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G. F. KIMBALL. EDITOR.

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A Cowardly Proposition

It is said that efforts are made to crowd G. I. Curran off the track as candidate for police judge. This would be an outrage that the colored people might reasonably resent, and yet it is hardly probable that he will be elected. Mr. Curran is an excellent colored man, of more than ordinary intelligence. He is a good citizen. He is not ignorant and unable to read as some would make it appear. He is in every respect entitled to the esteem of the community. He stands well in the ward where he resides, and all who know him respect him.

But his nomination was a mistake. It would have been better if he had not aspired to the position, for the reason that we have men better fitted for the office, and not because he is a colored man. There were white men seeking the same office less deserving and less fitted for it than he. As between Curran and Peyton, for instance, the former is infinitely preferable. The same is true in regard to Reed, whose record has shown that he lacks the candid, judicial mind necessary for police judge. We believe Curran would do the city, the office, and the unfortunates to be tried before him more justice than either of them. A police court is not a very high nor dignified court, but injustice is oftener done there than in any other. A police judge should be selected with as much care and discrimination as in the selection of any court. It is for this reason that not Peyton, nor Reed, nor even Curran, should have had the nomination. Reed has already shown his unfitness. Peyton has not the faintest bit of judgment, has not the least knowledge in the world of human nature, proved more than worthless as county commissioner, and has proved to be a disturbing feature in every community, and in every enterprise he fastens himself upon, and is especially and totally unfit, morally, mentally and by education for any judicial office.

Curran has not been put to any such test. He made as good policeman as any, but it is a habit of policemen to wink at gambling hells right under their noses, and other similar violations of law, until the people begin to kick. Unlike Reed and Peyton Curran has proved a good officer wherever tried, but he has not such qualifications as a police judge ought to have. But he would make a better one than many others. The fault has been with the people in not demanding a higher grade material, better adapted to the special needs of the office.

But Curran is now the regular republican candidate. He should receive the cordial support of the party or the party machine should never again crack its whip over a nomination once made. Curran is fairly and honestly before the party. If he is defeated the colored people will be fully justified in bolting any nomination that may hereafter be made. It has more than once been charged that republicans are willing to trifle with the colored vote. The party is so strong in Kansas, or has been so strong that it could almost do this with impunity. It will hardly be safe to do more of it. The result in this election will have great influence on the county election next fall. The politicians who have really little use for the colored voter, any how, except to use him, will do well to stand up bravely to Mr. Curran.

Dennis Kearney, the San Francisco sand-lotter, deeply regrets that he cannot run the United States congress and will return disgusted to squat again upon his sand pile.

Examination of Teachers

The board of education has directed that the city teachers for next year be elected about the time the schools close. The committee on examination has divided the examination into two parts. The first examination will be held on Saturday, April 28th. The examination on that date will embrace spelling, methods, writing, grammer, physiology, United States history, book-keeping and algebra. The second examination will occur on May 26th. The subjects embraced in that examination will be reading, geography, arithmetic, drawing, music, physics, English literature and geometry. These examinations apply to all holding second grade certificates and in those branches in which the holder of a certificate prevoiusly made a grade of less than 90 per cent. All those who have first-class certificates will be required, instead of passing the regular examination, to present a thesis on some educational subject, not more than 2,000 words in length, and not less than 1,000.

The enterprising Journal publishes J. A. Lukens's card consenting to be candate for Alderman, dated on the 14th, six days after it was written, and three days after E. N. Gunn was nominated at the primary. The Capital beat this in its church notices of last Sunday where it put every regular preacher in his own pulpit, when they were generally filled by members of the late conference. Newspapers will slip sometimes.

James Ennis, working on a sewer near Van Buren, was severely burned by a premature explosion of powder on Tuesday, he will probably recover.

There will be no let up on the pavement business this year.

If a full expression of republican sentiment had been given, Reed would have been nominated for police judge.

The anarchist Clemens is talked about as a candidate for police judge. Topeka is far from ready for any thing of this kind.

On this equinactiol day the weather is cold and raw.

For an extra column of editorial notes, see the inside pages.

Miss Mary Hanley the faithful, pleasant and accommodating clerk at N. F. Conkle's (no adjective is too good) has been taking a vacation.

There will probably be four candidates for police judge, as follows: Curran, regular republican; Reed independent republican; Clemens socialist; and a democrat yet to be nominated.

Mrs. Ruth Norton, a colored school teacher of Leavenworth, has delivered several lectures to the colored women of Atchison concerning their duty in the matter of voting. Fifty colored women are said to have registered in one day as a result of her labors.

A number of prominent persons interested in the formation of a state dairymen's association met at the Copeland Tuesday afternoon. Several important papers were read and discussed.

There is a letter at this office for Robert Maxwell. It is apparently a letter and photograph from a nice young lady in Columbus Ohio, and is addressed in the care of this paper. If not called for soon it must be returned as requeste. Where is Rhbert Maxwell.

Nearly five years ago, a boy named Johnny Stidham left his home in Boone county, Missouri, and has never been heard of since. If living, he is now nearly 21 years of age. His parents are now in Leavenworth and are very anxious to hear of him. Will papers extend this notice?

John Brown jr. the son of the erratic Kansas hero-martyr, is visiting this state and lectured at music hall Tuesday evening. He dwelt at length upon the journey of himself, his brother Jason and their families from their eastern home, to Osawatomie, and recounted many scenes and incidents by the way: of the deaths by cholera which raged during that memorable year 1855,—among the number the son of his brother Jason; the burial of the boy at dead of night, amid the tremendous crashing of heaven's artillery, the fitful flashes of lightning illumining their way; of the terrible punishment of the messenger boy on board the boat, who unwittingly stumbled over the ungainly pedals of a pompous slave owner; of the final arrival in Kansas; their rude homes on the bleak, unsettled prairies; their visits from slavery sympathizers; their bold utterances in denunciation of slavery, which resulted in their arrest and imprisonment; of the arrival of "Old John Brown" with guns and ammunition; the Wakarusa war and the part taken in that conflict by him and the illustrious old John Brown. The lecture was well received by a very cultured audience.

A meeting of the republican league was held Tuesday night.

E. Bissell, the newly elected steward of the insane asylum, filed his bond with the governor and it was approved

At a meeting of the city republican committee it was decided to assess candidate as follows: Poliec judge, $15; councilman, $10; constables, $10, and not to put the name of any candidate on the ticket unless the assessment was paid in advance.

Mrs. Charles Barnes, of Manhattan, presented to the state historical society an almanac for the year 1765. She recieved it from her father, Levy Seavey, of Deerfield, Mass., who died at the age of 92. Mrs. Barns is now 76 years of age.

As the result of the republican primaries on Saturday G. I. Curran, colored, was nominated for police judge and E. N. Gunn for councilman from the first ward.

The Burlington road has weathered through four weeks of the strike and claim to be getting along without serious difficulty, and are determined to manage their own business or not do any.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a social at the home of Mrs. Conklin on Central avenue, Friday evening.

The ladies of the Congregational church will hold a social at the residence of Mrs. J. E. Holman, next Friday evening.

T. D. Whyte and wife have left for Washington their future home.

De Witt Talmage at the Grand Wednesday evening.

See inside pages for good reading.

If the democrats nominate N. B. Arnold for police judge will he not be elected.

We tender to Eugene N. Gunn, the next alderman from the first ward, our heart felt sympathies.

It does not look so blue as it did on Saturday evening.

The city council did no business Monday night and adjourned one week.

When you are looking for Spring Millinery, do not forget to go into Mrs. I. L. Barber's new millinery Store in the Opera House block. She has an elegant stock of flowers, ribbons and trimmings generally, and the latest spring styles in hats and bonnets. Ladies will find her goods very superior and at very low prices.

Nearly the entire first floor has been sold for Talmage's lecture at the Grand Wednesday night.

The Santa Fe will not only put all the old engineers back to work, but will also put on twenty-five or thirty new men at an early day, if not at once.

The ladies Guild of the church of the Good Shepherd met this afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Morris' 1126 Harrison street.

Mrs. J. N. Henry is slowly recovering from her terrible burns, but her improvement will of course be very gradual and tedious. It seems almost miraculous that she should have survived such an experience; that she has, is certainly a proof of the skill of her physicians and her competent nurses.

Mr. Reisener has moved into his home on Jackson Street, formerly occupied by T. D. Whyte.

One of the neatest Restaurants and lunch houses in the city is the Blue Front opposite the Throop House. Every thing is as neat and clean as a pin, and all eatables are served in an appetizing manner and none can do it in a more courteous way than Wm. Bradshaw.

The republican nomination for the city officers have been made. Some of the candidates are worthy and some are not. We do not know whether democratic nominations will be made, or whether independent candidates will be brought out; we would hope that the latter may result. There is no call for party action, no need of it on part of the republicans. Some of the candidates nominated last Saturday should be defeated, and it can best be done by an independent ticket. There are many who would not object to voting for a democrat, for the man, but who will not want to vote for the same man if put forward as a party candidate.

The jury in the Hillmon case after being out nearly three hours returned a verdict in Mrs. Hillmon's favor against the three insurance companies for $37,650. A motion was filed for new trial.

The Hillmons trial occupied nineteen days and the conclusion arrived at is that Hillmon is dead and his wife and widow was entitled to his life insurance money of $25,000 some years ago, and the same now with interest added, amounting to over $37,000. Perhaps the interest may pay the costs, but it is doubtful.

M. E. CONFERENCE.

Monday's session of the M. E. conference one of the most important of the the meeting. Nearly the entire day was devoted to the discussion of a question which is of vast interest to the Methodist church of the state, and one which has been freely discussed at other conferences. The proposition before the conference was to unite the Kansas and south Kansas conferences. The state of Kansas is divided into four conferences, viz., Kansas conference (now in session and including the northeast part of the state) the south Kansas conference and (including the southeast part of the state) the southwest Kansas conference and the northwest Kansas conference. The arguments offered in favor of this proposition were: First, to concentrate the interest of the two conferences in the support and development of Baker university; second, to prevent an encroachment upon that territory which at present patronizes Baker university by neighboring conferences; third, to gain a larger delegation and better representation in general conference.

The main objection made to this proposition was that the two conferences if united would be unwieldy and could not be entertained when in session.

Rev. Locke, of Frankfort, offered a resolution declaring against the union of the two conferences.

Addresses were made in favor of a union by Rev. Dr. Waters, Dr. Davis, Dr. Fisher, Rev. Coe and others, and it was opposed by Rev. C. Holman and others. Rev. Benard Kelly, of the South Kansas conference, earnestly supported the uniting of the two conf rences and said it was the desire of the South Kansas conference to be united with the Kansas conference.

After a discussion continuing several hours, a vote was taken, resulting in the defeat of the proposition by 60 to 44.

BRING IT TO TOPEKA.

The following resolution was was offered by Dr. A. H. Tavis:

RESOLVED, First, that we need and should have a book depository located in this central west; second, that we instruct our delegation to the general conference to faithfully seek the location of a branch depository in Topeka, Kansas.

Dr. P. T. Rhodes, of Topeka, earnestly supported this resolution, and offered a strong argument why a branch of the M. E. book concern should be located in this city.

Dr. Marvin, of Lawrence, looked at the proposition from a business standpoint, and doubted whether such an institution would be profitable.

Dr. H. D. Fisher opposed the resolution.

The resolution was adopted.

CHURCH INSURANCE.

The following resolution was offered:

RESOLVED, That an organization for the insurance of our own property should be provided for by the next general conference.

RESOLVED, That we instruct our delegates to use their best diligence to secure such a society.

Rev. Winterbourne, of Kansas City, heartily favored this plan of insuring church property, and said the losses of churches did not amount to 25 per cent. of the premiums paid. He was not in favor of continuing insurance in the old-line companies, for the church was simply contributing thousands and thousands of dollars to them.

Dr. Stowe, of St. Louis, opposed it and gave as one reason that the Methodist church was an aggressive church, and in some localities its property might be burned down by Catholicism or whiskey when they knew that the destruction of the property would be a total loss to the church itself.

Rev. R. Wake, of White City, offered as one objection, that an insurance company of this character would have to deposit $50,000 with the state, and Methodists were not prepared to do this.

The resolution was almost unanimously adopted.

The Methodist Conference closed Tuesday noon. The report of the committee on temperance took advanced ground as is usual with this great religious body. It declared that the next duty is to seek to secure national prohibition. Temperance sentiment should be concentrated up on an effort to obtain from Congress the following legislation:

First—A law providing that in prohibition states the collectors of internal revenue shall be forbidden to issue tax-permits for the sale of liquor except to those who have been duly authorized by the state to sell intoxicants for the purposes permitted by state law.

Second—A law prohibiting the sale of liquor in the District of Columbia, upon the military reservations, in the territories, and wherever the United States exercises sole authority.

Third—A law enacting that the sale of liquors shall be subject to the laws of the state in which the liquors are to be consumed, so that manufacturers and dealers in non-prohibition states shall be forbidden to transport liquors into prohibition states except under such limitations as may be prescribed by the prohibitory laws there in force.

Fourth—The early submission of an amendment to the constitution of the United States prohibiting the importation or sale of intoxicating liquors except for medicinal, mechanical or scientific purposes.

Mr. Wilson at the late dairymen's meeting in this city said: I don't profess to know everything about the dairy business, but I happened to live in Elgin, which is the center of the dairy interests of Illinois. We have been eduacated in the best methods of making the very best butter and cheese. Why is it that Elgin butter always brings a better price than any other butter? It is because we have better milk; because we have better cows and take better care of them and give them better feed. In one concern in Elgin we handle 50,000 quarts of milk; that is all made into condensed milk. Twenty-five years ago this condensing establishment was started in our city; the farmers about there were instructed by the proprietor of this concern how to take care of their cattle, how to make milk, and how to take it to the creamery. No man who brought poor milk to the factory more than once was allowed to come inside the concern again. Cleanliness and poor dairymen never go together. A great many dairymen are not careful about taking care of the manure in the stables; good creameries will not buy milk from such dairymen. It will be a long time before you eduacate your dairymen to the same point where our Elgin dairymen are educated, so that if you do not meet with the success which you would like to see, don't be discouraged. The qualities of grass have a great deal to do with butter. Encourage the growing of tame grasses; prairie grass will not make the first-class quality of butter. If clover and timothy will not take hold here, there are probably other grasses which will grow well here. My friend here who paid $500 and $600 apiece for his milk cows will find that he has not made a mistake.

Mr. Wilson then talked about cream separating, and particularly the centrifugal system. In explanation of it he said the vessel in which the cream is placed revolves at the rate of from 4,000 to 8,000 revolutions a minute, the cream on the inside, and the skim milk goes to the outside. Mr. Wilson spoke of the first trial of the cream separator, and said that the use of it gave an increase of from thirty-five to forty per cent in the amount of butter produced from a certain amount of milk. The dairymen who uses the separator has a great many other advantages; he has only the cream to take care of; his skim milk is fresh and is worth twenty-five per cent more. The trouble with many of our farmers to-day is that they keep the cream so long that the acidity develops into bitterness.

Crop Weather Bulletin.

The following crop weather bulletin is issued by the United States weather station at Washburn college, of which Prof. J. T. Lovewell and T. B. Jennings are directors:

The rainfall has been below the normal during the past week. A trace of rainfall occurred in Ellsworth county, while in Mitchell county it was slightly heavier and was sufficient in measure. Reports from other countries show no rainfall.

The signal office predicted a slight cold wave which passed over the state on the 15th and 16th without doing any damage, not even interrupting plowing or planting.

In Osborne, Rook, Phillips, Smith and other northern counties hard freezing at night with thawing in the day has prevented general plowing, while east and south spring work is advancing. The grass is making a good start very generally throughout the state, which is appreciated by the stock. Potato planting has been one of the features of the week in many sections. Wheat and rye are in prime condition, and fruit buds are generally reported perfect.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

A BROOKLYN woman of eighty, who is a great-grandmother, is seeking a divorce.

DONN PIATT, it is said, is going to New York to edit the *Home Journal*, a free trade monthly.

DR. JOHN HALL is to deliver a series of lectures before the students of the Yale Divinity School.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE says that for fifty years he has published books at the rate of two a week.

WEBER'S posthumous work, "The Three Pintos," has been produced in Dresden with great success.

MISS EUNICE HOOSER, of Elkton, Ky., has just completed a calico quilt that is composed of 24,080 pieces.

PRINCESS LOUISE, while on her Mediterranean trip, amuses her self with caressing a large white Maltese cat.

