

Oct 31

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

Journal of Home and Bushandry.

VOL. XXII.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

NO 32.

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year. Three Copies \$1.25. Five Copies \$3.50. Ten Copies, \$6.00. Three months trial subscriptions, new, 20c.

Congressman Otis will speak in North Topeka on the 26th.

This week's issue of the Kansas Farmer is an unusually good one.

The world's deficit of wheat and rye is estimated at 200,000,000 bushels. During the past year there were 249 new alliances organized in Kansas.

Affairs run more smoothly at Salina than republican politicians would like.

The alliance membership in Indiana is 35,000. Last year 200 new alliances were instituted.

What has become of Farmer A. W. Smith? Is it possible that he is not trying to run the state alliance?

The republican papers are fond of talking about Jerry Simpson's drinking, but forget all about Hanback.

The alliance parade and barbecue on the 30th is to be the grandest demonstration ever made in the Capital city.

The people's party need not expect to succeed if it fails to place itself honestly on a high moral plane. Old party methods will never build up a reform party.

A very successful meeting was held last night at the Lyon's school house in Monmouth township. A marked change in favor of the people's party is noticed in that neighborhood.

The people's party of Shawnee county has put a thoroughly clean ticket in the field. There is no reason why any one not satisfied with the old ring rule, should hesitate to vote it.

The Topeka Democrat turns every member of its party who does not sneeze when it takes snuff, across its knee and administers a sound spanking. Perhaps they will all take it without wincing.

It is said that C. Wood Davis, the statistician whose recent writings on agricultural productions, have become so widely known, will be urged for Congress in the Seventh district next year.

The alliance demonstration at Salina on Thursday was one of the biggest things of the kind ever seen in the state. A press dispatch admits that the enthusiasm equaled any thing witnessed last year.

When the earth gets dry and deep cracks are seen, fill them up with coarse sand, and so prevent the seams from uniting. This will enable the moisture to permeate the soil more readily. So says a writer in the Farmer.

The malicious representation of the Peffer and Burton debates by the associated press would fully warrant our committee in treating all future challenges for joint debate with silent contempt. The garbled reports of these debates, sent out by the money-gratic hirelings, entirely ignore the masterly argument presented by the Senator with such telling effect as to convert many of the most bitter partisan republicans. While the associated press remains in the hands of the hired hessians of Wall street, we advise our committee to ignore all challenges.

We are really glad that the Topeka Democrat comes out for straight democracy. There are so many democrats who do not see so much difference between their own and the republican parties that some guide post ought to be set up to let the ignorant know.

The Topeka Telegraph, (German) is one of the hardest of hard money papers. It would take crooked necked squashes on subscriptions rather than greenbacks.

There have been some people hanging around Salina this week foolish enough to say that if their favorite candidate for president of the state alliance was not elected the whole organization would be disrupted. How very much some people still have to learn.

Senator Peffer is inclined to eulogize the republican party more than is demanded by the facts. The party was grand in its youth. It began to decline almost immediately after the war. It was corrupted and polluted by contractors and speculators during the war. The party was made to suffer from an influx of old dough-face democrats who rushed into it as soon as they found it was to rule. They brought with them their old plunder system. The old free soil element in the party largely deserted it. These accretions brought corruption, and these depletions took away much of its virtue. Every principle was sacrificed to money making schemes. For more than twenty years the party has been the tool of corporate interests and speculative swindling. Its policy cannot be defended and should never be excused.

J. R. Burton tried to entrap Senator Peffer on the sub-treasury plan, by asking him if he was in favor of it. The Senator made a very judicious answer, if it did not scintillate like Burton's Aurora Borealis. He did not commit himself to the plan. He did commend the general principle involved which is simply some method by which interest on money may be reduced to a mere nominal rate, not sufficient to make money loaning a business, but just enough to pay for handling. This is the end to be sought. If it can be gained by some other means more simple, it should be done. It is a too common error for people's party men to be sticklers for their particular methods. What is to be desired is, first, an agreement as to the end sought. Let there be perfect unity on this general question first of all. Then will come the question of means. If any proposition that may be presented cannot be agreed upon, it will be folly to persistently urge it, even though it may have gained a place in the platform. Any measure opposed by any considerable element of the party, and by all opposing parties, cannot be expected to win. Except on questions of moral and vital issues private opinion must be kept subordinate. For example, the sub-treasury plan cannot be made a test of party fealty. The great end proposed to be accomplished by that plan, or by the Otis monetary scheme, or by many other proposed schemes, all will unite upon. That the temperance reform is a part of the people's party reform is generally agreed. But whether to be accomplished by prohibition as in Kansas and Iowa or as the people's party in Ohio have suggested, is not settled.

The republicans are now offering to trade off Sheriff Wilkerson and John Brown in order to save their non-partisan candidate for judge, J. B. Johnson, but that won't work. The entire ticket is already scooped, gentlemen, you might as well engage passage on the Salt river craft for the whole crew.

State Alliance. News special from Salina. Salina, the beautiful queen city of the wheat belt, is gaily decorated in honor of the state council, now in session.

The address of welcome by Prof. Gains, of the Salina state normal school, was an eloquent tribute to the alliance and its principles, and the response by W. H. Utley fitly connected the educational and agricultural interests of the state.

Notwithstanding the talk of contention and strife invented by the opposition press, the members of the council are working harmoniously for the good of the alliance and the promotion of the cause. We were told that the alliance of this county had broken up, and we have been convinced of the truth of that assertion as it required 358 wagons to haul in the pieces today. The procession, including the wagons, marching clubs, and horsemen, was one hour and five minutes passing the gate and stretched out three and a half miles in length. The enthusiasm with which the eloquent appeals of the speakers were received indicates the determination of the people who are enlisted in this movement.

Reports from all the counties represented indicate a steady gain all along the line. Let the oppressed of every land rejoice!

Every people's party man in the state outside of Shawnee, will expect the capital county to do its full duty on the day of election. The county precincts all expect Topeka to also do its duty. Come out and vote, every man. We have a straight ticket. Vote it straight.

Reputation.

The people's party has never proposed the repudiation of any debt. It stands for the very highest moral principles in social, commercial, and political life. The people's party is led by the farmers of Kansas and no men on earth have manifested a more rugged devotion to the requirements of justice and equity.

The Shawnee county alliance at the September meeting unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we denounce the effort to fasten upon the Alliance the stigma of "revolutionary and anarchistic schemes as a vile, villainous slander upon this organization whose loyalty to the government and obedience to all the forms of law are well established.

Resolved, That we do not now and never did endorse any schemes having the slightest tendency toward the repudiation of any just obligation or debt, public or private. On the contrary we are engaged in an effort to place every debtor upon the farm or in the city, in a position whereby he can earn the means with which to pay his debts and become a free man.

Resolved, That we call upon the voters from the fields, the workshops, and the marts of trade, regardless of former party affiliations, to join with us at the pending election, and administer a stinging rebuke to the vilifiers of the Farmers' Alliance, whose devotion to the great principles of industrial liberty and equal justice is now characterized as repudiation and anarchy by a gang of officials who have been drawing their support from the public treasury.

Don't stop to bicker over trifling details or quarrel about methods, but buckle down to work and let us deliver Shawnee county from the power of the rascals who have been fattening at the public crib for so many years.

THE ALLIANCE.

The Oregon Alliance: Excessive rent is eating the life out of the business enterprises not under the fostering care of monopoly in almost every city. The percentage of our people living in tenement houses is yearly increasing. The mortgage foreclosures are daily wrenching from hard-working, honest farmers the homes they love. There are 1,500,000 tenement farmers in the United States. There's occasion for alarm.

The People's Forum: Merchants, are you prosperous? If so, we congratulate you. Are not collections difficult? Is the tariff the reason the people can't pay their debts, or is the reason to be found in the fact that the debtor does not have the money? Do you think the reason you make small sales, owing to the people having an overproduction of comforts, or to their lack of means to purchase? Are the reasonable demands of the people for food, clothing and shelter all satisfied? If so, you may expect to effect few sales and the people, of course, are prosperous and happy.

The Milton Star: Quite a number of uninformed farmers labor under the delusion that the Alliance movement is of very recent origin, and will have but an ephemeral existence. Such is not the case. Texas, the state of its birth, has held her twelfth annual state Alliance, and the order in Texas is much stronger in numbers and more united in purpose and more determined in resolution than ever before. The order, however, in many of the states is young in years but strong in spirit and growing fast. The order now in the United States numbers about four million members.

The Free Press: Most of the so-called farmers or agricultural papers are nothing but partisan papers, clothed in a garb calculated to deceive the people. The farmers cannot afford to support papers that are opposing their interests. For years these papers have taught the farmers that they should let politics alone, and that working harder and harder was the key-note to success, and most of the mischief that bad legislation has brought about must be attributed to this attempt to keep the farmer out of politics. It has been the schemes of money kings, and it is time that the people were opening their eyes to the true situation of affairs.

The People's Journal: Alliancemen as well as others should not believe one-half the reports of Alliance doings that are telegraphed to the city dailies from the east. They are generally framed to suit the schemes of the enemies of the Alliance movement, and if they can cause dissensions in the ranks of the Alliance on this coast, or deter farmers and laborers from joining the organization the object aimed at will be accomplished. The leading organs of both the great political parties either sneer at or boldly antagonize the Alliance movement, and the smaller fry copy their remarks as so much solid truth. From this time on till after the election next fall Alliance men may be on the lookout for all manner of "yarns" in a certain class of papers, calculated to injure a movement that is becoming a terror to the capitalists and monopolists whose golden riveted collars the conductors of such journals wear.

The Enterprise Gazette, Senoia, Ga.: Chauncey M. Depew is reported as having said: "Acres do not govern the country, but brains." He should have said dollars instead of brains. It would indeed be a good thing if the country were governed by brains, it certainly needs it. But it does not need the kind of brains possessed by the money powers and protected monopolists. Mr. Depew is by no means infallible and may find there are brains enough to be found on the acres of the farmers to govern this country.

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The Alliance in Kansas still challenge the admiration of all true members of the Order. The great work it has done will never be forgotten as long as political history is read. The work which it began last year is being vigorously carried on at the present time. During the past year the Order has increased in number and is still growing. The grand work in Kansas has had an influence on every other State by encouraging the brethren to more aggressive action. Many able defenders of the Alliance have been developed, some of whom have attained national reputation. The Alliance press of the State has been the bulwark of the Order. There are nearly two hundred reform papers in the State, the greater part of which are bright, vigorous and intelligently conducted; among them are some of the best papers in the Order. Kansas has endeavored herself to the Order, and its future will continue to be of great interest to the entire brotherhood. - *National Economist*

The Plow and Hammer: "An Honest Dollar" is the title of a sheet published by a company of designing millionaires for free distribution to poison the minds of the masses. In its last issue it quotes Cleveland and his secretary as opposed to the free coinage of silver, and in the same column quotes Harrison and his secretary as opposed to free coinage. As the free coinage of silver will hold a prominent place in the discussions before the people of Ohio this summer, it would be interesting to have these prominent party men speak to the masses from the same platform regarding this vital question. Possibly some of our Alliance men who are sticking to the old party might discover that there was no difference between the leaders who should drill in the same crowd.

The Gibbon Reporter: "Gentlemen go to work and make your farms productive and profitable. If then you need ready money your restored credit will enable you to borrow as cheaply as anybody. But let us hear no more about laws to enforce the highwayman's plea with the government." The above extract is from the Philadelphia North American of April 11. This is a leading Republican paper and a fair exponent of the plutocracy who are trying with might and main to destroy this nation. The reasonable demands of the suffering, toiling, sweating millions of American citizens is met with a sneer, or with advice given in a lordly, dictatorial manner, as of superiors to inferiors. These men little realize how near the deluge is, and their ignorance and vanity is in all human probability destined to reap not only bloody recompense for themselves, but a harvest of woe for the whole country.

All the tin yet made, or that will be made very soon, under the McKinley bill, is not equal to the brass of the trying to make political capital out of it.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

TALMAGE AND THE TRUTHS OF THE BIBLE.

A Sermon From the Text, II Samuel 23:10, "And His Hand Clave Unto the Sword"—Christians Should Uphold the Bible.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1891.—Among the vast audiences which crowd the Brooklyn Tabernacle at every service are large numbers of young men, many of whom are theological students. Dr. Talmage's sermon this morning had a special interest for them. At this time when so many are giving up the Bible, or holding the truth less firmly than before, the eloquent preacher put himself on record so clearly and forcibly that no one who heard him could have any doubt as to his attitude. His text was: II Samuel 23:10, "And his hand clave unto the sword."

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole battalion with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host: "Fall back!"

Eleazar having swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long tugged around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want the more of it. I propose to show you this morning how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword.

O my friends, in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two-edged sword of truth. It makes me sad to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth, and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the new testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written eighteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this book is more than twenty thousand copies every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and try to wrench out of your hand the Pentateuch, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the store, or the shop, or the factory, or the banking-house, will try to wrench out of your hand the entire bible; but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip, hold on it. You give up the bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon, and peace, and life and heaven.

I see hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men in this audience. Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the bible. This book is the friend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in the cell of a Western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.'" He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there, "I am an infidel," and the eloquent writer says, "every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say, "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said: 'He is a liar!'" This bible is the sworn enemy of all this wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on it. Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say, "I guess it is, I don't know, perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and

perhaps it isn't; perhaps it may be figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the Apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the matter of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, and ascended to nothing, and now saith at the right hand of nothing; from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and in the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy Catholic church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in his hand against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth, the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self-throwingfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the battle he was so anxious for the victory he forgot his hand, and that hilt might go ever so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." O my brothers and sisters, let us go into Christian conflict with the spirit of self-throwingfulness. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation, or abuse, or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand or arm, or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who, in order to achieve worldly success, will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anesthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said: "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation?

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism, or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that Conquest of Mexico—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood he wrote the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ.

We have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hillites and the Jebusites and the Gergites, and let those poor wretches go, and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Anab here. Herods here. Jabezels here. The massacre of the infants here. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand.

But what will your chagrin and mine be if it shall be told that day on the streets of heaven that on earth we shrank back from all toil and sacrifice and hardship? No scars to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in the battle for God and the truth, we just once grasped the sword so firmly, and struck so hard that the sword and the hand stuck together, and the hand clave to the sword. O my Lord Jesus, rouse us to thy service.

Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer though they die; They see the triumph from afar, And seize it with the eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thy armies shine In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be thine.

PERSONAL PICKINGS.

