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SPIRIT OF KANSAS

A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

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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, 25c.

Dom Pedro, the late excellent emperor of Brazil, died in Paris early Saturday morning.

The publishers of the Arena often pay \$2000 for the contributions that appear in a single number of that excellent magazine.

The Topeka Board of Education shortened the afternoon school hours and hereafter the school will be dismissed at 4 p. m. instead of 4:30.

Thoughts come and go, some never to return. What some of us would have given at the time for an Easter-brook pen to jot down a fleeting inspiration!

The Topeka City Railway company have asked the right to put in electric motor power. And for this petition a good many poor old horses will ever pray.

What to do with the Topeka coal hole is still the question. For four or five years they have been throwing money into it and every month or two it comes up to haunt the city council.

A new work from the pen of Georges Ohnet, the famous author of "The Ironmaster," "Doctor Rameau," etc., will shortly be issued by the Waverly Company, New York, under the title of "THE SHOPLIFTER."

"MONSIEUR JUDAS," the latest work of Fergus Hume, bids fair to surpass in popularity his widely read book, "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab." The publishers of the first work announce a fourth edition. The English edition has passed its fortieth thousand.

Congressman Jerry Simpson is not without some discretion. He has made J. C. Hebbard his private secretary, and will be able to overwhelm the present congress with figures and percents, provided only that he acquires the ability to shoot them off effectively.

It appears that an attempt is to be made to bluff Senator Peffer if he thinks proper to take any part in senatorial affairs. They claim it as a time honored rule that during his first session a new senator must be seen and not heard. In other words he must set up like a stoughton bottle while the old fellows pump wind from their wheezy bellows. It is probable that Senator Peffer may break the record.

THE WAVERLY COMPANY, New York, announce for immediate publication a new novel, entitled "MORPHINE," which has just set all Paris talking and is as eagerly discussed in professional circles as in the salons of the nobility and at the military clubs. Its title, "MORPHINE," indicates its scope, and the delineation of the processes by which the fascinating but deadly drug works the ruin of body and soul, creates a succession of pictures such as the world has never before seen. The chief characters of this great social tragedy are drawn from the ranks of the nobility, from the upper theatrical circles, and from the throng of social butterflies with whom life is but another name for pleasure.

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large bottles 50c and \$1.

Topeka is to have a new coffin factory. It is hoped it will be independent of any trust. Among the most outrageous of all trusts is the undertakers union, or the coffin makers, or whatever it is that monopolizes the burial of mankind. Not long ago a gentleman in Topeka desired to open a new undertaking business. When it became known there was a protest against it. The result was he could not buy a hearse nor other supplies. A combination exists that prevents any competition. So it costs a fortune to die. The dead must be buried and there is a corner on burials unless one is taken to the potter's field by order of the poor commissioner. But this is not all. Under this trust the quality of undertakers' goods has been impaired. At a recent funeral in Topeka two of the handles of the casket broke, one while being carried from the house to the hearse and the other within the church. In one case the casket was fortunately caught by the bearer's left hand, which happened to be under it. In the other case one end dropped with a thud upon the floor. The consternation and agony of such a moment may easily be realized. Yet an enormous profit had been paid upon the cost of that casket. That the showy handles should have withstood any mortal attempt to break them may go without saying. If Topeka succeeds in establishing a manufactory of coffins it is hoped that their goods will stand the test in this respect, and that they will find a free market. The coffin trust should be buried.

It must be jolly fun for the Baker and Washburn boys to play foot-ball in three inches of snow.

The curse of all or nearly all reform movements is that they fall into the control of miserable political demagogues. This is the trouble of the people's party.

Beautiful Oklahoma.

The exciting incidents of the two great invasions of Oklahoma Territory by home-seekers, April 22, 1889, and September 22, 1891, have given that section deserved prominence as a place in which to cheaply obtain one of Uncle Sam's farms. The lands recently opened are located in the old Iowa, Sac and Fox, and Pottawatomie reservations, lying directly east of Guthrie and Oklahoma City, on the A. T. & S. F. R. R. They now constitute counties "A" and "B," with Chandler and Tecumseh as respective county seats—both large and rapidly growing towns. Claims can be bought at reasonable figures. For the raising of corn, cotton, wheat, and fruit, Oklahoma is unexcelled.

ROWLEY BROS.
SIXTH AND KANSAS AVE.
W. C. GARVEY,
A. T. & S. F. Depot
ARNOLD & STANSFIELD,
A. T. & S. F. Agents,
North Topeka

Won't do in a Free Country.

A celebrated English preacher addressing the late religious convocation at Chicago talked business to the sinners and gave them "straight goods."

He said: "To bring the Pharisee to the positive side of sin is easily done nowadays in Chicago and other large cities. 'I give tithes to the poor. I fast twice a week,' says the Pharisee. That man would rob widows' houses and grind the faces of the poor, and do all that is devilish in the abomination of business, and business and devilment seem to be getting to be one and the same thing on both sides of the water."

Tut! tut! man, we don't allow any priest to talk so to us in this free country. We boycott such and cut off their base of supplies.

"Every intelligent mind is interested in the subject of memory. Those having this faculty well developed, appreciating its immeasurable value, would still willingly increase it tenfold, did they but know how to do it, while those who lack it would give worlds to be able to develop a reliable one. The 'Memory and Thought Manuals,' in a series of six volumes, published by James P. Downs, 243 Broadway, New York, speak for themselves. The worth and merit of the first number of 'The Mastery of Memorizing' are evidenced by the many and enthusiastic testimonials in its praise. Send postal to publisher for prospectus."

"A Yard Of Roses."

One of the popular paintings at the New York Academy of Design was a yard-long panel of Roses. A crowd was always before it. One art critic exclaimed, "Such a bit of nature should belong to all the people, it is too beautiful for one man to hide away." The Youth's Companion, of Boston, seized the idea, and spent twenty thousand dollars to reproduce the painting. The result has been a triumph of artistic delicacy and color.

The Companion makes an Autumn gift of this copy of the painting to all those who subscribe now for the first time, and request the "Yard of Roses."

Besides all new subscribers will receive The Companion free from the time the subscription is received till January First, including the Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers, and for a full year from that date. The price of The Companion is \$1.75 a year.

The greatest men in the world's history have had remarkable memories. The stories of great captains who knew the names and faces of all the men in their commands, or of merchant princes who could instantly quote the prices in the principal markets of the world, are familiar. A slight investigation will show that the most successful business men are possessed of wonderful memories. The leaders of finance rarely seek assistance for a figure or a name, and are thus able to act and to win while other men are investigating. It is this power which enables millionaire operators, merchant princes and railroad kings to surprise the world by the transaction of an apparently impossible amount of business during the short hours of a working day. The training of the memory should be the basis of education. The demands of commercial life are daily becoming onerous; more details must be mastered, more facts and figures remembered. Only the possessor of a powerful memory can win and hold a chief position in the world of work. The method of memory training set forth in the 'Memory and Thought Manuals,' published by James P. Downs, 243 Broadway, New York, has called forth unprecedented and enthusiastic praise. Send for prospectus.

They are "Sowing the Wind."

Congressman Tillman, of South Carolina, is reported to have said in a recent speech that "Senator Peffer is an ex-chicken-thief." And this is a sample of the methods to be employed in the South for fighting the Alliance. To what depths have we fallen as a people! A member of Congress standing before an audience of American citizens and charging that a Senator is an ex-chicken-thief. And some politicians are fools enough to think that by such methods they will crush our organization. They think that by vilifying, abusing, slandering and lying on our leaders they can demoralize our forces and disrupt our order, but they may live to mourn their folly. Such conduct only serves to bind our people closer together and to make them more determined than ever to consign such blatant, sectional demagogues to a merited oblivion. They are sowing the wind and by and by they will reap the whirlwind.—Progressive Farmer.

A Short Chapter on the Fallacies of Such a Doctrine.

There is an old-fashioned, flea-bitten, toothless saying that "supply and demand regulate the price of everything." It is true only when applied to both sides of the question. I have wheat, and want pork. Wheat is very plentiful and there is not much demand for it. Will I have to trade a large amount of wheat for a small amount of pork? That depends upon the demand for pork. If there is a large amount of pork and not much demand the exchange will be even. Now, suppose I wish to trade wheat for pork and find that I will have to give a large amount of wheat for a small quantity of pork, would I be right in asserting that there is too much wheat in the country? May be so; but, on the other hand, may be it is because there is not enough pork in the country! We generally exchange our produce for money. Those who so blatantly assert that supply and demand regulate the price always wind up by saying that the low prices are due to there being too much produced—"over-production." Was it over-production of wheat or scarcity of pork? Is it over-production of produce or scarcity of money? The surest way of answering the questions correctly is by comparing the amount of wheat and the amount of money in the country during the time of low prices, with the amount of wheat and money in the times of high prices. As we have not before us any reports later than 1888, we'll compare '88 with '68, a period of twenty years. In 1868 the country produced and imported together seven and one-half bushels of wheat to every person in it, and the amount of money in circulation was \$21.47 to every person; the price of wheat was \$1.42 a bushel. In 1888 the wheat produced and imported together amounted to less than seven bushels per head, and look at the price, 87 cents a bushel. Was the low price of 1888 due to too much wheat, or too little money? Not only does this apply to wheat, but to every other crop. This year money is still scarce, but corn and oats are scarce too; hence they bring better prices than when they were plenty; but let wheat, corn, pork and beef get scarce and high, and the same scarcity of money to buy them continue, and we may expect distress and trouble of the worst kind. Of course if there was a scarcity of all things which money buys, and a like scarcity of money, the price would not change, but a scarcity of bread and meat only will raise the price of them, and unless there is plenty of money in circulation, the poor must suffer. For instance, a short crop of grain and meat will not raise the price of metals, wood or earthenware; hence the millions of workmen in factories will not get higher wages, yet it will cost them more to feed themselves and families. We have now seen that the amount of money in circulation has as much to do with prices as the amount of the produce of labor. As we have seen that money represents the produce of labor, it is only natural and reasonable for this to follow. Go back to our first test and put all of the money in one pile and the produce in another. If you add to the produce only, prices will fall. If you take away from the money pile only, prices will fall. If you take away from the produce pile only, prices will rise. If you add to one pile you must add the same to the other; if you take from one pile you must take from the other. The laws of supply and demand must be applied to both sides alike.—Alliance Farmer.

Atchison Champion: "It is a remarkable fact that a large proportion of the masters of the money question have accumulated but little money," remarks an eastern cotemporary. How about the Wall street lights, who, last fall, after denouncing our western demand for more money, concluded it was necessary for the treasury to issue more money for the benefit of Wall street? To be sure just before they reached that conclusion they had not been accumulating very much money either.

Atlantic Monthly. 1892.

DON ORSINO, Mr. F. Marlon Crawford's new serial novel Studies of Marked Men.

—On George Bancroft, by W. M. Sloane; Orestes A. Brownson, by George Parsons Lathrop; John Estlin Cooke, by Thomas Nelson Page, etc.

An American at Home in Europe,

By William Henry Bishop. Experiences in France, Spain, England, and Italy.

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A brilliant article by Mr. Henry James.

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Especially the education of girls and women, will be fully considered.

Books that are Talked of.

Critical reviews by expert scholars in various departments.

TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance postage free; 35c a number. With new life-size portrait of Lowell, and also portraits of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, or Holmes, \$5.00; each additional portrait, \$1.00. The November and December numbers sent free to new subscribers whose subscriptions for 1892 are received before December 20th.

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4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Alliance Herald: The people want a cheap way of getting money, and one with which they can comply. They are at the mercy of a combination of capitalists that can not be defeated by any power not as powerful and possessing as great means as it can control. There is no other power that can defeat them, except the government; for no combination can be made that possesses the facilities and ability to compete with them except the government. It is called paternalism for the government to accord this protection. A government that does not exert enough paternalism to protect its people is wanting in the essential purposes for which it was organized and for which the people pay taxes to support. The government ought to discharge every function it has or can command in order to protect its creation. That is the purpose of its existence. That is the intention of it. In fact, that is all the use the citizen has for government. It has the power to compel him to hazard his life in battle for its perpetuity. In return it ought to hazard its life to protect him in all the essentials of liberty.

Romance is Wanting.

A young man in Berlin, Germany, stepped upon a cherry, slipped, fell against a window and had his nose almost severed from his face. A young lady came forward and acknowledged that she had carelessly thrown the fruit upon the sidewalk and her parents promptly defrayed the bill of the surgeon who stitched on the young man's nose, amounting to 450 marks. Now romance should lead the victim and the cause of the mishap to commit matrimony and give some novelist the cue to "The Romance of the Cherry."

PROPERTIES OF GOLD.

HISTORICALLY AND POLITICALLY INTERESTING.

Some of its Peculiarities.—Different Colors Produced Under Different Processes.—The Ancient Alchemists.

From an historical and political point of view, gold is perhaps the most interesting of all the metals. Since the earliest ages, mankind has had an instinctive attraction for it. Some years ago a celebrated professor admitted three little children, who could only just walk, into a room where there was a gold ball and a silver ball, each exactly of the same size, upon the floor. They all instinctively stretched out their little hands towards the gold ball, and did not appear to take the slightest notice of the other.

The attempts of the alchemists to convert other metals into gold form an interesting and not altogether unimportant period in the history of the development of science. This period extends more or less over twelve centuries, says the Saturday Evening Post, and though modern chemistry has since been established on a firm basis, there still exist here and there in Europe a few persons who propagate the ideas of the alchemists, and believe that it is not only possible to transmute metals, but that as chemical science progresses so will medical knowledge. But the moderns who speculate upon these medieval ideas do so upon the strength of certain curious and hitherto unexplained chemical phenomena, and appear to have totally abandoned the idea of a philosopher's stone endowed with the property of transmuting metals and prolonging life.

It is astonishing how little attention is paid in general to this extremely remarkable metal, and how few persons reflect upon the peculiarities which distinguish gold from all other substances, and render it so valuable in the arts. Let us glance at some of them here.

The color of gold is a brilliant yellow; when the metal is pure, it is nearly the orange-yellow of the solar spectrum. When it contains a little silver, it is pale yellow, or greenish-yellow; and when alloyed to a little copper, it takes a reddish hue.

We do not always see objects precisely in their natural colors; the white light which falls upon them is composed of the seven tints of the solar spectrum (or rainbow,) and when a body reflects yellow light, for instance, it absorbs all the other colors. But this absorption is never complete in a first reflection; so that the light reflected from a metallic surface is mixed to a certain extent with undecomposed white light.

In order to see the precise color of a metal, the light of the sun must be reflected from it to a second surface of the same metal, and from this second piece to a third, and so on, until we obtain a tint which does not change by further reflections. In this experiment the undecomposed white light is all absorbed, and the true color of the metal is seen. In this manner gold is seen to be of a brilliant orange color; copper, nearly carmine red; tin, pale yellow; lead blue, &c.

But gold can be beaten out so thin that it allows light to pass through it, in which case, though it still appears brilliant yellow by reflected light, it is green as viewed by transmission, that is, by the light that passes through it. This curious effect can easily be observed by laying a piece of gold-leaf upon a plate of glass, and holding between the eye and the light, when the gold will appear semi-transparent, and of a peculiar leek green color.