A STATUE of William H. Seward, for Auburn, N. Y., is presently to be cast by the Ames Company, of Massachusetts.

EMIL OLLIVIER, Napeleons's Prime Minister, when the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 began, is writing a history of its causes.

A VANCOUVER snow slide measured three miles long, and filled a valley of that length thirty-five feet deep with snow and debris.

REV. O. A. BARTHOLOMEW, who was Garfield's pastor in Washington has accepted a call to the First Christian Church of St. Louis.

ANNIE LOUIE S. CARY made and contributed to a fair for the benefit of a hospital in Portland, Me., a quilt that brought in over $400.

THE widows of President Garfield and Gen. George B. McClellan are guests at the same hotel in Paris, where they are spending the winter.

PETROLEUM NASBY'S father, N. R. Locke, who was one of the original Abolitionists, is still living in Toledo, at the age of ninety-four years.

SIDNEY COLVIN is to follow up his memoir of Keats, in the "English Men of Letters Series," with an edition of Keats' letters to his family and friends.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON says of Wagner's music: "It calls your soul to your ears, and fills you with a kind of desperate foreboding, half pain, half joy."

A MAN in Lee county, Ga., has succeeded in taming blue jays so that they fly down from the trees and perch on his shoulders as he walks around his garden.

MRS. HICKS-LORD has been making a sensation in Washington with her diamonds. When she wears them in that city she is always attended by a detective.

THERE is a great store of gold, as well as of coal in Corea, but an entire lack of proper mechanical devices for mining. The production of gold last year was $5,000,000.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN from his retreat in New Brunswick again "sounds the alarm," and predicts inundation, shipwreck, earthquake and bankruptcy for the British provinces.

A YOUNG cheesemaker in Buffalo placed his name and address in a vial which he put into a cheese, and now a young English girl who got that piece of cheese is on her way to this country to marry him.

OLIVER OPTIC (William T. Adams), the writer of boy's stories, has written 115 volumes. He began writing in 1854, when thirty-four years of age, and has kept it up ever since. His first story in book form brought him $37.50.

A STUDENT at a New Jersey military institute, whose home is in Cuba, was deeply interested by the first snow-storm which he saw this winter. He spent considerable time outdoors, and rolled six snow-balls and placed them in his trunk, intending to take them home with him next vacation.

THE excitement over the gold discovery in the Prospect Well at Appleton City, Mo., has not abated. The strata in which the gold is found is thought to be from seven to nine feet through. The prospecting company will take steps at once to have the discovery fully developed, which will necessitate the sinking of a shaft about six hundred feet in depth.

TRAMP, OR GENTLEMAN?

Undoubtedly he was a tramp.

The solitary marshal, whose business it was to represent the majesty of the law in the little village of Blue Rock, spotted the stranger as soon as he entered the place.

The visitor was shabbily dressed. His coat was ragged and his trousers patched. His hat was without a brim, and his shoes let his feet touch the ground.

"I'll shadow him," said the marshal to himself.

The tramp slouched along down the shady side of the street until he reached the depot. Here he paused and took a seat on the platform.

"Hello, there!" said the marshal as he came up. "You must move on."

The man thus rudely spoken to turned a weary face toward the officer.

It was not a very clean face, and it bore traces of care. But it was not a bad face nor a very old face. On the contrary, it was rather frank and youthful.

All this the marshal took in, but he had his orders and had to carry them out. Blue Rock had passed an ordinance subjecting all tramps to thirty days' imprisonment at hard labor.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer roughly.

"I am looking for work," was the reply.

"Who are you, and where are you from?"

"I am a gentle man," said the tramp, wearily.

"A gentleman!" shouted the marshal. "You look like one. What is your name and where are you from?"

The wayfarer put his hand to his head and a puzzled look came over his face.

"I would give anything to be able to answer your questions," he said, "but I can't answer, for I do not know."

At this astounding reply the marshal raised his baton.

"None of your chaff," he growled. "Now, I'll give you one chance. You must march out of town or I'll run you in."

The stranger evidently understood the full meaning of the threat. He leaped from his seat with a frightened look, and without a word walked off down the railroad track.

"He's been arrested before," said the officer thoughtfully. "No doubt he has been in a dozen jails. Well, so he leaves here it is all right."

Two years later the guardian of the peace found his tramp occupying his former seat on the depot platform.

"Now, you must come with me," said the marshal angrily.

He seized the lounger by the arm and jerked him up.

The prisoner made no resistance. He looked reproachfully at his captor and started off with him without a word.

At Blue Rock justice was always swift, although perhaps it was a little crude.

In less than an hour the tramp was convicted and locked up in the stockade, where he was set to work breaking rock.

The prisoner's obstinacy in asserting that he had forgotten his name and his former place of abode made the petty village officials very mad, and the poor man was put to work at harder tasks than usual.

As the weeks rolled on it was noticed that the prisoner displayed no resentment or impatience. He went about his work cheerfully and without a complaint.

When the prisoner's term was out the first man he met after his release was the marshal.

"Get out of the town right away," was the officer's advice.

"But I want to stay here," said the tramp. "I want work, and I like the place."

"You are a blank fool to want to stay in this town," replied the other, "and it will be my duty to arrest you again if you don't leave. So march!"

The unfortunate wretch made no further appeal. He limped off slowly and was soon out of sight.

Later in the day the marshal passed by the depot and saw a spectacle that made him open his eyes.

The tramp was on the platform and the superintendent was talking to him.

"Come here," said the superintendent to the marshal, "and take this vagabond off!"

There was nothing to do but to make the arrest. A speedy conviction followed, and the luckless victim was again sent to the stockade for thirty days.

At last the month came to an end and the prisoner was turned out. This time the marshal marched him beyond the city limits and left him.

"He has got too much sense to come back," reported the marshal to the mayor.

"We may have been too hard on him," responded the mayor. "I sometimes think he is wrong in the head."

"Well, it is too late to talk about it," said the other, and the conversation ended.

The tramp did not turn up again that day or the next.

The worthy marshal began to be worried and the mayor was a little uneasy. Blue Rock was such a small place, and the unknown prisoner had been the talk of the town for sixty days.

"He's hiding in the woods, and will slip in here some night and burn the town," said one.

This idea found great favor, and that night the villagers found it difficult to sleep.

On the following day there was a railway excursion to a point of interest forty miles away, and everybody of any consequence in the town went along. The mayor and council, the superintendent of the depot and even the marshal joined the party.

The return trip was made after dark, and the train sped along at a fearful rate of speed. The excursionists were all in a jolly humor and were at the height of their festivities when the frightful shrieking of the locomotive whistle startled everybody. The train came to a full stop, and among those who rushed out were the mayor and marshal of Blue Rock.

At the head of the train they found the engineer and conductor talking with a man who held one hand to his side, from which the blood was streaming.

"Great God! It is our tramp!" exclaimed the marshal.

"You are right, said the mayor. "My poor fellow, what is the matter?"

The tramp fell in a fainting fit before he could answer the question.

"You see," said the engineer, "this man was tramping through the woods when he came to the track and found two train wreckers tampering with the rails. Well, this tramp, or whatever he is, jumped on the two scoundrels like a tiger. He disabled one of them, but the other stabbed him in the side and ran away. So he built a fire on the track, and as soon as I saw it I stopped the train."

Just then several passengers came up with the wounded wrecker, who had been seriously injured by the tramp.

The villain evidently thought that he was mortally wounded, for he made a full confession.

"I think," said the Blue Rock mayor, "that we owe a debt of gratitude to our preserver. Many men in this fix would not have turned over a hand to save us."

The tramp opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Did you know we were on the train?" asked the marshal.

"Oh, yes; I saw you when you went up the road this morning' and I hung about here because I saw those two chaps acting suspiciously on the track."

"Come, now, who are you and where is your home?" asked the marshal.

"I am a gentleman. I have forgotten my name and all about things that happened years ago. I can tell you nothing more."

"By George!" said the mayor, "I believe he tells the truth."

"We must take him to Blue Rock and care for him," said one of the party. "He shall have the freedom of the town and the best there is in it."

"Thank you," said the tramp, with a smile. "I am satisfied now."

A spasm of pain contracted his features.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Mount Vernon's Requiem.

Father! 'Tis not meet that we—
By thy hand molded from the dust,
Should deem importunate, unjust—
The smallest need of thy decree;
For with breath, mortal drew no lease
To state how, where or when 'twould cease.

God is love; and 'twas shot
That fiery bolt to mow away
Those fetters 'twixt sublime and clay;
Although we comprehend them not.
But, ah! How sad we earth the goal
Predestined for both heart and soul!

They sleep; and so shall sleep away
Forgetful of that gantlet run—
Unknowing that their couch is one
In which we all shall lie some day.
Will not then he who calmed the deep,
To storm-racked hearts grant sweetest sleep;

They sleep, but ecthoes to my brain
Bring songs cut short by swirling death,
And loves but half confessed, when breath
'Twixt heart and lips was rent in twain!
Father, did'st thou wish the love
And song to be complete above!

O, summer clouds! When in the blue
Ye drift across that clyclone-track,
Float white!—nor dare to deepen black,
Above those bosoms that we knew
So well, before the storm-fiend broke
Upon their days this heavy yoke!

O, light spun zephyrs! When ye waft
Across these ways of anguish deep,
Blow soft; but do not dare to weep
Where late our best beloved languished;
For they in God's predestined sheaf
Are past all reck and ken of grief!

And we, whose hearts are left so dear,
In prayer their blighted hopes will breathe.
Upon his altar, as a wreath—
To crown the lost we held most dear—
Where crowns can perish not, and where
No danger lurks in sultry air!

—*Martha Eileen Holohan.*

The Seven Ages.

The "Seven ages of man" were depicted by Japanese artists long before they became famous is Shakspearean recitations in this country, and, perhaps, before Shakspeare was born. On the walls of a great tea store in Cortlandt street, which has branches in Hong Kong and Shanghi, hang a series of Japanese pictures illustrating the seven picturesque periods of man's existence. The material used is matting, not canvas, and great ingenuity is displayed in the execution of the tableaux.

The infant of course, figures in the first picture. The next shows a boy admitted to a university. In the third he stands up for betrothal. In the fourth he is a soldier. In the fifth, much older, he is a mandarin. In the sixth he is a dotard, dying. In the seventh he is a wraith wafted away in the wind.—*New York Sun.*

"It is swell," as the man remarked who had been presented with a black eye.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Five Cents Wanted.

"Speaking about having money in your pocket, and yet feeling as helpless as if you were a pauper," said a Philadelphian to some friends who were discussing the subject, "reminds me of a small experience I had in that line a little while ago. I was in the northern part of the city, and in a great hurry to go to Seventh and Market Streets. In my pocket was a $20 gold piece and no other money—not even a nickle. Fully persuaded that no car conductor would change the coin for me, I entered a saloon and ordered a glass of beer, throwing the yellow piece upon the bar as I did so. The barkeeper turned from the keg rack, placed the beer before me, eyed the coin an instant, looked me sharply, then reached for the untouched glass of beer, put it down behind the counter and said: You can't work that here; it's been tried, afore.' I protested that the coin was genuine, that it was all I had, and that I wanted change to pay car fare—but it was no use. In his own words he was 'onto the game,' and I left the place filled with my own rage and covered with that barkeeper's suspicion.

"On the next corner was a drug store. I went in, with the $20 piece in my palm, and upon thrusting it before the clerk, asking him whether he could change it, he replied sneeringly and in tones which implied that he felt hurt at me for taking him for a greenhorn, "Well not this time."

"Once outside the place it occurued to me that if I had made a purchase there would have been no trouble in getting change. Resolved not to be so stupid again, I made for an inviting-looking cigar store five doors away, where I put my luckless coin on top of the show-case, and politely told the the salesman, if he would change it for me, I would be only too glad to buy $2 worth of his goods. The smile that crept into his face persuaded me that I had conquered him. In reality, I had only put him on his guard. He merely said, as he turned to wait on another customer: "And I've had 'em offer to buy $5 worth but we're not in that business". Nothing but the fear of being arrested on the double charge of as sault and battery and showing counterfeit money prevented me from thowing a tobacco scales at that heartless wretch.

"At three other places the coin was refused curtly and suspiciously, and finally, fully realizing what an absured thing it was to do, I hurried over to the conductor of a Columbia car that had stopped on a crossing, and, showing him my solitary coin, asked him if he could make change for me if I got aboard. He didn't even answer me, but as he yanked his bell to go ahead I heard him say gruffly to a fortunate possessor of a nickle who stood on the platform: "Guess that feller thinks I own the road.'

"Now, not one of the people who refused to make change for me touched the coin; the sight of it was enough for them, and it made them suspicious. What did I do? Why, I walked from Columbia avenue and Eighteenth street to Seventh and Market, and the big end of my twenty-dollar piece went to pay for the supper and theatre I had wagered on being there at the appointed time. That's what a nickle cost me when I didn't have it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Good Name for New Mexico.

The majority report of the House committee on Territories reccommends in connection with Chairman Springer's omnibus bill admitting four Territories to the Union of States, that New Mexico assume the name of Montezuma with its new dignity. While recognizing the desirability of a change in the present name of New Mexico, there are many people who will object to the title Montezuma.

In the first place, there is little historic appropriateness in applying the name of one of the last of the line of Aztec rulers to the section of country now known as New Mexico. That Montezuma ever set foot in that Territory is far from probable. His conquests preceeding the invasion of Mexico by Cortez were wholly directed towards the capture of countries lying south of his capital. After the landing of Cortez, Montezuma had no opportunity of exploring the northern portions of the domain which he was obliged to surrender to the Spaniards.

Then, again, there is no county nor city in New Mexico the name of which recalls the Aztec dynasty. The nomenclature of that country is almost wholly Spanish in its origin. Would it not be unreasonable to give to the new State the name of the man who was conquered while the minor titles of the region perpetuate the glory of the conquerers?

The question at issue rests, of course to a great extent on sentiment, but if a historic name of some fitness is to be chosen for the new State why would it not be well to immortalize the achievements of Gen. Stephen Watts Kearny, whose capture of Santa Fe and the neighboring region in 1846 eventually resulted in making New Mexico a Territory of the United States?

"The State of Kearny" would be a name both dignified and appropriate.—*New York World.*

"Suite, suite home," sings tha dweller in the family hotel.—*New York Graphic.*

Everybody is discussing fish. That is the proper way to keep Lent.—*Boston Herald.*

What tree furnishes the best summer board? Why, the beach, for most people.—*Boston Bulletin.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

Now they are talking of a nail trust.

Archbishop Lamy died at Santa Fe Monday.

Ross defeated Bubear on the Thames Monday.

Chief of Police Ebersold, of Chicago, has resigned.

Murderer Maxwell's father has arrived at St. Louis.

Splendid passamenterie trimmings can be got for $50 a yard.

Oscar Feld, the well known turfman, died at Chicago Monday.

Pullman Car Wood Carvers are on a strike at Detroit for shorter hours.

Capt. Dick, the Texas train robber, was shot and killed by a Sheriff in Trio county, Texas.

Little Phil. declares he would not accept even a unanimous nomination for the Presidency.

Jacob Fidler, aged 33, of Madison, Ind., bled to death in his sleep from hemorrhage of the nose.

Capt. Wm. Frank Whitehouse, of Baltimore, was shot and killed in a fight with oyster pirates.

Ralph Lee, who tried to kill his stepfather, Banker Lawson, at Chicago, gets eighteen months in jail.

The estimate now is that the Reading strike has cost at least $4,000,000 to the workmen and proprietors.

Seven young colored persons were drowned while crossing the Mississippi in a skiff near Fairview Place, La.

Albert Nichols was pinned to the earth for hours by a falling tree near Newark, O., and died shortly after being released.

Little Johnny Hand, while at play near Newark, O., bit his tongue so badly that he bled to death ere the flow could by stopped.

Charles Thomas, a murderer confined in the Kenton (O.) jail, committed suicide in his cell by hanging himself with a towel.

John and Henry Smith were killed at Bentonville, Ark., by an Indian whom they attempted to arrest. The Indian escaped.

Peter Vannice, of New Maysville, Ind., aged eighty-seven, fell dead of heart disease. His aged wife died shortly after from the shock.

The black-top Spanish merino is now being bred extensively in West Virginia and Pennsylvania. They yield delaine wool, and the carcass weighs about 150 pounds. Breeders who have stuck to the Spanish merino for years are now going pell-mell into breeding black-tops.