The Duke of Edinburgh is a fine fiddler. A Washington colored barber shaves with a razor he used on Lincoln. It is quite natural that a man who gives away advice should not use it himself. The city directory of Berlin has nearly 200 pages of citizens bearing the name of Schultz.

LANCED BY APACHES.

A WOMAN'S HORRIBLE SUFFERINGS IN ARIZONA.

She Crawled to a Caneo Ranch—Bruised With Stones and Left for Dead on the Desert Sand—Nine Days Without Water.

Mrs. William Page, of Phoenix, Ariz., tells a story of terrible sufferings and marvelous escape from the Apaches, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

It appeared that William Kirkland Page and a few more Americans had established a camp in the mountains in the rear of the Caneo ranch, whence they sallied forth every morning for the purpose of cutting timber in the mountains, returning in the evening to camp. Mrs. Page and a Mexican girl, aged about 12 years were with them in the camp attending to the cooking. One day in the latter part of February, shortly after the men had left for their work, a band of Indians, said to have consisted of seventeen, swooped down upon the camp, taking the woman and child with them.

A week later the Indians had surrendered to Captain Ervel, had delivered the Mexican girl uninjured, and Ervel had placed eight or ten of their number in irons and sent them under a strong guard to Ft. Buchanan.

It appears that immediately after capturing Mrs. Page the Indians had lanced her in various places, and then had thrown her into a gully and thrown rocks at her until they thought life was extinct. The night following being rather cool, she had regained consciousness, and as soon as her senses had so far recovered as to be able to decide what course to take she commenced her terrible march, or rather crawling, fainting every now and then until at last she reached the haven of security, Caneo ranch.

An eye witness to Mrs. Page's sufferings says: "A courier had arrived in Tucson, requesting Dr. Hughes to proceed at once to Caneo ranch, as Mrs. Page had found her way to that place after having been four days, subsisting on grass, roots, &c., and no water on the route. I hastened to Caneo ranch with Dr. Hughes, but he being on a fine horse and I on a mule, he hurried on alone. I made the best time I could with my mule, however, and arrived at Caneo only forty minutes behind him. Thirty-five miles in a little less than four hours is pretty fair for a mule. There I saw the poor woman. But what a sight!

"Lance thrusts in both breasts and in numerous other places, bruises from rocks thrown at her by the Indians, almost everywhere covering her with blood, emaciated beyond description, her hands and knees and legs and arms a mass of raw flesh almost exposing the bones, caused by crawling over the cruel rocks, up hill and down hill for nine days, she being unable to stand on her feet. Sixteen miles in nine days. You can imagine what she must have suffered. No water to quench the burning thirst, no water for her gaping wounds.

The doctor, though having little or no hope, stayed with her faithfully until recovery was assured. Her strong constitution and the tender care bestowed upon her by Dr. Hughes and his family, who had hurried to her bedside, did wonders, and after several months she was entirely cured. Shortly before I left the territory to join the "Corned army" I met her in the Sonotio valley at some ranch, and if I had not known the lady I never would have recognized in the blooming woman before me the horrible sight which met my sight on that never-to-be-forgotten night."

Disappearance of R.
The gradual disappearance from the English language of the letter r much afflicts a correspondent of Notes and Queries. "I do not allude," he writes, "to the dull sound that sometimes shocks us when we are told that Bawabab was a wobbler. I know a canon who always so reads it. I mean the slurring over the letter and calling a carriage a ca-a-ge, an orange an awnge, a moral a mol, and so on. The way in which r is slurred over or altogether omitted by the average Englishman gives him a marked peculiarity when he speaks any foreign language. If he has had a teacher whose ear is quick to detect this infirmity the cure is possible, except in those cases I have mentioned, where r is distinctly turned into w; they, I fear, are hopeless."

Captain Kidd's Gold.
Captain Kidd's gold, which tradition says was buried on Oak Island, Nova Scotia, is again being searched for. It is said that the searchers, who are Americans, have considerable capital behind them, and are determined to pursue the work until they discover the treasure or have overhauled every shovelful of earth on the island. This is the same spot where several companies spent many thousands of dollars, some years ago, in prosecuting a fruitless search. There are now seven pits dug. Some of them are as deep as 130 feet, and, despite the failure of former diggers, the present party are sanguine of success. They claim that they have maps locating the treasure.

ABOUT FIREARMS.

Following the Evolution of the Present Rifle Through Hundreds of Years.

Firearms, as distinguished from artillery, originated about the year 1864, when 500 hand-cannons were made at Perouse or Perugia. Hand-guns were used at the siege of Arras in 1414 and at Lucca in 1430. Tubes for firing balls with gunpowder, capable of being held in the hand and called "scorpions," came into use in England in 1440; and in 1471 300 Flemings, armed with hand-guns, each of which required two men to manage, accompanied Edward IV. when he landed at Ravenspur. A corps of "arquebusers" was formed in 1476 and in 1510 the Swiss had 500 cavalymen, armed with hand-guns doing service in Italy. The wheel-lock pistol had become quite common in Germany as early as 1512, but its use did not spread to other European countries until nearly a quarter of a century later. By the use of "light firearms" at the battle of Pavia, February 24, 1525, the Spaniards defeated Francis I. of France. Pavia was the first considerable battle in which firearms were used. Muskets were first used by the Duke of Alva against the Flemings in 1567; they were introduced into the French army in 1614. The firelock came into use in 1660 and the fusil about 1671. A brass firearm called a "fancy gun," in the shape of a walking cane was invented in 1712, but was never very generally adopted. The next step forward was the invention of the "harpoon" gun, this in 1731. Forsyth took out his patent for igniting gunpowder on the percussion principle April 11, 1807. Percussion caps were first used by the French army in 1830, and by the English in 1833. Since that time there have been many improvements in firearms in both the old and the new worlds.—St. Louis Republic.

IDLE MOMENTS.

Cadson—"Cholly's is reckless dog; seems always to live from hand to mouth." The Major—"Yes; and mostly from some other fellow's hand."—Life.

"I see Jack and Mollie have made up again. Why was the engagement ever broken?" "They had a quarrel as to which loved the other the most!"—Life.

Hacking Koff—"I wouldn't trust myself in the hands of Dr. Endde; I don't like specialists." Chilson Fesever—"What is his speciality?" Hacking Koff—"Post-mortems."—Puck.

"Is there anything you want, Willie?" asked grandma. "Yes; I'd like to have some jam on my bread." "Who gave you the bread?" "No one yet. I thought perhaps you might."—Judge.

"My speech at the meeting last night was my maiden effort," said the young orator, proudly. "Yes," cynically replied his friend; "I noticed it was something of a miss."—Baltimore American.

Pat—"Sure toime was invited in Ireland." Jeweler—"Why do you think so?" Pat—"Begorra! d'yez be after thinkin' its name would be O'Clock if it didn't come from the ovid sod!"—Jeweler's Weekly.

"Your father is largely engaged in the pork trade, I believe," said Mr. Gotham to Miss Laker, of Chicago. "Yes, sir," replied the latter, with that bright repartee for which she is noted, "paw is a regular pigmy."—Detroit Free Press.

"You ought to use a water-filter on your faucet, sir. I wouldn't be without one." "Find it beneficial, do you?" "Yes, indeed; it has made me a rich man." "I presume that you mean that health is wealth?" "No I mean that I manufacture filters."—Yankee Blade.

MASCULINITIES.

A beautiful thought is a mental sunbeam.

Merit may not always win, but it can stand it if it doesn't.

The man who goes to church much hears a great deal of preaching that hits other people.

It always pays to do a kindness to other people; if it doesn't pay you it pays the other people.

Sergeant Bunce, who has resigned from the New York police department, was attached to it for 33 years.

How much more detestable a fault appears when we can trace it to some one whose station in life we envy.

It is said that in the services of the English Church the Prince of Wales has been prayed for 800,000 times.

Willis Menard, who was the first colored congressman, now fills a clerical position in the census bureau at Washington.

The toughest fish yarn yet comes from North Haven, Me., where a dog fish is reported to have barked so fiercely at a bear clinging to an overhanging limb that the frightened beast fell into the stream and was drowned.

A man in Santa Cruz, Cal., who has more than once gone about begging for food, it is said, turns out to be a German Count, and has just come into possession of a valuable estate by the death of his father at home.

George Rohrbach, a Reading youngster of seven years, weighs 130 pounds, and is 40 inches around the chest—an inch more than his father. George at birth weighed 16 pounds, and a year and a half later tipped the scales at 60 pounds.

A cigarette fiend in Bangor, Me., was taken violently ill the other day and died in three hours. His physicians attributed his death wholly to excessive smoking. An hour before he passed away he begged his mother for another cigarette.

A well-dressed man, wearing a diamond pin, got caught with four tickets (worth four cents) on hand when the Brooklyn bridge was made free to pedestrians, and got very indignant and noisy because an officer at the bridge refused to redeem them.

A JAPANESE DIVORCE.

A Simple Ceremony, Requiring No Lawyers Nor Any Great Outlay.

"Speaking of divorces," said Lieutenant Butts, of the revenue cutter Johnson, "the most peculiar one I ever saw was in a little island off the coast of Japan, when I was in the United States navy.

"It was about twenty-five years ago, just at the close of the war. I was third officer of a United States ship on the Pacific station then, and we having damaged some of our upper rigging and sprung a plank or two in a heavy blow, had put into the harbor of this little island of unpronounceable name for needed, but not very difficult repairs.

"The ship surgeon and myself being off duty went ashore, with the double purpose of stretching our legs and sending off to the wardroom mess any delicacies in the way of fresh meat, fowls or fruit which we might happen to run across. With us went a Japanese sailor whom we had shipped, being short-handed, at a port on the coast of the mikado's insular realm.

"We walked about the poor little village, which was the principal seaport of the island, and were regarded by the natives with an innocent, awe-some and wondering expression which betokened their very rare acquaintance with white men. As we were strolling along the main street, if street it might be called, after having with Sorakichi's aid induced a very brown and wrinkled Japanese to take some rabbits, pigeons and fruit off to the ship, we came to a building, aerial in architecture, as are all Japanese structures, but much more pretentious than any we had yet seen.

"'Dat iss a temple, where mak' worship,' explanatorily spoke Sorakichi.

"We had two hours to spare, and entered. As we did so a young man and a young woman came in by another entrance. Both wore a blue scarf across the left shoulder and knotted under the right arm.

"'Been marry; split now, quit, tired of it,' said Sorakichi; and an inquiry developed the fact that the youngsters, neither of whom could have been over 22, sought a divorce.

"'Blue matachi show,' said Sorakichi, and we stood aside and watched the pair. They went before the most hideous idol it had ever been my fortune to see, both undid their blue scarfs, bowed their heads three times to the ground, and, turning, left the temple by opposite doors.

"'All good now,' explained our interpreter; 'got marry some more; yes, to-day, mebbe!'

"Further inquiry elicited the fact that this was the regular ceremony of divorce among the lower Japanese in certain provinces. Queror, wasn't it?"—Chicago Times.

Would Serve Him.

Colonel Breeden, late Attorney-General of New Mexico, was once retained to defend a Mexican and a Navajo Indian charged with the murder of a soldier on a street in Santa Fe one night, says the Chicago Tribune. Two Mexican women testified that they witnessed the murder and thought they could identify the prisoners as the persons who committed it. But other evidence favored the accused and the court and jury thought the women were mistaken. Some time after the acquittal the Navajo turned up, in the seventh heaven of intoxication, and sought out Breeden. In his expansive gratitude he told the attorney that, although moneyless, as usual, he wanted to perform some great service in part payment of the debt he owed him for securing his acquittal.

"Come to my house," said the attorney, "and try your hand on my garden."

"But," said the Navajo, "give me something harder than that to do—some great thing for a brave. Don't you want somebody killed? If you do I'll serve him as we did the soldier!"

"Did you kill the soldier?"

"Of course we did. I thought you knew that."

A New Story of Stonewall Jackson.

Since the unveiling of Stonewall Jackson's statue this story about the confederate general has come to light: On one rainy day, while advancing on Bull Run, he started out to reconnoiter in person and got caught on the wrong side of a bridge guarded by a fieldpiece and some federal artillerymen. When he discovered this Jackson did not hesitate a moment. Galloping up behind the men he shouted out to the officer in command: "Who directed you to put that gun on the road? Take it away and mount it in the woods on the hill yonder. I never saw such a piece of folly. Here in the open ground your men will be shot from the brush on the other side." On he went as though in a terrible passion, berating the officer, who colored, saluted, apologized and hastily gave the order for removing the gun. Jackson, with his staff at his heels, galloped off to the left as though to pass down the stream, made a sudden turn, thundered across the bridge and escaped. The befuddled officer in command of the gun had not gone far when he suspected something wrong, but he did not discover who the stranger was until next day.—N. Y. World.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

AN EXPERIMENT STATION ON SHEEP DIPS.

Several Effective and Cheap Dips—Silos and Ensilage—Better Butter—Farm Notes and Some Uses for Borax.

Sheep Dips.

A recent bulletin of the South Dakota experiment station contains the following about sheep dips:

There are numerous patent dips, various state dips and many other kinds used by owners. The patent commercial dips are objectionable, because they may be too weak, or may contain materials injurious to the wool, or may be too expensive. Some of the best, most effective and cheapest dips will be here noted with the formula and directions for using:

1. Tobacco, 30 pounds; sulphur, 15 pounds; oil of tar, 3 quarts; soap, 6 pounds; water, 100 gallons.

Steep the tobacco in water sufficient to cover it; decant or pour off the liquid. Repeat the steeping of the tobacco three or four times, decanting the liquid into the dipping tank or another large vessel; then stir in the sulphur. Dissolve the soap in two gallons of hot water; add the tar oil to the hot dissolved soap and stir the mixture thoroughly and rapidly; then add it to the sulphur and tobacco-infusion mixture. Finally add water sufficient to make 100 gallons of water in the entire mixture. Use at 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Add a little water occasionally while using the dip to offset that which evaporates. This tobacco dip may be a little expensive, but it is one of the best and safest.

2. Sulphur, 25 pounds; lime, 15 pounds; water, 100 gallons. This is a very cheap dip; but the lime is said to injure the wool. However, the sulphur-lime dip is used quite extensively in scab-infested regions, which indicates that it is considered effective by those who have the disease to contend with the most frequently and extensively. Use the dip at 101 degrees Fahrenheit.