We have not yet done with the color of gold. When this metal is precipitated from its solutions by means of phosphorus dissolved in ether, or by means of chloride of tin or sulphate of iron, it is obtained in a very fine state of division—that is, as the finest possible of powders; and though it is in every case the identical uncombined or pure metal, yet its color is according to the substance employed to precipitate it; thus, we can obtain gold of a bright ruby color, of a blue color, of a brown color and of that peculiar purple color which it also takes when volatilized by an electric discharge.

Felt His Responsibility.

The famous English physician, Sir Edward Quain, when quite a young man, was placed in temporary charge of a patient, and, full of the weight of his unaccustomed responsibility, his countenance grew longer and longer. When he was leaving one day, the lady's husband followed him. "I greatly appreciate the anxiety you feel for my poor wife," he whispered, "but please don't let her see it again, for, after you had left the room, she asked me if you were the undertaker."—Argonaut.

Belgium and Kansas.

Belgium has a population of 6,030,943; Kansas has a population of 1,427,036, yet she is so large that seven counties the size of Belgium could be laid down within her border, and yet she would have 400,000 square miles of unoccupied territory left.

EPIDEMICS OF CRIME.

Murders, Robberies, and Suicide Come in Shoals.

It has been frequently noticed that there are epidemics of robberies, as well as of suicides and other crimes. Recent developments in stage and train looting only emphasize the above assertion. A criminal epidemic, peculiar to a half dozen large cities of the United States that have a large and vicious population, is that of Sunday murders, which are the results of a day of idleness spent in open saloons. Then, again, murders with peculiar features often occur in groups in all parts of the country. In France there is a tradition, centuries old, that epidemics of suicide return in regular cycles at each recurrence of the suicidal furor of the successive victims of their own murderous hands vying with each other in the greater ghastliness of the tragedy that they enact.

Stories of wife-murders in various parts of the country, relieved by a few exceptional murders of husbands by their wives, reach the press simultaneously from many different sources. "Murder is in the air" has become a stereotyped expression among newspaper men and detectives, who know from experience that such epidemics will run their cycles and cause many bloody records to be made before they have spent their fury.

With bank-robbery it is the same. It is not often that a single robbery is made—one is sure to breed others; "they come not single, but in whole battalions." This is not because the same gang engages in many different enterprises, but because a universal similar impulse permeates the minds of the classes devoted to that form of guilt.

A curious study might be made of the causes of epidemics of crime. In medieval times, and even now in superstitious countries, all evils were and are attributed to the influence of adverse stars. Probably this is an approach to a great scientific truth, or its advance shadow, to say the least. That meteorological conditions seriously affect the health and spirits is a fact of such every-day experience that it is no longer regarded as phenomenal. The causes of meteorological changes must be the causes lying back of the pervading disposition to commit peculiar kinds of crime. A suicidal or a murderous atmosphere must, therefore, have its origin in some of the secret springs of nature. There are causes for all things in life and nature, and no study of such causes is in vain.—St. Louis Republic.

BLITHESOME BITS.

Kicks—"So you think the ministers practice what they preach?" Hicks—"Why, yes; they preach sermons, and if you lived near one you could hear him practicing a week beforehand."—Lowell Citizen.

"We have come to offer you an increase in salary," said the deacon, "but we have doubts whether you will accept it." "Why so?" asked the parson eagerly. "Because," said the deacon, "we haven't been able to collect it."—Judge.

Johnny—"Pa, what does the paper mean when it says that Mr. Littlejohn has taken Miss Brown as the partner of his joys and sorrows?" Pa—"It means, my son, that they are to enter upon life upon the share-and-share-alike principle. He will take all the joys and let her have all the sorrows."—Boston Transcript.

Uncle—"I'm afraid you're an extravagant fellow, Jack. How much did that cigar cost?" Nephew—"Twenty-five cents." Uncle—"Too much! You ought to begin to economize." Nephew—"Well, if you will promise to buy better cigars than you do, I'll smoke yours, and that will save me a good deal."—Munsey's Weekly.

A young St. Paul physician claims to have made \$300 vaccinating people since the smallpox scare broke out. He ran out of virus and had to use muckilage, but he eased his conscience by digging a little deeper, and he actually believes he earned every fee he got. He set the fears of many people at rest, and that ought to be worth something.—Minneapolis Tribune.

OVER THE SEA.

The idea of establishing an observatory on Mont Blanc has been abandoned. The ice was tunneled 160 feet without reaching the rock.

There are eighty anti-vaccination leagues in England and Scotland, and a determined opposition is also being organized in Ireland and Wales.

It is claimed that more men have died and are buried on the Isthmus of Panama, along the line of the proposed canal, than on any equal amount of territory in the world.

A Paris paper publishes a list of "American drinks" furnished at a hotel in that city. There are over sixty named about a half of them never heard of in this country, and lager beer is not on the list at all.

A "locomotive-steamboat" is being built in Sweden for the navigation of a chain of small lakes separated by falls. The boat is to be fitted with wheels fitting a track, and power can be applied either to the propeller or to the locomotive driving-wheels.

The British government has decided to erect powerful fortifications on Thursday island, and make it the Gibraltar of Australia. It is situated on the most northerly point of the Great Barrier reef and the mainland, and has been called the key of the Pacific ocean.

About 430 miles of track have been added to France's strategical railways this year. Next year 300 miles more will be built. The work of increasing the strategical availability of the French railway system was planned by M. Freycinet in 1878, and will be completed probably in 1893.

THE FARM AND HOME.

CONCERNING THE BREED OF SWINE TO RAISE.

A Few Useful Points About the Various Breeds.—An Advocate of Wooden Churns.—Farm Notes and Domestic Hints.

What Breed of Swine to Raise.

This has been a problem with beginners in swine husbandry, as well as some older and more experienced farmers, writes John M. Stonebraker in the Practical Farmer, who have been unsuccessful in the business. To hear one man extol a special breed of his fancy, and so on until we have the whole catalogue of the different breeds eulogized to the highest point of perfection, one would indeed be in a dilemma, and each of these it may be acting in good faith, although it is often done with a selfish motive and to accomplish personal ends, and with the intention to deceive and mislead. Is it any wonder the inquiry goes out—what breed of swine shall I raise? We look around us and see a very successful breeder of Poland-Chinas, another of Berkshires, Chester Whites, Duroc Jerseys, and many other distinctive breeds, which might lead one to think that any of the breeds are good enough. We should cast our eyes a little further and count up or observe the failures of many breeders who try to raise certain specific breeds, and inquire into the causes of their failures.

Failures in swine breeding is no exception to the general rule of other stockmen who breed other classes of stock. It is not every horse-breeder that can make a success in breeding trotters or roadsters, or draft horses and other different breeds. It seems each man has a peculiarity or natural gift, who makes a success of his breeding stud, and it is undoubtedly none the less true with swine breeders. We must first find out our ability to handle certain breeds, and to know if the climate, soil, and all other requirements are congenial to the breed we have undertaken to raise; if not, our time and expense are lost, and disappointment will result. You go into some of the hilly Eastern states and you find the Chester Whites predominate, and in other sections the Berkshires prevail, and the Poland-Chinas have a still wider range, and no doubt they are more largely bred to-day than any other distinct breed, and receive less criticism; but the fact remains that they do not fill the place in every domain of this wide world; they are not there, and are found wanting. But where climate and other influences are congenial they are a profitable hog.

The Duroc Jerseys are becoming popular, and their friends claim they are the most productive and the best suited to a wider range of climatic influences, and will thrive under less favorable circumstances than others; but, notwithstanding all these facts, the breeder, to be successful, must be wide awake and love his calling sufficiently well to prosper. To keep abreast of the times it might be necessary to be schooled as an expert in the score card craze or hobby, and again it might be well to guard against all fanaticism. It is the well balanced mind that is the most successful in his profession, be it as a breeder of stock or any other occupation. What breed of swine to raise is a difficult question to answer. The fancy of the breeder, together with the locality or climate, all would go to help decide the question.

About Churns.

Your correspondent, B. W. H., writes H. Stewart to the Country Gentleman, will find the wooden churn the best under all circumstances if he will only use it rightly. I have used the wooden churns for thirty-five years and never found any trouble such as he complains of. They are made of perfectly seasoned wood, quite free from all woody flavor, and when properly used they never shrink or swell, as H. says his does, or become sour. The churn I now have in use is nearly ten years old, and as sound as when new. It is on the care of a churn that its durability and perfect condition depend. Perhaps your correspondent does not know how a wooden churn should be kept in use; his remark about sunning seems to indicate this at least. I would suggest the following way to him:

First, procure a churn of the best make—I know of none of metal, nor would I recommend one of that material—wood is the best and entirely free from objections when properly cared for. Before it is used let it be well rinsed with boiling water and drained, then rinsed with cold water and immediately drained. It is then ready for the cream. After churning, it is thoroughly drenched with cold water until it is quite free from milk; the crevices should be cleansed of all remains of the cream, and after a thorough cleansing, boiling water is poured in and the churn rotated several times quite briskly to reach every part with the water. It is then drained dry and left in an airy place, in the shade, to air. When dry, it is put away in the dairy and covered with a clean cloth.

A churn should never be exposed to the sun. There is no necessity for it.

It is injurious and quite unnecessary. The sunshine does no good; it is rather injurious than otherwise. It checks the wood, and instead of protecting the churn from injurious germs, it encourages these by the exposure of the churn to the air, which is always charged with them. Metal churns have been used, but always with more or less objection, as they are subject to rust, and the acid of the cream produces poisonous compounds with the metal. There is no reason why a churn should ever smell sour. If it is thought advisable to take any precautions to prevent it, the churn may be given a coat of shellac varnish, and this will prevent any absorption of milk. Wooden churns are used in the creameries without any objection and with perfect satisfaction.

Frequent Salting.

Many farmers object to stock having free access to salt, claiming stock is more tame and easy to handle and count when salted frequently. My experience is that stock is more tame and easy to handle and count when having free will of salt. It is easier to count a flock of sheep or herd of cattle if scattered over a lot or field than it is when huddled close, pushing each other and bawling for salt. Bran and oats make a better stock tamer than salt. It is not pleasant going into a field to have a lot of salt-hungry sheep or cattle make a Bull Run charge on us unless we are on a good retreat. A neighbor who prefers frequent salting put an old salt barrel in his barnyard. An old cow put her head in it to lick the salt that adhered to the inside and bottom. The barrel got fast on her head and she started down the lane on a full jump about dark. She met the owner. Well, he did not stop to count anything, as the cow did not act very tame. He thought it was a ghost, and ran.

Feeding.

Economy in feeding is not true economy if it is done by attempting to reduce the allowance at the expense of production. Something cannot be had from nothing, and animals will not be productive if they are deprived of the necessary materials pertaining to the objects for which they are intended. Feed liberally, but without waste.

Farm Notes.

Sunflower seed ground is fully equal to linseed oilmeal as a feed for stock.

Stunted animals of any class do not make as good use of the feed given them as do the more thrifty ones, even under the same conditions.

The proportion of the different nutrients needed by an animal, varies with the age and the purpose for which it is kept, and the class to which it belongs.

Any animal that does not make a good gain in proportion to the amount of food supplied should be considered scrub, whether native or imported.

It is often the case that a variety of wheat removed from a distance requires one or more years to become sufficiently acclimated to do well. Of course it is not always the case.

If corn stalks can be run through a feed cutter they would make a good bedding. Otherwise they make fresh manure very inconvenient to handle, and they are not a good absorbent.

In feeding, even with hogs, it is possible to over-feed, and they will not do as well as when fed just enough. At no time should animals be fed more than they will eat up clean at each meal.

The earlier in an animal's age full feeding can be resorted to the better, in order to secure a rapid growth. This will nearly always be found the case whether the animals are raised for market or for breeding.

Domestic Dots.

Ordinary rubber ink erasers, it is said, will quickly remove rust from polished cutlery without injury.

In bottling catsup or pickles boil the corks, and while hot you can press them into the bottles, and when cold they are tightly sealed. Use the tin foil from compressed yeast to cover the corks.

In some new table cutlery the handles of the knives are of Dresden china, to match the table service. Salad spoons and forks are of wood, with cut glass handles, and the glass handle carving knife and fork accompanies these very frail-looking implements.

To allay itching in some cutaneous affections a very pleasant application consists of the freely expressed juice of a lemon diluted with four or five times its bulk of water, to which a few drops of cologne have been added or the same quantity of rose water. This is very cooling.

The waife-plate is a great addition to the tableware. It may be had in plain china or handsomely decorated; the former cost \$1, the latter \$3 to \$5. The perforations in the top admit the escape of steam, so that the cakes may be kept warm, yet free from moisture. The deep bowl gives ample space for the half-dozen circles of delicious brownness.

Flavoring butter with the odor of fresh flowers is one of the arts of the French peasantry. The process is very simple, and consists of putting the little prints, which have first been wrapped in a thin cloth, into a tight porcelain dish on a bed of roses or whatever blossoms are chosen. Among the flowers which give the most desirable results are clover and nasturtiums.

Elderberry wine is said to possess great medicinal qualities, and it is particularly beneficial where the system is reduced from long sickness. To make it, gather ripe elderberries, press out the juice, allow one measure of sugar and water each to every measure of juice, put in an open vessel and skim every morning until clean bottle and set aside for three months before using.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

How They Perform the Tree-Growing Trick Without Detection.

Two of the tricks of the Indian jugglers are especially famous—the "tree-growing trick" and the "basket trick," says the Youths' Companion.

As commonly described in travelers' tales, the tree-growing trick might well seem impossible of explanation. But if the spectator expects to see a seed planted in the ground, the leaves starting up above the soil, the growth increasing, the shrub spreading and the fruit appearing and ripening directly under his eyes, he will be grievously disappointed.

The juggler makes a heap of moist earth, perhaps six or eight inches high, on the stone step, or the hard carriage drive in front of the hotel where the traveler is staying. The juggler himself, dressed in a loin cloth only, squats on the ground behind the heap, places in it a nut, usually that of the mango tree, and spreads a cloth over the whole.

After a short time, during which he waves his hand in the air or assumes to call upon a pagan divinity to help him, he snatches away the cloth, and two or three leaves are seen appearing above the soil.

He spreads his cloth over it once more. The plant appears to be growing rapidly and pushing the cloth up. The juggler again snatches the cloth away and a large and wide-spreading shrub is seen, its leaves covered with dew.

Sometimes a tripod frame is used, over which the cloth is thrown, so that the plant may "grow" freely beneath the small tent thus formed.

When the leaves are just visible above the ground the juggler lifts the plant from the earth and shows the spectators how the nut has apparently swollen and germinated, pointing out the rootlets that extend from the nut through the moist earth.

If, when it has fully grown, there is no fruit on the tree, the juggler covers the plant once more with the cloth and after another short interval removes it. Two or three mangoes are seen, which the juggler breaks off and presents to the spectators.

The best performance of it I have ever seen was in Madras, and I learned from the jugglers exactly how it was done.

When the juggler apparently places the new mango nut in the earth he really places an old split nut there, which he has held in the palm of his hand. The new nut he conceals in the place previously occupied by the old nut; in other words, he "palms" it.