A cow that has been made to raise a calf is seldom as good as it was previous to being allowed to keep the calf, as it becomes addicted to vices, among them being that of "holding up" the milk. The calf should be removed from the dam as early as possible and taught to drink from a pail or some artificial contrivance.

The report is published in an eastern paper that a woman who raised some sweet-potato vines in a pot for house ornaments planted them in the spring and raised a good crop of tapers. The planting was done by making a ridge, forming a trench in the top, placing an extended vine in it, and covering it with earth.

A farmer in Lexington, Ill., writes to a local paper: About Christmas Mr. Lon Flesher was through this vicinity and took the horns off about three hundred head of cattle, the majority of which kept falling off—that is, grew poor and did not eat enough to keep them in condition for winter, until this warm spell, when they began to fatten up.

The death of J. H. Walsh, editor of *The Field*, of London, and known to horsemen and sportsmen everywhere as Stonehenge," occurred Feb. 14. A collection of his works is in the library of nearly every rural gentleman in every country where the English language is spoken. Dr. Walsh, of Rock Island, first Illinois state entomologist, was his brother.

The new strawberry bed should be prepared as soon as the weather will permit. The young plants should be set out in the rows early, so as to get the benefit of the spring rains. Dry winds and lack of moisture cause some of the plants to perish, and the more growth made by the time the warm days shall come on the better both for runners and plants in rows.

Prof. H. E. Alvord, of Massachusetts Agricultural college, believes that milk is more susceptible to the influence of the air than to the breathing of the cow. He would draw the milk in the open air, and thus have it thoroughly oxygenated. If the cows be milked in the same air in which they stand the milk will be bad, but if milked in fresh air the trouble will be obviated.

A telegram from Hempstead, Tex., reads: The watermelon industry is still the leading question of the day here. At the last meeting of the organization the secretary annouced that forty-five farmers and gardeners had pledged themselves to plant 236 acres in watermelons. Letters and telegrams from Georgia and other places were read offering to furnish seed at sixty cents per pound. The railroad companies have promised to do all in their power to give low through rates of transportation.

There are many styles of hyacinth decoration. One of the most novel is a Philadelphia idea. A spherical earthenware pot, perforated with openings, is filled with chopped moss, and in it the bulbs are placed. In course of time the plant grows, and the shoots escape through the holes in the earthenware until the jar is gradually covered with a solid mass of vegetation, brightened by the delicate purple, yellow, and white of the corcuses. Care should be taken to expose the jar in such a position that the plant may get plenty of sunlight.

Prof. Roberts, of Cornell university, speaking on milk production, said the dairy farm must be fertile if we are to produce milk of the best quality. People have an idea that rough, poor pasture lands are fitted to produce good milk, but this is a mistake. He believes there is more value obtained from the bran than there would be if the whole wheat should be fed to cows. Good land will produce good plants, and it is poor economy to feed them to poor animals. What we want is a business cow, not one that will go off on a strike every four or five or six months in the year.

TAKING CARE OF THE BOY.

Mr. Dollinger Finds Out How It is Himself by Taking His Wife's Place.

There was a man named Dollinger, father of a small boy. The small boy was three years and six months old and full of the old Harry in proportion.

Now it had happened in the past that the man Dollinger had stood much with his nose up in the air and boasted how he could take care of the small boy, which the latter's name was Willie; and he had said that his wife, mother to this Willie, was not posted on taking care of children, and that he himself could manage him without making such a fuss about it. He had laughed at her, and mocked her, and told her his mother had brought up her children differently and had albeit much better. And likewise he added that her raised biscuits went more to the spot.

So in good time it fell out that the woman would go down-town for the afternoon. And before this the hired girl had jumped the ranch, but the man said it mattered not—that he would himself take care of the boy. And while the woman was going down the front walk Willie whooped twice like a wild Indian and asked his father eight questions, for the boy hungered for information.

And while his mother paused before the gate looking at a woman who was riding past to see whether she had a new hat or her old one made over, little Willie asked a few more questions. And it was so that all of the boy's questions were short, but the answers to them were long and exceeding difficult.

And it was three hours before the woman returned, but Dollinger thought it was three months, for his offspring made it hot for him.

And so it happened that for the next two minutes after the woman started, the boy asked no questions, but dragged the family cat out from under the the stove by the tail and yelled like a man when the returns come right on election night. And his father told him to shut up and keep still at which the boy obeyed and set down on the floor; and the father marked the effect of his firmness with great pride, and seated himself to read an article on the tariff question. And he had read ten lines when the boy began yelling like a man with his hand caught in the door of a burglar proof safe; and kept it up for five minutes, howling exceedingly loud, till his father was glad to stop his reading and comfort him by galloping around the room with him on his head. And it pleased the boy, and he asked ten or fifteen more questions; and Dollinger fell over a cast-iron train of cars the boy he had left in the middle of the room, and got up so mad he kicked the cat over the rocking-chair, which amused the boy so much that he forgot to insist on answers to his questions; howbeit, he thought of others.

And during the next half-hour Dollinger had to butter four pieces of bread for Willie and get him a drink nine times, and sing four songs to him, and show how o monkey looked twelve times, and go into the next room to see what he was doing five times, and answer thirty-eight questions. And he made but small progress with his reading, but he kicked the cat twice, and once he missed her and lamed his right foot on a chair-rocker.

After this he tried to induce the boy to go to sleep, and rocked him an hour, and sang to him, in a harsh, metallic voice which needed oiling, more than fifty different songs, and got him a drink eighteen times, and answered a question once a minute; and at the end of the time the boy was bright, and cheerful, and wide awake, and rose up and said: "Papa, can't you kick the cat again—it's awful lots o' fun?" and it was so that he kicked it.

Then the boy rode the broomstick around the house and whooped some more; and he tipped over the center-table and three chairs, and hurt himself twice, and ran the end of the broomstick into his father's left eye; and the cat having gone out of the room his father swore, and straightway the boy repeated the swear word; and his father sat down the sugar-firkin where he could reach it to induce him to promise never to use the word again, for he trembled lest the boy's mother should hear it and straightway know its source.

Then the boy ate till he became possessed of a pain and yelled so that people stopped on the sidewalk and talked of sending for a policeman. So to comfort him his father got down on his back and galloped around the edge of the parlor like a horse; and kicked out backwards at the chairs, and pawed with his arms, and pretended to put down his head and eat grass; and the boy pounded him in the ribs with his heels, and whacked him over the head with a drumstick, and asked some questions; and the questions were after the manner: "Why don't you hold up your head higher like a horse?" and, "Why don't you kick me with both feet? that's the way a horse does," and, "Why don't you whinner like horses?" and "Why don't you have long ears like Harry Jones's donkey?" All of which the man had to answer. For when he got down he wist not that the boy would want to ride for three quarters of an hour; but it was so that he did.

And after he got up he sank into a chair, and Willie scattered his playthings around the house and threw his ball through a front window, and blew on his tin horn, and tore up the late newspapers, and played in the coal scuttle, and wiped his hands on the wall, and tidies, and the album. And his father groaned and swore to himself, but he was too tired to get up and stop him. But as he rested his body he exercised his mind in answering a few questions. And as time wore on, Willie slipped out of the room and became exceedingly still, by which token his father knew he was in mischief; but he only blasphemed under his breath a little harder and sat still; for he wot now that his back was broken by being a horse.

And there was no sound in the house for the space of ten minutes, nor till Mrs. Dollinger returned and discovered Willie and dragged him in, and spoke to papa so he would remember it; for the boy had poured the molasses and vinegar into the sugar and emptied the mixture on the floor and rubbed the cat in it and himself rolled in the same. And the woman made it red hot for a man by the name of Dollinger.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Use of Water at Meals.

Opinions differ as to the effect of the free ingestion of water at meal times, but the view most generally received is probable that it dilutes the gastric juice and so retards digestion. Apart from the fact that a moderate delay in the process is by no means a disadvantage, as Sir William Roberts has shown in explanation of the popularity of tea and coffee, it is more than doubtful whether any such effect is in reality produced. When ingested during meals, water may do good by washing out the digested food, and by exposing the undigested parts more thouroughly to the action of the digestive ferments. Pepsin is a catalyptic body, and a given quantity will work almost indefinitely provided the peptones are removed as they are formed. The good effects of water, drunk freely before meals, has, however, another beneficial result—it washes away the mucus which is secreted by the mucus membrane during the intervals of repose, and favors peristalsis of the whole alimentary tract. The membrane thus cleansed is in a much better condition to receive food and convert it into soluble compounds. The accumulation of mucus is specially well marked in the morning when the gastric walls are covered with a thick tenacious layer. Food entering the stomach at this time will become covered with this tanacious coating, which for a time protects it from the action of the gastric ferments, and so retards digestion. The tubular contracted stomach, with its puckered mucus lining and its viscid contents, a normal condition in the morning before breakfast, is not suitable to receive food. Exercise before partaking of a meal stimulates the circulation of the blood and facilitates a flow of blood through the vessels. A glass of water washes out the mucus, partially distends the stomach, wakes up peristalsis, and prepares the alimentary canal for the morning meal. Observation has shown that non-iritating liquids pass directly through the "tubular" stomach, any even if food be present they only mix with it to a slight extent. According to Dr. Leuf, who has made this subject a special study, cold water should be given to persons who have sufficient vitality to react and hot water to the others. In chronic gastric catarrh it is extremely beneficial to drink warm or hot water before meals, and salt is said in most cases to add to the good effect produced.

Sam Goddard Overwhelmed.

Sam Goddard advertised for a wife in a Georgia paper two weeks ago. Sam is a country-man who bears a striking resemblance to the uncle of his country, though he is not so well dressed. His advertisement is about as follows:

Wanted—A wife.

I want a good affectionate wife, who will be a mother to my little children. She must be a good housekeeper and well disposed. I prefer that she be light-complected, but no red-headed woman need apply. I have a home, with four children, 200 bushels of corn, and fifty bushels of sweet potatoes.

I catch 'possoms enough to cook with the sweet potatoes.

This advertisement was published several times in Rome, and was copied all over the country and in several foreign papers. The replies began to come in the second day from different parts of the state, then from adjoining states and finally from every part of the union. After a month or so letters began to come from other countries. A number came from England and Scotland, one or two from Germany, and one from New Zealand. There were over one thousand letters in all. At first Goddard was blithe and joyful. His spirits rose and bubbled over in all sorts of ingenious demonstration. There were locks of hair, miniature bouquets, and once in a while a photograph. The happy rustic exhibited these trophies with undisguised satisfaction, and all went merrily with him then. He was the most courted man in America.

By and by there came a reaction. The great deep of his heart were broken up as his ponderous and uncouth affections were gradually dissipated among a legion of admirers. He became despondent, and finally when the foreign letters began to come in with 25 cents extra postage on every other one he was sick at heart. The subject seemed to gather terrors with its numbers, and the reality of one thousand sweethearts was far more terrible than the rosy anticipation that had preceded it. After two years of deliberation Sam put all those loves aside and took unto himself a wife of his home acquaintance. This is a true story and Sam Goddard now lives happily near Rome.—*Chicago Times.*

The Great Railroad Strike.

The *Tribune* will not be suspected of undue partiality for the railroad managers. It has had occasion, of late, to express its views with considerable freedom concerning discriminations against Chicago and other features of management that have not had its approval. Mr. Ripley, of the Burlington, said recently to the state board of commissioners that the *Tribune* was "an enemy of the railroads," and "never had anything good to say of them," and that railroad men "never paid any attention to anything it said," etc. Mr. Ripley was at that time smarting under some imaginary grievance, and did not mean or believe half he said. But his remarks indicated in a desultory fashion that the relations of Damon and Pythias were not at that time subsisting on an acknowledged basis between the railroad managers and the *Tribune*. In what we have to say, therefore, of the strike of the engineers and firemen on the Burlington system of roads we shall not be accused of conscious bias in favor of the company; indeed, our expressed sympathies up to this time have been with the other side.

The publication yesterday morning of the full demand of the workmen and the formal reply thereto of the managers puts a new face on the situation. Some of the points in the case have not up to this time received due public attention. The significance of these points will be perceived by every business man as soon as they are stated. For convenience of reference the demands of the men and replies of the company in a few specific instances are placed in parallel columns.

First—This is the first case for comparison:

Demand No. 1.	*Reply No. 1.*
No engineer or fireman shall be suspended or discharged without just and sufficient cause, and in case an engineer or fireman *believes his suspension or discharge to have been unjust* he shall make out a written statement of the facts in the premises and submit it to his master mechanic, and at the same time *designate any other engineer or fireman (as the accused may wish)*, who may be in the employ of the company; and the master mechanic, *together with the engineer or fireman last referred to*, shall, in conjunction with the superintendent, investigate the case in question without unnecessary delay, *and render a prompt decision;* and in case the aforesaid suspension or discharge is decided to be unjust, he (the accused) shall be reinstated at once, *and shall be paid for all time lost on such account.*	The rules now in force provide in article 1, for a full and impartial hearing in the case of suspension or dismissal of an engineer. The company believe that this affords a sufficient guarantee of just treatment, and *they are unwilling to accept any proposal which in any way would involve giving up the control of their road.*

The rule of the company bearing on this subject now in force is as follows: "No engineer shall be dismissed or suspended from the service of the company without just cause. Every engineer shall be entitled to a full and impartial hearing and investigation by the superintendent and master mechanic. It is understood that in ordinary cases superintendents and master mechanics will not suspend engineers until such cases have had full investigation."

The difference between the new demand and the old rule is: First, that it is proposed to include firemen as well as engineers in the new order of things; second, that no engineer nor fireman can be suspended or discharged without arbitration, an engineer or fireman—one of the servants of the company—being a member of the arbitrating board; third, that the fireman or engineer on trial is to be paid for the time lost by the investigation of his own case.

This is a harsh and unusual demand. It looks like a proposition to try the superintendent whenever he attempts to suspend or dismiss an employe. From this point of view it is an intolerable exaction. When the managers, in reply, use that ominous phrase, "We are unwilling to accept any proposal which in any way would involve giving up the control of the road," they seem to be on solid ground. If they had refused to negotiate on account of this demand they would have been amply justified. We are informed that the men were prepared to negotiate with a view to the abandonment of the first article. Still, the mere fact that such a proposal was incorporated in their schedule seems to show an arrogant spirit on their part. Prudent railroad managers who listened to such a proposition gravely put forth might well be apprehensive as to what was likely to come from the Brotherhood in the near future. For if they submitted to this demand from their 1,300 engineer and firemen they would have to make a similar concession to 12,000 other employes and provide for an arbitration in every case of the dismissal or suspension of an employe. No man who has had experience as an employer can regard this demand as reasonable or one that he would patiently or peaceably submit to.

Second—Another demand is almost as unusual. It appears as article 22 of the "Revised Schedule of Wages," etc., printed in yesterday's *Tribune*. It and the reply to it are as follows:

Demand.	*Reply.*
It is understood that there will not be any more examinations or tests except such as are agreed upon by the general manager and the general grievance committee.	The company must reserve absolutely the right to ascertain by whatever examinations it may think advisable whether its employes of all classes are capable of fulfilling the duties they undertake, and the public also demands that the railroad company shall take every precaution to employ only those men who can safely perform the work intrusted to them.

We understand that this is not a proposition to evade the tests for color-blindness which all railroad men now believe to be necessary. But we also understand that if this provision had been in opperation six or eight years ago it would have been impossible to establish these tests or any others like them, as a strong prejudice against them then existed and the men submitted to them reluctantly. At any rate, the managers of the road ought to be the sole judges of the tests and examinations that are necessary for the protection of the lives and property intrusted to their care.

Third—A demand for the wholesale issue of free passes to all members of the Brotherhood, embracing 30,000 men, is embodied in article 18, and is replied to as follws:

Demand.	*Reply.*
That engineers and firemen and their families shall be given transportation when applied for, and that some arrangement be made to pass Brotherhood men over the road.	The company at present furnishes over its lines free transportation to its employes in good standing, and to their dependent families. It also furnishes free transportation to employes and their dependent families of other roads upon the request of their managing officers. This has been our practice for years, and we believe that in doing it we are dealing generously with railroad employes. To extend this to all members of an organization which, however good its object is a purely private affair of individuals, and to grant free transportation to them as a right, seems unreasonable and unjust, and moreover in direct violation of law.