3. Arsenious acid (white arsenic), 1 pound; carbonate of potash (commercial), 1 pound; water, 20 gallons. The arsenic and carbonate of potash may be boiled a few minutes in eight or ten gallons of water to hasten the dissolving; then add water sufficient to make 20 gallons. Use at 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Use a little water as the dip becomes low in the tank or tub. This dip is very cheap and effective, but must be used with precaution. The udders of the ewes sucking their young must be covered with lard or some bland oil to prevent the arsenic from affecting the udder, checking the secretion of the milk. The sheep, after being dipped, must be placed in a dripping and drying pen where there are no articles of food that sheep will eat upon which the arsenical solution may fall; keep the sheep in such a pen over night. Do not let the lambs suck the ewes for several hours after dipping. It is not a good plan to submerge the head; you may cover the head with the solution by using the hand, a sponge or cloth. Oil your hands and arms occasionally as you are dipping. You may lose a few sheep by using this dip unless you are very careful.

The amount of dip required for each sheep depends upon the time of dipping—the length of the wool. The estimated amount varies between one quart and one gallon. In all instances where the flock is affected with scab it is best to dip the sheep twice—the second dipping may be done ten or twelve days after the first. Infected pens, lots, pastures or sheds should not be used for thirty to fifty days after dipping.

We always have objected to the use of arsenious dips on account of the above danger from which, in spite of unusual precaution, some of the sheep and a great many lambs will die. We would not use such dips except in very extreme cases, and then we would hesitate. We do not like sulphur in dips for sheep.

Silo and Ensilage.

Every year brings out some new facts concerning the silo. It would be a pity if this were not so, and our experiment stations would not be accomplishing as much for the farmer as one might naturally expect. All agree that corn is the best material for filling the silo, with clover as second best, and other grasses in their order. So far, however, good success with clover has not been the rule. It may be that the secret of making good clover silage has not been discovered, and that in the course of time it will be equal to corn.

The smaller kinds of corn are the best for the silage, and it should be thinly planted, cultivated very shallow, and allowed to stand until out of the "milk state." It should then be cut and filled in rapidly before wilting. Rapid filling is essential. The corn should be laid all one way. It is generally believed that over-breading frequently causes the corn to mold in the silo, because the air is forced out, and the mold sets in where the air is lacking. It needs all the air possible to start the heating throughout the whole mass, and in a uniform way.

No two farmers seem to agree on the proper way of covering the silo, and the experiment stations differ in this respect as well. So far some of the surface silage has spoiled, no matter how well covered, and those that have had no silage have kept about as well as the most improved covers. Until the ideal covering is discovered no covering at all seems to answer the purpose about as well as the present tight-fitting ones.

There is also a sharp discussion going on as to the best method of building the silo. The lathed and plastered silo is no longer thought of, but there is a dispute as to whether the wooden silo with one or two thicknesses of boards should be used. The question of cheapness and durability must be taken into consideration in constructing the silo. If one of two equally good silos is cheaper than the other, it is to be recommended for general use until some structure is discovered that is far superior to all others.—A. B. Barrett in the American Cultivator.

Grain Saving in Swine Feed.

According to a bulletin sent out from the Wisconsin station, says the Cincinnati Price Current, feeding bone meal and hardwood ashes to hogs confined to an exclusive diet of corn and water gives the following results: Where ashes and bone meal were fed, the effect was to save about 130 pounds of corn, or 80 per cent of the total amount fed in producing 100 pounds of gain, live weight. It about doubled the strength of the bones and 50 per cent more ash was found in the bones of the hogs getting bone meal and ashes than of those that did not receive it.

Sod Land.

Sod land, when turned under, requires time for the sod to rot, and when crops are broadcasted on such land the grass is sure to crowd out the crop. If sod is turned under in the fall, and corn or potatoes planted on the land in the spring, the land will be in excellent condition when the crop is harvested, and may then be sowed to wheat. The rule is to put some kind of crop on sod land that requires cultivation, in order to destroy both grass and weeds.

Farm Notes.

Cattle make a slower growth per day as they become larger. The western farmer at least can hardly afford to keep cows for the manure alone. Commence feeding bran or oil meal gradually; too much at once often induces scours. It is often that the sides of a hog made into bacon will bring more than the whole pig sold alive. In feeding calves for growth, a good plan is to feed at each meal only what they will eat up clean, and no more. Rye can be pastured at nearly all stages of growth, and can be plowed under at any time as a green manure. There is no profit in breeding a blue-blooded calf and then allowing it to forage around a strawstack all winter. Manure needs but little care if hauled direct to the field and scattered out as fast as it is made, while it lessens the cost of handling. In cutting up corn it is better to cut a full supply. Properly managed it is a cheap feed, and there is little danger of cutting too much. There is no class of stock kept on the farm that will compare with sheep for keeping up the fertility of the soil, and there are few farms but where more or less can be kept with profit. Good stock is something like a good mortgage. If properly looked after it will continue to grow while you are asleep, and in the majority of cases is the surest means of getting rid of the mortgage.

Some Uses for Borax.

Sprinkle places infested by ants with borax and you will soon be rid of them. Blankets and furs put away well sprinkled with borax and done up air tight will never be troubled with moths. A little borax put into the water before washing red or red-bordered table cloths and napkins will prevent their fading. Ringworms will yield to borax treatment. Apply a strong solution of borax three times a day; also dust on the fine, dry powder often. Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water; it will whiten the clothes and also remove the yellow cast on garments that have been laid aside for two or three years. Silver spoons and forks, in daily use, may be kept bright by leaving them in strong borax water several hours. The water should be boiling when they are put in. One of the best things to cleanse the scalp thoroughly is to dissolve one-half teaspoonful of borax in a quart of water and apply it, rubbing it in well. Rinse well in clear water. For washing fine, nice flannels, nothing better than to look so nice as borax in the water, a tablespoonful of borax to a pail of water being the right proportion. Always wash baby's little flannel skirts, shirts, etc., in this. Always wash baby's mouth and gums every morning with water in which you have put a pinch of borax. It keeps the mouth fresh and sweet, and prevents that uncomfortable affliction, a sore mouth, with which so many babies are troubled when their mouths are not kept perfectly clean. Borax water is excellent for sponging either silk or wool goods that are not soiled enough to need washing. In washing cashmere or wool goods, put a little borax in the water. This will cleanse them much more easily and better, without injury to the colors. Do not rub them on a board, but use the hands, and throw on the line without wringing. Press them on the wrong side, and they will look almost like new.

A CHINAMAN'S RAIMENT.

HOW THE HIGH MONGOLIANS ARRAY THEMSELVES.

Splendor of Attire Sported by Opulent Orientals—Peculiarities of Gowns and Costumes—Odd Patterns.

The magnificence and splendor of the attire in which opulent Orientals are wont to array themselves has for ages been a fruitful theme for the prose writer as well as the poet. In the extravagance of fable garments are often mentioned as worn by Eastern monarchs and princes of such rich stuffs and so bedecked with priceless gems that their value would purchase an empire. However incredible these tales may appear, it is nevertheless a characteristic of Orientals that they prefer to convert the greater part of their wealth into wearing apparel, by which they seemingly aim to inspire a feeling of awe and admiration in every beholder.

This fondness for dress and display is a trait that is shared by the Chinese in common with their neighboring races. It is the all-absorbing ambition of the Mongolian to array himself in splendid robes, which he hopes will excite the envy of his less fortunate countrymen.

At the close of every year, says the San Francisco Chronicle, the Mongolian religiously casts away the garments worn during the previous twelve months and clad himself in a complete new attire. The garments worn by the poorer or lower classes of Chinese are comparatively inexpensive. The outfit usually worn consists of a blouse, trousers, sash, socks or stockings, and shoes.

The suits of cheaper quality are to be purchased ready-made at any of the clothing houses in the Chinese quarters. The blouses or jackets are made from cottonade, blue jeans, a light grade of beaver, and other materials. The color is usually blue, blue-black or black. They cost ready-made from \$4 to \$12. For holidays and festivals even the poorer Chinese are wont to attire themselves in silken or satin robes of the finest texture and most delicate hues. These gowns are costly and are made to order. It is claimed that a prominent resident of the Chinese quarter paid \$5,000 for his holiday vestments.

They are of a pale pink, lavishly and heavily embroidered in gold and silver bullion threads and bespangled with numerous precious stones. The more costly robes are lined with quilted silks. Ordinary silken blouses are purchased at from \$30 to \$80. The trousers affected by the Chinese vary in price from \$1 for the cheapest to \$50 and \$70.

Flowing robes of satin and silk are also worn by the opulent on state and festive occasions.

The sleeves of the Mongolian's blouse are long, and when turned down reach below the tips of the fingers five or six inches. This extra length of the garment the wearer employs to cover over his nose and mouth when entering a room until he becomes accustomed to the temperature. The same rules apply when going out in the air. It is claimed that to this custom is attributed the rarity of pulmonary complaints and disorders among the Chinese.

A silken sash of varied patterns is wrapped around the waist to hold up the trousers, suspenders being an unknown quantity with the Chinaman. The Chinese affect many styles of headgear. There are five patterns, though, that are worn principally in this country. The ordinary laborer or coolie protects his head from the sun and wind with a hat made from rice straw interwoven like a basket. It is circular in form, with wide brim, and is held in place by strings tied under the chin. The merchant wears a brimless head-covering made from silk or satin. It is bowl-shaped, and ornamented with a button, which according to color tells of the wearers' wealth and position. A sort of woolen hood, which completely covers the head, neck and ears, leaving but a little part of the face exposed, is worn by laborers when working out of doors during inclement weather. Many Chinese employed in domestic positions wear a low-crowned felt hat of wide brim, patterned after the style of headgear that was brought so prominently into notoriety from being worn by California hoodlums. But the last and crowning masterpiece in the way of Chinese head covering is the high-binder's "dickie." This style of hat is a complete protection to the head, and has saved more warlike high-binders from being launched into kingdom come than it will be given credit for. The hat is about six inches high and the brim parallels the crown which it surrounds. The hat is made of felt, and the top generally covers a steel plate thick enough to turn the edge of the sharpest ax. As the steel armor is cushioned in wood a blow from a club seldom injures the victim.

The dress of the Chinese woman is similar to that of the "lords of creation," the only difference being that the women wear a cloth or silken skirt of dark colors underneath the blouse which falls to the knees. The blouse worn by the women is also somewhat longer than that which goes on the men's backs. The women wear no hats or other head covering. Instead they oil their hair or smear it with grease. The women and men wear the same style of stockings or socks. These are made from cotton, wool, or silk, and the price varies from 20 cents to several dollars, according to the quality of the material. It costs an ordinary Chinese laborer about \$20 for a year's outfitting of clothing. A merchant of moderate means contents himself with an outfit of about \$75 for clothes. The women can clothe themselves on about the same amount. The Chinese have two patterns of footgear. One is a sort of sandal supported two or three inches from the ground by a narrow block of wood under the ball of the sole and at the heel. The other is the style usually worn by Mongolians. The sole is made from light wood or cork with a cork upper and is patterned somewhat after the Oxford tie. These shoes vary in price from \$1.50 to \$3 a pair and have everlasting qualities.

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

Poverty Is Often the First to Befriend Poverty.

A blind and crippled old man sat at the edge of the icy stone pavement grinding out his few tunes on a wheezy hand-organ, and holding in one hand a tinop for pennies, says the Youth's Companion. The cold wind blew through his rags, and he was indeed a pitiful object. Yet few of the passers-by seemed to pity him. They were all in a hurry, and it was to cold to stop and hunt for pennies in pockets and purses. A sudden gust of wind blew the old man's cap off. It fell by the side of the pavement, a few feet distant. He felt around for it with his bare, red hands, and then with his cane, but he could not find it, and finally began playing again, bare-headed, with his scanty gray locks tossed about in the wind. People came and went—happy, well-dressed men and women, in silks and velvets and sealskins, in warm overcoats and gloves and mufflers. But none of them paid any attention to the old man. By and by a woman came out of the alley—an old woman in rags and tatters, with a great bundle of boards and sticks on her bent back. Some of the boards were so long that they dragged on the ground behind her, and it had evidently taken her a long time to tie all the boards and bits of lumber together, and get them on her back. She came along, bending low under her burden, until she was within a few feet of the old organ-grinder. She saw his cap lying by the pavement; she saw him sitting there bareheaded. She stopped and untied the rope that bound the bundle to her neck, and in a moment the boards were lying on the ground. Then she picked up the cap, put it on the old man's head and tied it down with a ragged string of a handkerchief taken from her own neck. "Cold, hain't it?" she said. He nodded. "Ain't gittin' much to-day?" He shook his head again. She fumbled in her ragged skirts for a moment and finally brought forth a copper. She dropped it into his little cup, hoisted the great bundle on her back, and went on her way.

Gen. Grant's Champagne.

In February, 1866, when Gen. Grant was stationed in Washington as commanding general of the army, the French minister, who still occupied the Corcoran house at the legation, issued invitations for the most magnificent ball which has probably ever been given in Washington. M. Monthon, being a warm personal friend and admirer of Gen. Grant, issued orders to his steward at the outset of the ball that the general was to be treated as a special guest of honor, and the best wine that the cellars afforded placed at his disposal. The next day the steward approached the minister in great perplexity and inquired in an amazed way who was this Gen. Grant to whom he was to give the best of everything, and who had shown himself so far appreciative of the honor accorded that he had called for no less than sixteen bottles of champagne, nine bottles of brandy, and whiskey ad libitum. The explanation which shortly transpired was that the order had been overheard by a party of young fellows; they took advantage of the steward's credulity, prefacing every demand for the choicest liquors with the magic announcement that it was for Gen. Grant.—Boston Journal.

To Enlighten the Blacks.

In Vasten, in the Congo state, the first newspaper has recently made its appearance under the name of So Krikianza (the Daily Light). Its object is "to enlighten the souls of the black skinned." It is printed in the popular dialect of the country in the Latin alphabet. The first issue of the paper was edited by two educated negro women, who did their own type setting. It contained a lengthy article on "The Natural History of the Elephant" from the pen of a learned negro.

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

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24.

The country is short on money.

The Kansas City Times says "The Otis idea sweeps the pantry."

Bluff is the principal stock in trade employed by the Capital and the state house ring.

The dollar buys more now than ever before, but a few sharks have a corner on the dollar.

When a people's party man demands cheap money he means to ask for cheap interest, and not a worthless dollar.

Yes, sir, the dollar buys more of the products of labor than ever, but it takes just as many dollars to pay taxes as it ever did.

There is great activity at People's party headquarters. Secretary W.H. Bennington is working night and day and the most vigorous canvass of the country that has been made for years is being made.

J. R. Burton does not seem to have the slightest conception of the evils of which the people complain. He is completely dazed by the grandeur of the old republican party. He sees them as an owl sees at noonday.