After spreading the cloth he drops the new nut from his palm into a fold of his loin cloth, whence he takes and "palms" a small plant two or three inches long—sometimes a little twig of mango, with the root of another plant fastened to the end of it.

This he does while the attention of the spectators is given to the waving of his other hand in the air, or to his gestures upward for the help of a god.

He then removes the cloth for the first time. No leaves appear. While replacing the cloth he inserts the root end of the twig in the old nut, and arranges the soil so that the top of the stem and one or two small leaves appear above the surface.

This done, and the cloth being fully spread he waves his hands again in the air, and after a short time removes the cloth for the second time, and reveals the plant in its first stage.

While with one hand showing the plant, with its roots, &c., to the spectators, he takes with the other hand from his loin-cloth a piece of branch cut an inch or more in diameter, which is well provided with twigs and leaves. All of these are pressed close to the branch and the whole wrapped around tightly with a piece of wet cloth. I have seen this branch as much as a foot and a half long.

The juggler conceals this behind his bare arm, and with a swift motion slides it under the cloth while he is apparently replacing the small plant.

While spreading the cloth he unwraps the branch, and sticks it into the soil, expands the twigs and leaves, and squeezes over them the water from the wet cloth. Then, "palming" and withdrawing the small plant, he proceeds as before with his gesticulations, removes the covering and shows the spreading shrub.

In the same manner he slips the fruit, provided with stalks, under the cloth, in the next stage, and twists the end of each stalk round one of the twigs. When he pulls the fruit afterward he takes care to break the stalk close to the fruit.

The cleverness lies in the wonderful dexterity which the juggler displays in making his important movements without being observed.

Scarcely one of my readers, even with this knowledge of the way in which the trick is done, would actually see the juggler make any one of the movements which he desires to be concealed.

Sells Ideas.

A sign on a London shop reads: "Plots for novels or short stories. Prices reasonable." The occupant of the shop is said to have a rare talent for devising plots, but no great power of narration, so he sells his ideas.

ALL SORTS OF WEDDINGS

PAPER, WOODEN AND TIN—THEY WERE CELEBRATED.

Some Truly Festive Occasions—Wedding Balls May Be Merry, But Wedding Horns Were Often Much Merrier.

Weddings were under discussion, according to the New York Recorder. "The prettiest wedding I ever attended," said a gay young matron, "was a paper wedding.

"The maid-in-waiting, a pretty French girl, wore a jaunty cap made from a Japanese paper napkin, and her apron was formed of two or more of the same articles. Both were trimmed with strings of rose colored tissue paper. She helped each of the lady guests to remove her wraps and then pinned on, as only a French woman can, a dainty little cap made from tissue paper, giving to the blonde and brunette the color best suited to her.

"Each gentleman was presented with a flower of tissue paper and requested to choose for a partner to the supper room the lady whose cap matched his flower in color. Both were works of art and were carried home as souvenirs by the guests.

"In the supper room the paper idea was also carried out. A fringed yellow tissue paper was laid the length of the table; paper napkins were at the plates of the guests; doilies cut to look like flowers were made from paper and laid under the dishes; candle and lamp shades were all of paper.

"The fun of the evening culminated in the bursting of the bonbon bag. This was a huge one made from two thicknesses of colored tissue paper and filled up with bonbons twisted up in tissue motto papers. It took all my time for two weeks," said the mistress of ceremonies, "to make the caps and flowers, assisted by Fanchon, my maid." Each guest was blindfolded in turn and led as far as possible from the bag, which hung from the chandelier. He was then furnished with a cane and requested to strike out boldly and try to hit the bag. Of course the room was pretty well cleared of bric-a-brac before the fun began. When at last a few well directed blows broke into the citadel there was a jolly but undignified scramble for the sweets scattered about."

"We had lots of fun at my own wooden wedding," said a dark-eyed lady, whose five years of married life had passed lightly over her. "I take credit for originality, too, at least as to the trimmings of my dress. It was the white satin in which I had been married five years before encircled with a flounce and side panel, the like of which had never been seen in New York society, I am sure. I ordered quantities of fine, long, curled shavings from a carpenter and sewed them around the bottom and up the side. They looked like fine spun gold and made the loveliest swish and jingle when I moved.

"We left no upholstered article of furniture in the room, the rugs were removed, leaving only the polished floor, and refreshments were served from wooden platters. For the ice cream I found dainty little wooden cups, in the handles of which a bow of ribbon was tied. The cream was eaten with wooden spoons and both cups and spoons were carried off home as souvenirs."

"I have a vague and shadowy memory of a tin wedding I once attended," said a third—"vague and shadowy as to every part of the entertainment except one. It was in the far West, where society is more unconventional, and where a spirit of freedom and license is not inconsistent with etiquette. The guests had just assembled when a most frightful and unearthly noise was heard in the hall. There was a rush to the door just in time to see a gentleman in a huge tin pan bogganing down the stairs; at the same time a most deafening serenade of tin whistles and trumpets heralded this feat. It was funny, there is no doubt about that; so funny that you did not stop to think how undignified it was."

The Man Under the Bed.

It is wonderful how a habit long indulged will fasten itself upon its victim so as to become a sort of second nature. Now, for instance, the Delegate has a friend who has a wife whose mother once found a man under her bed when she was a child. Every night thereafter during her whole life she looked under the bed before retiring, expecting to find another man. The Delegate's friend's wife was brought up to do likewise. About a year ago the young pair furnished their house with modern furniture, including folding beds, "and I thanked heaven that my wife was at last done with looking under the bed," said the fond husband, "but, would you believe it, every night she unfolds the bed and then sets a lamp on the floor and looks under it for that man."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

America Helping Britain.

An American named Sowell, of New York, has established in the Temple, in the rooms once occupied by Judah P. Benjamin, a library of American law books for the use of the British bar.

A PROBLEM.

A Very Hard Nut for Modern Scientists to Crack.

A cyclone demolished the barn of Sam McPherson, of Monroe county, Ky. Seventy-seven days later the workmen who were clearing away the debris liberated a hen that had been cooped in narrow quarters formed by fallen boards and timbers. In the course of her imprisonment she had laid an egg, hatched it and eaten the chicken all but the feathers and bones. Apparently she had nothing else to eat.

Here arises an interesting question for economists: Did it pay the hen to hatch the egg?

In times of dire necessity self-preservation becomes paramount. Cast-away sailors kill their weaker fellows and eat them. Famished brutes devour even their own offspring. Probably no sentimental considerations prevented this hen from coolly calculating whether she could lengthen her days and increase her chances of rescue by hatching out the egg and eating the chicken, or whether her chances would be better if she ate the egg while it was fresh. Nobody can say that she did not consider this grave problem in all its aspects and that her survival during the seventy-seven days that elapsed before she was rescued was not the result of her decision in accordance with scientific truths.

If there was nothing to eat in the fortuitously improvised coop, did the hatched chicken contain more nutriment than the unhatched egg? If more, was the gain at the expense of the hen, and did it cost her more than she received in the way of increased nutriment? Warmth is necessary to incubation. Heat can be produced only by the outlay of energy. If there was more food in the chicken than in the egg, was the excess sufficient to restore to the hen the energy expended in hatching the egg? And if so, was the excess still great enough to make up for the loss of edible substance through the conversion of part of the egg into bones and feathers?

These questions cannot be dismissed by scientific men as trivial. They are worthy of the profoundest thought of savants. Certainly no other hen ever was brought face to face with questions from her point of view more momentous, or which called for greater nicety in the weighing of them.—N. Y. Sun.

ODDS AND ENDS.

There is a hotel-keeper in Maine whose name is Gin.

Gunpowder was first made by a monk, at Cologne, in 1380.

A squad of policemen in Philadelphia now rush over their beats on bicycles.

According to the New York Tribune clothes are "laundered" not "laundried."

FACTS AND EVENTS.

New Yorkers who ape the English are selling their rocking chairs to the dealers in old furniture.

Something unique in paperweights is a good-sized atlas, which revolves on a tripod from which depends a tiny clock and calendar.

A maid of honor to Queen Victoria gets \$200 a year, and the service is said to entail only about three months' attendance annually.

Extremely pointed shoes are slowly but surely giving place to the round and most sensible and comfortable style of some years ago.

"There is not a house in Canada from Sarnia to Cape Breton which does not contain a vacant chair for a boy or girl in the United States," says the Toronto Globe.

Brewers in Philadelphia have noticed that when there is a prolific yield of fruit there is a great falling off in the consumption of beer. This is particularly the case when there is an abundant supply of watermelons.

One cubic foot of lead ore weighs 474 pounds, thus a vein of galena or lead ore one foot wide, six feet high and six feet long will produce 16,533 pounds, or a vein one and a half inches wide will net one ton, three inches wide, four tons, etc.

The London Tid-Bits lately offered a prize for the best definition of money. The prize was awarded to Henry E. Baggs, of Sheffield, who defined it thus: "An article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness."

The biggest blast in the history of Connecticut was touched off in J. S. Lane's quarries at Meriden. The blasters drilled many holes into one side of the quarry, implanted 500 pounds of dynamite therein and fired it. A mass of rock that weighed 3,000 tons was sent rolling down the mountain side, and the detonation was heard many miles.

California will make a good showing as a producer of beet sugar this year. The Chinese factory expects to produce 5,000,000 pounds of sugar, the Watsonville factory 3,000,000 pounds, and the Alvarado factory 2,000,000 pounds. This makes a total of 7,500 tons, which seems a large amount but the United States imports sugar to the value of \$100,000,000 annually.

Near Higate, about forty miles west of St. Thomas, Canada, was discovered the largest skeleton of any extinct animal yet found. It belonged to the order of mastodon giganteus, and measured 23 feet from end of nostrils to tip of tail. The tooth only of one of these huge monsters of prehistoric times was dug up recently at Falling Springs, near Belleville, Miss., which weighed 14 pounds and 12 ounces.

REFORMING ANIMALS.

EVEN THE FEROCIOUS WOLF MAY BE SUBDUED.

It May Be Accomplished Either by Cruelty or Kindness—The Ungainly Stork and Its Tricks—Taming the Zebra.

It is doubtful whether there are any performances or exhibitions of a much more ancient character than those demonstrating the power of man over wild or domesticated animals. These have always been popular alike among the savage, the semi-civilized and the most intellectual races of mankind. In the east the snake charmers have been recognized from the very earliest period of which we have any record, these men generally performing with the most venomous and deadly species, from which, however, they have always extracted the poison fangs; but as the glands secreting the poison remain, and the fangs themselves have an awkward habit of growing again, a succession of them being in readiness to start into growth and supply the place of any that may be broken, it follows that some very awkward results have from time to time followed the exhibition of poisonous serpents. In the classic ages of Greece and Rome, performing animals were frequently exhibited, and records of them remain in many of the classical authors.

With regard to the training of such animals, says the Detroit Free Press, two systems are adopted that are most opposite in their methods. One is that of controlling the animals solely by the influence of the fear of man, the other teaches them by means of kindness, and stimulates their efforts by the constant giving of rewards. When this latter system is adopted with immature animals, it is astonishing how docile even the young of the most ferocious beasts may become. In the case of the beasts of prey, they are usually controlled by the superior strength of mind and will of man. In these cases, unfortunately, a sudden outburst of temper may take place, when the superior physical strength of the quadruped may prove fatal to the performer. As exhibitions, those performances in which the intelligence and docility of the animals have been acted upon by kindness and the expectation of rewards are much more interesting than what is called lion taming, and the subjugation of the more powerful carnivora by fear.

In its native state the wolf is the largest and most ferocious of all the canine group. It is so fierce that many of the older naturalists regarded it as utterly untamable. In countries where they abound, wolves destroy not only cattle and horses, but men. In 1875 nearly 200 persons were destroyed by wolves in Russia alone, and the damage to cattle in some years is estimated at nearly 8,000,000 roubles. The wolf is a very widespread animal, with slight variations in color and size; it extends from the east of Asia; through India and Europe, to North America, having in all these countries the ferocious character, killing—especially in the cold season, when much pressed by hunger—men, women, children, cattle and sheep; but the wolf taken young becomes perfectly tame; is attached to its master, learns to live with dogs, and acquires from them the habit of barking, which is entirely unknown in Holland is everywhere protected. It is regarded as a good omen when it builds upon the housetop. The stork is possessed of a very considerable amount of intelligence, and may be taught to perform tricks, jump through a hoop at the command of their owner. Another at the report of a pistol, falls as if dead; while others perform in imitation of Blondin, by walking along a rope stretched across the stage.

It is doubtful whether any animals exist that are not amenable to kindness, and consequently that can be trained. The polar bear was at one time regarded as utterly and hopelessly untamable, but there are instances where even this ferocious bear has been trained into docility.

The general opinion with regard to zebras is that they are perfectly untamable. It is difficult to account for the prevalence of such belief, which has no foundation whatever in fact. Zebras can be tamed and ridden with as great a degree of facility as horses. Why they should not have been utilized in this manner it is difficult to imagine. It is true they are natives of the African continent, where the general custom has been to destroy and, as far as possible, extirpate all the large wild animals in place of training them for the use of man, as is done by the more civilized races of Asia. The Asiatics for thousands of years have subdued, tamed, and utilized the elephant. The African elephant, a much larger and finer species, has merely been pursued as an animal yielding ivory; but it is as readily amenable to discipline, and is as useful when tamed, as its Asiatic relative.

Defending Vessels.

The idea of strengthening the sides of vessels with iron to resist attack originated with the Normans in the

twelfth century, who put an armature of iron around their vessels just above the water-line. The Crusaders of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries protected their ships in a similar manner. Pedro of Aragon in 1850 had the sides of his vessel covered with leather or raw hide, and the Knights of St. John covered their vessels with plates of lead.

FUNNY NAMES.

Curious Pseudonyms Bestowed Upon Their Children by British Parents.

A Somerset house clerk has lately declared that the tedium of his labor on the registry of births and deaths is often relieved by coming across a humorous juxtaposition of names, says Cassell's Magazine. There is, indeed, a good deal of humor in the Somerset house registry, the fun consisting in an odd or barbarous collocation of names. For hours the eyes of the clerk will roam over roams of dull propriety in such names as Henry Wilson, George Williams, or Samuel Smith, and then the face of the clerk will be covered with a smile as he comes across "Ether" for the front name attached to the surname of "Spray." It may seem strange, but it is certainly true, that entered in the books is "foot-bath," which must be written in capitals, "Foot Bath," as really the name of a fellow creature. "River Jordan" is another case in point. Mr. Jordan had a child to name, and like a free-born Briton, he claimed his right to name it as he pleased. Unfortunately the name he selected has left the sex of the child rather doubtful. Mr. "Anthistle" had a daughter to name, and he must be forgiven for giving her the Christian name "Rose Shamrock." "Rose Shamrock Anthistle" is a young lady whose name must please any patriotic man. Another happy father who gave his innocent offspring the names "Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Cox" behaved rather unfairly to the infant, as he pledged him to a career of greatness. The baby must have had some difficulty in understanding the obligations imposed upon him. Probably Master "Arthur," etc., etc., found it difficult to live up to his names, and despairingly ended his existence which gave no promise beyond mediocrity. Miss "Fanny Amelia Lucy Ann Rebecca Frost O'Connor Douall Luck Holberry Duffy Oastler Hill" it is to be hoped has realized all the expectations formed of her when she received her baptismal names, somewhere about the time of the Chartist agitation. One lady is actually going about with six and twenty "front names"—one for each letter of the alphabet in its proper order, as "Ann Bertha Cecilia," and so on down to "Xenophon, Yetty, and Zeus."