The company now issues trip passes to its men, and in the exercise of a sound discretion passes over its lines working engineers and firemen employed on other roads or those who have been so employed within a reasonable time and are only temporarily "out of a job" through no fault of their owr. But the men now demand "family time passes" for all members of the Brotherhood employed on the Burlington system, and, as a matter of right, trip passes for all other members of the Brotherhood. The demand is manifestly preposterous and could not be complied with. It would not have been made if the Brotherhood had not been inflated too decidedly with a sense of its own importance. Besides proposing to put a heavy financial burden upon the company it contemplates a direct violation of the interstate commerce law.

These are three characteristic demands of the Brotherhood upon the Burlington people. There are others quite as accessive and as liable to criticism, but involving questions too technical for newspaper discussion. As a specimen of them we may notice that the firemen now demand that the coal shall be carefully cracked for them before it is put on the engines. The next thing would doubtless be a demand for cracked ice to be applied by the company to their brows when they become overheated in the discharge of their delicate and responsible functions.

Taken in connection with the vital and fundamental demand (fully noticed Sunday) for a leveling up of wages and a leveling down of general eficiency, individual merit, and the incentive to personal effort and ordinary ambition on the part of the employes of the road, we should say, without further light on the subject than we now possess, that the Brotherhood has crowded the company to the extreme limit of endurance.

It may be that there is some supplement to this correspondence that has not been given to the public, and that the Brotherhood has offered to recede from some part of the original programme. As the reply of the railroad company, however, is dated only last Wednesday, this does not seem to be probable. If there has been no modification of the situation since Wednesday, we risk nothing in saying to the representatives of the Brotherhood that whatever the issue of the strike may be, they will not be sustained as to the justice of their cause by publ c opinion. It will be said elsewhere that they have attempted to impose the intolerable despotism of an outside labor council upon the managers of this great property, going so far as to suggest interference with them in the charge of legitimate and necessary duties. If the case is susceptible of no further explanation, the managers will be upheld by impartial men in resisting by every means and all the resources at their command such a proposed invasion of their rights.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Didn't Look at It.

"Johnnie, when will your sister be down? I'm getting awfully tired of waiting?"

"She'll be down in ten minutes, I guess."

"Well, I'm going to time her. I'll go and look at the clock and see how long it will take her."

"You'd better not."

"Why?"

"Dad would be mad if it wasn't running."

"What do you mean, Johnnie?"

"Why, Sis says you'd stop a clock by looking at it."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

HERE AND THERE.

Perfumers now utilize the scent of the cucumber.

Darwin's life has reached a sale of 96,000 in England.

In Australia a credit of six months is generally allowed.

Alfred Krupp left his wife an income of $125,000 a year.

Bishop Bedell is to retire from active duty in the Ohio diocese.

A Washington lady must pay $1 to have her head combed in style.

Mrs. Louise Kellogg-Strakosch is to head an English opera company.

Bessemer's steel patents have brought him $35,385,000 in royalties.

John Wannamaker has given $85,000 to the Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia.

Max O'Rell's new book, "John Bull, Jr.," is just coming from the press.

Nate Salsbury will never go on the stage again. He can afford not to.

Dr. Talmage is said to be the most popular clergyman in the lecture field.

James Redpath is so much better that his restoration to health is expected.

The first whisky made in Tennessee was made in Davidson county in 1785.

John Fiske is giving parlor lectures in New York on early New England history.

In Italy but little credit business is done, and none without good security being given.

Edwin Booth carries a $20,000 accident policy since he began to travel so extensively.

In France a four months' acceptance is required to be sent in settlement of the invoice.

In Cuba the time fixed for payment is from four to five months after delivery of the goods.

In the Bermudas accounts are settled but once a year. The 30th of June is the day usually fixed for the payments.

In England a payment of the price of goods delivered is required at the end of three months, dating from the day of shipment.

In Austria it is scarcely possible to do busines without allowing a very long credit, which is nearly always one of six months.

In Turkey even objects of prime necessity are sold on credit, and in this country, as well as in Russia, the time allowed is in most cases twelve months.

In Spain four-fifths of the transactions are done on a cash basis, while in Portugal great liberality is shown, and quite a long credit is usually allowed.

Allison, of Iowa, is one of the healthiest, ruddiest men in the National Capital. Although sixty years of age, he has a complexion as fresh as a youth of twenty.

In Mexico the large commercial houses willingly give credit of from six to eight months, and in the retail trade longer terms are given customers in which to settle their accounts.

In Canada settlements are made at the end of thirty days, with a discount of five per cent. Sometimes a credit of from three to six months is allowed, but in this case there is no discount.

In China it is not customary to give credit. Money is obtained from lenders, who exact an interest of from eight to twelve per cent. Business is nearly always conducted on a cash basis.

The Browning craze is dying out in Boston. An autograph letter of Robert Browning brought only $4 in that city last week, while a letter of Phœbe Cary brought a much higher price.

The largest horse in the United States is owned by Mark Thode, of Mattoon, Ill. He is only three years old, measures nineteen hands high, has gained 250 pounds in the last five weeks, and is still growing.

A Waterbury dry goods clerk had a dream the other night. He was measuring off dress goods, and actually tore the sheets of his bed to pieces, so real was his dream. But that is not so bad as if he had dreamed he was winding up a Waterbury watch.

W. D. Howells is a very painstaking writer, often revising and rewriting an entire chapter of the book he has in hand several times. One of his novels is said to have been wholly rewritten. He works steadily from 9 in the morning until 1 in the afternoon and is at leisure for the rest of the day.

Among the jewels owned by Mrs. Ayer, the rich widow of Dr. Ayer, is a large necklace of rubies set in diamonds. Several of the rubies are as big as a man's thumb nail, and the central one, which was formerly a Rajah's talisman, is the size of an English walnut. It is uncut and is literally a nugget of fire.

Senator Hawley is the most rapid speaker in congress. He talks so fast that stenographers become discouraged when he rises to speak. In his warm speech against the Blair Educational bill last week he spoke at an average rate of from 215 to 225 words a minute; 120 words a minute is the ordinary record of public speakers.

How Bismarck's speech went over the world is shown by the number of telegrams sent out upon the day and evening of its delivery. No fewer than 1218 press telegrams, comprising 194,296 words about it, were sent from Berlin to 326 places in Germany and abroad. The forwarding of these telegrams was effected by 235 officials on 222 instruments.

The fellow that painted the end of a log black to catch rabbits is not far ahead of a genius who catches ducks by stratagem in Montcalm, Mich. He says he cuts out a chunk of sod, sprinkles hooks bated with corn upon it, wades out into some lake with the sod on his head, has strings to the hooks which he holds with one hand, and when the ducks alight and swallow the corn he jerks the strings, and they fly and carry him to land.

About two years ago a conductor of a street car in Philadelphia was discharged. He had not a cent in his pocket and had a wife and children to support. In this emergency he borrowed $10 from a friend, made a bucket-shop investment and doubled his money. His luck has stuck by him ever since and he is now worth $40,000. He cleared $27,000 last year. His good fortune, however, should not serve as an incentive to other poor men. Two years from now the Philadelphian referred to may be penniless.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

March 17, 1888.

The Messenger is the name of a new democratic paper just started by Edwards & Brown, two colored men in Springfield, Ill., and devoted to the interests of colored people.

The South Kansas Methodist Conference very wisely sat down upon an attempt to introduce third party politics into that body. The sentiment prevails pretty extensively, and is daily growing, that in a state as thoroughty prohibition as Kansas is, there is very little use for a disturbing third party. The few soreheads and agitators who are now working this racket have something else in their noddles than the success of prohibition and would not be content were an angel from heaven to come down and rebuke them for their foolishness. Kansas has prohibition. It got it without the third party, and as long as we have what we wanted why not be content? Why not?

People have been surprised especially some who have only read of, but never seen a real snow storm, that persons can be lost and perish in a Dakota blizzard in venturing only a few rods from a house. This will not seem so strange to those who read of Roscoe Conkling's narrow escape in the streets of New York City during the late eastern blizzard which proved to be as terrible and fatal as any on the great plains of the west. Ex-Senator Conkling was lost in the snow on Broadway, but finally made his way into Union Square, where he fared still worse, until he gave himself up to die within a stone's throw of palatial mansions on every side. In desperation he managed to extricate himself and to reach a place of safety.

It would take a good deal of courage for one to deny the frendamental right of free trade. It is one of the rights, however, that government may regulate or abridge. As to the extent to which this may be done to the best advantage, the most intelligent men differ. Men of the same party differ. Two factions of the democratic party are diametrically opposed on the tariff question. The same is true of the republicans. One of the claims made is that free trade benefits the farmer. And here again there is a difference. Some of the ablest farm papers advocate free trade. Others quite as able advocate a protective tariff in the interest of American agriculture. Under such circumstances it is not strange that so many people declare they cannot understand the tariff question. Well really, who does?

"That there should and will be a general revision of the Tariff, with increased duties on some few articles of importation, a reduction of many others, and still others placed on the 'free list,' for the purpose of reducing the surplus, is generally admitted by the business men of the country. And while the farmers will not object to such a revision as will render the guise of raw materials a plan to place the products of the farm, such as hemp, sugar, flax, hides, wool, etc., on the free list, while, at the same time, no reduction is made in the duties on the manufactured product of those articles. We desire a proper equity—equity and fairness—protection for the weak, restraint upon the strong; in short, justly distributed burdens and justly distributed power."—J. H. Hale, Master Connecticut State Grange.

A few days ago a number of representative women met in this city and resolved not to stay away from the polls on the ground that candidates are unworthy of their support, as they did last year, but that they will go and vote, scratching off the names of unfit men. They resolved to vote only "for temperance men, for men who were pure, for men who were clean, men who were not tyrants at home." Then they discussed candidates when it seems that some of them considered that one candidate possessed all the above attributes, while others thought they belonged to some other candidate. As a result it seems that every candidate named for police judge, in the eyes of some, possesses all the required virtues. This is about the way the men do, and as a result the women will do as the men do, vote as their tastes or prejudices dictate. Some of the candidates favored by some of these women are utterly and notoriously unfit for police judge, and could never pass under the yoke raised for them by these gentle voters.

It was proposed by an eminent soap firm to print the British census free, with the condition that their advertisement appear on the covers. The proposition was declined.

To increase the weight of hogs about to be marketed, an Illinois farmer gave them all the salt water they would drink. Fourteen died consequently before they could be weighed and his net loss was $150.

It is time for the strike to be declared off, or for all railroads in the country to close up every shop and let the grass grow between their tracks.

The funeral of Bishop Dunlap occurred at Las Vegas last Friday, Bishop Thomas assisting Bishop Spaulding, of Colorado, in the services.

There is not the least probability that the Mills tariff bill will become a law. Mr. Randall, on the democratic side, and severall republicans on the other, are preparing bills that are far better suited to the wants of the country.

Judge Emery, of Lawrence, has been named as a probable democratic candidate for governor. If he could be elected he would make a most excellent executive. But a democrat is without hope in Kansas.

Tascott, the supposed murderer of the Chicago millionaire Snell, is the most ubiquitous person now on the continent. He is seen and heard from daily, and has been for a month, in every part of the country, at the same time, but invariably when an officer puts his hands on him he is not there.

Prof. Dickie was greeted by a small house on Saturday night, mostly of Free Methodists of Parkdale. He said, as he has said in other places, that there would be little need of a national third party if other states had prohibition as he finds it in Kansas. So it is. Kansas has prohibition, but not one sixtieth of its voters believe in any third party.

The democrats of Illinois bid fair to develope as beautiful a factional fight as they have in Kansas. One clan wants Gen. Black made candidate for Vice President. The other one favors Col. Bill Morrison. The leading party paper in Morrison's district, says that Black is unknown outside of his state "and even at home he is only looked upon as something to be tolerated for the sake of peace." The Democracy of the United States it continues, "want a man for vice-president, and a whole one at that." We submit that this would do credit to the Abilene Gazette.

Female carpenters are now at work in London.

The public debt was reduced in February, $7,756,366.

The strike of the Fall River weavers ended March 1.

Mr. Randall's tariff bill does not put wool on the free list.

A consolidation of the Eastern express lines is being completed.

There is a complete grain blockade on the Canadian Pacific railroad.

Mary Anderson decidedly refutes the assertion that she is to marry.

Curious sub-marine oil springs have been discovered in the Pacific ocean.

Emigration to Western Nebraska is earlier and more extensive than usual this year.

The hotels at St. Augustine are crowded even though the rates are ten dollars a day.

$1,000 worth of chemically prepared cigarette paper is daily imported into this country.

A woman's college with teachers secured from England, has been established in Tokio, Japan.

Miss Mary J. Watson has just been elected Principal of the Sacramento Grammar School.

Worcester Academy has just received an unconditional gift of $20,000 from Joseph Walker.

It is boasted that there is not a mortgaged farm within the boundaries of Liberty county, Georgia.

Many Mormons have established themselves in the choicest agricultural regions of Arizona.

The sarcophagus which contains the body of Alexander the Great, has been discovered at Saida.

Two immense Cochin-China roosters are hitched to a small wagon and driven about by a New Lenox, Illinois boy.

Capt. P. E. Boyd of Calhoun County, runs nearly one hundred plows, and will use seven hundred tons of fertilizer this year.

Single blossoms of flowers are carried between the lips of "tony" Brooklyn young ladies. It is quite a pretty conceit.

An Eliot street blacksmith has an enormous iron padlock, which was used on the prison gate at Alfred, Maine, in 1737.

Professor Cassidy of the Colorado Agricultural College, reports the success of tobacco growing in that State as phenomenal.

Thirteen Boston churches are looking for pastors. The number of pastors looking for Boston churches is not stated.

A sheet of paper five feet wide and six miles long without a break has been made by a paper mil at Athens, Georgia.

The second day's session of the M. E. conference convened at 8:30 o'clock yesterday, Dr. Dearborn, took the chair, and during the roll call Bishop Walden arrived and was received with hearty cheers.

The bishop suggested the adoption of the general conference rules of order, and they were adopted.

Bishop Walden requested that reports embody the condition of the Sunday School and the literature used.

As each presiding elder and pastor is called the conference inquires as to his character. If he is reported all right he proceeds with his report.

The Clay Center district reported by Presiding Elder Underwood. At the close Rev. Edwin Locke stepped forward and in the name of the Clay Center district presented Elder Underwood a handsome Bible, in Oxford binding.

Bishop Walden read the feeling letter from Bishop Ninde. It was referred to the committee appointed to communicate with the bishop.

Dr. Cranston addressed the conference on church literature. Sketches were read from the early history of the Methodist Episcopal Book concern, wich was established in 1789.

Dr. Rigdeway, of the Garrett Biblical institute, Evanston, Ill., address the conference in behalf of that grand and noble institution. He says the best way to help a boy is to help him get an education. He told how some of the students there worked their way through by preaching, by working and at all kinds of manual labor. They educate them there under that well rounded theory of educating the whole man, the heart, the head, the body.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Dr. C. W. Coxe delivered an address on the subject of Sunday schools. Below are a few of his leading thoughts:

"There are two things which justify the existence of the M. E. church; first, her doctrines; second, her polity.

Her distinctive doctrines are justification, faith, the witness of the Spirit and the doctrine of sanctification Her distinctive feature of polity is her itinerant plan differing from the itinerancy of all other churches in being systematic instead of chaotic.

The Sunday School union was dwelt upon as a missionary work and at the same time as a practical and religious interpretation of the remark so often selfishly used, "Charity begins at home."

The vast ignorance of the South was presented and its need of aid presented with its worthiness because of its heroic endeevors for self help, of which touching incidents were given and some convincing statisics.

The "Mail" with its new head and new dress makes a very neat appearance.

Not much success attend those who are soliciling advertising funds on the north side.

Work on the rapid transit is moving right along.

J. H. Dearborn Esq. of Silver Lake was in town yesterday and did not give the News a call; he must of been very busy.

Carpenters St. Mary's Gazette comes to hand and is a very neat and creditable sheet. It reports their coal hole down 650 feet.

A gentleman of this city just returned from Salina reports it in a flourishing condition and destined to make one of the best cities in Kansas.

The Rapid transit route from North Topeka to Rossville is now surveyed through to the latter place, and the surveyors have returned. It is presumed that grading will soon commence.

Heavy traffic will be resumed across the Kansas Avenue bridge some time today. Street Commissioner Fulford has done some substantial work on the bridge and did it on a plan of his own.

C. A. Sexton and wife left yesterday for Switzerland, where they expect to enter upon the work of the Lord.

Eddie Arnold and Charley Small returned this noon from a hunting excursion. They were empty; their guns were empty; their pockets empty; their game bags empty, and there was an empty stare about them as the wound down the asphalt way toward home.

