who first started such doings, but some of the boys say it was Bill McAfee on the Richmond and Danville road. Bound for Billy; he's always starting something he don't know nothing about. Old Billy is a leader for all that. The way that scam can persuade the women into buying books is a sin and a shame. Ain't no use in talking; he can just do it; that's all. I heard some of the boys telling how about Billy's lapping of books worked the first day he fell on to the scheme. People looked wild when they saw the 'butch' throwing all sorts of books into their laps without asking a cent for 'em. 'Twas all Billy could do to hold in when the women would look up and smile and say 'thankee.' But they changed their tune when he passed through the car to collect 'fares' on 'em. Everybody was so interested reading the books that they wouldn't stop, and they flung out the little twenty-fives and fifties like shot out of a shovel. Some of the women didn't have the change, and they was mighty sorry they'd started to read the books. They'd blush and look like they wanted to borrow the funds.

"Lapping worked splendid them times, but she's changed now. People are in the habit of getting off with the books. We lost anything that way! No, sirc, many is the one that's got off with my books, but I made it up on the next man. 'Twon't do to get left.

"Talking about reading people, I've always been mighty successful at it. I can tell a preacher or a lawyer 'every fire.' Oh, yes, I always have bound books for their sort. I slipped one time, though. It was this way: The company had purchased a lot of cheap books, 'How to Cure Diseases of the Mind and Body,' and as they was a hard stock we boys was allowed double 'commish' on 'em. I had one left, and was mighty anxious to dispose of her. She was clean and neat, but she just wouldn't 'go. One day coming out of Mason, I espied a little dried up man, with shaggy hair and weak-looking eyes. He had the littlest hands I ever seen, and legs and feet accordingly. I set him down for a countryman. 'Here's the last one I have in stock,' I said to him. 'Better take it if you need anything of the kind,' I argued; 'this is the only one in print. Country people don't have to send for a doctor when they have this work.' The little man looked up at me sorter tired and said mildly: 'You little rascal! If you don't go away from me I'll throw you out that window.' I turned up my lip at the little old countryman and walked out. When we reached Atlanta the depot was crowded with people, and they kept up such 'whoopin' an 'hollerin' when the train stopped, I poked my head out to see what was the matter. Would you believe it, they had this little countryman by the hands, and looked like they'd go plum crazy about him. I got sorter uneasy, and I eased up to the conductor and asked him who the countryman was and he said: 'Look heah, boy, don't you know Gov. Alex. Stephens?' —*Atlanta Journal.*

BRIDGET'S DEAFNESS.

The Mistress of the Kitchen Too Much for a Census Man.

"There are none so deaf as those that won't hear," and so believes a census enumerator, the scene of whose joys and sorrows was West Chester street, says the Philadelphia Record. The cook in a certain residence, Bridget by name, was returned in the form that was left to be filled out as deaf, and no further thought was given to the matter.

Sometime afterward, however, the enumerator called at the house to see Bridget, who was just at the time watching a pot which she did not want to boil over. The following conversation ensued:

"Is your name Bridget?"

"Sure, and I am in a fidget," said the cook, anxiously gazing on the pot.

"No, Bridget," shouted the census officer.

"Ah, faith, and I'm Bridget."

"Are you deaf?"

"Arrah, now, there's been no death in my family."

"Not death, but deaf; you can't hear?"

"Yes, it's very near, and if it boils it spoils."

"Was your mother deaf, or your mother's mother?"

"Smother is it you mane? Sure and ye can't smother a boiling pot."

"Was your grandmother deaf?" fairly yelled the frantic enumerator.

"Och, and my grandmother isn't in it, no," replied the anxious Bridget.

"It's mother's milk and musn't boil."

"Were any of your ancestors deaf?" shrieked the official.

"Faith, and I haven't any isters. Oh, wirra, wirra, it's over. Get out, ye spalpeen; I haven't any sisters or brothers, but my milk has boiled over."

The milk boiled over, and so did the enumerator. He gave up his inquiries about Bridget's infirmity and was out of the way. The problem remains to be answered what business it is of Superintendent Porter's employes if the members of Bridget's family are deaf or not.

A New York contractor pays that city \$60,000 a year for the purpose of picking over the city's refuse, and makes a handsome profit.

SUPERSTITION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A Professor of Powwowing Does a Lucrative Business.