Some children have been rather cruelly named, in a manner which forever reminds them that they have made a mistake or committed a fault in coming into the world. Thus, "One Too Many Harry," or "Not Wanted James" may be happy young men; but, if they are, in spite of their names, "That's It, Charlie," or "Who'd Have Thought It Too," are names which certainly give utterance to a mild surprise.

"OYSTERS."

A Lesson in Administering Castor Oil to Lunatics.

The physician in charge of an insane asylum in Ohio prescribed a large dose of castor oil for one of the inmates, a man of great strength and wild, unmanageable temper. The attendant who had been commissioned to administer the nauseous dose foresaw that he was likely to find the task more or less difficult, and therefore took with him several assistants. On reaching the lunatic's cell the attendant put on a matter-of-fact air, and, cup in hand, stepped inside the door. The madman divined his purpose instantly, and rushed furiously upon him. The assistants were too quick for him, however, and, after a severe struggle, threw him down and attempted to pinion his arms. The madman fought like a tiger, but found himself overmatched. Suddenly he became perfectly quiet, and, putting his hand to his mouth, and in a whisper to the chief attendant, "Call it oysters." The attendant was a man of great natural shrewdness—as dealers with the insane need to be—and at once understood the lunatic's meaning. Directing the wondering assistants to release the patient he took the cup from the shelf on which it had been set, approached the crazy man, made him a low bow, and said in a tone of ceremonious politeness: "Good morning, Mr. Smith; will you try this dish of very fine oysters?" The lunatic smiled pleasantly, returned the bow with one still lower, and answered: "Thank you very much; you are very kind." So saying, he took the cup and drained it with every appearance of the deepest satisfaction. "Ah," said he, as he finished the dose and smacked his lips, "those are, indeed, fine—the finest oysters I have ever tasted." He had saved his self-respect and had taught his keepers an excellent lesson in their own line.—Argonaut.

A colored man and woman, aged respectively 77 and 50 years, were united in marriage recently at Alamogordo, N. C.

THE COPTS.

An Interesting People About Whom but Little is Known.

These people esteem themselves to be the true descendants of the ancient Egyptians, as distinguished from the conquering race of Arabians who have now overrun their land. It is a comical idea, but they call upon us to note their close resemblance to the mummies. Early converts to Christianity, they have remained faithful to their belief amidst the Mohammedan population all about them. It must be mentioned, however, that they had been pronounced heretics by the Council of Chalcedon before the Arabian conquest; for they had refused to worship the human nature of Christ, revering his divine nature alone. They are the guardians of the Christian legends of Egypt. In a crypt under one of their churches they show two niches. One they say, was the sleeping-place of Joseph, and the other of the Virgin and Child, during the flight into Egypt. Near Heliopolis is an ancient tree, under whose branches the Holy Family are supposed to have rested when the sunshine was too hot for further traveling.

There are between four and five hundred thousand Copts in Egypt. They are the book-keepers and scribes; they are also jewellers and embroiderers. The ancient tongue has fallen into disuse, and is practically a dead language. They now use Arabic, like all the rest of the nation; but the speech survives in their church service, a part of which is still given in the old tongue, though it is said that even the priests themselves do not always understand what they are saying, having merely learned the sentences by heart, so that they can repeat them as a matter of form. Copts have been converted to Protestantism during these later days by the American missionaries.

They are not, in appearance, an attractive people. Their convents and churches, at least in Cairo and its neighborhood, are so hidden away, inaccessible, and dirty that they are but slightly appreciated by the majority of travelers, who spend far more of their time among the mosques of Mohammed. But both the people and their ancient language are full of interest from a historical point of view. They form a field for research which will give some day rich results. A little has been done, and well done; but much still remains hidden. It has yet to be dug out by the learned. Then it must be translated by the middlemen into those agreeable little histories which, with agreeable little tunes, agreeable little stories, and agreeable little pictures, are the delight of the many.—Harper's Magazine.

IN SIBERIA.

It is a Positive Fact That Educated Men Are Numerous.

It has been said again and again by defenders of the Russian government that the so-called "nihilists" whom that government banishes to Siberia are nothing but "malchishki" (contemptible striplings), "expelled seminarists," "half-educated school boys," "despicable Jews," and "students that have failed in their examinations." Nevertheless, when the directors of the Minusinsk museum want to discuss the most difficult problems of archeology, and artists skilful enough to draw with minute fidelity the objects found in the burial mounds, they have to go to these very same "nihilists," these "contemptible striplings" and "half-educated school boys," who are so scornfully referred to in the official newspapers of the capital and in the speeches of the Tsar's procurators. Such misrepresentation may for a time influence public opinion abroad, but it no longer deceives anybody in Siberia. Siberians are well aware that if they want integrity, capacity and intelligence, they must look for these qualities, not among the official representatives of the crown, but among the unfortunate lawyers, doctors, naturalists, authors, newspaper men, statisticians, and political economists who have been exiled to Siberia for political untrustworthiness.—George Kennan in the Century.

A Christian and Devil Meeting.

The struggles of childhood with words are often as pathetic as they are droll, but it is the funny side which is apt to impress their elders. A lady went not long since to call upon a neighbor in the country and found the 6-year-old son of the house playing upon the lawn. "How do you do, Georgie?" she said. "Is your mamma at home?" "No, Mrs. Gray," he answered, with the most approved politeness. "I am sorry for that," the caller said. "Will she be gone long?" "I don't know," the little fellow answered doubtfully. "She's gone to a Christian and devil meeting." "Gone to what?" the lady exclaimed in astonishment. "To a Christian and devil meeting in the vestry," was the reply. And it suddenly flashed across the caller's remembrance that that afternoon had been appointed at the vestry of the church a meeting of the Society of Christian Endeavor.—Baptist Recorder.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12.

Russel Sage is improving.

Blaine could give the country no better administration than Harrison has done.

Senator Peffer will stand like a wall of Topeka vitrified brick between the two old parties.

Free coinage of silver is well enough in theory but in practice it would be of no benefit.

The Kansas University boys were beaten in a game of foot-ball at Kansas City last Saturday by Iowa University boys.

There seems to be just a little too much foot-ball work and perhaps not enough head work in some of our universities.

The rebellion in China was short lived. The uprising having been put down, severe punishment of the leaders will follow.

Gradually is Russia working towards China and India, and England watches with a hawk's eye the danger to her Asiatic empire.

Illinois gives two cents each for English sparrow heads, and some persons around Chicago breweries and elevators are capturing the little pests by the thousand.

Postmaster General Wanamaker carries \$1,505,000 life insurance and fortunately Cyrus W. Field carries \$250,000. Wanamaker's is the largest in the United States.

The seat assigned to Senator Peffer keeps him a wall flower. He has a reputation on the republican side, while the people's party senator, Kyle of Mississippi, will on the democratic

side have been few things in politics more ridiculous than the putting of Simpson forward as a political candidate. It would be folly to deny Simpson's popularity, but his popularity is not credit upon those who make him leader.

Secret friends of A. B. Stearns are urging his appointment on the bench in the appeals. It can hardly be thought that it is said he has no chance. He has none. There are no positions for such a position in Kansas has one judge and one United States judge. But a Kansas politician would let to gobble anything.

Clarence, who may possibly be England some day, has been taken his mother, his father, and all the family. For years he has been married his third wife, and she is a princess of Teck, was willing and she gave in and the king would not have any other king to replace her.

W. Field and particularly his son, one of our own world wide benefactors, are for the Atlantic ocean have been sitting his countrymen through the ocean. Dom Pedro is a ruler. As a philosopher, he died in a way that his people are deposed and

republican at heart, means to help his ruler, a scholar, philanthropist and was forced by Fona the country he loved foreign land, rejoice were free, who would be dictator, despised.

Deafness Can't be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATION; as they can not reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease; and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's catarrh cure is taken internally; and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's catarrh cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years; and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers; acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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The Victory Ajar Off.

The revolution is begun. There can be no reasonable doubt about that. In fact the revolution has been in slow progress for six hundred years. But during the past few years its steps have quickened like those in all other lines.

The revolution is creating a greater equality of the people—a more equitable distribution of the good things of this world, although there is little reason to suppose that we will not always have the poor among us. The greatest obstacle in the way of this revolution is ignorance and next to this selfishness and wickedness of mankind, itself an outgrowth of ignorance.

It is tolerably certain that the great mass of mankind is in sympathy with those in want and suffering. Under fair circumstances one may always reckon on the aid of the majority to alleviate suffering and lighten the burdens of mankind.

This sentiment has been growing with modern civilization ever since the light began to break through the darkness of the middle ages. It was at the foundation of all social and political movements that have stirred up the masses in times past. It is at the base of the farmers and the labor movements that are today and that have for years been at work in this country. It is at the root of labor union efforts in England and of Christian socialism in Germany and of the commune in France.

It would be idle to say that from all these agitations no good has resulted. We may admit that evil, too, has been a part of the results, but that good is wrought out of evil is scriptural doctrine, and each retiring wave has left the shore line higher and safer.

All the leading civilized nations of the earth are just now in the throes of revolution. An English paper only a few days ago dared to affirm that when the Queen dies the English people will no longer consent to bear the burdens of royal magnificence.

In this country we are in the midst of active aggressive warfare. The lines are drawn as in no other land. And yet we are hampered as they are in no other land. We have ignorance to contend with, ignorance if not darker quite as unmanageable as that of the old world, because it can be more effectively used by the unscrupulous political demagog who worms his way into our political parties.

This is what afflicts our reform movement today. It was clearly shown at the late Indianapolis convention. There was not a great man present. Low, narrow, demagogues prevailed. Impractical schemes and extreme measures and selfish personal ends triumphed over all else. They learned nothing from the late election at which no practical increase of power was developed. Factions warred against factions and the meeting ended without inspiring the country with hope in the future.

At the very best there was no rational hope of the speedy triumph of the people's cause. It was ignorance only that predicted it and when it failed of immediate realization then followed the inevitable reaction.

The cause of this is apparent to any candid mind. The old grange movement, the labor unions in many but not all cases, the farmers Alliance and other like organizations, have been educational and largely free from partisan politics. But the evils from which the people suffer result from political action, or spring up for want of such action. Reform must come through a new party. Old parties yield slightly under compulsion as ruling powers have been doing for centuries. They yield only under compulsion. This is too slow for this fast age and so the demand for new parties. Hence the rise of the so called people's party. Leaders in this party appeared in Indianapolis. They are said to have captured the convention. But it was not a generous capture. It was not a capture by moral force. It left divisions and dissensions. There was a fatal lack of harmony. Worse than all there was an almost complete absence of moral courage on the part of the captors. The people's party dare not take a firm position on the great moral issues of the day. It ignores the temperance question, one more closely allied to the labor interest than any other, and the greatest enemy of home happiness, and the worst robber of the fruits of industry.

The age demands a higher moral sentiment in politics. The people's party does not promise it. Its leaders are not statesmen. They are not men of moral courage. They have shown not the least evidence of political genius. There are a few able, well meaning men, like Senator Peffer, who have come to the surface, but there are more debauched Simpsons than Peffers. The only thing sought by the people's party leaders, to day, is political party triumph, no matter at what moral sacrifice. The methods used to accomplish this end are just as culpable as those of any other old party. No promise of anything better is held out to attract from other parties their best men.

The people's party cry aloud for

reform. They had the last legislature in Kansas. Among the very worst abuses, one single instance where the people were robbed without mercy, was in the state printing. The cry had gone up over the state for reform in this respect. As a result the old republican robber was turned out and a people's party robber was put in. That was all. It is only a single illustration. Others are like unto it. During the late campaign the News was the only daily paper supporting the people's party in the state. It did it because it believed and still believes in the necessity of vital reform. But it found that the least reference to the need of moral stamina in the party would develop a swarm of kickers. The least reference to temperance would bring out myriads of these people's party midgets who imagined themselves to be birds of paradise. Reform is a long way off when this sentiment prevails. Mankind is lifted up by divine aid just as average worth will warrant. Individual extreme in suffering and want does not count. Such has been the record of history. Such it will be in the future. The average moral grade must be higher or progress toward the millennium will be slow, just as it has been. We have no right to expect otherwise.

Peoria has a leprous Chinaman.

At length the Topeka Capital favors government contract of telegraph and telephone, and so the old world moves.

As a result of Attorney General Ives's prodding up the violators of the liquor law in Leavenworth, Pittsburg and other points are being prosecuted effectively.

Crisp of Georgia, was elected speaker of the house of representatives. Springer of Illinois held the key and decided in favor of Crisp. It will count against Cleveland.

President Welch of the Topeka Board of Education, wants a new high school building. There are others who would prefer to abolish the high school altogether.

A dispatch from Washington says that Jerry Simpson's star is already on the wane. He no longer attracts attention. John Davis stands much above him and so do Otis and Clover as they deserve.

Shawnee county officers are clamoring for more room. A new county building is really needed and the people themselves are the most interested in it. Every day the county records are in danger of damage or destruction, to say nothing of the need of room for the use of the circuit and district courts, and for the county officials.

Colonel E. D. Taylor of Illinois, whom President Lincoln credited with being the father of the greenback, died last week. He it was who induced Lincoln to give up his store and go to Springfield and study law. He was a notable character of strong good sense and his advice was always highly valued by Lincoln, although he never occupied a high place in public councils.

The Capital publishes several official letters from Attorney General Ives to prosecuting attorneys in different counties in which their duty in regard to prosecuting violations of the liquor law, is very plainly pointed out. There is no hesitation or equivocation about his instructions. Mr. Ives is a democrat and was elected by democrats and the people's party. He is not supposed to be a prohibitionist, but the Capital very properly gives him the highest credit as an official determined to enforce the law.

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Cars leave 6th and Kansas ave. as follows:

For West 6th and Potwin every 10 minutes at 5, 15, 25, 35, 45 and 55 minutes past each hour from 5:55 a. m. until 7:55 p. m.; then every 15 minutes until 11:35 p. m.

Cars leave the avenue for Anourdale and the asylum at 5:55 a. m.; then at 6:15 a. m., and at 15 minutes and 45 minutes past each hour until 10:45 p. m.

Cars going south on Kansas avenue for West 10th and Buchanan streets leave every 10 minutes, commencing on the hour and at 10, 20, 30, 40 and 50 minutes past each hour. Cars leaving on the hour and at 20 and 40 minutes past the hour, go to Arch street, Lowman hill.

South Topeka cars leave at 10, 30 and 50 minutes past each hour up to 7:50, then at 8:10 and every 30 minutes until 11:40.

North Topeka cars make nine trips each hour, as follows, leaving on each hour, 5, 15, 20, 25, 35, 40, 45 and 55 minutes past each hour up to 7:30, after which they leave at 5, 10, 20, 35, 40 and 50 minutes up to 11 o'clock, then at 11:15, 11:30, 11:45 and the last at 12:20 midnight. All of these go to Rock Island, Union Pacific depots and Gordon street, and all leaving at 15, 35 and 55 minutes past each hour go through to Garfield Park.