Henry Nisson, the Rossville man who was thought to be killed in the Midland hotel disaster at Kansas City, has turned up safe and sound. He has been visiting the past week with relatives at Rossville and Laclede. Nisson seems to be enjoying moderately good health notwithstanding the newspaper obituaries.

It is reported that the little town of Wheaton claims to the banner shipping point for hay in Pottawatomie county. Since January 1st. there was shipped from that point on an average of two car loads of hay per day, and some as high as eight loads were shipped. Wheaton is a smart little town and is located in the great hay belt of the county.

Attorney General Bradford yesterday received a telephone message from Argentine that eight men had been arrested for violation of the prohibitory law. These arrests are the results of Mr. Bradford's visit to Argentine this week.

John Walruff, the man who thought he could successfully buck the prohibitory buzz saw, and couldn't, was in the city yesterday informing some of his old customers that he had located at Weston, Mo.

The entertainment at the Presbyterian church last evening was exceptionally good. The recitations, by Miss Luse especially, captured the audience. The violin solo by Mr. Heck, although too long, indicated his mastery of that wonderful instrument, while Mr. Lacey's cornet solo was too short. The operatic solos were quite up to the average of amateurs. They are never adapted to churches and to miscellaneous houses. The choir choruses were good. The Presbyterian church has the best choir on the north side.

Joe Casson, of Mission township, had his leg broken in the wolf hunt which took place recently. Only one wolf was killed during the hunt. Dave Sarver was the lucky sportsman who happened to hit the wolf.

Excavating for addition to city prison has begun.

At a meeting of the trustees of the First Presbyterian church last evening it was decided to build a parsonage for Rev. Ray, to cost not to exceed $6,000. It will be built on the ground adjoining the church. Messrs Parmelee, Lyon, and McGriffen were appointed a committee to have plans prepared.

J. N. Strickler says that any man who has a good reputaiion and desires to maintain it, would do well to keep out of the city council. He says that no amount of money could induce him to go back. He does not think that duty to his country demands that a man hire him self out at $50 per year, and sacrifice his time and reputation also, if he has any.

The North Topeka Real Estate & Investment company held their regular meeting Tuesday night and elected as officers, John B. Marshall, president; M. S. Evans, secretary and treasurer; J. B. Marshall, M. S. Evans, Henry Steele, Louis Stair, C. W. Angle, Robt. Richards, and L. A. Rider, directors.

The Ladies' Reading met yesterday afternoon at Mrs. Morris', 1126 Harrison st. Those present were: Mesdames Arnold, Bean, Cole, Hodson, Comer, Ames Hamrick, Morrison, jr., Phelps, Shaner and Kimball with a visitor, Miss Miller who is a guest of Mrs. Shaner. Mrs. Shaner opened with an interesting paper on "the life and writings of Charlotte Bronte," followed by Mrs. Bean who read some very comprehensive extracts from the biography of the famous authoress by our countrywoman Laura Holloway. Miss Cole read a short extract from the "Professor," which is by some considered Mrs. Bronte's masterpiece. The next meeting will be Thursday, March 29, at Mrs. Morris's. Subject—"Louisa M. Alcott."

There has been a misunderstanding as to whether there were any members of the school board to elect this spring. A change is made this year from the usual manner of electing members of the school board, the city having added another ward. The law provides that when a city has more than four wards each ward can have but two members of the school board. As each ward has heretofore had three members, it will be necessary for one member in each ward to drop out. In some wards, however, the terms of two members expire. In the First ward there is no member to elect this spring, Mr. Buechner retiring, while Messrs. Brazier and Priddy hold over.

J. W. Bedell, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Montague, the woman who figured so prominently in the Burner case, went to Kansas City two weeks ago for the purpose of bringing the household effects of Mrs. Montague and Mary Coons, her daughter, to his home in this city where they are now living. He went to the house in Kansas City and took the goods and conveyed them to the depot, where he warrant on a charging him with larceny. The complaint was made by Henry Gaines, a colored man with whom Mrs. Montague had been living. Bedell was taken before a justice of the peace and fined one dollar and costs, amounting to $13. He is now in the county jail at Kansas City for failure to pay the costs.

We do not make the assertion rashly, but after thirty years' experience, when we say there is only one known Antidote for Malaria. Other remedies will hold its power in check for a time, but Shallenberger's Pills destroy it in the system and will not injure an infant.

Four lads between ten and fourteen years of age, whose parents live on Polk street, near Huntoon, went to fight Indians yesterday, and the mother of two of them is so prostrated as to be in a precarious condition.

Hank Bayless was arrested last night by Officers Jewell and Nichols on a charge of disturbing the peace. The complaint was made by one of his companions, who said that Bayless had struck him. The complainant failed to appear in court this morning and the case was continued until Tuesday. The defendant gave bond for his appearance. Bayless is an old resident of North Topeka who has fallen to be a frequent patron of the police court.

Chronic Diseases.

From the earliest historic times there has been more or less discussion as to what constitutes a chronic disease, as distinct from an acute malady. The plainest presentation of this subject that we have met with is contained in "Plain Home Talk," commencing on page 333. Dr. E. B. Foot, the author of the book, has been engaged for thirty years in studying, treating and writing about chronic diseases, as he has well earned the reputation of being the most expert specialist in practice, as well as being regarded a high authority in theory. The doctor still invites and receives consultations from the sick in all parts of the civilized world, either in person or by letter, at his office in New York, 120 Lexington ave.

A Great Bargain.

960 Acres of land adjoining the beautiful city of WaKeeney, the county seat of Trego Co., Kan. WaKeeney is on the U. P. R. R., midway between Kansas City and Denver, and is surrounded by a fine agricultural country. Two new Railroads have lately been surveyed through the city. This land is unsurpassed in fertility of soil and will be an investment for agriculture purpose only—but what is better, the entire tract lies so close to and overlooking the city as to make the finest additions. 80 acres lies within the city limits and is already platted, and with a little wise manipulation may be made to pay for the entire tract. Price $28.00 per acre. Terms eary. For map and particulars call on or address the Editor of this paper.

The pulpits on the north side were nearly all filled by members of the Methodist conference, on Sunday, the regular pastors of all denominations gracefully giving way to them. The day was sunny and the attendance large.

M. E. CONFERENCE.

THIRD DAY'S SESSION.

Rev. J. H. Hanley was placed on the superannuated list.

Dr. Fry, editor of the "Central Advocate," of St. Louis, addressed the conference on church literature. The secular papers and papers devoted to fiction, said Dr. Fry, have much larger patronage than religious papers. Church members should read their church papers and keep informed on its progress and better understand their duties and responsibilities.

Manhattan district was called and reported by Presiding Elder W. J. Mitchell. At the close Rev. A. S. Embry presented Elder Mitchell with an elegant gold watch in behalf of the preachers of the district and some of their friends.

Mr. Mitchell responded in an earnest and feeling speech.

Topeka district was called and Presiding Elder Pendleton reported his work in an excellent manner, when Rev. Coe presented the astonished elder with a handsome solid gold watch, best Raymond movement, in behalf of the ministers of the Topeka district.

Dr. Pendleton was completely overcome for the moment, and then replied with much feeling, expressing his thanks for the gift and blessing the brethern for their kindly remembrance.

The bishop in his address presented to the class the distinctive doctrine of Methodism "The Witness of the Spirit" as the first object of their teaching, and insist upon their absolute loyalty to its policy which a century's test had demonstrated to be the best in the world.

Many ministers from the rural charges of the Topeka district reported short collections owing to the drouth and fevers.

Rev. W. A. Crawford, chaplain of the state penitentiary at Leavenworth, said that crime was diminishing in the state and he gives the credit to prohibition.

Rev. H. D. Fisher, temperance agent, reported his work for the year. In Texas, Kansas, Nebraska and New England and reported enthusiastic reception in all parts.

Dr. Lippencott, of Lawrence, was called for. He expressed his sympathy and love for the work, but his university work kept him too busy to indulge in it to any great extent.

Lawrence was selected as the place for the next meeting of the conference.

President Gobin, of Baker university, spoke enthusiastically of that institution of its prosperity and growth.

Dr. Stowe, of the western book concern, addressed the conference on the subject of church literature. He deems the lack of doctrinal knowledge deplorable among the members and wants them to read more church literature.

S. E. Pendleton was elected as delegate to the general conference to be held in New York in May. Dr. Marvin and Dr. Dearborne were also elected subsequently.

The evening was devoted to the subject of education.

Dr. Gobin made an appeal for the endowment of a chair in Baker university, which was generously responded to by donations forming the nucleus of a $25,000 endowment fund. The exercises were closed by singing the doxology and the benediction pronounced by Dr. Payne.

The Industri l School.

The ladies of the Kansas Industrial School and Home for Children will meet again Monday, 1 th, at Mrs Olive Knox's Kansas avenue, No. 321, two doors north of Payne's jewelry store.

Ladies, we are in a prosperous condition. Harvey Rice will make us a deed as soon possible. Four of the ladies, in company with Mr. Rice's agent, went to view the grounds given to the Kansas Industrial School and Home. It is a beautiful place for this purpose and will be a good situation for our $20,000 building. We appeal to the public for aid, especially those living on the way toward this home. It is a benefit to you, and all donations will be acceptable. If only one lot it can be sold and the money appropriated to this noble work. Open your hearts, for what are all the feasts of worldly delights if they were offered you compared to the opportunity of helping to build such a school and home?

Let us raise good citizens instead of reforming them. Ladies especially, as Talmage says to the dykes (or mother earth) bring tears, bring prayers, bring cheering words, help, help, and having done all, kneel with us in quaking walls until the God of the wind and the sea shall hush in awe at our grand success.

E. C. Morgan, Secretary
J. D. Ela, President

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for April marks the fact of its being an Easter number by a fine hymn tune, "Christ is Risen," by C. Wenham Smith, and two Easter poems, viz., "Easter—Beside a Tomb," by Myrta Harper Lockett, and "Easter Flowers," by Maria A. Agur. The story 'His Banner Over Me," comes to a happy conclusion, and a new story by George Macdonald entitled, "The Elect Lady," is begun. There is a short article by the Rev. George W. Nichols, "Recollections of College Life at Yale, Fifty Years Ago," full of curious reminiscences interesting to all Yale graduates. "A Railway Train and What It Costs," by Arthur Vaughin Abbot, and "What Our Modern Books Grew From," by Ingersoll Lockwood, are both profusely illustrated and very interesting. "The Pope's Golden Jubilee," is also well illustrated. A portrait appears of the Rev. Dr. Patton, the new President of Princeton, and the new edifice of the First Reformed Dutch Church of Brooklyn presents an attractive appearance. A full page illustration is also given of the new Reredos and Altar of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. As usual in the magazine, there are many short articles and an abundance of illustrations, both large and small.

Senator Ingalls has ability enough, but he lacks in the great essentials of true manhood. The same failing has destroyed the usefulness of greater men than he

It is pretty clear that the brotherhood of engineers in their dealings with the Santa Fe have not been frank and clear. Chief Arthur declared the strike off, but through some secret understanding it was not off. This, at least, is the way it looks.

A bill now before congress will probably reduce the rate of postage on seeds, bulbs, plants, etc., one half. We have been paying four times as much as foreigners, and seeds from Canada have largely supplanted the sale of our own.

The life convicts in the Ohio penitentiary held a convention last week, the like of which was never before known. By permission of the warden they met, organized, discussed and passed a series of resolutions, asking the legislature to give them the benefit of a "parole law" by means of which they may have some hope of freedom by good conduct, the same as other convicts are able to shorten their terms.

Mr. Kennan's Siberian papers, illustrated by Mr. G. A. Frost, who accompanied Mr. Kennan on his trip through Asiatic Russia, will begin in the May Century. Their appearance has been deferred on account of the author's desire to group in preliminary papers—the last of which will be in the April Century—an account of the conditions and events in Russia directly related to the exile system. This system is now to be minutely described and elaborately pictured; and by way of preface to the first illustrated paper Mr. Kennan will, in a brief statement, answer the question as to how he came to enter upon his arduous and somewhat perilous investigations, and why he and his companion were accorded such extraordinary facilities by the Russian Government itself. In the April Century Mr. Kennan will write of "The Russian Penal Code."

The Capital calls attention to a swindle that is being perpretrated on our city that cannot be too severely rebuked. An unsavory loan and real estate agency, known as the H. D. Booge & Co., are advertising in eastern papers the sale of lots in what is called an addition to Topeka, which is several miles north of the city. Innocent purchasers are led to believe it to be a part of the city, and are induced to invest, without seeing or really knowing what they are buying. It is an old swindle, and was practiced by a sharper in Denver a few years ago. Every good citizen of Topeka is interested in putting an end to any such nefarious scheme. Topeka has no place for any such folks outside of the county jail.

"Woman's mission in the Grange that underlies our social, civil and political institutions, is that developing and maturing of a taste in our youth for the pure plersures of country life; cultivatiug in them habits of industry, economy and sobriety, combatting the modern ideas that manual labor is degrading, thus strengthening the pillars on which rests the superstructure of our government.

"A forced growth of the mental power and forgetfulness of the moral nature is one of the commonest errors of the age, and calls loudly for the counteracting influence of the Grange, storing the minds of the youth with a knowledge of the classic to the neglect of temperance, industry, filial respect and honesty; giving them the opportunity for social excitement rather than instilling in their young minds a love for the healthful pleasure of home life; giving them access to poisonous literature to the exclusion of useful reading; nurturing a passion for exterior display and a disregard for honest labor, is the tendency of the times which the Gange may, if it will, correct.

"The farmers' homes, through our organization, presents the grandest possibilities for reforming prevailing social errors. Here is found the 'golden mean' between enslaving poverty and enslaving wealth. Here labor and rest may clasp hands, and the fitful fever of speculation finds no victims."

Tonganoxie is to have a new Catholic church.

One of the T. C. Parker living near Brookville has been arrested for selling a glandered horse.

The citixens of Downs have subscribed $16,000 for the erection of a cosy little opera house with all the modern improvements.

Looking Under the Bed.

It is the habit of many persons to take a look under the bed before retiring for the night. Mrs. Evergreen, my beloved wife, indulges, if indulgence it can be called, in this peculiar practice. I do not object to it the least so long as she does not enforce the performance upon myself, but when, as is sometimes the case, she forgets it until she has put out the light and ensconced herself under the comforter, then it is hard that I who am not troubled with nervous apprehensiveness, should have to get out in the cold and do it for her. I have often remarked to Mrs. Evergreen, when I have seen her prying under the bed, that it was a silly habit, and that the sooner she gave it up the better. To this gentle admonition my better half invariably rejoins:

"La, Evergreen! what harm does it do? It's a kind of satisfaction to know that nobody's under there, and then I don't think of such a horrible thing after I'm in bed."

"I think, my dear, you might just as well pursue your investigation further and look into the bureau drawers and the clothes-basket!"

"Evergreen," she will rejoin, "don't mention the idea, or I shall certainly do so. Come to think af it, a man could very easily get into the clothes-basket!"

"Certainly he could, my dear quite as easily as Falstaff. You should certainly include the clothes-basket, and, by-the-by, there's the chimney: why not look up that as well?"

"Now, Evergreen, you're laughing at me. But I can't leave off the habit, and I never will. It's a comfort for me to know that there's nothing wrong about it, and I don't see why you should deprive me of it."

So under the bed goes the candle, and no signs of humanity being discovered, Mrs. Evergreen is able to repose in peace. But, as already observed, this precautionary act is sometimes forgotten, and I am myself obliged to rise, light the lamp, and report. I've done it rather more frequently of late than is agreeable, and have intimated as much to Mrs. E. She says:

"Very well, Evergreen, I'll do it myself."

But this procedure is almost equally as bad, for she invariably lets the cold in on me both in getting out and getting in. If it were not for increasing this mental idiosyncrasy on the part of Mrs. Evergreen, by giving her some good reason to apprehend danger, I should relate to her what I am about to lay before the reader. In this narration, therefore, I ask the public most particularly to bear in mind that Mrs. Evergreen is of a sensitive nature, rather apprehensive and slightly superstitious, and that what I have to say must, under no circumstances, be told again. If for two-and twenty years (that is the period of our wedded life, and happy years have they been)—if, I say, I have for this long period refrained from imparting the matter to the beloved sharer of my josy and partaker of my sorrows, surely the public (which, as we all know, always does keep a secret) will keep mine.