Few people outside of Allentown and not all in it are aware of the extent to which powwowing is still practiced among the Pennsylvania Germans. Faith in that method of curing ills is not confined exclusively to the Germans, but many who boast an English ancestry and who look down on the "dum Dutch" are believers in that school of medicine. The most noted powwow doctor in Eastern Pennsylvania is Dr. Wilhelm of Raubsville, Northampton County, successor to the well-known Dr. Sayers, whose wonderful cures years ago brought him many patients from far and wide and made him a rich man. Last Thursday a farmer drove to Easton, a distance of twenty-four miles, that he might see Dr. Wilhelm Friday. Early Friday morning the farmer drove to Raubsville, arriving there about 8 o'clock. There were already eighty-three patients ahead of him waiting to see the doctor. As fast as the patients arrived they were given a card bearing a number and in that order were they admitted to the presence of the doctor. The farmer's card was numbered 84. By noon Friday only twenty-five patients had been seen by the doctor.

The farmer waited until 10 o'clock that night before his turn came, when he was powwowed for his throat, which was sore. Then he drove back to Easton that night and next morning resumed his journey homeward. Some time ago, he said, he had trouble in his head, which disappeared after he had Dr. Wilhelm treat him.

Patients have been known to come over 100 miles. All sorts of people come to him to be treated for all sorts of trouble, from toothache to paralysis, and it is astonishing to note the faith reposed in him, and his methods. Old and young come, infants and octogenarians, and he is credited with having wrought many cures in cases which baffled the regular profession. The total number of patients at Dr. Wilhelm's house Friday was 138. The doctor worked until after midnight, but could not see all who called to have services.

He has special days for performing his cures, and he goes through a series of curious movements and incantations, muttering mysterious and unintelligible words and making grotesque grimaces. His best day is the first Friday in any new moon, and that day finds flocks at his place. Some ailments he will cure on this day; then there are other ailments which he will treat almost any day. He makes no charges for his services. People give him what they think they can afford, from 25 cents to \$1 and \$5. The latter fee is a rare one, but even at the minimum figure it is plain to see that he is making money rapidly. Personally he is an agreeable man and the patients whom he has relieved believe him to be the greatest medicine man in the world. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Petticoat Must Go.

The newest thing in petticoats is no petticoat at all. This assertion may tax credulity, but it is a fact, a fashionable fact, perhaps, but nevertheless a fact. It is hard to believe that woman would ever outlive her love for the fine cambric skirts with their cluster tucks, open insertions and Swiss embroidered ruffles, but she has, and, more than that, she scorns the lace-edge French skirt and would not give 30 cents for the finest convent-made flannel skirt in stock. At first it seemed positively shocking to lay aside that most feminine and really beautiful garment, but the fashionable modiste began the crusade, declared that she could not fit a dress nicely over the gathered cotton underwear and ordered it off. The tyrant was obeyed, but not surprised for did she not eliminate the narrow skirted, round-shouldered chemise and the lozenge-shaped corset cover?

It is no betrayal of confidence to say that this onslaught of underwear had its origin on the stage. No society actress or artist goes through a part in the regulation underwear that she is restricted. She could not get around in ruffled dimity, nor disport herself with any sort of grace in starched cambric. The dressmaker who fits a stage dress over stays, stockings and tights very soon learns how superior the result is compared to the gown made over gathers, strings, bands or yokes. One is perfectly smooth, the other can not be kept from wrinkling. It has come to a point now when the modiste will refuse to fit a skirt over a petticoat, and that ends all argument. She does not presume to say that madame shall not wear what she likes, but "I will not try to fit you unless you dress as I dictate. When the costume is finished you may do with it what you please."

Skirts hang better and bodices fit nicer the less there is under them, and in warm weather when the dress is made over a lining there is really no necessity for underskirts. With the tailor-made suit, silk lined, there is sufficient warmth for cold days. This new arrangement is an advance in the right direction. Woman need fewer clothes for house wear and more wraps or outer garments for the street.

This desire for smoothly fitting skirts and ceaseless basques means rebellion against the baggy, divided skirts, which will never be adopted by women who follow the styles. —*N. Y. World.*

Mrs. Sweeney, an old woman of Coatsville, Pa., died of joy when she heard that she was to get \$3,000 pension money. She had waited for the money ten years.