Cars for Santa Fe depot leave 8, 28, 38 and 48 minutes past each hour up to 7:48 p. m., after which they leave at 18 and 48 minutes up to 10:48 and 11:18.

Cars for Washburn leave at 2, 22 and 42 past each hour up to 8:02 p. m., and then at 2 and 32 past up to 11:02.

Martin Hill cars leave 6th street at 6:15, 7:15 a. m., 12:45, 4:45 p. m. Leave 9th street and Kansas Avenue 8:36, 10:06 a. m., 12:06, 2:06, 3:45, 6:10 p. m.

Sundays Sixth street 10:15 a. m., 12:45, 3:45, 5:45, p. m. Ninth street 9:09 a. m., 12:06, 2:06, 5:06, p. m.

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The sacred Bo-tree of Ceylon is a branch of the original tree under which Buddha was born. This branch, which is now believed to be the oldest historical tree in the world, was brought to Ceylon by the sister of Mahinda, the great Buddhist teacher. It was planted where it now stands (near the Dagaba in the city of Anuradhapura), 288 years before Christ, says the St. Louis Republic. This is the tree upon which Whittier founded his beautiful poem, "The Cypress Tree of Ceylon." Ibu Batuta, the Mussulman writer and traveller of the fourteenth century, has the following to say concerning this remarkable vegetable relic: "It is held sacred by every true Buddhist; its leaves fall only at certain intervals; the person fortunate enough to find and eat one of these leaves is restored at once to youth and vigor."

Sir Emerson Tennant, who wrote our Buddhist relics of Ceylon about the year 1860, has this to say of it:

"The Bo-tree of Anuradhapura is in all probability the oldest historical tree in the world. It was planted in the third century before Christ, and is now about 2,200 years old. Ages varying from one to four thousand years have been assigned to the Baobab of Senegal, the Eucalyptus of Tasmania, the Dragon-tree of Orontia; the Sycamore of California and the chestnut at the foot of Mount Atna. But all these estimates are matters of conjecture, and such calculations, however ingenious, must be purely inferential, whereas the age of the sacred Bo-tree is a matter of record. Its conservancy has been an object of solicitude to successive dynasties, and the story of its vicissitudes has been preserved in a series of continuous chronicles, among the most authentic which have been handed down to mankind. Compared with it, the Oak of Ellerslie is but a sapling; the conqueror's oak at Windsor Forest barely numbers half its years. The yew trees of Fountain Abbey are 1,200 years old; the olive trees in the Garden of Gethsemane were full grown when the Saracens were expelled from Jerusalem; the Cypress of Senna, Lombardy, was a tree in the time of Julius Caesar; yet the Bo-tree is older than the oldest of these by a century, and would almost seem to verify the prophecy pronounced when it was planted, i. e., that it would "flourish and be green forever."

Little Curious Things.

People who through accident are obliged to use a glass eye should have one for night and one for day use. The pupil of the natural eye is smaller by day than by night. A glass eye that looks all right during business hours gives the wearer an uncanny appearance at night.

Railway statistics show that the American takes twenty-seven railway trips a year, the Englishman nineteen, the Belgian eleven, the Frenchman, the German, the Swede, Norwegian and the Spaniard five each, while the Turk, the Swiss and the Italian take but one each.

The Korean wears his hair braided down his back, it being considered unholy to cut it, or even to wear it loosely around the neck and shoulders. After he gets married, and not before, the law permits him to wear it curled up on top of his head. To tell a married Korean that he ought to wear his hair down is equivalent to telling him that his wife is the better man of the two.

The people of Thessaly were the first to break horses for service in war, and their proficiency as equestrians probably first gave rise to the ancient myth that their country was originally inhabited by centaurs, fabulous creatures supposed to be half horse and half man.

An ex-policeman, who has done ten years' duty in one of the large cities of the east, informs "Ye Curious Man" that he has never seen a bald-headed tramp. Here, for once, is an interesting subject for discussion. Are bald-headed men too honorable to take up the life of a tramp, or do they stop tramping when the hair begins to fall out?

The Xerobates Agassizii, the grass-eating turtle of the Mojave desert, is said to be the only one of the turtle species which lives by grazing like a horse or an ox. Xerobates digs a hole in the sand to escape the intense heat; is about ten inches in length when full grown, and weighs from six to eight pounds. Coast dealers in curiosities value them at \$5 each.—St. Louis Republic.

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Four persons were killed in a railroad accident on Monday at West Plains, Mo.

Antiquity of Bells.

The antiquity of the bell has often been a matter of discussion, and without plunging into classic ages, or remembering that both Pliny and Strabo mentioned it in their works, or that the Romans had doorknockers as well as house bells like ourselves, it is interesting to consider a few more modern instances. In England, Egbert, the first king of the whole country, has the credit of having inaugurated church bells, while Kingston-on-Thames—the spot where he was crowned, and where the stone he is said to be seen on which he sat while the ceremony was performed—claims the honor of possessing the church in which they were first rung.

Proper Songs.

The Belgian military authorities have discovered that various songs used in the army are not quite proper, and several poets and composers have been applied to to supply the army with some unobjectionable songs in French and Flemish to take their places.

"The best thing of the kind I have seen."—N. Y. Independent.

5 Great Christmas Stories



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A POPULAR FAMILY.

JENNIE: "How is it, Kate, that you always seem to 'catch on' to the latest new thing? Do what I may, you always seem to get ahead of me."

KATE: "I don't know. I certainly do not make any exertion in that direction."

JENNIE: "Well, during the last few months, for example, you have taken up painting,

without any teacher; you came to the rescue when Miss Lafargo deserted her Delaorte class so suddenly; and certainly we are all improving in grace under your instruction; I heard you telling Tommy Barnes last evening how his club made mistakes in playing baseball; you seem to be up on all the latest fads, and know just what to do under all circumstances; you entertain beautifully; and in the last month you have improved so in health, owing, you tell me, to your physical culture exercises. Where do you get all of your information from in this little out-of-the-way place—for you never go to the city?"

KATE: "Why, Jennie, you will make me vain. I have only one source of information, but it is surprising how it meets all wants. I very seldom hear of anything new but what the next few days bring me full information on the subject. Magic? No! Magazine? and a great treasure it is to us all, for it fully furnishes the reading for the whole household; father has given up his magazine as he has taken for years, as he says this so gives more and better information on the subjects of the day; and mother says that it is that makes her such a famous housekeeper. In fact, we all agree that it is the only really FAMILY magazine published, as we have sent for samples of all of them, and find that one is all for men, another all for women, and another for children only, while this one suits every one of us; so we only need to take one instead of several, and that is where the economy comes in, for it is only \$2.00 a year. Perhaps you think I am too lavish in my praise; but I will let you see ours, or better still, send 10 cents to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, New York, for a sample copy, and I shall always consider that I have done you a great favor; and may be you will be cutting us out, as you say we have the reputation of being the best informed family in town. If that be so, it is Demorest's Family Magazine that does it."

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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

It is interesting to know that Europe has taken hold in earnest on state insurance plans, that statesmen in all the chief countries of western Europe are concerning themselves with the matter, and that valuable results already have been attained. In the light of Europe's experience it should be easy for the United States in coming years to act wisely in regard to the insurance of aged and sick workmen against want.

How to keep the boys on the farm, is a fertile topic of agricultural discussion just now, and well it may be. Generally, the difficulty is ascribed to the home and the work. We would charge a share of the trouble to the school. What can that do to make rural pursuits more attractive to young people? Is this season especially, a crucial question. It finds solution only when we have determined what branches of natural history can be taught in the district school.

The Keeley remedy is probably not what it seems, a cure for drunkenness. There are too many instances known of relapses to warrant the conclusion of a cure. That it is of temporary relief, that it clothes in his right mind the victim of dipsomania and gives him the opportunity to exercise a little determination, there is no doubt. But this the moral influence of the church does equally well. The difference between the results of the influence of the one and the other is that they work in widely different fields.

A QUESTION may eventually force itself upon public attention. Shall natural resources be shut off from the enjoyment of the public by individuals or corporations because they will not submit to the operation of just and reasonable laws? It is on grounds of public policy rather than of private ownership of such treasures of nature as coal, iron and the like is permitted and defended. There is a right of eminent domain in political society which may be asserted and exercised so far as may be necessary to secure the public welfare.

IRRIGATED lands have supported the world's greatest populations, and the experience of ages has proved that an acre of land properly treated with water from a ditch will produce far more than acre that is dependant upon a capricious rainfall. Those who irrigate in parts of France and Italy where the rainfall is greatest know right well what they are doing, and there are thousands of places in the United States where the people will do the same thing before the lapse of another century. It is in this way that the food problem of the future must be solved.

RAPID changes have recently been going on in the development of high-grade explosive. Greater force has been condensed into less space and methods of exploding are being improved upon. Besides this, the use of explosives is being increased by a more general application. Unfortunately, laws and ordinances are not provided to meet this rapidly changing condition of things. Explosives, especially oil products, are handled with great carelessness. Sooner or later innocent persons will be made to suffer from this negligence unless precaution and safe-guards are increased.

The career of Jay Gould would have been impossible in any other land but this. Had he lived in France, or Germany, or England, and sought to accumulate wealth in those countries by the methods he has pursued in this, he would have been landed in some penal institution long ago. But as he is an American, and as, at a time when the New York courts were venal, he had the means to command them, thus escaping "scott free" when he committed his greatest crimes, it is not likely that with his vastly increased wealth he will ever meet in this world the condign punishment he so justly deserves. He is an example of the successful highwayman; of the robber who gets away with his stolen goods and converts them without discovery. It is the enormous scale of his operations that dazzles the world and makes his success atone for his crimes. And yet morally he is no better than a common embezzler, or a bunko steerer who lures his victim into a skin game.

ON THE STAIRS.

We were sitting, after waiting,
On the stairs,
He, before I could forbid it,
Stole a rose, ere yet I missed it,
And, as tenderly he kissed it,
Swiftly in his pocket hid it,
Unaware.

We were talking, after waiting,
On the stairs,
I had said that he should rue it,
And a lecture I intended,
Which I think he apprehended;
I was kissed before I knew it,
Unaware.

We were silent, after waiting,
On the stairs,
I had stormed with angry feeling,
But he spoke love, never heeding,
And my eyes fell 'neath his pleading,
All my depth of love revealing,
Unaware.

—Boston Courier.

A STREET CAR ROMANCE.

"Tickets!" shouted the smart young conductor, as he elbowed his way through the passengers standing in a car which was being drawn swiftly up California street.

It was about half-past five o'clock on a Thursday afternoon that I found myself inside a car filled with men returning from business, scattered among whom was a sprinkling of members of the fairer sex, who, incumbered with their innumerable purchases and wrapped up in cloaks, allowed only the tips of their noses to appear over the long booms of fur or feathers. It was one of those cold, foggy evenings that make pedestrians hurry along at top speed; while the policemen at the corners of the streets tramp up and down to keep themselves warm. The ladies seemed to have great difficulty in bringing their purses out from their small muffs or from their deep pockets, and a continuous string of apologies was offered for involuntary elbowings, caused by endeavors of their benumbed hands to obtain hold of the nickels for their fares.

"Why, where is my purse? You haven't got it, have you, Ethel?" exclaimed a sweet-voiced lady of middle age, after a hasty search in her muff and a lengthy exploration of the mysterious depths of her handsome gown.

"No, mamma."

"Then some one must have stolen it, or, perhaps, I have left it in some of the shops—down at the white house, probably."

All eyes were turned in the direction of the lady who had spoken, and the conductor began to look very knowing.

"Haven't you got any money?" he demanded, in a gruff tone.

"No; I have lost my purse, which contained all the money I have about me. But my husband will pay for us in the morning, or I will send the money to the office at once on returning home."

"Can't do it ma'am," replied the conductor; "you've got to pay or get out and walk."

"Here, conductor," I said, tenderly, "I'll pay for her. It is the rule of the company madam. The conductor can not give credit to passengers. I hope you will permit me to spare you the annoyance of having to get out at this hour."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," replied the lady, "and I accept your kind offer willingly. Will you be good enough to give me your address, that I may discharge without delay this small debt?"

"Oh, it is a mere nothing, madam," I said; "I shall be very well satisfied if you will give the sum to the first poor person you meet."

"Oh, no, not at all, sir, I must insist—"

Under such pressure, I could hardly refuse, and as the car was now approaching Hyde street, where I transferred to the cross town line, I took the three transfers the conductor gave me, and confused by the deep interest of the other passengers, now all eyes and ears, I hastily drew out a card and, raising my hat, extended it, with two transfers to the lady. But it was the young girl who, blushing deeply, took them.

The following day I had almost forgotten the incident, when among my letters I found one—in an unknown hand writing—bearing the city post mark. I opened it and saw, attached to the top corner of the visiting card enclosed, five two-cent postage stamps. On the card was printed:

MR. AND MRS. JOHN C. CARMAN.
While underneath was written:
Mr. and Mrs. Carman present their compliments and thanks to Mr. Paul Barnard for his kindness and courtesy.

No.—Pine Street.
I put the card aside on my desk, under a vase of violets, and it was not till one morning, nearly a week later, that I came across it again.

Now, every day you meet people in a street car whom you look at for an instant with more or less attention; but, in my case, I had hardly had a glimpse of the mother or the daughter, and had not even the least idea if they were pretty or otherwise. From their accent and manner, however, there could be no doubt they were of the upper world—but, after all, of what interest could they be to me?

Nevertheless, I did feel interested, so why should I attempt to deny it? Their address had been given to me,

and also their day at home. The address was printed, but the "day" was written in a modern, angular hand. Not so the lines of thanks; the handwriting there was the delicate, precise kind that young misses were taught thirty years ago. The mother had certainly written them.

But who had written "the day?" I became curious. How could I find out? Yes, there was a way. . . . But to call on people with whom I had only exchanged a few words, almost on the street, and who, in a week, might have forgotten both my name and my face, was rather a delicate matter. Then I should have to undergo the torture of feeling myself an intruder, as the servant would announce me in the reception-room, where, perhaps, half-a-dozen ladies, unknown to me, would look me over from head to foot as I advanced, as it to ask: "Who is this person, and where does he come from?"

When I thought it well over, however, I reflected that there had been occasion to talk of me, and, at the name of Paul Barnard, Mrs. Carman would know very well who I was. At all events, I determined to renew the acquaintance, and so the following Tuesday found me at the door of No. — Pine Street.

I must confess I did feel rather uneasy when my inquiry "Mrs. Carman?" brought the answer: "Yes, sir; shall I take your coat, sir?" and I was presently ushered into a handsomely furnished room, where I proceeded to pull myself together while awaiting Mrs. Carman.

Since then some months have passed. "Paul, what are you writing there?" "A little story, darling."

"Let me see."

"No, no—not yet."

But she had looked over my shoulder, and a small hand soon covered my eyes, while an arm slipped round my neck and her soft lips pressed mine.

"Oh, you naughty boy! But just wait a minute."

She disappeared, laughing, and came back quickly with a blue sachet, from which she drew out two pink street-car transfers.

"You see, I've kept them safely—you did not think I had thrown them away, dear? The first Tuesday I cried all night. If you had not come the second—"

"Well, what would you have done, Ethel?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, do."