All young men, I suppose, have love-affairs before they eventually fix their affections on the one who is to bless their lot in life. I know that I had, and I don't regret it. Regret it? far from it. Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and therefore I have no hesitation in saying that if I had my life to live over again I'd like to go through with the same sentimental experience, particularly if it was to be succeeded by again leading to the hymenial altar the present Mrs Evergreen.

I was not bad-looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go further, and confidentially say that "Gus Evergreen" was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really beleive that I could have had any of them "for the asking." As I before remarked, Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and I indulge my thoughts somewhat more freely than would otherwise be the case. I don't think that I cared particularly for any of the Oakville girls, however, and might have kept my heart, whole to this day had it not been for the circumstances, which I am about to relate.

Fred Evens, who had been my chum and school-mate, came to make me a visit at Oakville, for "a day or two" as he said when he came; but he made it a week or two, easily enough after I had taken him about among the "young ladies."

When that time had expired. Fred said he really must go, as he didn't know what his father and mother would think of his long absence; but it ended in his sending for his trunk to spend the winter at Oakville: only two or three weeks later Fred was compelled to go home on account of his fathers illness. He made his stay at home as short as possible; why? because there was no enjoyment away from Oakville for Fred.

Belle Bronson had bewitched him out of his five senses, and without her Fred thought life to him would be naught.

When Fred returned, he said, "that he didn't wish to wear out his welcome, and that he had sponged long enough;" he was perfectly welcome to stay at our house, but nothing would satisfy him but to go to the village hotel for lodging, so the landlord (honest old Downsbury—I wonder if he yet lives) gave Fred, at my suggestion, his best bedroom, "No., 20' —I am particular in mentioning the number. "He shall have No. 20," said Downsbury. "Any friend of yours, Master Augustus, shall have the best I have to give as long's I'm landlord." It was a pleasant room, looking out on the distant hills and the beautiful winding branches of the Black water; but what cared Fred for scenery? He was in the hands of the blind god, and could not see even as far as his nose, except in the direction of Belle's cottage. I used to go over to Fred's room and smoke my cigar, while he, poor wretch, expatiated on his sufferings, doubts, and solicitudes Did she love him? that was the question which disturbed every moment of his existence, and to which, with the closest reasoning, he could bring himself a satisfactory reply. Sometimes he thought a word or sign settled the point beyond a doubt in his mind, at others, he fancied he read a coolnes and indifference in her eyes. In this condition of uncertainty he dared not press the question lest a hasty stop might bring him to grief.

At Fred's earnest solicitation I promised to sound Belle as to her sentiments, if a favorable opportunity presented itself, or at any rate to let her know, in an indirect way, that Fred was languishing in distress on her account, and thus give her no excuse for unnecessarily prolonging his misery. It so happened, however, that my services were not called into requisition. Belle Bronson, because of the sudden arrival at her house of some country cousins, was obliged to give up her room—and to occupy for a single night a room at the hotel. We would have cheerfully have offered her guests accommodations at our house, but we were in the same predicament. An agricultural fair in the village had brought many strangers to the place, and our guests were so numerous that I had given up my room to two of them, and had intended asking Fred Evens to let me pass the night with him.

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a late hour, and proceeded at once to Fred's room, but to my surprise found no one there. I did not even notice that the trunk was gone or suspect the fact which afterwards became apparent, that "to oblige some lady guest for this night only," as the landlord expressed it, Fred had consented to give up "No. 20" and occupy a small room in the rear of the building. The gas being turned up, I took a book to await his return, and hearing at last what appeared to be steps approaching the room, and supposing it to be Fred in a momentary impulse to play a joke on him, I slipped under the bed, a large and high one, intending to imitate a cat (of which animal I knew he had a detestation) as soon as he entered the room. The door opened, and I was on the point of indulging in my ventriloqual faculty by giving a long-drawn mieow, when from my hiding-place I beheld Belle Bronson take quiet possession of the apartment.!

My astonishment was so great, and the sense of mortification so intense, that I did not, as I should have done, make myself immediately known to her. Thus the opportunity for discovery and explanation was lost, I dared not move a hair, but hoped sincerely that some excuse might take her out of the room for a moment, and so facilitate my escape. She, however, locked the door, removed the key, and, as I knew by the sound, prepared to retire. Finally she kneeled down beside the bed, and clasping her hands and bowing her head (so fearfully near to mine that I could hear the soft words in my ear,) she offered up her evening prayer in a manner so full of feeling, and with such sweet accents of womanly tenderness and devotion, that I felt as if she were an angel bending over the vilest of mortals. That prayer went into my heart; but one portion "through" it and held it captive. Never will I forget my feeling of suprise and deep emotion when I heard her utter these words: "Bless my dear mother, sisters, and friends; bless all around me, and, O God bless him I love, Augustus Evergreen, and shower down thy mercies over him. Amen." "Ah, Augustus," said my divinity to herself, as she rose devotional attitude, "if you but knew that I named your very name in my prayers, you would be less indifferent to me,"

If I breathed short before, after this my breath seemed to desert me entirely, and I verily thought that the beating of my heart would betray me. Belle, pure as an angel, to me then, white as a snowflake, proceeded to turn off the gas and get into bed. I felt her soft pressure over my head, and shrunk closer and closer to the hard floor upon which I was extended. What thoughts rushed through my brain! above me lay a young, unsophisticated girl wholly unconscious that the one she loved lay so closely to her and who had for the first time been made aware of her interest in him, by hearing words which she supposed went only to Heaven! I knew then that the night must pass away, and the morning come, and that Belle must first leave the apartment before I could even change my position.

Belle had lain perfectly motionless for several minutes and was, I flattered myself, losing herself in sleep, when suddenly she exclaimed to herself, "There—I haven't looked under the bed." A horror ran through me; all is lost; what shall I do? Belle rose and I heard her feeling for the matches. She struck one and was moving toward the gas light, when the lucifer went out, leaving all darkness again. Blessed relief; but how brief! Again I heard her feeling for the matches and trying to light one after an other, as they failed to ignite; then an "Oh dear, there are no more!" escaped from her lips. "Safe! safe!" whispered my soul to me, and I thanked God for my deliverence. Belle groped back to the bed, but did not immediately get in; she stopped and lifted the curtains which hung around the bottom and cautiously passed her arm under and around as far as it could reach. I almost felt her fingers graze my face as I held myself fearfully and silently back against the wall, too far, just too far for her reach. Apparently satisfied that there was no one near, and there was no danger, she got in bed and in a few moments was lost in slumber. There I lay, perfectly motionless, thinking of the fair angel that lay above me wholly unconscious of her position. I thought of her and her love for me; of myself and my love for her. Morning came. Belle had over-slept herself, so she dressed hurridly, and without investigating, left the room. As I crept from my shameful place of abode, I felt that I had only been saved by providence.

As I descended the stairs, to my sad surprise, I met Fred: "Hello, Gus! where have you been over night? you look as though you had slept out from the looks of your clothes, you must have slept on a lark." No, no lark about it Fred. "Where then Gus, in the watch house?" No, we were crowded at our house last night and I had to give up my room and sleep in the barn. "Oh I'd guess from the looks of the feathers that it was a goose." No not a goose nor nothing of the kind Fred. Come, bear up friend I have something to tell you, that will be very disagreeable. It must be told you sooner or later, and I may as well tell it now."

"Good Heavens, Gus! how earnest you look at me; you don't mean to say that —that anything has happened to Belle Bronson?"

Don't mention her name again, Fred, or think of her any more, for she'll never be anything to you. I have from one who knows all about it, that she has long been attached to somebody else, and that somebody else means to marry her. There's no mistake about it; so bear up and try your luck elsewhere."

But Fred Evans was not to be discouraged by mere heresay. That very day he went to see Belle determined to know his fate from her own lips. Soon after he left Oakville, and I did not see her again for several years, when, meeting him in town one day, I insisted upon bringing him home with me and presenting to his old flame, Belle Bronson—the present Mrs. Evergreen.

"Ah, Gus!" said he, after dinner, when my wife and the little Evergreens had left us to ourselves—"Ah Gus, you served me a very shabby trick when you allowed me to lose my heart to the girl you were all along intending to marry yourself—a very shabby trick, one of which I never suspected you!"

So I had to tell him (in strict confidence, of course, as I told yon reader,) all about the bedroom affair at the Oakville Hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

Current News.

THURSDAY: Reynolds of Abilene sentenced to penitentiary for life for murder of Bert Duggan.——Mandan, Dakota, ships a car load of flour to the sufferers of the blizzard in the east. ——Mathews, another one of the Bald Knobbers, convicted of murder.——The engineers of the Santa Fe system walk out.——Three thousand painters in Chicago walk out, demanding 37 instead of 27 cents an hour.——Daniel Bowman, a wealthy farmer of Lima, O, receives $1000 and is murdered the next night.——A mob tarred and feathered two Mormon elders, at Winchester, O.——Mrs. Ida Byers, a teacher of Van Buren, Ark., horsewhips one W. H. Neal.

FRIDAY: A man Edmundson of Sterling, while loading a rifle accidently shoots his wife.——Denver cattle trust closes contract with French government for 150,000 head of cattle annually.——People in Illinois amuse themselves hunting wolves.——Bank in Sparta, Ill., robbed of $2000.——New Jersey legislature blocked on account of the storm. ——Details of deaths by the storm continue—whole cities under blockade yet.——Three men killed in New Jersey on locomotive while plowing out snow drifts.——Engineer killed in Pennsylvania by snow breaking in the front of his cab, while plowing through a sixteen foot snow drift. ——General Agent Shields of the Morris and Essex railroad, New Jersey, crushed to death while plowing through a snow drift 20 deep, with four engines.

SATURDAY:—North Carolina excited over a supposed discovery of tin-mines.——Texas discovers extensive coal deposits.——Terrible railroad accident in Georgia. Twenty-five killed and more wounded, among the latter the wife of George Gould.——David Gordon, a constable of Columbus, Kans., found dead in a railroad depot, his body riddled with shot.——Big mill burned at Larimore, Dak., with loss of $85,000.——Two men in Latham, Ill., get angry while discussing the tariff, and one kills the other.——Wm. Estes, near Peoria, Ill., while out hunting geese, accidentally shoots his litthe daughter.——Alexander Shealer, Marysville, Ga., brutally abused his wife and shot by his own son.——Mrs. B L. Boren, of Ft. Scott, cuts her own throat.——Herman Beyer, a Leavenworth dairyman, after firing three shots from a revolver, succeeded in producing a mortal wound.——A Labette county bigamist, who thought ten years separation from his wife allowed him to marry again, under the statute of limitations, sentenced to two years in prison.

At the republican primaries Saturday G. I. Curran was nominated for police judge. It was a result entirely unlooked for, and places the republican party in a very imbarrasing position. Mr. Curran is a colored man of more than average ability who has for some years acted as policeman in the first ward. That there was the least probability of his nomination was not suspected, and it is said to have been brought about by democrats. However this may be, his election or his defeat will alike be an injury to the party. If defeated in the election it will alienate the colored vote; If elected it will alienate republicans many of whom will not abide by the nomination.

Secretary Moon, of the Kansas State Fair association, has suggested inprovements to the fair grounds that seem to be endorsed by those acquainted with them. The first is to build a new track on the inside of the present one for showing stock. Heretofore visitors have been compelled to walk from one end of the grounds to the other to be able to see all classes, even in the horse department. With this new track visitors will be able to see all the display without moving from the amphitheatre. Another improvement suggested is to move the barns used by the fast horses across the creek, thus placing them beyond the crowd and make more room where it is most needed during the fair.

Saturday night about 8 o'clock as a 10 year old boy of J. C. Salyer was returning home from the meat market with some meat a tramp attacked him on the corner of Taylor and Morse streets and took his meat and ten cents out of his hands but failed to get a half dollar the boy had hidden in his mouth. This occurred in the light of a street lamp.

Mrs. I. L. Barber is back from Chicago where she has bought a new stock o goods the ladies will like to see.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

MEAT SALAD.

Chop one or two pounds of corned beef fine, then take two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard and one egg, beat altogether and pour into the frying pan and let boil, then stir in the meat thoroughly and cook about three minutes, and put in a vegetable dish to mould. Serve in slices when cold.

TAPIOCA CREAM.

One-half teacup of tapioca soaked in one pint of new milk over night; in the morning add one quart of milk; boil in a double boiler or a pail set in water until the tapioca is soft; then add three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately and one teacup of sugar; cook only a moment after adding the eggs. Serve very cold.

ORANGE PIE.

Take the juice and grated rind of one orange; one small cup of sugar; yolks of three eggs; one tablespoon of corn starch, make smooth with milk; piece of butter as large as a chestnut, and one cup of milk. Beat the whites of the three eggs with sugar and place on the top after the pie is baked, leaving in the oven until browned.

BOILED FROSTING.

One cup of water, one pound of pulverized sugar and the whites of four eggs; boil the sugar and water until it becomes a thick syrup; beat the eggs to a stiff froth and stir them slowly into the syrup while hot. This is very nice put between layers of cake and over the top. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

CRUMB PIE.

This makes five pies. Bake without a top crust. One cup of molasses and one cup of warm water, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cinnamon, mix and put in pie plates. Then take four cups flour, 1½ cups sugar and one cup lard. Crumb it together and put on top and bake.

PLUM PRESERVES.

Weigh your plums, scald them, put on a dish or water; be sure to strain; weigh as much sugar as fruit, and to every pound and a gill of water; let sugar boil, skim, add scalded fruit, cook two hours and a half; put in air-tight jars.

SWEET ONION PICKLE.

Take two quarts small onions (red are good), soak in salt and water over night, sweeten vinegar enough to cover them, put in one tablespoon whole allspice, put all on the fire, let boil two or three minutes, put in air-tight cans.

BEEF SOUP.

Four pounds of shin beef, four quarts of water, six onions, four carrots, two turnips, all chopped fine; pepper and salt. Put the meat to boil, and at the end of four hours add the vegetables and cook one hour longer.

CORN FRITTERS.

Grate cold boiled corn from the cob, season, add three beaten eggs and sufficient flour to give them consistency. Drop in large spoonfuls into boiling lard or dripping, and fry a nice brown Canned corn may be used.

GREEN APPLE PIES.

Grate raw six good apples, add a cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four eggs, a little lemon juice, a few dried currants and a little spice. Line plates with a paste, fill and bake without an upper crust.

COTTAGE PUDDING.

Two cups of flour, one cup each of sugar and milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with lemon and bake one-half hour. Serve with cream or sauce.

CUSTARD PIE.

One egg, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, one level tablespoonful each of corn starch and butter, one pint of sweet milk. Flavor to taste and bake with one crust.

A Fair Ornithologist.

A young lady, whose home is in Grand Isle, La., has been making a collection of the bright-plumaged birds found on the island, whose habitat, beyond question, is somewhere in the tropics. The theory is that these birds have been blown out into the Gulf during the prevalence of gales and wafted upon the Louisana shore. It is doubtful if so beautiful a collection of birds could be made at any other point in the country than that of which we speak. A boy containing fourteen specimens which were trapped and prepared for mounting by this young lady, revealed when opened a most gorgeous spectacle, the color ranging from the brightest scarlet—beside which that of the cardinal or red bird seems quite dull—down to the palest of pinks and blues. Some of the specimines were of the lovliest shade of yellow—one of them plumaged in black and yellow akin to the oriole. Grand Isle presents a splendid field for amateur ornithologists and collectors.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

THE DESTINY OF MAN.

BY DR. ADDISON ALEXANDER.

There is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of man
To glory or despair.
There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.
The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay,
That which is pleasing still may please
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man, as yet,
Is blind and in the dark.
Oh, where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?
An answer from the skies is sent—
Ye that from God depart;
While it is called to-day repent,
And harden not your heart.

GABRIEL OAKLEY'S VALENTINE.

BY LILY CURRY TYNER.

There was no noise in the street now. The meriment of sleighbells and the silvery laughter from the occupants of hither and thither darting cutters had died away. Even the children had stopped coasting and gone home. It was nearly dark and more snow was falling, silently, solemnly, in huge flakes. The gas lamps were yet unlighted, but across the narrow, triangular square which Gabriel Oakley's cottage faced, from the further side gleamed like a pink flower the electric light before a home of wealth. Gabriel Oakley stood in the window of his unlighted parlor, looking out and thinking, perhaps, how quiet it has grown and how different from a few hours earlier when the town had rung with boisterous mirth. He had watched them dash by the unfinished house where he and his men were working; he had heard their voices with a bitter feeling that was almost resentment. It was play for them; for him it was work, hard, unceasing, as it had been for the past twenty-five years. He was forty-three now and his occupation the same as it had been a long time, a boss carpenter, a builder of poor folks' cottages. For years he had not experienced such sensations. He was restless, discontented—even as he had been throughout the entire afternoon.