HELIGOLAND.

The Queer Ways of the People of That Little Island.

Their Sabbath begins at 6 p. m. Saturday, when the church bell is tolled, and ends Sunday at the same hour. Formerly no vessel could leave port between these hours. Marriage canocls every other engagement, so that there can be no breach of promise brought against a man once he is married.

The inhabitants have a strange custom on New Year's eve. They then perambulate the streets with broken pots and pans, which they place before their friends' doors, and the man who has the largest heap before his cottage is the most popular.

The people rarely lock their doors, but when they do they leave the key where it can be reached by any one seeking admission.

The fisher-girls bait the hooks and carry them in a large wooden basket filled with sand to the fishermen on the beach. This is by no means a light burden; yet they may be seen cheerfully chatting with their companions as they march onward with wooden shawls over their heads. The streets bear English names, as Leopold, Berlin, Church, Augusta, Thames, Short, O'Brien, Prince of Wales, Princess street, etc., but the natives have their own names for them.

Heligoland has a small prison or lock-up, but they rarely lock any one up, as they do not care to board the prisoners. There is also a small cottage hospital ready for use if necessary, but patients are few and far between. There is also a poorhouse. Here poor people live rent free. The plan adopted is for parents and children to go before the magistrate, when the former resign any little property they may possess to their children, who in their turn promise to find them food. When the husband dies the wife takes his property, and at her decease it is equally divided between the children.

There are no horses or donkeys on Heligoland, for they would be useless there; but there are eight cows and about thirty sheep tethered and milked, the milk being considered superior to that of cows. There are three policemen, the junior being known by the extra amount of gold lace worn by him. The coast-guard consists of five Englishmen, who are not permitted to act as constables. There are also sixteen active native coast-guards, and sixteen in the reserve. When there is a wreck the whole island claims the salvage. Most of the inhabitants are beggars, but they are not prosecuted, for when a settler takes place after the season is over what remains is left in hopes of being recovered next year. The debtors are engaged to work on wrecks, and then old scores are wiped off and the balance handed over to them. The natives only are permitted to rent small potato patches, which are much valued, but the government reserve most of the land for their own purposes. —*N. Y. Sun.*

An Eccentric Precentor.

No orchestra is complete, of course, without its leader. Even the "first fiddle" must observe the baton. And as the insect world affords us a veritable fiddler and a harpist, as well as other instrumentalists, so too may we find our precentor close at hand, if our eyes are only sharp enough. This group of singing beetles upon the poplar branch, I wonder if they are watching him as they nod their squeaky trio? For he is close at hand. Even among these very leaves we are sure to find him with a little search. But if they are indeed observing him, he must be a decidedly confusing leader, for no two of the bobbing heads are keeping the same time. Ah, here he is! perched upon the midstem of an aspen leaf close by. You have seen him perhaps a hundred times, and all his pompous pride has been wasted on you, being doubtless mistaken for a part of a withered or curled leaf. Our precentor is about an inch and a quarter long. The forepart of his body is arched upward, like a sphinx. He wears a green vest and a flat triangular hat, and a white-bordered brown mantle decorates his back. And his baton? No wonder our beetle trio were confused, for our precentor wields two batons. He is a law unto himself, has no score to follow, and, what is more, if things don't go exactly to suit him, he whips out from the tips of his batons two long red whip-lashes, and makes things lively for a few moments.

It is difficult to understand the many impetuous antics of our eccentric precentor—squirming from side to side, circling his double baton about his head as with a hurrah, snapping his whip on right and left without rhyme or reason. Yes, as a precentor it is difficult to understand his doings. But when we return to reason, and remember that he is only a puss-moth caterpillar, it is not half so mysterious. If we watch and wait for a moment or two, we shall doubtless witness a return of that buzzing fly—a parasite, perhaps—that has just been tickling him.

The puss-moth caterpillar is quite common upon young aspens, and will be readily recognized from my description. It is an amusing insect, and, so far as I have seen, those peculiar rosy whip-lashes concealed within the forked tail, to be used when occasion demands, are not described in the popular works on natural history. —*William Hamilton Gibson, in Harper's Young People.*

The general manager of the Magasin du Louvre in Paris gets a salary of \$80,000 a year, with a percentage on the profits.