"You won't be cross? Well, I would have sent you one by post."

"How jolly! And Mrs. Carman knew—"

"No, no, no! She was ever so surprised when you called. It was I who, before closing the envelope, secretly wrote at the foot of the card 'Tuesday.' Are you sorry?"

(And then there is the sound of kissing.)—The Argonaut.

HE WAS MUCH INSURED.

The Graveyard Business Is Not Unknown in Merry England.

The late James Singleton, occasional assistant oster and general hanger-on in the yard of the wheatsteeple hotel in Blackburn, must one would think, have long grown weary of being asked to insure his life, says the London News. Mr. Singleton was a poor man and an illiterate; he had no particular desire to insure his life; he had no money to pay premiums; and, as to filling up a "proposal" with its customary schedules, he had not a glimmering of an idea of how to do it. But all this was of no consequence in the eyes of his friends and acquaintances. They were wont apparently to accost him in some such way as this: "Good morning, Jemmy. Any objection to my insuring your life?" Jemmy, who probably saw in the suggestion pleasing visions of refreshments at the bar, doubtless answered, like Mr. Barkis, that he was "willing" and forthwith the friend proceeded to fill up the form.

So the thing went on till no fewer than twenty distinct policies, representing a total of £1,700, had been effected on the life of this little old oster who knocked about in the yard of this public house. Did James Singleton sleep at ease with these twenty persons all around him listening to his coughs and watching day by day to see if his gait grew feebler and his hands more tremulous than they were? Apparently he concerned himself little about such matters. But now he is dead and buried, and one of the policyholders has been prosecuting his claim at the Manchester assizes. Need we say that Justice Smith has read him a lesson on gambling policies, and that the jury have not looked with a kindly eye on the too favorable description of Mr. Singleton in the vicariously filled up proposal? Counsel, in brief, threw up the case in point and the jury at once returned a verdict by consent for the insurance company.

Sense of Touch.

Meissonier was proud of his shapely and delicate hands. He said that his fingers were so sensitive that he could with his eyes shut lay on the exact amount of color that he wanted on a given spot if somebody placed the point of the brush upon it.

DEATH IN WORKSHOPS.

SOME ARE OBLIGED TO FACE IT NEVERTHELESS.

They Must Perform Their Duties When They Know the Results are Finally Fatal—Salt-Cake and Bleaching-Powder.

There are many trades which mean, sooner or later, sure death to the workman. In some cases death comes early; in others, where the man is working among cumulative poisons, it is lingering and painful in the extreme. But of all others the salt-cake, bleaching-powder and the lime-house men have death most surely staring them in the face. The Pall Mall Budget prints a picture in the current number that shows just what these typical chemical workers must endure.

The acid gas given off from the salt-cake furnaces is very trying, and the flannel protection over the mouth is used to ward this off; but in spite of it teeth and gums fall a victim to the acid. Very frequently bits get nibbed by the action of the acid out of the men's hands and arms. Some of the hands have a corrugated look in consequence.

Lime is the principal ingredient out of which bleaching powder is made. Before it goes to the chlorine chambers, where it is to absorb the gas, it is carefully treated and reduced to a fine powder. It is sifted and beaten about and slaked, and the men who have to do this work have a job which no one need envy. Imagine working all day, or all night, as the case may be, in a fine mist of lime—lime particles flying about like a cloud of mosquitoes, with a far sharper bite, too. To protect themselves the men resort to a muffle or to a piece of rag or flannel held tightly between their teeth. The exposed parts of the skin are carefully greased, and a sort of paper mask is frequently improvised in addition to the caps which the men wear. In spite of everything, however, the lime gets in somewhere and inflicts its bite. All the time the work is carried on breathing is a terrible effort. To breathe through the nose would have the direst consequences. A single inhalation and the lime particles would lodge there. So the air has to be inhaled through the muffle and given out through the nose. Naturally, nose-bleeding is a frequent complaint in the works. Twenty minutes at a spell is as much as a man can stand; after that he goes out to recover himself and lay in a little air for his inside and some grease for outside lining. These lime men, of course, are not able to wash; they shun water as other people shun fire. The only wash they get sometimes for months together is in grease. To insist upon these poor chaps repeating their attacks on the lime over a period as long as eight hours seems cruel. It is far, far too long; but it would be a step in the right direction. As to the medical evidence, it does not require much skill to see how work like this must tell on the respiratory organs.

The duties of the lime-house man are, however, child's play compared with what the packer has to endure. When the lime man has finished his part of the job, and the lime is sprinkled to a depth of some two inches over the floor of the chlorine chamber, and raked lightly over so that the gas shall have access to as large a surface area as possible, the doors are shut, the cracks stopped up with clay and an opening is made to admit the chlorine. It streams in, and through the glass which is let into the door you can see the invasion of the green gas. A long period has to elapse before the lime has drunk its fill and become bleaching powder of the requisite strength; but at length, after the necessary tests, and perhaps a rearrangement of the surface and another dose of chlorine, things are ready for packing. The duties of the powder packer consist of filling casks with the bleaching powder. To do this he has to enter the chamber which for several days past has been charged with the chlorine gas. Though the worst of the gas has been allowed to pass out of the chamber before the packer enters it the atmosphere is still charged with the deadly fumes. The heat is something tremendous, especially as the poor wretch who has to endure it is swathed about the head in a way that would protect him from arctic cold.

A Deaf and Dumb Barber.

Impelled by the great outcry against loquacious barbers, a St. Louis boss recently hired a deaf and dumb assistant. But the scheme didn't work. "Though the man was an excellent workman," says the barber, "in less than a week he found his razor almost as inactive as his tongue. He had evidently been through the same experience in other cities, for he very philosophically offered to work for less than scale wages, and did so. I kept him three months and then dropped him, for no fault except that he could not work up a regular patron's trade. When all the other chairs were occupied some one would go to him, and he picked up considerable business. But the way

everyday customers left the chair for others convinced me that the average man expects to be entertained while being shaved, and kicks when he isn't. Deaf mutes seem to make excellent base ball players, but are not phenomenal successes in barber shops."

IT COULD BE DONE.

Colonel Theodore A. Dodge Tells How England Could Take Chicago.

In two weeks after a declaration of war, England could place fifty gunboats on the lakes and more than thirty armored vessels in the harbors of our leading cities, and could concentrate 75,000 regular troops in Canada, backed by a sturdy militia ready to march across our border; while in twice that time part of her Asiatic squadron could sail through the Golden Gate. Our lake frontier is a cobweb. No land defenses of such towns as Chicago, situated on the shore itself, could save them from bombardment. The best army could not protect Chicago against a mediocre modern fleet. . . . The shipping and commerce of the lakes is attractive. The goods afloat and ashore suffice to pay a huge war indemnity. They are all at the mercy of an English flotilla. Some people imagine that modern war has been humanized out of such measures as bombardment. But Paris was bombarded in 1870; so was Strasburg, and its beautiful cathedral spire was seriously injured. War has no aesthetic maxims. The occupation of a seaport leaves no alternative but submission and the payment of a heavy ransom—or bombardment. In a town like Chicago this would be followed by fire, and we all remember the \$200,000,000 lost in the fire of 1871.—Forum.

And He Left.

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy.

"I would rather you were a comet," she said dreamily.

"And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own. "And why?" he repeated, impudently.

"Oh!" she said, with a brooding earnestness that fell freezing upon his soul, "because then you would come about only once every fifteen years." —Pilgrims Progress.

The Tzar of All the Russian.

Ignatieff, lately prime-minister of Russia has just taken up his residence in Prague. The story of his dismissal is interesting, as it illustrates the autocracy of the czars. Ignatieff, one day, presented some papers to his imperial master, saying: "Your majesty may sign these without reading them, as they are not of much importance." The czar handed the papers back with the answer: "Keep these for your successor. I never sign papers without looking at them."—The Argonaut.

ADVANCES IN SCIENCE.

Antimony is found extensively in Portugal, the largest beds being situated near Braganza.

An electric flying machine was recently made to rise to a height of seventy feet and fly about 400 yards.

Sawdust and shavings, when reduced to powdered charcoal, are now used in wine to absorb unpleasant odors.

By the use of the camera, with powerful telescopes, a new and very large crater has been shown upon the moon's surface.

A French electrician has gotten up a device by which he can send 150 typewritten words per minute over a single wire.

A great microscope that is being built at Munich will under ordinary conditions magnify 11,000 and in special cases 10,000 diameters.

Recent improvements in telegraphy enable certain companies to transmit 100 words for twenty-five cents and realize a handsome profit.

An alloy of gold and aluminum has recently been made. Its color is a most beautiful purple, and it will be valuable in making up jewelry.

Besides the large planets which revolve about the sun, over 250 others have been discovered and catalogued, and science is daily adding to this list.

Telescopic steel masts or rods are to be used in lighting the public squares in Brussels. The object of this system is to preserve the beauty of the parks in the daytime.

French ingenuity has contrived an improved stone-cutting saw of remarkable efficiency—a circular saw having its edge set with black diamonds in the same way as the straight blades, but as the strain on the diamond is all in one direction, the setting can be made much firmer.

A new aluminum alloy, with titanium, is being manufactured in Pittsburgh. It sells at from twenty-five cents to \$1 per pound more than pure aluminum. It is very hard and elastic and is an excellent material for making tools. About 10 per cent of titanium is used.

Further tests of fibrelia, the product of common flax straw, show that to a certain extent it has not only valuable textile properties of itself, but also as a substitute for cotton or wool; it is claimed in fact, that 25 per cent of the fibrelia, with 75 per cent of wool, made into broadcloth, gives a product absolutely more valuable than if made of wool alone—that it is the real strength of the cloth that is enhanced, it is more impervious to water, is warmer, and on account of its tenacity and flexibility, its cementing property and electrical adhesiveness, fibrelia not only imparts preservative qualities to the wool and increased durability to the cloth, but imparts to the whole a gloss and finish not otherwise attainable.

LOVE AND PHYLLIS.

Phyllis has a lover!
What a world is this—
Hearts to bubble over
At a single kiss.

Phyllis has a lover!
See her blush and start
At a step that quickens
Her expectant heart.

Phyllis has a lover!
She'll be looking soon
Over her right shoulder
At the faint new moon.

Phyllis has a lover!
Hardly seems a day
Since she was a lassie
With her dolls at play.

Phyllis has a lover!
Though I love would cheat,
Sometimes I am sorry
She grew up so sweet.

THE FAMILY HONOR.

Much of the story of the Glendowie Monster, now on the tongues of all in the north who are not afraid to speak, has been born of ugly fancies since the night of September 4, 1890, when that happened which sent the country to bed with long candles for the rest of the month. I was at Glendowie Castle that night, and I heard the scream that made nine two hundred people suddenly stand still in the dance; but of what is now being said I take no stock, thinking it damning to a noble house; and of what was said before that night I will repeat only the native gossip and the story of the children, which I take to be human rather than the worst horror of all, as some would have it. Thus I am left with almost naught to tell save what I saw or heard at the castle on the night of the fourth of September; and to those who would have all things accounted for, it will seem little, though for me more than enough.

There are those in Glendowie who hold that this Thing has been in the castle, and there held down by chains, since the year 1200, when the wild Lady Mildred gave it birth and died of sight of it; and, in the daylight (but never before wine) they will speak the name of her lover, and so account for 1200 A. D. being known in the annals of that house, not as a year of our Lord, but as the year of the devil. I am not sufficiently old-fashioned for such a story, and rather believe that the Thing was never in the castle until the coming home from Africa of him who was known as the Left-Handed Earl, which happened a matter of seventy years ago. The secret manner of his coming and the oddness of his attendants, with a wild story of his clearing the house of all other servants for fifteen days, during which he was not idle, raised a crop of scandal that was not yet been out level with the earth. To be plain, it is said by those who believe witchcraft to be done with, that the Left-Handed Earl brought the Thing from Africa, and in fifteen days had a home made for it in the castle—a home that none could find the way to save himself and a black servant, who frequently disappeared for many days at a time, yet was known always to be within whistle of his master. Men said furiously that this Thing was the heir, and again there was the devil's shadow in the story, as if the devil could be a woman.

It is not a pretty story, except what is told of the Monster's love of children; and though, until the fourth of September, 1890, I never believed what was told of the Thing and these children, I believe it now. What they say is that it is so savage that not even the black servant could have gone within reach of it and lived; yet with children scarce strong enough to walk save on all-fours, it would play for hours even as they played, but with a mother's care for them. There are men of all ages in these parts who hold that they were with it in childhood and loved it, though now they shudder at a picture they recall. I think, but vaguely. And some of them, doubtless, are liars. It may be wondered why the lords of Glendowie dared let a child into the power of one that would have broken themselves across its knee; and two reasons are given; the first, that it knew when there were children in the castle, and would have broken down walls to reach them had they not been brought to it; the other, that compassion induced the earls to give it the only pleasure it knew. Of these children some were of the tenantry and others of guests in the castle, and I have not heard of one who dreaded the monster. To them it ever seems to have been lovable; and, if half of the stories be true, they would let it toss them sportively in the air, and they would sit with their arms around its neck while it made toys for them of splinters of wood or music by rattling its chains. I need not say that care was taken to keep these meetings from the parents of the children, in which conspiracy the children unconsciously joined, for their pleasant practice of their new friend allayed suspicion rather than aroused it. Nevertheless, queer rumors arose in recent times, which, I daresay, few believed who came from a distance; yet were they sufficiently disquieting to make guests leave their children at home, and, as I understand, on the fourth of September, 1890, several years had passed since a child had slept in the

castle. On that night there were many guests and one child, who had been in bed for some hours when the Thing broke loose.

The occasion was the coming of age of the heir, and seldom, I suppose, has there been such a company in a house renowned for hospitality. There were many persons from distant parts, which means London, and all the great folks of our county, with others not so great in that gathering, though capable of making a show at most. After the dancing begins, no man is ever a prominent figure in the room to those who are there merely to look on, as I was; and I now remember, as the two which my eyes followed with greatest pleasure, our hostess, a woman of winning manners, yet cold when need be, and the lady who was shortly to become her daughter, a languid girl, pretty to look at when her lover, the heir, was by her side. I know that nearly all present that night speak now of a haggard look on the earl's face, and of quick glances between him and his wife; I know they say that the heir danced much to keep himself from thinking, and that his arm chattered on the waists of his partners; I know the story that he had learned of the existence of the Thing that night. But I was present, and I am persuaded that at the time all thought, as I did, that never was a gayer scene even at Glendowie, never a host or hostess more cordial, never a merry-eyed heir more anxious to be courteous to all and more than courteous to one. The music was a marvel for the country. Dance succeeded dance. The hour was late, but another waltz was begun. Then suddenly—

And at once the music stopped and the dancers were as still as stone figures. It had been a horrible inhuman scream, so loud and shrill as to tear a way through all the walls of the castle; a scream not of pain, but of triumph. I think it must have lasted half a minute, and then came silence, but still no one moved; we waited as if after lightning for the thunder.

The first person I saw was the earl. His face was not white but gray. His teeth were fixed and he was staring at the door, waiting for it to open. Some men hastened to the door and he cast out his arms and drove them back. But he never looked at them. The heir I saw with his hands over his face. Many of the men stepped in front of the women. There was no whispering, I think. We all turned our eyes to the door.