He was glad that it was quiet at last, and that he might have a chance to think. There were serious matters for his consideration. One was a letter lately received, a letter of which he had told no one. He had not even spoken of it to Martha, his elder sister, his housekeeper and sage adviser—although she was certainly one interested; for had she not, since the death of Priscilla, his younger sister, had entire charge of the girl?

"Seventeen years ago to-night," he said to himself, with his eyes on the pink light across the square.

"Seventeen years ago this thirteenth day of February! And Forrester is dead a fortnight. But Forrester's light over there shines as bright as ever, and Forrester's property is there..... And it is all hers.....She will go to it.....She will go away from us .....and that will be the end of it all!.....The end of everything." He stopped, and shivered a little, though a brisk fire was blazing in the parlor stove. Then he heard his sister calling him to supper. As he passed out into the sitting-room, the lamplight on his face showed it pale.

"Where is—Valentine?" he asked.

Miss Martha answered a little crossly.

"I don't know. She ain't come home yet. She's been out all the afternoon. I don't pretend to know anything about her goings and comings lately."

Miss Martha was black-eyed, indomitable, with some peculiarities that her brother found rasping on his nerves. One of these was a fashion of letting two false upper front teeth stray a little, then restoring them to their place with a snap. "We won't wait for her," she went on as she poured the tea.

Gabriel sighed.

"Forrester's will is being talked about a good deal. The old man seemed to think his daughter Susan wasn't dead. There's a month or so to be waited while they advertised for her or any children she might have left. If she died and left no children it was to go to two or three hospitals and asylums."

"Humph," said Miss Martha, "I suppose it's a new will, made since the other girl died. Poor Della Ann! Lord knows she did love the almighty dollar. I do believe she'd have sold her own flesh and blood if needs was. Then the town folks got to talking about her and Harry Duncan. You remember, don't you, Gabriel? Well, I knew that it was nothing but just that she was afraid if she married him she'd be cut off. The old man he didn't favor Harry. And Della Ann wa'n't going to follow Susan's example and run off to get married. Folks did say a lot of mean things about her playing fast and loose with Harry; but I knew it was all folly. Land! it don't seem so long ago, does it? 'Twas before Valentine came to us; that's seventeen years ago this very night. To-morrow's the fourteenth." She broke off and started to her feet, while Gabriel laid down his knife and fork in corresponding trepidation. The front door—usually kept locked—had opened and shut very audibly. Some one came with considerable ado through the chilly little entry and the parlor, and stood, tall, lithe, elegant and snowy before their astonished gaze.

Miss Martha's teeth flew back to their place with a loud snap.

"Valentine!" she cried, in concert with her brother. Gabriel's expression was one of relief and joy. Miss Martha's was portentous.

"You came in the front door," said Miss Martha then, in a tone that boded storm.

The girl had flung off her cloak, from which the loose snow scattered and liquefied on Miss Martha's neat rag carpet. She pulled off her knitted cap and tossed it disdainfully on a chair. One saw then what a splendid creature she was. Her form, though not yet matured, was beautiful; she had the bearing of a duchess. Her head was poised perfectly on a long, white neck; her hazel eyes looked black by night, her cheeks and lips were carmine, her hair a magnificent auburn mane.

Gabiel's eyes rested on her in silent gladness.

"Come," said Miss Martha, "if you want any tea, Valentine, you'd better set up to the table."

"Tea," said the girl contemptuously. "I hate tea. I hate these country ways. I hate your horrid noon-day dinners. People live like heathens here—except a few, who know something. You wouldn't find them eating dinner at noon at Forrester's, or Masury's."

Gabriel looked pained. But Miss Martha's righteous indignation was bubbling up and ready to flow over.

"See here, now" she said sharply, "I don't want to hear another word from you. Such sassy talk I never heard tell of in all my life. You've been reading too many highfalutin novels, young lady; if I lay my hands on any more books you borrow from that Walter Masury, they'll go into the kitchen stove. That's all I've got to say."

"Valentine," said Gabriel, sadly, "have you seen Walter Masury to-day?"

The girl had seated herself and was putting a good deal of sugar (to Miss Martha's mind) in her tea.

"Yes, Uncle Gabriel; I've been sleighing with him. You didn't forbid me, you know," she ended defiantly.

"No; but I told you what I thought about it. I thought you were old enough to reason; and thought you wouldn't care to do anything that did't look well. Walter Masury is the son of a rich man, and—" he broke off with a sigh.

"The son of a rich man," the girl replied haughtily. "And who am I? Do you mean that he or any other young man dares to think himself better than I? Why I am not of your flesh and blood, every one knows that."

Her disdain was cruelly fine and finely cruel. Gabriel started as if she had struck him in the face. He dropped his teaspoon with a sharp sound. Then he arose and went into the parlor.

"You wicked, ungrateful girl!" cried Miss Martha, more angry than she had been in a long time. "After all your uncle has done for you! Ain't you ashamed? Who are you? "Yes, that's what I'd like to know. A castoff, a foundling, that Gabriel and poor Priscilla was kind enough to take in and do for as ther own. If I'd had my way, you'd been packed off to the poorhouse. That's who you are!"

Miss Martha slammed her chair against the wall and began to take the tea-things into the kitchen.

"Valentine!" Gabriel called gently from the parlor "will you please come in here? I've something to say to you. Bring a lamp. I may want to show you something."

Valentine brought a lamp and set it on the center table, between the family Bible and the old photograph album. The angry blaze died out of her eyes, though her cheeks were still flushed. At heart she really cared for Gabriel Oakley. He was the only one she had had to care for since Priscilla died, and that was long ago. But Miss Martha's words still rang in her ears.

"If it's anything particular, I'll go and put my cloak and cap away first," she said with a little trace of sulkiness.

"Well," he answered.

When she returned, Miss Martha, having finished clearing off the tea-things, was in the kitchen washing them and had closed the door of the sitting-room. There was no one to overhear what Gabriel might say.

Valentine sat down in the arm-chair opposite him. The center-table was between them, and the lamplight made Gabriel look pale.

"Valentine," he began, "you are seventeen and a little more. I don't know just how much. A little while ago, when you were angry, you asked, 'Who am I?' Well, until to-day, I couldn't have answered that question for you. Or, I *wouldn't* have answered it. Maybe I had my ideas; maybe I *thought* I knew who your mother was—and who your father was. But, maybe on the other hand, I had my own reasons for keeping the secret." He paused and seemed to reflect.

The girl had slowly moved her body forward to the edge of the chair and sat painfully attentive to his speech.

"My father and mother," she murmured. "Were they—rich?"

"Yes," he said, "these people were rich. Her eyes shot forth new fire.

"And you kept me from knowing."

"Wait," he said gently. "Wait till I have done. . . . It is seventeen years ago this very night. I was coming home a long distance, from court. I'd been serving on a jury, and it was just a little after midnight. . . . It was a bright, cold night, terribly cold, I remember. The full moon made everything plain as daylight. . . . . I was coming along pretty brisk, trying to keep warm. When I turned out of Main Street into this street I could see the house distinctly. It was new then; I'd just finished it. The gate wasn't on the hinges yet. And there wasn't any trees in front. . . . . Well, as I turned the corner I saw something that surprised me, and I stood still and watched. I saw someone running out of my own yard and across the street and through the square. There wasn't any electric light then, but the moon was wonderfully bright. It was a woman, tall and slim. She had a shawl thrown over her head. She ran so lightly I couldn't hear her steps on the snow. I watched her far as I could see. She went into Forrester's yard. I waited a little, after she'd disappeared; then I came along quickly, wondering what it meant. There wasn't any light in my house, so I knew my sisters had both gone to bed. I hurried in at the gate and then—well, then I heard a strange sound. It was a baby crying. Right on the stoop, close to the front door, there was a bundle done up in shawls and things. I stooped down and picked it up. 'Poor little thing!' I says. Then, just as I was feeling for my key, I turned and saw something white on the floor of the stoop. It looked like a handkerchief. I picked it up and put it in my pocket, and went in. My sister Priscilla heard me and got up. 'Priscilla,' I says, 'here's a dear little baby. Somebody left it on our steps.'"

"Go on," said Valentine indistinctly.

Gabriel took a deep breath. His hands were crossed on his lap.

"Priscilla was a real tender-hearted girl," he resumed. "She was only about 20. She was pleased with the baby as a child with a new doll. She wanted me to promise her she could keep it always. Then she began to examine its little cloths for some initial sign or clue or other. There wasn't a sign of anything till she pulled off its cloak and found pinned to its dress a note written in a fine, lady's hand. I've kept the note all these years. It said: 'Pity the innocent child; the mother needs no pity.' Priscilla took the baby into her own bed and I went to my room. Then I remembered the handkerchief I'd found in the stoop. I took it out of my pocket and examined it. It hadn't been droped on purpose for in the corner, plain as day, were three letters. When I read them I remembered that the woman—the lady—had run across and gone into Forrester's grounds. I folded up the handherchief and put it away safe, I made up my mind never to tell Priscilla or Martha.

If I could keep the secret, why shouldn't I? What was the finding of the handkerchief, anyway, that I should take the risk of blasting any woman's reputation?"

Valentine leaned toward him with a little gasp. "What do you mean?" she cried. "Who was the woman? Where is the handkerchief—what letters were on it?"

Gabriel passed his hand over his forehead.

"Be patient," he said. "It is a long story. The woman was, I believed, the daughter of Simeon Forrester. The initials on the handkerchief were 'D. A. F.'" He took something wrapped in soft paper from his pocket. "Here," he said. "it is. I took it from my old trunk this afternoon."

Valentine siezed it passionately, It was very fine, quite old fashioned, and the lavender of Gabriel's old trunk had perfumed it.

"Take it," she said fiercely after a little, and threw herself back in the chair. The color faded from her cheeks. She began to look almost haggard. Her pride was struck to the earth.

Della Ann Forrester had died unmarried.

"There's more to be told," said Gabriel as he took back the soft square of linen.

She sat up suddenly.

"Of course there was a secret marriage," she said. "If—if Della Ann Forrester was my mother."

Gabriel shook his head.

"Della Ann Forrester died single," he said gravely. "But . . . you see why I kept the secret....To-day I received a letter. It concerns you. I haven't even showed it to your Aunt Martha. I think it is from—your father."

"My father!" she echoed contemptuously.

"Yes." Gabriel spoke more rapidly. He seemed anxious to have done. "He'll be here in the morning. If what he supposes is true, then you're the daughter of, not Della Ann, but Susan Forrester, his wife, and heir to the Forrester estate.

Valentine rose.

"I can't realize what you've told me," she said. "I want to think about it. Is there anything more to tell me now?"

"No," said Gabriel, thickly, "nothing more now."

She was herself again. She swept toward the sitting-room. Suddenly she turned her splendid eyes upon him.

"If this should prove true, perhaps," she said, "you'll think me as good as Walter Masury."

Gabriel heard her go up stairs to her room.

The kitchen door opened and Miss Martha appeared. She had finished the "dishes" without the usual assistance from Valentine, and she had managed to work off some of her wrath.

"Asleep, Gabriel?" she asked, settling herself in the chair Valentine had vacated, and taking up her knitting. "My land! how the lamp is smoking!"

"Is it?" said Gabriel, with an hysterical laugh. "Martha, do you think I ever ought to get married?"

"Gracious!" exclaimed his sister. "I don't know. Maybe; if you got a sensible woman along of some property. There'll come a time when I won't be able to do for you, Gabriel." Gabriel's nerves were none the steadier for her decision.

"How old a woman would I require, Martha?"

Miss Martha calculated conscientiously.

"About 40, I should say. You'll be 50, or near it, then."

Gabriel was silent. Miss Martha knit a little, then guessed she'd go to bed. She left her brother with his head bowed on his hands. He sat there a long time. Sat and thought with only the parlor fire for company. Even that was getting low and he was getting cold. Valentine was going from him. And he loved her. Yes! He loved her! He told himself so, fiercely, defiantly. He loved her and was going to lose her. Perhaps it was all for the best. She was young, he was old. Martha said he must marry a woman of forty. She was beautiful—and rich. He was poor and humble. He had tried to do his best; tried to keep her at school, to have her take music lessons and go to dancing class when there was one in town. And now he would lose her forever. Her home was yonder, across the square, where the pink light tinted the new snow.

It had stopped storming.

* * * * * * *

Morning came. The sun shone splendid on the white-robed earth.

Miss Martha inspected her brother across the breakfast table with anxious eyes.

"Gabriel, you look as if you hadn't been to bed all night. You ain't well. Are you going to work?"

"No," he said absently, "it is Valentine's day."

"This is my day, Aunt Martha," laughed Valentine. "I'm going to have company." Without further apology she left the table and entered the parlor where she stood looking out of the window across the square.

"I wonder if that is all mine," she said to herself. And in the meantime Gabriel explained as rapidly as possible to his sister.

It was noon when a carriage drove up and a man hardly any older than Gabriel alighted. Valentine was in the parlor when he entered. The two gazed at each other with quiet tolerance. Gabriel came hastily from the sitting room, but Miss Martha held back, not yet having recovered from the news.

"I suppose this is the young lady," the stranger remarked. "May I ask her name?" He was tall, bearded, elegantly dressed and complacent.

"My name is Valentine Oakley, at present, and for that matter till I choose to change it."

The stranger smiled.

"I have no doubt you are my daughter. Very much like your poor mother."

"Mr. Oakley, may I trouble you to let me see the infant's garments—whatever you have kept. And the note—is it legible? Ah, yes. Poor Susan's writing. I was in Europe, trying to better things for us both when it happened. The child was born in my absence. And my wife died before I could return. I think it was her idea to leave the infant at her father's door. The sister, Della, thought she would alter the arrangement—leave the child elsewhere. Della was always jealous; in fact I may say Della was highly mercenary. When I returned to find my wife dead, I could learn nothing of the child—except that my wife had said she would give it away to friends. The Forresters knew nothing of it. . . . I suppose you could be ready to accompny me at once—ah—Valentine?"

"Where?" she quiried laconically.

"To take posession of your fortune."

"O;" she paused, "I think I should like to know more about you, first. You don't seem very much like a father who has just recovered his child."

The stranger smiled.

"My dear," he answered affably, "I dare say I shall grow very fond of you in time. You are really very charming. At present I confess my chief object in reclaiming you is that I may—through you of course, receive some advantage from the wealth which would have been your mother's, my wife's, but which is now yours. By the way there are some certain conditions. You are to assume your grandfather's name with your own. Your own, that is, my name is Smythe, not Smith, you know, but Smythe. You will become Miss Smythe-Forrester, a very pretty combination and quite good enough for society. Of course you will enter society in New York. The property here is but a fraction. You will be worth a million or so. And I will be your guardian."

Miss Martha came in softly and sat down. She was awed by the figure mentioned. Valentine breathed rapidly. She was pale with a small red spot in either cheek. Gabriel Oakley was still paler. He did not seam to hear what Mr. Smythe was saying. Perhaps he wondered if they could hear his heart throb and certain words that beat upon his brain. "I have done this, myself. I need not have let any one know how she came to us. Now she is going away, forever!"

Then he heard his name spoken.

"Mr. Oakley, there will, of course, be your claim for the care of—of Miss Smythe-Forrester—during all these years. I should fancy you would say perhaps two or three hundred a year. Make it an even five thousand for the seventeen years. Or more, if you like, you know."

Gabriel started. The blood surged into his face. "We cared for Valentine because we loved her—not for money," he said.

"Very true, very true. Still Miss Smythe-Forrester cannot be under obligations to any one. Valentine, my dear, get ready and come with me."

Ere Gabriel had realized it, the girl was out of the room and back again, clad for the street. Then the truth fell upon him with stunning force.

"Valentine," he said, looking as if he would die, "you—you are going away?"

"Yes, I'm going," the girl laughed blithely. "Good-bye, Aunt Martha. Good-bye, Uncle Gabriel. I'm quite ready, Mr. Smythe. I daresay I shall call you father, later on. At present you will be—convenient to have, you know."

They were at the door when she looked back.

"Uncle Gabriel, are you crying? That settles it, I won't go." She turned and seized his hand.

"Valentine," said her father sharply.

"Go, go," said Gabriel choking a little.