The political craze has driven two wholesale grocers out of Topeka, and has caused the failure of many other firms. The brag and bluster of the Capital will not long suffice to keep out the business men on Kansas avenue, that they are suffering from the same cause as the farmers.

Our republican friends claim that 95 per cent of the business of the country is done on credit. If this was true it would certainly indicate a great shortage of money, since no one ever does business on credit when he can do a cash business. Every business man prefers a cash to a credit business.

The g. o. p. is busted. Lew Hanback of Ohio fame, and Capt. Johnson spoke to a rousing houseful at Mission Center, on the 16th. The audience consisted of one people's party man, one lady, two boys and twelve republicans. No wonder they want to have joint debates. It must be awfully dull speaking to empty benches.

Let the fiat of the people go forth that we want more money, good money, just such as Senator Peffer exhibited at the opera house, viz: greenbacks, and we want them made a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, interchangeable with gold and silver. Let every dollar be clothed with equal power and all will have equal value.

J. R. Burton has read history to very little purpose if he has not learned of many cases where it would seem that nothing less than divine revelation has inspired men to action. The fact has been recognized and mentioned by the best and most philosophic of historians. The sneers of men like Burton, in such cases, are better for the people's party than any favorable words he might utter.

The blaw and bluster of the Topeka Democrat about electing the democratic ticket in this county won't frighten any one. Last fall the Democrat claimed that the election of Robinson was assured, but he only received a small fraction of the vote of the state. The headquarters of the people's party is now thronged with new converts from both the old parties, and while the poll of the city has not progressed sufficient for us to make definite predictions upon results, we are confident that the people's party candidates will all be elected.

A True Story.

Twenty years ago a citizen of Kansas bought \$100,000 of government bonds at par. Desiring to go into the banking business, he deposited these bonds with the government and received a loan of \$90,000 in national bank notes as good as gold. The government taxed him 1 per cent per annum on this loan, amounting to \$900 a year, or \$18,000 for the twenty years. It also required him to deposit \$2,500 to redeem mutilated bills. He loaned the \$87,500 which he had left to the people of Kansas at an average of 12 per cent, \$10,500 per annum or \$210,000 for the twenty years. He drew 4 1/2 per cent interest on the government bonds, which amounted to \$45,000 per annum or \$90,000 during the twenty years, and then sold his bonds at a premium of \$28,000. The amount stands as follows:

Int. from the people,	\$210,000.
" " Government,	90,000.
Premium on bonds,	28,000.
Total,	\$328,000.
Less Government tax,	18,000.
Net gain,	\$310,000.

In the face of these facts the moneycratic hirelings say that national banks don't pay, and that we have the best banking system the world ever had. True, the national bank notes are good, but they are made good by the government and we pay the bankers \$310,000 for circulating \$90,000 twenty years. Gentlemen, the national banks must go.

Republicans and Democrats Unite Against the People.

Special to the CAPITAL.

JUNCTION CITY, Kan., October, 10.—The democratic mass convention met in this city today and nominated candidates for clerk, register, and coroner, leaving the remainder of the ticket vacant. This virtually indorses the republican candidates for treasurer, sheriff, surveyor and commissioner. The best of feeling prevailed in the convention and all are satisfied with the situation. The combination, with the prevalent good feeling, is certain to defeat the entire alliance ticket in this city. Junction City will vote solidly for the combination ticket. Without exception, the candidates are above reproach.

The republicans thus practically abandon the cause of the black man and cease their demand for a free ballot and fair count, while the democrats give up the fight for tariff reform. The principles that both these rotten old parties have advocated with so much vehemence, are brushed aside in the mad scramble for official place and power. Of course the plain people, the honest voters who compare the rank and file of both parties, will be disgusted with this scheme and administer a rebuke to the hoodle gang that they will not soon forget.

Jerry Simpson called at the News office Tuesday and expressed some surprise to find so large an institution.

The money power, as we term it, is a relic of royalty when it claimed everything by virtue of royal prerogative.

J. C. Hebbard and W. W. Wiley will speak on the issue of the campaign at Indian Creek school house, Saturday, Oct. 24.

In his speech Tuesday night Ex-Congressman Lew Hanback declared that if it came to that point he would join the democratic party rather than the people's party. Just as we would have it. That is where he would belong, drunk or sober.

I am glad to notice that in some places the republicans and democrats are uniting to overthrow the so-called people's party. The state of Kansas would get along somehow with low tariff, frequent defalcations and laws poorly administered; it might exist even with saloons, but if the views of the people's party should prevail, where is the man of sense who would care to say that Kansas is his home.—Judge McFarland.

O, yes, they are willing to sacrifice every principle in order to retain a few petty offices—anything for votes. But, Judge, is't this a back handed slap at the democrats who are looking to for help?—we mean this reference to "low tariff, frequent defalcations and loans poorly administered."

From Southeast Kansas.

The Hon. J. G. Otis sends the following from Columbus:

We are here in the southeast corner of Kansas, and are about ready to start for Toronto, in Woodson county. Our meeting yesterday was a mammoth affair. The procession was four miles long, and it was estimated that there were 6,000 people on the ground. Mrs. Marion Todd was here and spoke. We also had a meeting in the evening. The people's party in Cherokee county is full of vigor and will carry everything before it.—J. G. Otis.

The great meetings now holding in the state are remarkable for more than one thing. They show the earnestness of the people, their desire to hear the truth being only equalled by their determination to overthrow the present system of public robbery as soon as it is brought to their notice. The people are long suffering, but once aroused and as well try to stop the cyclone in its fury as to try to check this management of the people to right their wrongs. Senator Peffer says give us more money and we will go back to our old party affiliations. The Senator is mistaken, the people will never lay down their arms until every wrong has been righted. Further, the people propose to ride over the railroads at actual cost, and have their produce hauled at cost. The telegraph lines run in the interest of the people, the coal mines, the water way, and in short, we propose now that we are in fighting trim to make labor honorable, exalt brains above dollars, honesty above trickery, and make this government, in fact, what it is in name—a government of the people, for the people and by the people.—R. E. Jones.

Friend Jones, as well as some others, does not seem to comprehend Senator Peffer's idea. His remarks in regard to the issue of three dollars of greenbacks for every dollar of gold and silver, as a condition on which the people's party would disband, was probably intended simply as a challenge. It would be safe to say, perhaps, that if this had been done at first, the people's party would not yet have come into existence.

J. B. Johnson in his speeches about the county, says that \$13 a month was enough for the soldier. It was all they needed for chuck-a-luck.

Trade at Home.

Farmers are not trying to force an unnatural retail price for their products, but to secure as near as may be, that price for themselves without the intervention of middle men and speculators.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat says there is an abundant supply of money in the country. We have heard bigger lies than that before today. No matter how small the amount of money there may be in the country, the trouble is not there. We might have ten times the present amount and be no better off. It is right here that many people's party theorists make their mistake. The trouble is not found in the amount, but in the manner in which the money is controlled. This money, whether more or less in amount, is manipulated by a few men. It is not permitted to flow freely. The natural laws of political economy are not permitted to operate. There is much in the law of supply and demand, but that law is destroyed by combines, trusts and speculators. Destroy the speculative power of money and allow it to perform its functions freely, and one great reform would be accomplished.

The Want Is Supplied.

What we want is the "Farmers' and People's anti-monopoly party," with a platform such as the Illinois yeomanry have nailed to the mast. It reads:

"This organization is opposed to railroad steals, tariff steals, bank steals, and every other form of thieving by which the farmer and laboring classes are robbed of the legitimate fruits of their labor."—J. K. Hudson.

It Is Falling.

The grand old republican party, with its history, its victories, its glorious martyrs, has become a place of refuge for thieves, railroad and salary grabbers, whisky and Indian rings, and must fall to pieces from its own rottenness.—J. K. Hudson.

Evading the Issues.

An entire evening wasted in listening to a profitless debate between J. R. Burton and Senator Peffer. Burton spent an hour in casting brilliant coruscations of merest twaddle before a vast audience. If he has the least idea of the tendencies of the hour, he gave no signs of it beyond the admission that times have been hard and are getting better. He dwelt upon immaterial questions, as whether or not demand notes and seven-thirties once circulated as money. That they did so circulate is within the clear recollection of many now living. He denied that the currency was ever contracted, when the record shows the contrary—when in fact that question was one of the issues and that it carried as asked by the bondholders late in the sixties and seventies. These are all irrelevant questions. Senator Peffer wastes time on them. They are not pertinent. If there has been no contraction so much the worse for the republicans who are now fighting the bondholder's and the speculator's war.

The point is that times are getting from bad to worse. Poverty, want, and starvation increase yearly. Labor seeks employment in vain. Women and children are glad to work at starvation wages, and such wages are all that most employers can afford to pay, and then are liable to fall into the jaws of grasping money lenders. On the other hand wealth is accumulating in a few hands as never before in this land. We are rushing speedily into the old world condition. Republicanism, except in name, is dying out. Our lands are gone. Labor goes a begging. Hundreds stand ready for every profitable opening just as this same condition in the old world is sending foreign young men here to fill all our railway offices and clerkships.

It does not do to attempt, as Mr. Burton does, to give this diseased condition of things a local coloring. Poverty and want is growing in the east as in the west. Aristocratic capital is accumulating there more than in the west, and men like Burton are its willing tools.

What is the cause of this diseased condition? They deny that it is contraction, and we confess that this is not by any means the principal cause. But if it is not that, and if this result has come about, under a system of expansion of the currency, then what hope have we for the future? Burton absolutely gives us none. The republican party gives us none. There is really, from their own point of reasoning, no hope for the people; there is nothing to save us from the pauperized condition of the European masses, except revolution of our system—a moving forward.

Senator Peffer, in three sentences noted a remedy. In five minutes he gave utterance to the only thought of the evening worth mentioning. Make usury impossible. Destroy the speculative value of money. Do this and we have a remedy, or a partial remedy at least. Money does not serve its purpose in speculation. It is not one of its functions. It is not even intended as a medium of exchange. Its office is simply to measure the value of things to be exchanged. Destroy the perverted use of money and, we have a remedy for existing evils.

Burton was eloquent and magnetic, and as irreverent as he was forceful.

Toiling Children and Idle Men.

From the Independent, Deadwood, S. D.

A million children working in the mines and shops of this country, and a million able bodied men tramping over the county in search of employment! Puny children working all night with an overseer standing over them with a strap to keep them awake, while strong men are unable to find employment! Women keeping death at bay with their needles sixteen hours per day, or worse still, compelled to find their bread in brothels or at the hands of a libertine! And in the face of all this the plutocratic anarchists howl that there is no need of political and social reform.

Reform Press Association.

News special from Salina.

The Reform Press association of the State of Kansas, in session at Salina, on the 20th day of October, 1891, hereby reaffirm adherence to the principles of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, the Knights of Labor, the Farmers' Mutual Benefit association, the Citizens' Alliance and other industrial organizations summarized and embodied in the Cincinnati platform of May 20, 1891, and further declare that we reaffirm the sentiments expressed in the resolutions adopted by this association at its meeting in the city of Hutchinson, on the 24th day of February, 1891, and in order that there may be no mistake as to the true sentiments of this association upon a question concerning which we have been maliciously misrepresented, we hereby specifically declare

That we favor a liberal service pension to every soldier and sailor who has a record of honorable service in the army or navy of the United States.

Second, we pledge ourselves to favor every measure that shall be designed in any manner, to render full and ample justice to every union veteran.

Third, we favor the payment to every union soldier and sailor, a sum sufficient to make good the difference between the currency in which he was paid and the money in which the obligations to the bondholders were paid.

Fourth, we favor these propositions not as a charity nor in consideration of fealty to or affiliation with any political party, but because of honorable service rendered in the army of the United States.

Don't Do It.

Don't be fooled by the politicians. Don't be carried away by the glittering pyrotechnics of such men as J. R. Burton.

They have no sympathies with the people but are the tools of their masters. To be sure they are liable to be kicked into the gutter whenever that best serves the purpose of said masters, but now they serve them well.

Don't worship party any longer. Parties should not be idols but servants.

Bankers and money lenders are nothing but parasites upon the public. They serve no good purpose. Speculation is not business. It produces nothing. It exchanges nothing. Speculation in money is next to speculation in blood. Money must be made to give up its speculative value. Don't be deceived on this point.

Don't be afraid to speak your convictions, nor to vote them.

Life is something more than a grab game. Human happiness is more than this. It is more than a fortunate accident. It was intended to be a God-given right. Burton may ridicule the idea of God in politics. He may revile the thought of revelation in politics. Don't be deceived by such irreverent twaddle. Don't encourage a system that forces men into a struggle, hand to hand, for life and happiness. Man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Don't favor a system that makes the pursuit vain for the greater part of humanity.

The Question of Loyalty to the Flag.

Since the publication of the little episode in the Oakland school district, concerning the purchase of a flag to float over the school house, we are reminded by Representative Stevens, of the 16th district, that the House, at its recent session, passed a bill authorizing school boards to levy a tax for the purchase of national flags for our common school; and that the Republican Senate let it sleep the sleep of death. Yet they talk of disloyalty to the flag. Rats!—Alliance Tribune

There is no periodical published that so thoroughly meets the requirements of the entire household as "Peterson." Its varied contents offer at the same time entertainment and instruction. The November number is full of fine illustrations, and among its stories are "Christine," by Miss M. G. McClelland, one of the best short stories we have ever read by this popular author, and "The Gap Between," by Frank Lee Benedict. "The Isles of Many Names" is a charmingly illustrated sketch. Minna Irving contributes a beautiful poem, "The Flight of the Birds." "Folk-Lore of Finger-Rings." "Unholstering at Home," and "Some Interesting Relics," are all good and full of useful information.

The Spirit of Kansas is the oldest agricultural reform paper in the west.

The people's ticket is the only one upon which the working men have representation.

One thing is quite certain—the sub-treasury plan could hardly make matters much worse than they are.

If the import duty is paid by foreign countries, why did a reduction of the tariff on sugar, reduce the retail price of sugar in our market?

Ohio is having joint debates without any very marked effect. Kansas has been debating and abating the joint question for a long time.

The republicans are making a fight in Shawnee county equal to that of any presidential campaign. The people's party is their recognized opposition.

No people's party paper in the state has such a plant as that of the Kansas News Co., the publishers of the Topeka News and the Spirit of Kansas.

Republicans claim that 20,000 Ohio democrats will vote for McKinley. Certainly they will. McKinley is a fit representative of the moneycratic combination of democrats and republicans.