Some ladies screamed (one, I have learned, swooned; but we gave her not a glance,) when the door opened. It was only the African servant who entered, a man most of us had heard of but few had seen. He made a sign to the earl, who drew back from him and then stepped forward. The heir hurried to the door and some of us heard this conversation:

"Not you, father; me."
"Stay here, my son; I entreat, I command."

"Both," said the servant, authoritatively; and then they went out with him and the door closed.

The dancing was resumed almost immediately. This is a strange thing to tell. Only a woman could have forced us to seem once more as we were before that horrid cry; and the woman was our hostess. As the door closed, my eyes met her, and I saw that she had been speaking to the musicians. She was smiling graciously, as if what had occurred had been but an amusing interlude. I saw her take her place beside her partner, and begin the waltz again with the music.

All looked at her with amazement, dread, pity, suspicion, but they had to dance. "Does she know nothing?" I asked myself, overhearing her laughing merrily as she was whirled past me. Or was this the woman's part in the tragedy while the men were doing theirs? What were they doing? It was whispered in the ball-room that they were in the open, looking for something that had escaped from the castle.

An hour, I dare say, passed, and neither the earl nor his son had returned. The dancing went on, but it had become an uncanny scene; every one trying to read the other's face, the men uncomfortable, as if feeling that they should be elsewhere, many of the women craven, only the countess in high spirits. By this time it was known to all of us that the door of the ball room was locked on the outside. Guests bade our hostess good night, but could retire no further. One man dared request her to bid the servants unlock the door, and she smiled and asked him for the next waltz.

About two o'clock in the morning many of us heard a child's scream, that came, we thought, from the hall of the castle. A moment afterward we again heard it—this time from the shrubbery. I saw the countess shake with fear at last, but only for a moment. Already she was beckoning to the musicians to continue playing. One of the guests stopped them by raising his hand; he was the child's father.

"You must bid your servants unbar that door," he said to the countess, sternly, "or I will force it open."

"You can not leave this room, Sir," she answered quite composedly; and then he broke out passion-

ately, fear for his child mastering him. Something about devil's work, he said.

"There is some one on the other side of that door who would not hesitate to kill you," she replied; and we knew that she spoke of the native servant.

"Order him to open the door."

"I will not."

In another moment the door would have been broken open had she not put her back against it. Her eyes were now flashing. The men looked at each other in doubt, and some of them, I know, were for tearing her from the door. It was then that we heard the report of a gun.

It is my belief that the countess saved the life of her guest by preventing his leaving the ball-room. For close on another hour she stood at the door, and the servants gathered round her like men ready to support their mistress. We were now in groups, whispering and listening, and I shall tell what I heard, believing it to be all that was heard by any of us, though some of those present that night tell strange tales. I heard a child laughing, and I doubt not that we were meant to hear it, to appease the parents' fear. I heard the tramp of men in the hall and on the stairs, and afterward an unpleasant dirge from above. A carriage drove up the walk and stopped at the door. Then came heavy noises on the stair, as of some weight being slowly moved down it. By and by the carriage drove off. The earl returned to the ball-room, but no one was allowed to leave it until daybreak. I lost sight of the countess when the earl came in, but many say that she replied, "Thank God!" and then fainted. No explanation of this odd affair was given to the company; but it is believed that the thing, whatever it was, was shot that night and taken away by the heir and the servant to Africa, there to be buried.—Argonaut.

RELIGIOUS SECTS IN RUSSIA.

An Enormous Number of Enlightened Believers in the Czar's Land.

M. Teahni, a Russian writer, has published an interesting work upon the curious religious sects of Russia, from which it appears that there are not less than 15,000,000 followers of the insane and cranky notions in that empire. These communities of devout and deluded Christians are constantly springing up in spite of all efforts of Russian despots to keep them down.

One of these sects is called the Runaways. They fly from their villages and towns as soon as they embrace the new faith, seeking to destroy their identity as much as possible, and henceforth live as savages. They return as near to man's primitive condition as possible; regard civilization as the greatest of curses, and make the robbing of churches one of their most sacred duties.

Another sect call themselves Christs. They worship each other, a crazy species of dancing being their chief ceremony.

The Skoptsy, another religious body, believing in self-mutilation, but will not submit to amputation, although knowing that a life may be saved thereby. Like the Christs, they are expert dancers. Besides dancing and yelling for hours without intermission, they add a midnight acrobatic performance to their ceremony, many of the tricks and contortions being difficult in the extreme. The Dumb Boys are another of these curious sects. Why they are called Dumb Boys no one seems to know. The sect is composed of both sexes, old men being in the majority. Some of these deluded old patriarchs are known to have kept their vow of silence for more than a half century.

M. Souckeliff is the leader of a sect which preaches suicide as an absolute necessity for salvation. At one of his great "revivals" in Kief he preached so hard in favor of murder and suicide that several of his followers cut each other's throats. There are dozens of other fanatical religious bodies in the benighted empire of the czar, many of whom practice blood-curdling ceremonies.—St. Louis Republic.

The Finest Broadcloth.

The singular fact is stated that the finest piece of broadcloth which ever left a loom was manufactured at the woolen mills in Vassalboro, Me. It was first exhibited at the World's Fair in London in 1851, and was exhibited at the Centennial in 1876, being pronounced by the judges in that line of goods as unsurpassed by anything of the kind there displayed; in fact, there is no public recognition recorded of any other manufacture of broadcloth superior either in texture or finish, and the only reason, as assigned, why these superior fabrics have not been made on a commercial scale is because of the higher price of American labor. A fact of similar interest is stated in this connection by a San Francisco paper, namely, that the finest woolen blankets ever produced in the world were made at the old, but now defunct Mission woolen mills in that city—blankets which were exhibited at several European exhibitions, at the Centennial, and elsewhere, and always without a rival in texture and finish.—N. Y. Sun.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

WHAT THE FARMER'S STABLE OUGHT TO BE.

Healthful Stables Far Too Few—Money to Be Made From Nuts—Breeding Turkeys—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

Healthful Stables.

Farmers' stables are rarely constructed with a view to healthfulness; are usually deficient in light, ventilation and drainage. These defects give rise to much evil to animals confined in them, and disorders of some kind are likely to result. Want of light or light in straggling rays from various small inlets injures the eyesight, and where there is insufficient light, there is almost surely insufficient ventilation. Stables thus closely built do not admit of free circulation of air, consequently they become filled with foul air, impregnated with the pungent vapors arising from manure, which constantly breathed, irritates the mucous membranes of the throat and lungs, and keeps them in a more or less inflamed condition. And if drainage is insufficient, and absorbents are not supplied, the floor becomes filled with urine-saturated manure which increases these disagreeable vapors.

Stables should be built on somewhat elevated ground; if low and flat, the site should be well-drained; this would be well if done in any case. Where no other than an earth floor is had, absorbents should be placed in abundance, especially if the stable be a low, close one. But it is better to have good floors. Wood floors of thick, solid material, do well enough. The floor should have a slight inclination from front to rear, the seams between the planks covered with other plank to prevent the liquids getting beneath the floor. Underneath the terminus of the floor at the rear, should be placed a gutter to receive and carry off the liquids to the manure pile. If a good and lasting floor be desired, concrete is the most economical in the long run. These, too, should have a few inches inclination to the rear with drains to serve the purpose of carrying off the liquids. The following method makes a good concrete floor:

Take out the earth to about a foot in depth, fill in with coarse gravel; smooth this off to a proper grade, say four inches in ten feet. Upon this put small stones—cobble stones—and press down solid, making drains where required. Over this, when raised up sufficiently high and firm, spread a layer of mortar, press in the top of this, when half dry, some sand, and to add to the thickness and durability of the floor, more mortar and sand may be put on; instead of mortar, some use gas tar, then finish off with sand. Stables are often built too low, or in other words the loft or floor overhead is put down too low. This floor should be at least eight feet high; it gives better ventilation, and instead of letting the light and air struggle in as best it may through small apertures, there should be made one or two long windows upper floor. The sash in them should be swung on pivots in the middle, so that the sash may be swung out at top; this gives better ventilation, the vapor within escaping at top and the fresh air admitted at bottom. The windows should be in front, as side lights are hurtful to the eyes of stock, especially if there be no light on the opposite side. It costs but little more either of money or labor to erect such comfortable stables, and certainly nothing is lost by it. The proper saving of the manure in this way, the ammonia that otherwise would be lost, repays much, besides the advantage and profit arising from having good, sound, healthy stock.—Ohio Farmer.

Breeding Turkeys.

Joseph Wallace manages to find something fresh on this often discussed subject: In breeding turkeys, the bronze is the largest and hardest of its species. If, however, a choice of other varieties is made, be sure that the breeders are vigorous. A proper selection is even more necessary in one sense than in the case of common fowls bred for mere utility, because the offspring will show all the defects of the parents in a more marked degree, as all constitutional and hereditary defects are transmitted at once and even the condition of good health at the time of mating is not sufficiently powerful to counteract or to influence in modifying the constitutional defects in the offspring, as it is more or less in the case of the common fowl that transmit good and defective qualities dependent upon their state of health and condition during mating.

The young poult is so sensitive to wet and dampness that even in a wild state the turkey seeks regions where there is little rain or dew during the breeding season. The young poult's feather so rapidly that they are weak and tender, because there is a constant drain on the system to start and nourish a large growth of feathers besides bone, flesh and muscle. It is seen that proper food and care are necessary until the birds begin to show

red about the head, then the most critical period is passed.—National Stockman.

That "Natty" Flavor.

The demand in the market is for butter with nutty flavor, and as it is not in the original flavor of the milk, but developed by a certain care and handling of the milk and cream, there must be pretty nearly uniform care of the milk, and back of this uniform feeding and attention to not only the cows but their surroundings. When the whole matter is sifted, and the actual methods explained how this flavor is obtained, it will be noticed that it is only taking the best care of the milk, by making every utensil bright and clean and doing more than straining dirt and its other compatriots out of the milk, but rather in not allowing them to get into the milk. Then if the milk is cared for in a uniform way, cooled down to a certain point, the temperature controlled, cream ripened so much and no more, and the cream churned then and not some time in the future, and the buttersalted so much and worked down so dry, the nutty flavor need not be developed promptly on time in needed amount. It is a uniform care, treatment and handling that assures quality, texture and flavor in butter.—Practical Farmer.

Warning to Milkmen.

Just one word to milk producers. Be careful about joining any organization whose purpose is to help all farmers, when it is headed and run by men who never milked a cow, never owned one, but who can make every farmer rich (on paper) if he will only follow instructions. Any such organization is utterly worthless, and furthermore, is responsible for the poor condition of the milk market to-day.

Such an association is a downright swindle, and a man who will prove himself and head it when his prime object is \$3 annual dues, should be caged up. He is morally a blackleg, a confidence man, and every person should be aware of him and his dirty way of extorting money from farmers.

I was much surprised some time since when in Lowell, to see the fine farming at the county jail. Labor is of course worth very little, and so not a weed is visible. By the way, that is the only way to farm. Do everything in the first-class shape and ultimate success is assured.—Mass. Plowman.

Home Hints.

A small piece of charcoal placed in the pot when boiling cabbage, will prevent any disagreeable odor.

If anything runs over upon the stove and catches fire while cooking, throw salt upon it at once. It will put out the fire and prevent a disagreeable smell.

A difficulty is often experienced by housekeepers in removing the smell from cooking utensils in which fish has been fried or boiled. Place some red-hot cinders in the pan or pot, upon them pour some boiling water and move the cinders around for a minute or two, when it will be found that all small or taint of fish will have disappeared.

Paint, after it dries, is hard to remove, but yields at once to turpentine, if applied when it is fresh. On dark clothes, however, turpentine itself leaves a trace which calls for the benzine. This generally prevents the stains from reappearing in obvious and ugly fashion whenever exposed to any dust. But after all is said and done, the best advice is, "Try not to get spots on your clothes."

The best way of hiding a house of rats is to fill all the holes that can be found with pounded glass, and seal up with plaster of paris and tin if you wish. Then thoroughly clean the premises and see that there are no garbage pails left about to attract rats, and secure the services of a good cat. Treat her kindly, confine her as much as possible to the basement of the house so she will keep these intruders away and there need be no trouble.

Farm Notes.

Clover should be grown more than it is. Manure can be hauled out at any time during the winter.

It is a fact that the same cow's milk varies in richness at different times.

When an animal is matured it gains very slowly, and the principal gain is in fat only.

To improve the stock on the farm select the ones best adapted to your purpose and then stick to it.

In a majority of cases when a product is low is a good time to commence growing it and not when it is high.

The general farmer is not tied down to any one crop or one branch of stock raising, and has less failures.

A young animal, if well fed, will gain in meat, bone and fat, and gain more in proportion to the food supplied.

A large quantity of Missouri tobacco is exported directly to Germany, to be mingled with milder grades for smoking purposes.

Put wood ashes and salt where the hogs can get at them every day and hour in the day to take a lick. If pulverized charcoal and sulphur are added no harm will be done.

Mr. Murtfeldt says: "The ideal farmer prizes his dwellings and out-buildings, and appreciates the comforts and contents these give to him and his family and his domestic animals."

When feeding to fatten all things considered, it is best to feed dry food. During growth the pigs will thrive better on a ration of ground oats, shorts and oil meal, with sweet skim-milk.

Certainly oats furnish the best materials to use in feeding growing colts. There seems a concentration of good qualities in oats which makes them the best all-around food for weanlings, and from that time on through all the experience and life of the animals.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, published by Munn & Co., New York, during forty-five years, is, beyond all question, the leading paper relating to science, mechanics and inventions published on this continent. Each weekly issue presents the latest scientific topics in an interesting and reliable manner, accompanied with engravings prepared expressly to demonstrate the subjects. The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is invaluable to every person desiring to keep pace with the inventions and discoveries of the day.

The Toledo Weekly Blade Free.

The proprietors of the TOLEDO BLADE, the best known political weekly of the United States, are making preparations to create a sensation this winter by sending a million specimen copies to as many readers in all parts of the United States, who do not now take that paper. To that end they invite everybody to send the addresses of as many people as they care to, by postal card or letter. Send one name, ten, twenty, one hundred or a thousand. As many as you have time to write, only take care to send correct addresses of people that you know appreciate good reading. It will cost but a little trouble, and the thousands who receive sample copies will feel grateful. Send all the names and addresses you please to THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

"Romance" the magazine of complete stories by the best writers is out in its December number with a new and very attractive cover. The special feature of this number is that it contains no less than five notable Christmas stories—"A Confederate Christmas Story" of a \$500 dinner by Nina Piteh; "Full Fathom Five," a Diver's Story, by Tom Hood; "Jimmy Daly's Christmas Present," a Shant-Town Romance, by Edward Harrigan; "The Old Oak Tree's Last Dream," by Hans Anderson; and "What came of a Surprise," a warning to Christmas shoppers, by Franz Reuter—every one an interesting, clean, wholesome story for the holidays. Besides this notable collection of special Christmas literature, "Romance" has eight other stories, by such writers as J. M. Barrie, the celebrated English novelist, W. E. Norris, and other writers of this grade. The increasing popularity of "Romance" demonstrates the wisdom of its projectors in assuming that stirring and wholesome fiction is the most interesting form of literature, as well as the most popular. A specimen copy of the December number will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents by ROMANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

MR. GLADSTONE'S WIFE

Is Going to Tell our Mothers How She Trained Her Children.