Moneycrats are preparing to swap off the republican and democratic candidates in order to retain their hold upon a part of the spoils of office. No deals, boys, it's not boodle we are after.

The republicans always insisted on fighting the war of the rebellion over, during every campaign, until Cleveland issued his famous tariff message, when they went back to revolutionary times and went to fighting England

The candidates on the people's party ticket are all good, worthy men, who really need the places, while the bankers, money lenders and office holders on the republican and democratic tickets, are already well provided for. Give the boys a chance. The good things ought to be passed around occasionally.

The Leavenworth Times exhorts its readers to "jump in and earn corn bread". We suppose Dan thinks that white rolls and porterhouse steak are especially reserved for the fat, slick, coupon clippers, who earn nothing. Many of the kid gloved moneycratic strikers think that corn bread and water are good enough for people who actually earn a living by toil.

W. H. Vanderbilt wears a \$10 suit when he travels.—Leavenworth Times.

We presume he traveled across the Canadian line to buy it. The stingy old miser invests his surplus wealth in government bonds to escape taxation, and republican financiers are extending the bonds as they fall due, so as to give him a chance to continue his tax dodging scheme. The people's party proposes to pay off these government bonds and compel the money lords to pay taxes just like common folks.

The Topeka Seed House, 304 and 306 Kans. Ave., Topeka, wholesale and retail Grain, Flour and Feed, Corn, Oats, Shorts, Bran, Baled Hay. All brands of Topeka flour. Goods received on consignment.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY, FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Class Legislation.

Our republican friends seem to base their opposition to the measures proposed by the people's party upon the theory that they represent class legislation, and in pressing this objection, republican orators discredit the record of their own party by the declaration that we have already had too much class legislation. All will admit that there is altogether too much class legislation now upon the statute books. Upon that point we are, it seems, with them agreed.

But who is responsible for that class legislation? Surely it is not the people's party. It must be the republican or democratic party. We suppose no one will question that declaration, and we are still therefore, thus far in substantial agreement. But when they state that the people's party is proposing additional class legislation, we join issue.

Class legislation is that legislation that grants favors to one class to the detriment of other classes. It is taxing one industry for the benefit of others. The people's party opposes all such legislation, and is pledged to repeal all such laws. Legislation that benefits one class and does not injure any other class cannot be termed class legislation in any proper sense.

Let us test the measure proposed by the people's party, according to these definitions of class legislation. We propose that the government shall issue money and loan it directly to the owners of real estate at two per cent per annum. This legislation would most assuredly benefit the class who own real estate, but it proposes to tax no one but those who are thus benefited, and does not even tax that class unless they avail themselves of the benefit and accept the loan, of their own free will.

The same is true of what is known as the sub-treasury plan, which provides for the loan of government made money upon corn, wheat, cotton and wool. The producers who avail themselves of its privileges are required to pay in interest, storage, &c., all the expenses of the transaction. It is urged that the consumers would be injured by an advance in the price of the commodities thus stored, but this point is not well taken. The products are now stored by speculators, and it can make no difference in the price to consumers whether the produce is stored and held by the farmer or speculator.

Under the present conditions, Kansas farmers are compelled to sell their products at the low prices that prevail during the period immediately following harvest, and the New York and Chicago speculator who takes advantage of the glutted market, buys the produce, stores it, and takes in all the advantages of the future rise in price. We want the merchants and mechanics of Kansas to consider whether it would not benefit them to have these profits retained in this state by the Kansas farmers.

A few days ago we were paid ten silver quarters of Mexican money. It was silver,—money of intrinsic value, good, as some of our calamity howlers tell us, at its face value, any where on the face of the earth because of this intrinsic worth. Yet these silver quarters were worth just ten cents each at the bank, fifteen cents less than the fiat of the United States government stamped on a bit of silk paper. In this country whatever the government says is money, is money. In other countries it will be worth just its value as scrap metal, unless the fiat of the government makes it worth more.

Important to Ladies Only.

We want a woman to every county to establish a Corset Parlor for the sale of Dr. Nichol's Celebrated Spiral Spring Corsets and Clasps, warranted never to break, will outwear any three ordinary corsets. Wages from \$40 to \$75 per month and expenses.

Settlements monthly; Position permanent. \$8.00 outfit free; increase 18 cents stamps to pay postage etc. address with references, G. D. NICHOLS & Co., 25 East 14th St., New York

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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only safe, pure, and reliable pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse substitutes and imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, no dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send us 10c in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter by return mail. 10,000 Testimonials. None Power. CHICHESTER ENGLISH PILLS, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Sold by all Local Druggists.

Ex-Senator Ingalls could have been a great republican leader in his state and the nation after his defeat by the alliance. That he is not is more due to the supreme egotism and cold-blooded selfishness of the man than to his lack of ability. Forgetting the gallant, self-sacrificing fight of his party that went down to defeat with him, this supreme worshiper of himself turned his back upon the political friends of a quarter of a century, as well as those who laid aside their convictions and gave him a loyal support.—Capital.

We cannot refrain from dropping a tear of sympathy in this hour of thy tribulation. Brother Hudson, you should take warning, and no longer smother your convictions in order to support such cold-blooded hypocrites as Johnson, Humphrey, Higgins & Co. While the light of reform holds out to burn, the vilest backslider may return. The News would be glad to welcome the editor of the Capital back to the fold.

One more year will finish this era of brag and bluster at reforming the world.—Capital.

Stupid ignorance! Was not the editor of the Capital in this same era twenty years or so ago? Was he not full of brag and bluster then, and is it not true that when he dropped out his place was filled by scores of others, and so the reforming work went on more vigorously than ever? There are really no signs of a lull, except such as are conjured up by the politicians. But what if one should really exist? Storms gather their fury at such times, and when they break forth again down go the oaks of the forest. Be patient. Don't get too deep into the brag and bluster yourselves. Next year's blast may be a settler, even though it be dull now.

The old party managers think they can reconcile wage workers to existing conditions, by asserting that a dollar will buy more now than it would twenty years ago. That is just what we complain of, the moneycrats have a corner on dollars, and we can't get a dollar without giving more labor or the products of labor, than we ought to give. We are short on dollars and it takes as many dollars to pay taxes and interest on mortgages as it ever did. The more a dollar will buy, the harder it is to get the dollar. The present conditions are in the interest of the bankers and moneycrats, who have the dollars, but the unfortunate worker, who has no money, and has a tax bill or interest coupon to pay, is obliged to do too much rustling to get the money.

Now is the time to look out for defective flues, the most prolific source of fires.

PATENTS

Caveats and Re-issues secured Trade-Marks registered, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted. Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability free of charge. Main offices directly across from the Patent Office, and attention is specially called to my perfect and long established facilities for making prompt preliminary searches, for the most vigorous and successful prosecution of applications for patent, and for attending to all business entrusted to my care, in the shortest possible time. Rejected cases a specialty. FEE'S MODERATE and exclusive attention given to patent business. Book of information and advice, and special references, sent without charge upon request. J. K. LITTLE, Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes, WASHINGTON, D. C. (Mention this paper) Opposite U. S. Patent Office.

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Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Pain in the Side, HINDERCORNS. The only safe cure for Consumption all pain. See at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

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of LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE. A Christian woman's narrative of Mission work done "in the name of New York," as seen by a woman. It describes Gospel work in the slums, and gives a famous detective's 80 years experience. By Mrs. Helen Campbell, Col. Thos. W. Knox, and Inspector Thos. Byrnes (Chief of the N. Y. Police). With 100 beautiful photographs of scenes in Parked New York by Day and by Night. Pure and good, full of power of the Gospel,—a book for every home. Ministers say: "God speed it." Excellent women endorse it. Willing Agents Wanted. Men and Women, for \$2.00 a month made. See "Darkness is no hindrance, for we have Light" and give Terms. Write for circular to: A. D. WORTHINGTON & Co., Hartford, Conn.

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Health School, St. Louis, Mo.

Artistic Metal Workers, Jewellers, Engravers, Watchmakers, etc. Send for Catalogue and Terms.

Hon. John G. Otis is honest and conscientious in his opinions, and as he is the best educated man among those elevated in our national congress, his views are worthy of serious consideration.

This handsome and well merited comment, coming as it does from Mr. Otis, who has lived a close neighbor of Mr. Otis for years.

Perhaps if Bro. Hudson was better acquainted with the other leaders of the people's party, he would also recognize their honesty and intelligence.



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FOR ALL USES, FOR WOOD AND FOR COAL.

ALL MODERN AND IN GREAT VARIETY. If your dealer does not handle these stoves write to Collins & Burgie, Chicago, Ill., for price.

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"The rich man's sons have come into prosperity without having worked for it, and unless they have an inherited aptitude for the judicious use of wealth or of power the incidental control of either is pretty sure to make them worse than they would otherwise have been.

Primarily the introduction of manual-training departments in all the schools is intended especially for such boys as do not take readily to intellectual work at first. Many such are brought in under the compulsory-education law. But the manual departments are merely one class of means to a common end. They would encourage a genuine attachment to school life besides their intrinsic value as primary educators in the useful arts.

Our point of view both of nature and of life shifts constantly from one generation to another, and the popular poet is he who best idealizes his age's thought and aims. It is easy to see how the movements of the national life and the awakenings of intellectual activity a generation or two ago gave a particular power to the New England group of poets, and how the newly aroused interest in the beauty of rural nature gave to their landscape poetry a freshness of value impossible to their successors. They mainly addressed those familiar with nature and those also in whom the spirit of humanity was strong.

HYPNOTISM is a mystery, which, if it has any real existence, is all about us, yet into which we have not seen so far as a finger's length. As with electricity, we call it by name, and handle it with temerity, without knowing what it is made of, but unlike electricity it has not brought us any great gain so far, and has been the instrument of deceit and robbery rather than of good of any kind. Its tools are people of weak nature and "peculiar" temperament, blameless as murderers or thieves, perhaps, but tools at the best. The hypnotizer who desires the death of another does not pick out a man of much mental force to do his will; the weaker the agent, the more likely he is to do the work successfully.

ARISTOTLE maintained that all hurry is undignified and due to a defect of moral character. This raises the question whether haste and hurry have not a direct relation to the morals of a community. We are accustomed to speak of the "fast" young man, and the "fast habits" of certain classes of society, but the question goes deeper, at least if we may go to the Japanese for an opinion on the subject. The Japanese claim that there is an intimate connection between railroads and immorality. Thus, for instance, the Kokumin Shimbun says: "If we ask the people of San-Yoido about the results of the introduction of railways in their district they reply that the extension of the iron lines brings immorality and indecent habits on the part of the navvies, fraudulent practices by crafty tradesmen, and examples of extravagance by people from the capital. Everywhere these complaints are to be heard. Everywhere people lament the introduction of railways from a moral point of view."

The new dress reform movement promises good results. It has been taken up by Chautauqua, endorsed by Miss Willard and the Woman's Christian Temperance union and in other ways demonstrates that it is conservatively planned. It prescribes neither bloomers, divided skirts nor other anomalies. It is aimed at the core of prevailing abuses in women's dress. It taboos the corset and says artificiality must cease. It does not make war on skirts, but it demands that these shall be healthful and artistic—heightening, not degrading, nature's triumphs in the human form divine. It is the latter feature that betokens success for the new dress reform movement. American women are to be taught Greek ideals, not Parisian fashion-plates. The health of the body, the development of the mind, are to be helped, not hindered, by the clothes a woman wears. The dress-maker of the future is to be an artist with an artist's soul. Raphael and Michael Angelo are to have their counterparts in the modistes that will make American women living models of esthetic grace.

WAS BUT A BABY ROAD.

THE BEGINNING OF TO-DAY'S GREAT TRUNK SYSTEM.

From Schenectady to Albany—How People Were Educated Up to the Idea of a Railroad and How the Idea Grew.

The railroads play so important a part in the comedy, or tragedy, of human life, says the New York Recorder, that it is somewhat difficult to realize that they have only existed in the United States since 1831. For several years before that time, however, the newspapers had discussed the subject of railroads, and in 1812 Mr. Stevens of Hoboken had advocated their construction, but nothing practical had been done until then.

In the Utica Sentinel and Gazette of August 23, 1825, appeared a letter signed "Improvement," in which the writer said: "I intend to show the probable expense of a single-edged railroad constructed for horse-power from this village to Albany, with conveniences for passing teams."

The writer then treats of railroads historically, and estimates that the cost of a single track road from Utica to Schenectady would be about \$3,350 per mile. He also declares that the whole road could be constructed for \$500,000. After various attempts and failures the first railroad called the Mohawk and Hudson, between Albany and Schenectady, was constructed and opened for traffic in 1831.

All the newspapers of the time had much to say of the new wonder. The American Railroad Journal of September 15, 1832, said: "The Mohawk and Hudson Railroad connects the city of Albany with Schenectady. The length is fifteen miles and sixty-nine chains. The delay and embarrassment resulting from the numerous locks and very circuitous course of the great Erie Canal between these towns (a canal which is, moreover, navigable only 220 days in the year, even when no accidents occur), induced a company to obtain an act of incorporation for the purpose of forming a railroad to supersede the grand canal within one year from the completion of that famed enterprise. The work was commenced on August 12, 1830, by the Hon. C. C. Cambreleng. Four hundred and eighty-three thousand two hundred and fifteen dollars and forty-six cents have been, and \$156,693 will be, expended in completing the work according to the official report made in the Legislature of New York in January, 1832."

Governor Seward rode over the infant road soon after its completion and described his trip in this way: "We arrived at Schenectady at 3 this morning, and immediately were carried in post coaches, a distance of a mile and a half, to the present termination of the railway. There were in waiting three large cars, which the passengers entered. These cars differ not much as to the construction of the body from stage coaches, except that they are about one-third larger, and have seats upon the top. The body is set upon very short springs, which cause but little elasticity of motion. But the fore and hind wheels are equal in size, made of iron, and are about two and a half feet in diameter. They have rims 4 1/2 inches wide, with a projection on the side next the carriage, which serves to keep the cars secure upon the rails, not suffering the wheels to vary from the track. The car is divided into two parts by a high, though not entire partition in the centre, the door admitting into the forward compartment being on one side of the carriage, and that admitting into the other on the other side. In each of these compartments were six passengers. On the top was the driver's seat and one other, each holding three persons; so that the car carried eighteen passengers with all their enormous bulk of baggage."

"Having mounted our vehicle, a fine large gray horse was attached to it by shafts exactly like those of a one-horse wagon. 'Ready!' said the stage man; the driver whistled to the gray; away went the car through hills and over valleys. Before we had done looking at our novel vehicle the car was stopped to water the horse under a bridge and, on inquiring, we found that we had come four miles in less than twenty minutes. The horse drank and away we went two miles further, and then a fresh steed was immediately put in place of our gray. I mounted the top of the car, and standing up there, looking over upon the mountains beyond the river, was driven, in forty minutes more, to the present termination of the railroad; thus accomplishing the journey of twelve miles in eighty minutes, including stoppings."

In brief this was the beginning not only of the New York Central, but of the great railway system of the country. Much of the text of this article republished through the courtesy of the New York Railroad Men.

A Dillike for Onions.

A painter had been commissioned to paint the image of a saint on the refectory wall of the convent. The price stipulated was very low, but it was agreed that the painter should have his meals provided at the expense of the convent until the work was finished. But the only food supplied to the poor artist was bread, onions, and water. The day for unveiling the fresco at length arrived. The friars stood around the artist, the curtain was removed. It was no doubt a very fine picture, but the saint had his back turned toward the spectators. "What does this mean?" shouted the indignant prior. "Padre, I was compelled to paint the picture as you see it, for the saint could not bear the smell of onions."

Penelope's Ingenuity.

"Papa," said Penelope, turning suddenly from the piano, with a pretty blush playing on her cheeks, "do you think I am too young to be engaged?"

"Of course I do," growled her father; "now, who in the world has put the idea of marriage into your head? What's his name?"

"Oh, he hasn't asked me yet, but—well, you know."

"Yes, I know all about it, and I warn him that he'll know more about it if he comes fooling around you any more. Now, what do you want to think about such things as that for, Nellie? Haven't you the best home in the world?"

"Oh, yes, papa; but it would be awfully nice to be engaged, I think."

"How nice?"

"Oh, nice to have a young man coming to see you every evening—"

"Humph! I'd like to catch him coming to see you every evening."

"And it would be nice to have a pretty diamond ring—"

"Haven't you enough rings?"

"Well, I haven't a solitaire."

"Pen," said her father, seriously, "if I buy you a solitaire ring will you promise faithfully to give up all thoughts of this young man?"

"Yes, papa," she answered.

"Very well, then; remember your promise. You shall have the ring to-morrow, although it's a sad piece of extravagance," groaned the old gentleman, walking painfully out of the room.

"Well," said Penelope to herself, "I may not be very smart, but I think that's the easiest way to get a diamond ring I've heard of yet. I must tell the other girls."—Tom Hall in Life.

SO TRAVELERS TELL.

Probably the largest meteor that ever reached the surface of the earth lies on the plains of Incuman in South America, where it fell. It measures 7 1/2 feet in length, and weighs between 14 and 15 tons.

In the manufacture of quinine there is quite as much misery as in the disease it alleviates. The making produces outaneous eruptions accompanied by a fever, the vapor from boiling solutions being the chief cause. Some can not work in cinchona.

France can no longer complain of being boycotted by royal personages as in the days of President Grevy. Very recently there was on French soil one emperor (Don Pedro), four kings (one of Greece, two of Serbia, one of Spain), two heirs-apparent (the prince of Wales and Taleb Bey of Tunis), one emperor's brother (the Grand Duke Alexis), and one heir-presumptive's wife (the countess of Flanders.)

It is the unanimous testimony of travelers that Port Said is the wickedest small city in the world. All vessels passing through the Suez canal are detained there from three to six hours, and during that short time sailors and travelers become the victims of vicious men and women who are attracted to Port Said by the opportunities offered by its peculiar character. The outcasts of every great European city find in Port Said a congenial resting place.

Well! if that isn't the meanest trick I ever heard of! "What?" "They have sent an ossified man as a missionary to the Cannibal islands."—Indianapolis Journal.

Miss Emilia—"My sister fell and broke her limb." Old Mr. Jones—"Which limb?" Miss Emilia (bushing)—"Well, if I must tell you, it was her left walker."—Harper's Bazar.

Fond Father—"Children, if the clock struck fourteen, what time would it be?" Logical Louise—"Two o'clock, papa." Clever Charley—"Time to get the clock fixed."—Life.

Wife—"That woman next door got a new gown yesterday." Husband—"I suppose you want one just like it." Wife—"No, I don't. Her's only cost \$25."—Clothes and Furber.

Butcher—"How would a saddle of mutton suit you, ma'am?" Miss Batchem—"Very well, but let it be a side saddle, because it is for my sister and myself."—Binghampton Republican.

"I can wait for your answer," he suggested, timidly, "if you wish to think it over." "Thanks," she answered; "that is a good idea. Call around—say—ten years from now."—Harper's Bazar.

Col. Culpepper (who has struck one of his former chatties)—"What became of Auntie Lou?" Waiter—"She's dead." Col. Culpepper—"Old age?" Waiter—"No, sah. Old bour'n."—Puck.

"Do you think you could support my daughter?" inquired the cautious father. "Why, sir," replied the suitor, "I think so; I never heard it intimated that she was insupportable."—Washington Star.

Maud—"Did you ever notice how Mr. Followit talks through his nose?" Stella—"Yes; poor man! It won't allow him to stand very close to one, so he uses it as a sort of long-distance telephone."—Puck.

"That was a very reasonable request Rev. Mr. Whitetie made last Sunday." "What was it?" "He requested that no buttons be contributed for the heathen without garments attached to them."—New York Sun.

TERRIBLE KING JA-JA.

HE HAD A BAD REPUTATION FROM WAY BACK.

The Terror of West Africa Exiled to the West Indies by the British—He Wanted Only Twelve of His Wives.

It is announced that Ja Ja, once Chief of Opobo, is dead. It will be remembered that Ja Ja was deposed by the English government some years ago, and that his case attracted a good deal of attention in the House of Commons and in the press of two continents. Opobo is on the west coast of Africa, a small district among the oil rivers of the Niger delta. About 1887 Ja Ja began making trouble. He had had a bad reputation from away back.

He told Captain Varney, of the Royal navy, says the Phila. Telegraph, twenty years ago that all sensible men were cannibals, and he said he knew nothing in the eating line that was quite so toothsome as a little boy's ankle. That was before Ja Ja was king, but even then he was getting rich trading with British merchants. A few years before Ja Ja built him a new palace, which was a gorgeous affair as palaces go in West Africa. Under each foundation post he buried a slave alive, about twenty in all, for no other reason, apparently, except to show that he had plenty of slaves to spare. Stories of his degraded barbarism have been told again and again.

Finally the crowning act of Ja Ja's cruelty came, and induced the British government to take his precious person into custody and put him out of the way of doing further harm. For years he had exacted tribute upon every pound of merchandise that entered or left his country. The white merchants at last decided that they would not be black-mailed by Ja Ja any longer. They told him that he might make as much money as he pleased in trade, but he must not meddle with their business. Thereupon he ordered his people to have nothing more to do with the white traders, and, suspecting that his dutiful subjects in one district were still trading with the whites, he marched his little army to the place and killed 700 people. Then the British sent an expedition to Ja Ja's country and made things very hot for him, and when they returned to the coast Ja Ja in chains was the most conspicuous feature of the procession.

What to do with the African terror was the next question. Deportation was decided upon, and Mr. H. H. Johnstone was commissioned by the British government to take him for a five years' exile to the Island of St. Vincent in the West Indies. They gave him an allowance of \$4,000 a year for spending money, and he had plenty of money besides of his own. He nearly died of homesickness, and before long sent a piteous appeal to England for a few companions to cheer him up. He asked that a dozen of his wives be sent to St. Vincent to share his exile. He thought his request was exceedingly modest, as he petitioned for only a small part of his haven. Not to encourage polygamy, however, the wise authorities decided that one wife was enough. They generously permitted Ja Ja to take his pick, and he sent for Patience.

Queen Patience came, and was usually in the society of her liege lord, who was old enough to be her father. She was a young thing, dark and dumpy, and was not at all regal or dignified in appearance. Cheap jewelry glittered all over her ample person. She had silks and satins, as well as calico gowns, and was as strikingly apparelled when she walked abroad as Ja Ja himself. The royal couple lived in a poorly furnished cottage with two or three attendants.

Ja Ja cut a great figure while in the West Indies. He was a short, thickest negro. He wore an Admiral's coat with immense bullion epaulettes over a yellow plush vest with big green enamel buttons. The vest was cut very low, displaying a large area of immaculate linen. His jean trousers had broad stripes of blue and red, and black silk hose, and a pair of gorgeous, flower-embroidered slippers covered his neither extremities.

On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat of African manufacture, something like a sombrero, and in the band were stuck, at uniform distance, five long ostrich feathers.

In his ears were gold rings of unique design; and encircling his neck was a collar of shark's teeth, with a bear's tooth tipped with gold by way of a pendant. He wore white cotton gloves and many flashy rings as his fingers and thumbs would accommodate. Taken altogether, he was a sight fit for the gods, and astonished the natives.

Ja Ja was at last pardoned by the Queen. He had proceeded as far on his way to Opobo as Tenerife, on the Canary Islands, off the coast of Africa, where his death is reported to have occurred.

Dug Gold to Plug Her Tooth.
Miss Edith J. Hutchinson went from Farmington to Madison one day recently with a piece of gold which she took from the mines at Swift river with her own hands, and had it inserted into the cavity of a tooth.

The piece of gold was placed near the center of the cavity and filled in with gold prepared for that purpose. Dr. Lancaster performed the operation, and says he believes Miss Hutchinson is the only lady in the land having a gold filling a part of which she took from the mines with her own hands.—Augusta Journal.

GERMAN GIRLS.

They Are Much Less Merce ary Than English Girls.

German girls lack the freedom which American, or even English, girls enjoy; and while the Germans are never tired of vaunting the virtue of their women, the slightest intimacy on their part with the other sex, unless followed by immediate betrothal, is sufficient for gossip to lay hold of. Englishwomen are said to be prudish; but in the art of seeming shocked Gratchen beats her English sister hollow. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that German girls are much less influenced by the hope of marrying money than are the daughters of well-to-do classes in England. They will marry poverty in almost any form sooner than marry beneath them.

Brought up as they are on the most intensely sentimental poetry of modern times, German women have a longing for more sentiment than they usually get in every-day life. If only half-way well treated, they soon get reconciled to the reality and make exemplary wives and mothers. Something like the independence of Englishwomen is met with among the German aristocracy. They are more cosmopolitan and less nationally typical than the middle-class women; they are more free from trivial qualities; but, although superior in manner, they do not show so high a percentage of happiness in married life. Where the women of the middle classes gossip and sulk, those of the aristocracy rebel and intrigue. Among the latter, divorces are very common, and it is not unusual to meet half-a-dozen divorced men and women at evening-parties in large towns.—Argonaut.

The Largest Natural Bridge.

The most remarkable natural bridge in the world is probably the "Jisrel Hajar," which spans a gorge not far from the ruins of the Temple of Adonis, in the province of Lebanon, Syria. It is a flat piece of limestone rock from 10 to 15 feet thick, perfectly arched on the under side. The gorge is about 150 feet across, and the bridge is 100 feet above the rushing torrent below. It is surpassed, as far as magnitude is concerned, by the natural bridge in Rockbridge county, Virginia. This latter curiosity has an arch of 200 feet, and 240 feet above the water.—St. Louis Republic.

INDUSTRY AND INVENTION.

Southern Pacific locomotives will soon use for fuel bricks made of coal dust and asphaltum.

There are 4,514 paper mills in the world, of which Germany, the greatest paper-maker, has 1,443.

Improved engine practice has caused the adoption of a mechanical device for constant feed of fuel to the furnaces.

An English woman has patented a device by which a skirt may be elevated neatly and evenly all around by a simple tug at a band.

Esquimo women are boot and shoe makers as well as tailors and matmakemakers. Boots are made of sealskin throughout, or else the legs of sealskin and the soles of walrus skin.

The first large quantity of American sponges ever sent to European markets, was recently shipped from Philadelphia. The lot comprised 8,000 pounds each of two kinds of sponges from the Florida coast.

A weighing machine has been invented which weighs cars at the rate of six per minute, the cars being moved along the track. A device automatically records weights on a piece of tape similar to that used on a ticker machine.

There is something about the cedar logs that are now being exhausted in Cape May county, New Jersey, and that are said to have been buried for more than 2,000 years, that imparts a soft and melodious tone to a violin, and the logs are being cut up for the making of such instruments.

Gutta percha is the gum of the percha tree, which grows in the Malayan islands and that locality. The price of this article has more than doubled within two years, chiefly because of the wastefulness of the natives in collecting the gum by felling the trees and the increased demand for it in insulating electric wires.

The statistics of the average size of families in the various countries of Europe are as follows: France, 3.05 members; Denmark, 3.61; Hungary, 3.70; Switzerland, 3.94; Austria and Belgium, 4.05; England, 4.08; Germany, 4.10; Sweden, 4.13; Holland, 4.22; Scotland, 4.46; Italy, 4.55; Spain, 4.65; Russia, 4.83; Ireland, 5.20.

Telegraph operators and electricians are greatly interested in the experiments of two enterprising New Englanders, who are said to have invented a new system of telegraphy. Vibrations of the air are to be used instead of electricity. If the new system be successful, the expensive methods of insulation now used by the telegraph companies will no longer be necessary.

Until recently the royal palace at Berlin has been lighted only by candles. Both the father and the grandfather of the present kaiser were opposed to gas, and would not allow it to be introduced into the palace. Emperor William has had gas put in and is now arranging for electric lights. The palace lacks all the modern improvements in the plumber's art and is devoid of bath-rooms, hot and cold water and steam or furnace heat.



Here is a soldier's song which sounds like the genuine thing:
Hunger and thirst; hunger and thirst!
Give me my pipe; let 'em do their worst.
Cold and wet; cold and wet!
Give me my pipe, I can soon forget.
Stickness and pain; sickness and pain!
Give me my pipe, and I won't complain.
Powder and ball; powder and ball!
Give me my pipe, I'll smoke till I fall.
Battle and blood; battle and blood!
Give me my pipe, it'll still taste good.
Wounds and death; wounds and death!
I'll draw my pipe with my dying breath.