Mrs. William E. Gladstone has long been known as one of the most motherly women in England. When a young wife, years ago, she began to make a careful study of the bringing up of children. No trouble was too great for her to spend upon the children which came to her, and that she succeeded in finding the best methods is attested by the positions which her children occupy in England to day. What required years of labor for her to learn, Mrs. Gladstone has now consented to tell in a series of articles which will be published in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, during 1892. Mrs. Gladstone calls her series "Hints from a Mother's Life," and in her articles she will tell what should be a young mother's first step with her baby; a child's best surroundings; how to wash and dress an infant; what an ideal nursery should be; how a child can be kept healthy, and gives, besides, some rules which are destined to become standard. The articles will be like a manual for the nursery, and thousands of American mothers will read Mrs. Gladstone's words. It is seldom that a woman of Mrs. Gladstone's high position writes on such a practical subject, and this fact will lend all the more interest to this series in the *Journal*. It is said that Mrs. Gladstone was paid an enormous price for the articles, and it is creditable to the enterprising publishers that they had the liberality to secure and place such material before American mothers.

This week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY is replete with beautiful art pictures and illustrations of current events. The principle features are double-page representation of Alaskan Eskimaux returning with supplies to their winter quarters; illustrations of the famous "Meininger" company, the great German exponents of Shakespeare; sketches of the Pennsylvania Industrial Reformatory at Huntingdon, together with an article descriptive of the operations of that institution; and illustrations of the recent terrible earthquake in Japan and the Brooklyn aqueduct disaster. This issue also contains the second article of the second series on the "Coming Crisis" by Lieutenant Totten. These articles have created great interest throughout the country, and this one will be found interesting to business men as well as to theologians.

"How We Made the Old Farm Pay," is the subject of a 64 page book, by Chas. A. Green, editor of GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER, Rochester N. Y. This book is just issued, and a copy of it is before us. It gives the personal experience of Mr. Green as a farmer's boy, a business man in the city, and as a fruit grower. Mr. Green has made a success of fruit growing, and this little work cannot fail to be helpful to those interested on that subject. The latter pages of the book are devoted to "Rambles in the Nursery," with practical articles on propagation and other helpful items. This is an interesting and instructive work. Price 25 cents, bound in an elegant lithographed cover and beautifully illustrated, with colored plates, and frontispiece.

Godey's 1892

You need a magazine in your Family. Get One That Gives the Best Satisfaction for the Money.

GODEY'S will save you in "Dress Hints" ten times its cost in one year. GODEY'S will give you a better idea of how to dress and what materials to use than any similar publication. GODEY'S will give you better reading than most of the high class (so called) magazines. GODEY'S will give you a choice of 12 cut Paper Patterns during the year, alone worth double the subscription price.

GODEY'S will give the best illustrated Fashions, both in Colors and Black. Selected from the Paris and Berlin Models. GODEY'S will continue the Childrens Corner which has been so favorably received and endorsed by our younger readers.

GODEY'S will give you in fact the best of everything within its covers. Including as it does, Literature, Fashions, Music, Engravings, Dress Hints, Home Talks, Etiquette, etc., etc.

With the January issue we will begin two new serials—entirely new.

THE DISCIPLINE OF FAITH.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

A story of New York life, written in his best vein and manner. His national reputation is at any time a guarantee of an interesting novelette.

MARGARITE LEE.

Who are the bright and attractive letters from Washington have met with so much favor from our readers. The story is located in the Capital, and as the authoress herself resides there it is full of real incidents. We predict for "Margarite Lee," a warm reception from our subscribers, who will be sure to find her very winsome, and feel that the authoress who has worked for them a very wet that has many beauties and real interest woven in its meshes.

For the latter months we have a number of Serials and Short Stories by the best authors.

THE LEGEND OF THE LANTERN.

BY MRS. OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON.

This charming story will run through several numbers, and will be illustrated with original photographs by WILL ELLIOT FROVNER.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARY.

BY ADA MARIE PECK.

To those who have read "The Filian Mystery," by this author, we need say nothing except that it is thought to be better (if possible) than any of her previous ones.

In addition to our usual number of Short Stories, we shall publish a series of articles entitled—

ADVICE FROM EVERYWHERE.

BY OLIVIA PHILLIPS.

Embracing such subjects as "The Sick Room," "Home Nursery," "Children's Nursery," "Amusements for the Sabbath," "A Ministers' Outing," "A Year Well Spent," etc., etc.

Augusta Salisbury Prescott.

well known from her writing for the great New York newspapers, the World, Advertiser, etc., continues to write for us, and during the year will furnish a series of articles that will be well worth the price of the magazine, entitled, "New Year Resolutions," "An Afternoon," "Jennie is Going to be Married," "Wedding Presents," etc.

Selle C. Green.

whose humorous sketches, "The Hawkins Family," have made her famous in this way, will give us some new features which we are assured will be more mirth provoking than her previous efforts.

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The Toledo Weekly Blade and Campaign of 1892.

THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE, the most prominent Republican weekly published, is the only political newspaper in the United States that is identified with special reference to circulation in every part of the State, territory and nearly every county in the United States. It has always above 100,000 subscribers, and during a late Presidential Campaign had 200,000 subscribers. People of all political parties take it. Aside from politics it is a favorite family paper, having more and better departments than can be afforded by paper of small circulation. Serial and Short Stories, Wit and Humor, Poetry, Camps fire (Soldiers), Farm, Sunday School Lessons, Talmage Sermons, Young Folks, Poultry, Puzzles, Homeschool (best in the world), Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc. Only One Dollar a year. Send postal to THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, for a free specimen copy. Ask, also, for confidential terms to agents if you want to easily earn a few dollars cash.

Literary Note from The Century Co.

The following tribute to the work of an American magazine is contained in the report of the Secretary of the Interior just submitted to Congress:

"Your attention is also requested to the paper contributed by Mr. John Muir Magazine for November, 1891, entitled 'A Rival of the Yosemite—the Canon of the South Fork of Kings River, California.' It furnishes maps of this section of the wonderful scenery there existing. The engravings are chiefly from the pencil of Mr. Charles D. Robinson. These gentlemen, as well as the editors of *The Century*, especially Mr. Johnson, have taken a great personal interest in the forest reserves in California, and are worthy of great consideration, both from their experience and intelligence. The Magazine article mentioned advocates the extension of the Sequoia National Park so as to embrace the Kings River region and the Kaweah and Tuolumne groves. The boundaries are there set forth. The subject is recommended to your favorable consideration and action."

NEW YORK LEDGER,

Presents the following list of its attractions for 1892:

PERIL AND EXPLORATION IN ALASKA. The veteran explorer, Frederick Schwatka, is conducting a special expedition for the Ledger in Alaska in the interest of geographical exploration. The enterprise will result in discoveries of the greatest value to the world. Its results and dangers will be thoroughly described by Lieut. Schwatka in the Ledger.

NOVELETES An illustrated novelette, complete in one number, will appear entire in each number. Among the earliest stories to appear in this series will be

"At the Bonita Belle," A story of mining life in the Rockies. By J. L. Harbour.

"Mordbank," A true story of early days in Georgia. By Maurice Thompson.

"Made in Heaven." A remarkable love romance. By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

OF GREAT INTEREST (1) The Ledger publishes weekly a page headed "The TO WOMEN," Woman's World" devoted to household matters, etiquette and fashions.

(2) "Easier Ways for Working-Girls." A series showing how working-girls may find more in life.

(3) "Common Sense for Mothers and Nurses." A series of great importance to young women.

(4) "From the World's Four Corners." A weekly column of bright chat about the women of the day, and what interesting things they are now doing.

CHOICE SERIALS PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED. Among these are:

"The Lady of Muirrie." An extremely interesting product of the unique pen of that prince of story-tellers, Harold Frederic. It combines adventure, powerful tragedy and rollicking good-natured Irish wit. Sheridan's troopers, Fenianism and the Ireland of To-day figure in it.

"The Old Grudge." A stirring and humorous story of adventurous life in the Pennsylvania oil region. It is exciting, brisk, entertaining and original. By J. H. CONNELLY.

HISTORY. Scores of interesting sketches, including: "Napoleon's First Campaign," "A Great Indian Battle" (Red Cloud's defeat), "The Monroe Doctrine," "Why Napoleon Lost Waterloo," etc., etc.

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ILLUSTRATED SHORT STORIES. Stories of adventure, travel, military and naval life, society, business, railroad life, school life, photography, journalism, the tropics, the South, bicycling, athletics, the metropolis, etc., etc., by

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WIDE AWAKE

A few of the good things for '92.

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Serials, THE LANCE OF KANANA, By ARD EL ARDAYAN. A brilliant story of Oriental adventure and youthful patriotism; historically true.

"Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of," by JACK BRERETON'S THREE MONTHS' SERVICE. By MRS. MARIA MCINTOSH COX. A true story of the Civil War, a northern village, and a young home hero.

"THAT MARY ANN!" By KATE UPSON CLARK. "Mary Ann" is a girl of our own day. Sure to be the gayest serial of the year.

THE WRITINGS-DOWN OF DOROTHY HOLCOMB. Two common-sense, real girl sort of girls; their experiences and various happenings, projects, opinions.

One Man's Adventures, by LIEUT.-COL. THORNDIKE. In Arctic Pack Ice. A Tiger's Breath. Out of Paris by Balloon. Getting away from Gibraltar. On Board a Pirate Junk. A Night with a Chinese Prefect.

A dozen thrilling adventure, strictly true.

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II. The Strawberry Feast at the Long House. With Seventy Satchels.

III. The Fire-Fly Song of Indian Children. CONVERSE.

Short Stories: How Christmas Came in the Little Black Tent, Charlotte M. Valle; Christy Ann's Rezooy Picnic, Mary Hartwell Catherwood; The Moriarity Duckling Fair, Florence Howe Hall; The war of the Schools, (two-part story), Capt. C. A. Curtis, U. S. A.; and many others, by Jessie Benton, Marg ret Sidney, author of Five Little Peppers Grown up, John Preston True, L. T. Meade.

Ballads, Poems, Pictorial Articles, by Mary E. Wilkins, Susan Coolidge, Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Jane G. Austin and others.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

To produce the amount of sugar consumed in the United States from beets, it would require 15,000,000 tons of beets, for which the farmer would receive \$75,000,000, being one half of the total value of all the sugar consumed.

Pottery 13,000 Years Old. In digging out the colossal statue of Rameses II, nine feet and four inches of consolidated Nile mud had to be removed before the platform was reached. This platform was laid 1,361 years before Christ, in the reign of Rameses. Hence, three and one-half inches of this consolidated mud represents a century, there having elapsed 3,215 years since then. Under the platform a depth of thirty feet of Nile mud had to be penetrated before sandy soil was reached, and according to this, 10,000 more years must have elapsed. Pieces of pottery were found there that show the Egyptians to have possessed enough civilization to form and bake vessels of clay 13,000 years ago.

The World's Emperors. According to an eminent German statistician the world has had 2,550 kings or emperors who have reigned over 74 peoples. Of these 300 were overthrown, 64 were forced to abdicate, 28 committed suicide, 28 became mad or imbecile, 100 were killed in battle, 128 were captured by the enemy, 25 were tortured to death, 184 were assassinated and 108 were executed.

The Placer Diggings. Kansas City Journal: "An article that is going the rounds says that it will sometime be profitable to mine the graveyards for precious metals. That is what the Advance orators are doing—mining the graveyards, but the metal they get out of them is far from being precious. It is the most worthless sort of dross."

The above is no doubt very clever, if one only knew what it meant—if the editor would only tell just what graveyards are meant.

We will be more definite. The Alliance does not hanker after barbarous gold and silver. But it is well aware that the richest placer diggings—no need of going under ground—are between here and the Atlantic ocean, in the thirty billions of plunder stored away by the robber barons.

When the Alliance gets ready, it will set its miners at work with their fine tool's—graduated taxation, etc.—to gather back all this plunder to the people through the government.—Sentinel.

Best of Republican Newspapers. The Tribune, for 1892.

Roswell G. Horr on the Tariff.

The Republican party, triumphant in 1891, wherever national issues were at stake, renewed, aggressively and bravely, the fight for 1892. THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, the ablest, most reliable and best of Republican papers, leads the way.

During 1892, Roswell G. Horr, of Michigan, the witty orator, will continue in THE TRIBUNE his remarkable articles on the Tariff, Reciprocity, Coinage, and the Currency. These topics are all understandable; the Republican policy with regard to all of them is right, patriotic and impregnable; but dust has been thrown in the people's eyes and the air has been filled with fog. The lying and tricky Tariff Reformers. THE TRIBUNE prints from one to five exceedingly entertaining articles every week explaining these questions.

Mr. Horr begins at the beginning of a subject, and makes it so clear that every one can understand and no one can answer him. Ask any neighbor what he thinks of Mr. Horr's writings. He will tell you that they are general, clear, entertaining and perfectly unanswerable. A speciality is made of answering all questions asked in good faith on the Tariff, Reciprocity, Coinage, the Currency, and the projects of the Farmers' Alliance. THE TRIBUNE is the best national Republican paper to supplement your local paper during 1892.

How to Succeed in Life.

THE TRIBUNE will also continue the series of articles to Young Men and Women, penned by men who, beginning life themselves with few advantages, have nevertheless succeeded honorably and brilliantly. It will also reply to questions as to what young men and women should do to succeed in life, under the particular circumstances in which their lot in life is cast. The replies will be written under the direction of Roswell G. Horr, whose familiarity with American life and opportunities and whose deep and cordial sympathy with all who are struggling under adverse circumstances, promise to make the replies practical and satisfactory.

Vital Topics of the Day.

Many special contributions will be printed from men and women of distinguished reputation. Among the topics are: "Silver Coinage, the latest Views," "Proper Function of the Minority in Legislation," to include one paper each from a Democrat and a Republican, prominent in public life; "Harmful Tendencies of Trusts," "Arid Lands of the United States," "Free Postal delivery in Rural Communities," "Better Pay for Fourth Class Postmasters," "Importance of the Nicaragua Canal," "Village Improvement," "Our German Fellow Citizen in America," and many others.

Agriculture.

In addition to the regular two pages a week of how to run a farm and make it pay, there will be, during 1892, special papers on "Hot House Lambs," "Model Farms," "Tobacco Raising," "Sugar Beets," "Fancy High Priced Butter Making," "Care of Bees," "Market Gardening," "Live Stock," and a variety of other equally important branches of American farming.

For Old Soldiers.

For veterans of the war, there will be a page a week of war stories, answers to questions, news and gossip. Mrs. Annie Whittamner will supply an interesting column of news of the W. R. C. THE TRIBUNE'S War stories of the past year have never been surpassed for thrilling interest.

For Families.

Families will value the pages devoted to "Questions and Answers," "Household Decoration," "Home Interests," "Cooking," "Knitting and Crochet," "Young Folks," and the Fashions.

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