A Fight with Guerrillas.
In camping for the night, sentries were stationed, and pickets were posted, and the animals were secured with lariats inside the picket-line, but sometimes, when guerrillas abounded, in the center of the camp. Once only did these ladrones make an open demonstration. We were in a section of country covered with low bushes, in which jack-rabbits, wild turkeys, and other game were present. No towns were near, and, feeling secure, a large part of the company was scattered in pursuit of the game, hoping to secure enough to fill our camp-kettles on our next halt, for we had been some days on short rations. The Mexican women were always friendly, and presently some were met on the trail, calling out to us: "Ladrones! ladrones!" and pointing forward on our path. At this our stragglers were called in. The robbers were a large band of well-mounted and well-armed men, and had filed across our road in the bed of an arroyo, or dry stream. To fight as a troop of cavalry with camp equipment and cooking utensils dangling from our saddles, or to wait a charge from them, would have been sure defeat. So I dismounted part of my troop, and in platoons at double quick charged toward the guerrillas. Evidently a fight with the hated Yankees in red shirts was not what they desired, for as we came within short range their leader gave the word "Vamos," and away they galloped down the ravine helter-skelter, and we saw them no more. We certainly were not a handsome crowd at that time.

At National Bridge we saw the wreckage and the unburied bones of that battlefield, and looked with wonder upon the fortified high that guarded the entrance of the almost perpendicular heights up which Col. Harney's dismounted dragoons worked their way with the help of bushes and props, and to which they clung in the face of a sweeping fire from the Mexican batteries on its summit, which they captured with a rush, turning their own guns upon the artillerists as they ran down the opposite side of the hill. We feared having to force our way over this bridge, but were not molested.

Upon the heights of Cerro Gordo we camped for our noonday meal. Upon its central battlefield, where Santa Ana made his most stubborn fight, we kindled our campfires, and, dipping water from its sunken pools covered with slimy green vegetation, we drank our coffee under the same trees where the desperately wounded lay to die, glad of the luxury of that stagnant pool to quench their thirst. It was the best those heights afforded amid that deathly struggle. All around us lay scattered, uncoffined bones, and ghastly skulls looked down upon us where in mockery they had been secured among the branches of the trees, and everywhere earth and trees and broken armament gave silent witness of the awful struggles of our little army. All the way up the heights for miles the pine trees from the roadside yet obstructed the national road as they had been felled to hinder the onward march of our soldiers, while from point to point the Mexican troops and batteries were rallied for another stand. We left the historic spot with a triumphant three times three, and with uncovered heads in honor of both our dead, our living heroes.

Grant at Donelson.
On the morning of the surrender of the Confederate troops at Fort Donelson, a Federal staff officer approached the works occupied by Baldwin's brigade, of Buckner's division, and inquired for the headquarters of the brigade commander. He was shown to the quarters of Colonel John C. Brown, Third Tennessee infantry, who was temporarily in command of the brigade. Upon meeting Col. Brown, the Federal officer announced that he had been sent forward by Gen. U. S. Grant, commanding United States forces, to learn the location of the brigade headquarters, and that he would return and inform the Federal commander. The officer then rode

back to the line of the works, and meeting Gen. Grant and staff conducted them to the tent of Col. Brown.

"Col. Brown, allow me to introduce Gen. Grant, commander of our forces," Col. Brown acknowledged the introduction by a polite though formal bow.

"Col. Brown, it gives me pleasure to take by the hand an officer who has made such a brave defense," and removing his hat, the Federal commander leaned from his horse and extended his hand, which Col. Brown accepted with that grace and dignity, which, with his gallant bearing on the field, so distinguished him afterwards as a major-general.

After a few minutes the party passed on toward the village of Dover, the Confederate headquarters, leaving Col. Brown standing before his tent. As he turned to enter he saw, approaching from the direction of the fort, a Confederate lieutenant mounted on a splendid horse and riding at breakneck speed, his hat drawn tightly down and a full-sized navy-six particularly noticeable in his right hand. An instant more and Col. Brown had seized the mad man's bridle with: "Where are you going, sir?" "To shoot that Yankee officer; now loose my bridle or I'll shoot you!" And the man raised his pistol while he foamed with rage.

"We have surrendered, sir, and—"

"Loose my bridle!"

"I will not, sir—you shall not do—"

"Col. Brown, for the third and last time, I tell you, loose my rein."

"Drop that pistol," and the man, thrown off his guard by a quick movement of his horse, found himself covered by the pistol which Col. Brown had suddenly drawn.

A moment of hesitation and the lieutenant's pistol fell upon the ground.

"Now, dismount," and with one look that satisfied him of the firm purpose in the eyes which gleamed behind the leveled pistol in the hand of Brown, the man who would have killed Grant was safely under arrest.

The Battle of Willow's Creek.

Wilson's creek is a little stream flowing through Greene county, Mo., nearly 200 miles in a westerly direction from St. Louis. At Springfield, on this creek, several battles occurred during the war, but the only one which has found place in history is that of August 10, 1861, when Gen. Lyon fell.

Lyon had but two companies of volunteers to defend the place, but the Confederates for some reason delayed the attack. Lyon, however, divined their purpose, and joined by a regiment of Union adherents from the city, he sallied out and captured the whole rebel force, meeting with no opposition whatever. Jackson then got together a small army at Booneville, about forty miles north of Jefferson City, on the spot where Daniel Boone had long before planted a settlement. Lyon found him here and completely routed his forces on June 17.

Word then reached the Federal troops that another band of Confederates was gathered at Dry Springs, near Springfield and Lyon hastened south to meet them. The rebels, under Gen. McCulloch, were warned of his approach and prepared to greet him warmly, but they were ignominiously defeated and forced to fall back along Wilson's creek toward the town of Springfield on August 2.

Rebel re-inforcements, led by Col. Price, then arrived to aid McCulloch's and the Confederates thus assembled so greatly outnumbered the men of Lyon's command that it seemed hopeless for him to attempt to hold any part of southwestern Missouri.

The day was fair and at the start the tide seemed to run in his favor. But fickle fortune turned suddenly and the fight became desperate. Twice was Lyon wounded as he headed his men and checked them on. The wounds were painful and weakened him perceptibly, but his indomitable spirit kept him up and supported him. A colonel leading his regiment as it charged by Lyon was shot and fell at his feet. For an instant the soldiers faltered. But Lyon sprang into the place of the dead officer, and with a word rallied the troops and the advance was resumed. Next moment, however, just as fortune seemed to smile upon him again, a bullet crashed into his breast, and he fell, dying instantly. Disorder followed in the Union ranks, and the Confederates, seeing their opportunity, followed up their advantage and easily won the day, driving the Federal troops from the field in a panic. The loss on both sides was not heavy, but the result of the defeat was to deprive the Union of control in the larger part of the State of Missouri during the remainder of the war, and to provide a cover under which countless gangs of outlaws, guerrillas and desperadoes ravaged the newly-settled country and terrorized the inoffensive pioneers.

Miss Sophia Hayden is said to have made the drawings for the woman's building at the world's fair in three weeks, taking only the spare time between the hours she gave to teaching. The acceptance of her plans was a genuine surprise to her.

How Was It Done?

About one year ago railroad stocks were very high, when Jay Gould and a few others formed a pool to bring them down. Mr. Gould went to several of the banks and told them that he would like to borrow \$75,000,000. The banks informed him that they had no doubt but what he could furnish ample security for the loan, but that they did not have the money to let him have it. He replied that he did not want the money; all that he asked was that when he deposited the security they should see that no other fellow should get the money. They agreed to this, but when the fellows who were carrying railroad securities wanted the loan of money they were informed the money market was so tight that they were not doing any discounting. The plan worked like magic. The fellows who borrow money upon stocks were compelled to throw them on the market in order to realize upon them. The result was that stocks took a tumble and the list of leading securities shrank over \$150,000,000 in less than thirty days; among them, Union Pacific, which fell so low that Gould was able to buy in enough of the stocks to turn out of the presidency Charles Francis Adams, and put in his personal friend who is in the pool, Sidney Dillon. But this was not all of the transaction; this little trick of Gould and his friends caused such a stringency in the money market that a howl went up from the bosses of Wall street that reached the treasury department in Washington, and the secretary was so affected by it that he at once went to Wall street in person and upon the request of the representatives of the national banks, he paid them over \$21,000,000 of interest upon their bonds. So as the matter now stands the United States is not compelled to pay one cent of interest upon their bonded debt until July, 1892; neither is this advanced interest ever figured into the secretary of the treasury's monthly statement. There never has yet been a secretary of the treasury that ever left his office to go to the plains of the west to relieve the cry of the distress of the mortgaged farmer of the west.—National Citizen's Alliance.

Millionaires Who Are Poor.

People who for years have read the reports of what seemed fabulous wealth owned by millionaires in New York city may peruse with profit somewhat mixed with incredulous amazement the figures of the tax commissioners of New York city. It is painfully evident that however wealthy a man may consider himself and however high that wealth may be rated by his envious neighbors, the immediate effect of a visit to the tax commissioners' office is to produce that impression of grinding poverty which results in apparently grievous misstatements. For instance, you mortgage burdened farmers of the west who have heretofore imagined that Gould had a wad of money, note that he is assessed for personal property to the value of \$500,000. And George Gould at \$10,000, Russell Sage at \$100,000, Collis P. Huntington \$159,000, W. K. Vanderbilt \$200,000 and C. Vanderbilt \$200,000. Does that look like the wealth of the Vanderbuils or the millions which Gould is supposed to possess? It looks more as if the tax dodger flourished like a green bay tree in the Empire state. Of all the reputed men of fabulous wealth but one—W. W. Astor—pays taxes on anything like the proper amount. He is assessed on \$4,311,400. It would appear that being a millionaire in New York does not require so much capital as was generally supposed.—Kansas City Times.

A Pertinent Question.

A pertinent question, according to The Grange Advocate, is, Will the voters support the candidates in the future who have the courage to place themselves upon a platform advocating the demands of the people and pledging themselves, if elected, to use their utmost efforts to carry out these demands? There is no use trying to rub out the fact that the people have been fooled, badly fooled, a number of times, and the only way to put a stop to present methods is to elect men to office who will be true to the promises, no matter what influence may be employed to induce them to go back on their pledges.

We will go further than this and say that the people should resolve right away that they will no longer support any but men who can be trusted to carry out the wishes of the people in all matters unless it can be demonstrated that said wishes are unwise. This is the true course for patriotic men and they should be satisfied with nothing short of this. In this way politics can be purified to some extent, at least.—Progressive Farmer.

Tapped a Bar!

The Montgomery Advertiser was an advocate of the free coinage of silver six weeks ago. It was open and avowed on that line. Its editor went to Washington and New York, tapped a bar! and has since been a gold standard advocate. Last Sunday and about every other day of the week, it publishes silver articles sent from the Wall street bureau. How the mighty have fallen!—Alliance Herald, Ala.

NON-PARTISAN.

So the Mercury Declares the Financial Problem to Be.

Senator Coke, last summer, in a letter to the Milan County Farmer's Alliance, denounced the Alliance sub-treasury plan as "unconstitutional, visionary and revolutionary." A few months afterward he introduced a bill into the United States senate permitting national banks to loan money to the people on real estate security. This showed that he had been investigating and had found that the Alliance demand for more money was an imperative necessity, and being a progressive man, proposed his plan as a substitute. In discussing these plans every man of sense will admit that no partisan politics or prejudice should enter in the remotest degree. As the Coke and Alliance propositions bear identically the same relations to the Constitution, the discussion of them is necessarily non-partisan. Blaine and Bayard are partners in a railroad. Ex-Governor Brown, of Tennessee, and ex-Senator Platt, of New York, up to Brown's death, were partners in a large coal and iron mine in Tennessee. Often, too, we see banking and other syndicates with Republican presidents and Democratic cashiers, or vice versa. Why should not the common people adopt the same methods in discussing their financial problems? In this spirit we propose to discuss the Coke and Alliance plans. Under the Coke plan the government furnishes the banks money at 1 per cent per annum, and the banks loan the people the money at whatever interest the bankers may determine, say 10 per cent, the legal rate. To put \$3,000,000,000 in circulation under Coke's plan will cost the people \$300,000,000 annually, of which the government gets \$30,000,000 and the banks \$270,000,000. Now, placing the expenses of running these banks at \$10,000,000, leaves a clean profit of \$260,000,000 to the bankers every year. The expenses and profits growing out of the Coke plan would, like every other profit, be paid out of the producers' earnings. Under the Alliance plan it would cost \$60,000,000 annually to keep \$3,000,000,000 in circulation, every dollar of which would go into the treasury of the people. We will presume it will cost \$40,000,000 to transact the business. Under the Alliance plan there will be an annual saving of \$200,000,000 to the government, which would relieve the people of that amount of annual taxes, besides it would result in an annual saving of \$250,000,000 to the people direct. The question as to which plan is the most desirable to the people is fully answered by the above figures. Demagogues are the only class who try to bring partisan prejudice into such discussions, and denounce this, that or the other, as undemocratic or un-republican. Any business man or concern who permits demagogues to sway its operations, exists by robbing the people or will prove a failure. We trust our readers will discuss these great questions as business men and not as partisan politicians. The Mercury doesn't care one fig what political party one may belong to. Officially it treats them all as American citizens, equally alike honorable, and only asks everyone when discussing the plans that have been or may be proposed, to do so as American citizens and with a determination to find the best solution and enforce it.—The Southern Mercury.

How Delightful.

"I am one of those that believe that these men from your shops, these farmers, remote from money-centers, have the largest interest of all people in the world in having a dollar that is worth 100 cents every day in the year, and only such. If by any chance we should fall into a condition where one dollar is not as good as another, I venture the assertion that the poorer dollar will do its first errand in paying some poor laborer for his work. Therefore in the conduct of our public affairs, I feel pledged, for one, that all the influence of the government should be on the side of giving the people only good money, and just as much of that kind as we can get."

"How long, O Cataline, wilt thou abuse our patience?" How long, O Harrison, and other United States presidents do you think our people will eat such chaff as that?

How happy are they—
Who their masters obey—
And have laid up their treasures
In Wall Street!

How sweet, nice, delightful it is to know that the great, high, absolute truth about money and finance is not that entertained by a few stupid, pig-head, chucklehead mudsills and hay-seeds, but that entertained by all the "best people."

What a blissful arrangement of divine providence that decrees that the honest gold dollar, the high priced aristocratic dollar, the horse leech of usury, the dollar that sneaks away to Europe in time of our greatest need, the dollar that the rich man yearns after—is the very dollar that the poor man would yearn for "if he knew enough."

But like Artemus Ward he is beginning to say "Nary yearn!"—Chicago Express.

ON HIS WEDDING TRIP.

Moses Was Some Good Yet and the Men Found It Out.

Moses Frost stood 6 feet 4 in his socks, says a Youth's Companion correspondent, and was called "the best man on the river"—a phrase that expressed admiration of his physical, not his moral qualities. He was, nevertheless, generous, truthful, brave, and altogether a fine specimen of the wilder Canadian backwoodsman. The title implied that he had successfully "tackled" all the famous "bullies" of the upper Ottawa, even the terrible Joe Maufraud, thirty years ago champion of "the French." Moses, in a squeaky, shrill, slow, small treble, that came absurdly from so big a man, used to tell me his experiences.

"There is some use in havin' the reputation of bein' a purty good man," he squeaked, modestly. "I reckon thar hain't been no peaceabier man on the river than me sinst they gave up tryin' to whale me, 'most three years back. Last time I fit was because two men that never seen me before didn't know me when they did see me."

"Toll me about it, Moses," said I. "Well, surveyor, it was about New Year's, the time me'n Lilly Ann got hitched. My woman was dead got to seein' the fashions down to Portage du Fort. So we started two days after the shindig for to have a wedding trip. She said that was the right way. We stopped at Rattray's instead of Paddy Scully's place—the best thar was goin' wasn't too good for Lilly Ann them days."

"Well, Lilly Ann was mighty took up with the circus picers on Rattrays barn. I'd 'a' took her in, on'y it was gone more'n four months."

"But what about your last fight, Moses?"

"Yas—yas—I was disrememberin'! Well, it was when me'n Lilly Ann was goin' back home. You mind the bridge before you come to the Calumet?"

"The high bridge over Brabyon's creek?"

"Yas, that's it. I guess it's maybe the length of your chain down to the creek in summer. That time the holler was drifted half full of snow. Well, there was the two of 'em on the bridge—one of 'em looked like a good man. Says he to me: 'We're wantin' a ride!'"

"I can't give ye no ride," says I.

"Ther hain't room, boys, for I've got the woman, don't you see?"

"With that the big one runs to the head of my pony. I didn't want to get out and hurt the man, but says Lilly Ann: 'Be you goin' to stand that, Moses?' If you be, I'll get out and whale 'em myself.' She'd 'a' done it, too, surveyor. Mebby you never heard what Lilly Ann done to Jo Maufraud that time he—"

"You'll tell me that story another time, Moses. What did the two men do?"

"Oh, yas. Well, I jumped out and the other one come up, squarin' off. He fell easy. Then the big one runs in. Mebby you never see a bull moose comin' at you lickety-pelt?"

"The fellow ran at you head down, eh?"

"Jesseggssackly. Well, I stood to one side, sudden, and give him a trip. Then I takes him by the trowis and the back of the neck and pitches him over the railin'."

"With that Lilly Ann says: 'You're purty good yet, Moses,' and she jumps out laughing. There we stood, and looked over the bridge right down."

"Was the man hurt?"

"Hurted! How could he be hurted, an' him fell into seventy foot of snow drifted in the gully? He did have considerable trouble gettin' footin' to lift out his head. Then he looks up, and says he: 'Who in thunder be you, anyhow?'"

"He's Moses Frost," says Lilly Ann.

"Murderation!" says he. "If we'd knowed that we wouldn't have wanted no ride."

Most Popular French Authors.

One of the Paris newspapers has been making inquiries among the publishers to discover the most popular authors in France and has collected some rather curious facts. The novel, as might be expected, is the most popular form of literature and the works of the elder Dumas are in far greater demand than those of any other writer. It is almost a case of Dumas first and the rest nowhere. After him, but at a long interval, comes Zola, and then George Ohnet. Again there is a wide gap and then comes Guy de Maupassant followed by Balzac, George Sand, and Gautier in the order named. After all these occurs the name of Daudet at the head of a host of minor celebrities. The only serious book that vies in popularity with some of the most widely circulated novels is the "Vie de Jesus" of Renan, which seems to be in as general demand as the "Cuisiniere Bourgeoise."—Chicago Times.

How Pineapples Grow.

The pineapple, which isn't a fruit, strictly speaking, grows upon the upper part of a stem which rises two or three feet high from the center of a cluster of leaves growing close to the ground. The upper part of this stem becomes covered with the flowers of the plant, the flower cluster becomes enlarged, its parts uniting and forming the "pineapple."—N. Y. Sun.

In A Bad Light.—Midnight Thoughts.

Our friend J. C. Hebbard, who always has facts and figures at his command, has recently compiled a record of J. B. Johnson, candidate for circuit judge of Shawnee county. Much of it has been published before this. As ordinary campaign material, it is damaging. It shows him as he was on the liquor question. Usually we do not so much care what a man was. The pertinent question is, how does he stand now? Have his eyes been opened? Still we do have a fellow feeling for those who were able to see years ago that things were going wrong. There is something unpleasant in advice on old questions from those not yet over the threshold of reform, when one is led to marvel why such teachers could not see just as clearly twenty years ago as today, and why should they now reprimand and lecture others for not seeing what they themselves could not see until very recently.

But this temperance question is one which is too vital to be trifled with. It is a very essential part of the people's reform movement. It cannot be divorced or separated from it. There are those in the people's party movement not in sympathy with it. There are others who have been willing to hold the question in abeyance for a time. But those who comprehend this uprising of people in favor of genuine reform, well know that the suppression of the liquor traffic is an important part of that reform. Without it there is no hope of securing the friendship of the only element in the two old parties that is worth having. This is the only feature in this document against Johnson that is of value. Because he has been, and is yet unsound on this question, he should be repudiated by the best republicans and by the best democrats, just as any unsound temperance man in the people's party should be repudiated by the best men in that party.

And here is where this paper comes in conflict with some men in the people's party. But we hold the only defensible position in this matter. A reform party must keep itself reformed. Otherwise it betrays itself. There are whiskyites and demagogues in the people's party. It cannot be prevented. But it is no place for them. They can be kept from office and prominence, and if it is not done the party suffers. We want no Lew. Hanbacks and A. B. Campbells in the party, nor do we want or need their counterparts under some other name.

If this is not true this terrible arraignment of J. B. Johnson has no force whatever. But it is true, and this document, old as it is, ought to induce the good temperance voters of Shawnee county to defeat him. It is absurd in the people's party, however, to ask or expect this when they give countenance to the same class of men in their own party.

The people's party, if it has the least hope of becoming the great ruling party of the future, must be based in the highest moral sentiment. The progress of the age demands this as it has never done in any past age. The very vital movement against usury, the speculative use of money, is a high moral sentiment. So are all the efforts to alleviate the condition of the poor by preventing extortion and speculation. Among all the causes of poverty and human suffering there are none that surpass the drink habit. Its prevention, therefore, must occupy a large part of any reform work that seeks to increase human happiness.

It is thought along these lines that should be cultivated. The old stock arguments of the politicians have no value whatever. A politician will prove to a half willing audience, any proposition he may

The farmers and city wage workers have joined forces, and will never give up the fight until the country is free from ring rule. Ingalls and

Hampton have already been floored, and Hill and Platt must be likewise crushed. Johnson and Humphrey have also been weighed in the

balance and found wanting in all the qualities that befit the servants of the people. Industrial Liberty is the battle cry from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Let all the people vote. Amen.

In Union There is Strength.



choose to make, on any of the ordinary questions of the day. Party platforms are purposely made catching and are intended to be evasive. It is only by casting out men who are unworthy that the people can do the best work, when they have unfortunately been put forward for office by still more unworthy party manipulators. The moral sentiment of the age requires the defeat of J. B. Johnson for circuit judge.

The urgent need of political reform is often admitted in divers ways and by those who would not directly admit such necessity. A late number of Frank Leslie's newspaper, one of the most narrow of republican organs, unwittingly makes a good point for the people's party. It is glad to see the scholar taking part in politics. Massachusetts democrats placed a college graduate in the governor's chair. Now the republicans have nominated another for the same office. In this it sees a good sign, as the saloon keeper and the ward demagog has too long had a monopoly of politics. The consequences, it says, "have been most deplorable," the worst results being seen in our cities. Growing inspired it, exclaims, "God speed the scholar in politics! God knows we need him." And so we are again led to believe that the calamity howl is not made without cause. American politics, as we claim, is in a very bad way. Reform is needed. Even the blindest partisan can see this. The condition is deplorable, even after the thirty years' rule by the grandest party ever known in history. The paper published by the son of the president declares this to be the fact. It sees the evil more clearly than it does a remedy, which must be something more than a college graduate. To be sure our politics has become so low that intelligence and moral worth has found little encouragement in that field. Scholarship, however, is not always indication of reform or even of moral worth. More than this is needed, and more than this may be found in the people's movement. It is something to have the opposition confess the urgent, crying need of political reform. When this knowledge becomes more wide-spread, the means of effecting the reform will be forth coming.

Always Harping.

The papers are always harping on the number of aspirants in the alliance for public office. With about two-thirds of the voters of the state members estimate to make that there are two-thirds of the candidates who are members of the alliance. There are not relatively that number. But who is it that is making this herculean kick about alliance office-seekers, except the men outside of the alliance who want office? They are making the racket because they see their old game of securing office frustrated. Watch these whiners and it will be seen that they will be bobbing up serenely in a very short time with an announcement.—Alliance Herald.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE SOUTH.
A Point at Which the Demo-Reps Tried to Insert a Wedge.

Every reader of both Republican and Democratic papers, says the Topeka Advocate, north and south, has not failed to observe the tremendous effort everywhere put forth to inculcate the idea that the people of the south have no sympathy with the People's party—that they are Democrats and will remain so. If they feel perfectly sure upon this point it is difficult to see why they should devote so much space to the effort to prove it. When it comes to be known that there is a perfect understanding between the Alliance people of the north and south upon this, as upon many other questions, they may readily see what consummate asses they are showing themselves to be. When the question of organizing a new party was considered at Ocala, it was decided, after many consultations, that a convention should be called some time in the future for the special purpose of considering its feasibility. The date was at one time fixed, but afterwards reconsidered, and February 22, 1892, was finally agreed upon. The Cincinnati conference had nothing whatever to do with that convention. It was called by an industrial organization that was not in existence at the time the convention of February 22, 1892, was agreed upon. It very wisely shaped its policy so as to co-operate with the February convention; but the great mass of those organizations which had fixed upon that date as the time for considering the organization of a new party regarded the Cincinnati meeting as premature, and did not therefore choose to participate in it. Nobody in the north has at any time expected the southern states, that were not represented at Cincinnati, to ratify the People's party this year. There is, in fact, no particular necessity for it. We care nothing for the manner in which the southern states conduct their local elections. This is a matter in which we are in no way concerned. If the Alliance brethren of the south choose to capture the Democratic primaries and conventions and elect their men through these means it is no way concerns us. The only point in which we are interested in these local elections is that they shall elect Alliance men, and this they are doing with remarkable unanimity.

When it comes to a national election the case will be quite different. Success in a national conquest requires a union of the west and south, and this can only be brought about by a total abandonment of the old parties. This the people of the south understand as well as the people of the north; and on February 22, 1892, they will speak upon this subject in language not to be misunderstood. Before that time Alliance men of the north are not expecting them to officially declare for the People's party, though whenever the subject is mentioned in southern Alliance meetings the enthusiasm with which such reference is greeted clearly shows that the masses of the people are ripe for it. In fact they cannot be kept out of it. It is as impossible as to turn Niagara up stream. The current of public sentiment is as irresistible as that of the great cataract. It should be understood, however, that when the Alliance moves it moves in a body; and it will not do this until the time appointed, nor do we expect it to. All pointed, nor do we expect it to. All this tremendous effort of the plutocratic press to prove the south is not "in it" is therefore labor lost. It is a useless expenditure of wind.

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ANDRE GERARD

Non-Party Johnson.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

I'm a party by the name of Johnson,
And the non-party candidate for judge;
I don't care a cuss for the Alliance,
But for Alliance votes I will fudge.

I'm a party by the name of Johnson,
And the Repub candidate for judge;
I don't care a damn for the Repubs,
But for Republican votes I will fudge.

I'm a party by the name of Johnson,
And the Prohib candidate for judge;
I don't care a cuss for the Prohibs,
But for Prohibition votes I will fudge.

I'm a party by the name of Johnson,
And the Resub candidate for judge;
I don't care a damn for Resubs,
But for resubmission votes I will fudge.

I'm a party by the name of Johnson,
And the Demo candidate for judge;
I don't give a damn for the Demos,
But for Democratic votes I will fudge.

I'm a party by the name of Johnson,
And the railroad candidate for judge;
I don't care a cuss for the railroads;
But for railroad 'flooence I will fudge.

I'm a party by the name of Johnson,
And the niggers' candidate for judge;
I don't care a damn for the nigger,
But for the nigger vote I will fudge.

I'm a party by the name of Johnson,
And the governor's candidate for judge;
I don't care a cuss for Humphrey,
But for Governor's 'flooence I will fudge.

I'm a party by the name of Johnson,
And a candidate for circuit judge;
I'm anything and everything to get there,
And for anything and everything will fudge.

The Buckeye State comes to the front in the November number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. One opening page is a portrait of Senator John Sherman, who contributes a scholarly paper upon Ohio: Its History and Resources. They are thirty-five portraits of distinguished sons of Ohio, living and dead, and numbers views. In this number, Clara Morris, America's foremost emotional actress, writes about The Modern Emotional Drama and its Exponents, and Andrew J. Symington, the British writer, gives account of Iceland, and its Thousand Years. There are also half a dozen short tales.

The Plow and Hammer: "An Honest Dollar" is the title of a sheet published by a company of designing millionaires for free distribution to poison the minds of the masses. In its last issue it quotes Cleveland and his secretary as opposed to the free coinage of silver, and in the same column quotes Harrison and his secretary as opposed to silver will hold the free coinage of silver in the discussions prominent place in the discussions before the people of Ohio this summer. It would be interesting to have these prominent party men speak to the masses from the same platform regarding this vital question. Possibly some of our Alliance men who are sticking to the old party might discover that there was no difference between the leaders who should drill in the same crowd.

The Gibbon Reporter: "Gentlemen go to work and make your farms productive and profitable. If then you need ready money your restored credit will enable you to borrow as cheaply as anybody. But let us hear no more about laws to enforce the highwayman's plea with the government." The above extract is from the Philadelphia North American, of April 11. This is a leading Republican paper and a fair exponent of the plutocracy who are trying with might and main to destroy this nation. The reasonable demands of the suffering, toiling sweating millions of American citizens is met with a sneer, or with advice given in a lordly, dictatorial manner, as of superiors to inferiors. These men little realize how near the deluge is, and their ignorance and vanity is in all human probability destined to reap not only bloody recompense for themselves, but a harvest of woe for the whole country.

Enthusiasm for the people's party is increasing in the country.

Republican speakers are no longer trying to make converts. They aim only to keep the faithful in line.