"Very well, I'll go," she cried pettishly, and was out of the door, when something caused her to run back a second time. She caught him around the neck and whispered swiftly in his ear:

"Don't say a word. I'll manage it. I'll have you both to live with me—for always, over the way. I know you care for me more than he does—more than any one else does. Just wait and see." She chuckled softly. "Yes, Mr. Smythe, I'm coming. Don't forget, Uncle Gabriel; before long!"

Gabriel and Miss Martha watched the two enter the carriage and drive away, around the snowy square and in at the wide gateway of the Forrester place. Then they took each a deep breath and went back into the house and shut the door and bolted it securely.

But Gabriel's heart was less heavy.

"She cares for me a little," he said softly, "I have not wholly lost my Valentine!"—*The Wisconsin.*

A LONG LOOK AHEAD.

The Maiden's way to Bring Matters to a Crisis.

They were sitting together in the warm parlor, saying little but thinking much. But lovers do not need to say much to be companionable.

The little clock on the mantel for a considerable time had been the only speaker. It's tick, tick, tick, tick seemed to the youth to say, kiss her, kiss her, kiss her. To the maiden it said leap year, leap year, leap year, and its reiteration of this phrase moved the maid to break the silence:

"How funny some people are!" she said.

"Funny?"

"Yes, some people who are going to be married."

"Oh!"

"Yes, some want to be married in a balloon, some on the middle arch of a bridge, some in a boat, some in a railroad train, some on horseback, some on the edge of a precipice, some down in a coal mine—"

"Yes, I have noticed it."

"What is their object, I wonder?"

"Marriage, of course."

"But I mean their object in getting married out of the usual way?"

"Well, I'll tell you what I think. They get married in this way so that they can tell their children and their grandchildren they were married under peculiar circumstances, as, for instance, 'your mother and me, children were married in a coal mine,' or your grandmother and me, children, were married in a balloon."

"I've been thinking, John."

"Yes?" he said, interrogatively.

"I've been thinking how funny it would be——" (a pause and a deeper blush,)

"Well, Bella, you've been thinking what?"

"I've been thinking how funny it be if——"

"Yes."

"If when the subject of marriage comes up 30 or 40 years hence, you could point to me and say: 'Why, children, your grandmother proposed to me in leap year, and we were married a few weeks after.'"

John is very busy these days furnishing a nice little cottage, and Bella is superintending the making of her wedding dress.—*Boston Courier.*

An American Belle at Nice.

America has sent us over yet another heiress in the person of Miss Moffat, who has been making a social sensation at Cannes prior to becoming one of the "lions" of our own season. Miss Moffat, who is the only child of David H. Moffat, of Denver, Col., is said to be the richest American heiress now unmarried. Her father has made his fortune by "financing," and he was at one time a partner of Senator Chaffee, the father-in-law of Ulysses Grant, the younger, that somewhat forward young man who accompanied his late father on his famous European tour some years ago. The Consul-General of the United States in this city, Mr. Edmund G. Moffat, is a cousin of the coming heiress, about whose fortune so many varying reports have already been made public.—*London Figaro.*

FARM AND HOME.

Value of Skimmed Milk.

No dairyman ought to be satisfied with a product less than 2,500 quarts or 5,000 pounds of milk per year from each cow kept on the farm, but even this moderate product is equivalent to 500 pounds of plant food contained in the skimmed milk of an average cow for a single year. Multiply that by the number of your herd and continue the depleting process for a series of years, and can you wonder at the exhausted condition of the soil in some of the hill towns of southern Berkshire?

The soundness of this theory is demonstrated by comparing some of the Berkshire towns with dairy towns in Delaware and Oswego counties in New York. For more than half a century the only product of the Berkshire town was cheese; no butter was sent to market, while almost the entire farming of Delaware county was devoted to butter making. Whoever traveled over the Catskill turnpike in the autumn of thrity-five or forty years ago must have been impressed with the endless number of teams loaded with firkins of butter en route to New York by the way of the Hudson River. No cheese was made in that section of the state, and the farming lands there never depreciated in productive value like the similar lands in our own immediate vicinity. True, the cheese-making farmers prospered and grew rich in their day, but at a fearful cost to their posterity.

The question "What is the feeding value of a quart of skim milk?" cannot be definitely answered any more than can the same question in regard to a bushel of corn or wheat or a ton of hay. Either may be so fed as to return but a small fraction of its commercial value, or under favorable conditions may prove a highly profitable investment. It varies with a more or less judicious application, and can only be determined by comparison with other substances. I think it a perfectly safe and reasonable estimate to place the feeding value of skim milk at seven-eighths that of whole milk; for, if necessary, the skim milk can be supplemented with flaxseed or other carbonaceous foods, and at small expense be made equal in value to new milk.

Professor Goessmann, gives the amount and value of the principal fertilizing material in a ton of 2,000 pounds of skim milk as follows: Nitrogen, 10.80 pounds; potassium oxide, 3.40 pounds; phosphoric acid, 4.00 pounds; making the valuation per ton of skim milk to be $2.50, or a little more than one-fourth of a cent a quart to apply directly to the soil as a fertilizer—a fact to be born in mind and the significance of which is not lessened by the daily rumbling of a milk train.—*New England Farmer.*

Wind Galls.

There are few horses perfectly free from them. When they first appear, and until the inflamation subsides, they may be accompanied by some degree of lameness, but otherwise, except when they attain a great size, they do not interfere with the action of the animal or cause any considerable unsoundness. It is not uncommon for them to entirely disappear in aged horses. When these enlargements are only slight it will be scarcely worth while to treat them at all. When they are numerous and large, and appear to impede the motion of the limb or joint, they can be reduced by bandages supplied with pads so adjusted as to press directly upon the enlargements. These pads can be made from cork. Take a common cork jug stopper, an inch in diameter and one and a half or two inches in lengh, split it in two in the center with a sharp, thin-bladed shoe or case knife. Apply the bandage to the leg, and mark upon each side of the leg the points which come directly over the puffs when the bandage is drawn tightly. Take a soft chamois skin, and cut pieces from it of the proper size and shape to cover the halves of cork. Lay the cork on the bandages so that the center of each piece of cork will come directly over the center of each wingall. Place the flat pars of the cord next the bandage, so that when applied the rounded portion will come in contact with the puff. Cover each piece of cork with a strip of chamois skin, sewing the latter to the bandage. It will then serve the double purpose of keeping the cork pad in place and preventing irritation. Wet that part of the bandage and pad which covers the enlargements with the following mixture: Take good cider vinegar two parts, new rum one part, add sal ammoniac one ounce, and soft water three parts. Shake well. This an excellent preparation for allaying inflammation. Wet the puff as well as the bandage, after which apply the latter quite closely. Remove the bandage morning, noon and night, and hand-rub the legs, always passing the hands downwards, and use considerable pressure upon the windgalls. A few weeks' treatment of this kind will generally remove the worst of puffs if taken in season. The animal must be kept quiet during the treatment, and must be used with great care when first put to work, as a slight strain would cause the enlargements to appear again at once.—*American Cultivator.*

What to Raise.

While the ground is covered with snow and nature is seemingly at rest, we should think about what we wish to plant. It will be but a few shorts weeks before seed time will be here and all that we can do now is so much gained. Unless one's soil and surroundings are particularly adapted to some specialty he will undoubtedly do better to continue to raise a variety of products and keep different kinds of stock. It seems poor policy to trust to one crop to furnish us with all our cash and everything else for a year. In most cases the farmer should plan to grow such crops as he wishes to consume at home, and then aim to grow for market what his fields are best adapted to and what is likely to bring him the most profit.

The garden should be of ample size, so as to raise an abundance of vegetables for summer use and have a good supply for winter. A surplus can usually be disposed of to good advantage; if there is no demand for it the calves or other stock will make good use of it. A load of carrots be just the thing for the colts and horses, and a lot of beets are a great help for the cows and sheep. When one does his farm work with horses a colt or two can as well be raised as not; it should also be a point to raise a few calves, pigs and lambs yearly.

Fodder corn is a very important crop and ought not to be overlooked. If not needed to feed green it can be cured and put in the barn, or ensilaged. The practice of sowing it broadcast has nearly gone out of date. It is usually sown in drills now, although I prefer to plant mine in hills—about eighteen inches by three and one-half feet apart. For a market crop one year with another the potato is about as good a crop as I can raise to turn off. True, the beetles require considerable attention, but the cultivation is all done with horse and cultivator. Crops should be arranged so as not to conflict with each other, and yet keep the help and teams busy, allowing some for stormy weather, because it is almost sure to come, and if we lay out work enough to keep us busy all of the time and then have a week or two of bad weather at a time when our crops demand attention it will be apt to set us back so that we can not catch up during the while season. If there happens to be a leisure time improvement can be attended to.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Farm Notes.

Corncobs are valuable for the fertilizing matter they contain.

The last month of winter is fast adding itself to the past and the wise farmer will use the little time remaining in so planning the work that as spring opens everything will be in readiness, and there will be no needless delay.

Don't plan for any more crops next year than you can attend to well.

The garden must be remembered now, if you would be ready to begin early in the spring.

Every farmer cannot be Governor of the state he lives in, but he should be governor of his own farm.

Don't "yank" your horse by the bit. Guide him gently, and the results will be better for yourself and him.

Build a fire in your tool-house, if you are so fortunate as to have one, and repair all tools now while there is time.

One thousand two hundred and fifty-three pounds of butter from six cows was sold last year by C. W. Bissell, of Wilmington, Vt., from which he realized more than $300.

No enterprising farmer of the present day would be without the necessary labor-saving machines, of which so many have been invented the past thirty or forty years; yet, often on farms where everything for the convenience of the farmer is provided, his wife toils on with the same old utensils of a hundred years. It is economy of strength to have every appliance of a labor-saving nature indoors, for every farmer's wife knows that it is no light task to do the ordinary work of the household, and in sicknees her cares are increased. Lighten her labor as much as possible, for on her health and strength depend the comfort and happiness of the whole household.

Hints for the Household.

Sauce for fish—The yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful of vinegar, quarter of a pound of butter, a little salt. Stir over a slow fire until it thickens.

Cabbage salad—Chop fine one head of cabbage, one pint vinegar, one teaspoonful sugar, one egg and piece of butter size of an egg.

Excellent pie crust—One cup of lard, one cup of sweet milk, pinch soda, one tablespoonful of corn meal, salt, and flour enough to mix rather soft, do not ad it.

Lily cake—Two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one cup of cornstarch, one cup of butter, whites of five eggs, one teaspoon of cream tartar and one-fourth of a teaspoon of soda.

Broiled pork chops—Cut not quite as thick as mutton chops and broil over a brisk fire; turn them frequently and cook a dark brown. When ready to serve, sprinkle over them a little powdered sage.

Broiled kidneys—Split them through lengthwise and run an iron skewer through them to keep them flat; pepper, and broil over a clear fire. They should be lightly done. Serve on a very hot dish. Sprinkle them with salt and put a bit of butter on each.

Orange pudding—Grate three sponge biscuits in enough milk to make a paste; beat three eggs and stir them in with with the juice of a lemon and half the peel grated. Put a teacupful of orange juice and one of sugar, with half a cup of melted butter, in a mixture; stir it well, put in a dish with puff paste around it, and bake slow one hour.

A Station Agent's Adventure.

A queer incident occurred after I had the station about two years. It was in the fall of the year, with a good deal of nasty weather, and trains were continually late. The last passenger train had past me, according to schedule, at 10:30 p. m. The next one passed at 7:20 a. m., and it was supposed that the intervening time belonged to me. If the night freight was on time, and I did not get a call on the instrument, and if there was no special on the line, and if a dozen other things did not occur, I could sleep from 11 to 6. It may have occurred that my sleep was unbroken five nights in a year. On all other nights I was turned out from one to three or four times. The night freight should reach me at 12:05—five minutes after midnight. She never left or took up a car at my station, leaving that for the day freight but made a stop of seven or eight minutes for coal and water. If there had been an accident the freight might have to side-track and wait, but such a thing was rare.

As a rule, I was always asleep when the freight came in, but somehow or other I knew of her arrival, I knew of it without waking up, and next morning could have told whether she was late or on time. Twenty-eight minutes after her time a passenger train on the other road made the crossing. This crossing was eighty rods above the station, and, while I knew I had nothing to do with the trains on the other roads, I naturally kept track of them, and knew whether they were late or on time. On this particular night I went to bed at 10:45, and was asleep before 11. At 12:20 I suddenly awoke. The night freight had not come in. I had been sound asleep, but I knew she had not. She was fifteen minutes overdue, and yet my call had not been sounded. This to me meant some sort of accident between me and the next station, which was eleven miles away, I at once called for the station, but the operator had gone. I ran to the door and looked out. There was a fine rain and a dense fog.

Freight trains are seldom on schedule time, and I had known them on our line to be an hour late without worrying over the fact. However, on this night I was all worry. The train and the fog, the crossing, the fact of my waking up as I had, the failure to raise the agent at the station above, these things made me terribly uneasy, and at 12:25 I lighted my lantern, put on my rubber coat, and started up the line on a run. I had not gone forty rods when I heard a hissing of steam, and two or three minutes later could see the glare of a headlight through the fog. In a couple of minutes more I found our midnight freight—twenty-two loaded cars and a big locomotive—and she was standing directly on the crossing of the roads.

I began to shout as soon as I had made out the locomotive, but no one answered me. I pushed along to the cab, climbed up, and found the engineer and fireman on the floor of the tender, arms around each other, and fast asleep or dead. At that moment the passenger train on the other road whistled for the crossing.

I am telling you, sir, that I lived a year for every minute in the next five or six. I knew very little about an engine, though I had seen how they were reversed and how the throttle was worked. If anything was done I must do it, and do it quickly. Why I did not pull ahead I do not know. It struck me that I must back up, and I flung over the bar, gave her steam, and she began to move. The steam had run down, and we moved at a snail's pace, and even when I pulled her wide open the engine scarcely had power to back the heavy train. We did move, however, although it was foot by foot. I could hear the roar of the passenger train, and I knew that every second was hastening a terrible calamity, but did not eave the engine. Back! back! back! we crawled, and all of a sudden a great light flashed in my eyes, there was a crash, and I saw cars moving in front of me and disappearing into the darkness. What had happened? Well, I had backed the freight until the locomotive of the passenger train only carried away the pilot as it crossed our line. That was all the damage done, and no passenger had a suspicion of his narrow escape from an awful smash-up.

When the train had disappeared and I could realize the situation, I began to investigate. I ran back to the caboose, but no one was to be found. I shouted and screamed, but soon found that I was all alone. Then, climbing back into the cab, I sought to arouse the engineer and his fireman. Dead? No. Drunk as two lords? Yes, sir. They were drinking men, though the company did not know it. They had been taken off another two weeks' run before, and coming down the line on this trip, had brought a bottle with them. At the station above they had reached the limit, and in their drunken deviltry had suddenly pulled out and left all the train crew behind. The conductor could not readily find the station agent, and when he did rout him out and get him to the office I was out of mine, and did not answer his call. The two men did not let the steam go down, and the train had crawled down to the crossing end had been stopped where I found it. The men by that time too drunk to stand up, and had grabbed each other and rolled on the floor to sleep. I was yet in the cab, trying to kick some sense into them, when the conductor and his two brakemen arrived on a hand car, and after getting up steam we got the train over the crossing to the station. The two drunkards ought to have been sent to the state prison, but for fear of the story getting into the papers, they were allowed to skip.—*New York Sun.*

A New Peril for Masculine Lovers.

"Are you in earnest," Mr Hankinson?"

The lovely girl who asked the question of Marcellus Hankinson sat behind the center table with her hands in her lap, and regarded the young man intently.

"In earnest, Irene?" he exclaimed, pale with emotion and chronic dyspepsia; the whole happiness of my life is wrapped up in your answer to the question I have asked. If you will trust your future in my hands my life shall be devoted to the task of making you happy. It will be my sole aim to shield you from the rude blasts of adversity to smooth your pathway through the world, to interpose my right arm between you and every danger that threatens to disturb your peace, and——"

"If I listen to your suit, Mr. Hankinson," interrupted the young lady, casting her eyes with some timidity and confusion to the floor, "you may regret it some day. You would find me ignorant of the practical duties of housekeeping, and without"——

"Practical duties of housekeeping!" broke in the enthusiastic youth; "you will have no practical duties of that kind. As my wife you shall not be a drudge. You shall be the queen of my home. You consent, do you not, my dar"——

"Wait a moment, my dear Mr. Hankinson, I am afraid you would find me thoughtless and extravagant in a great many things."

"Extravagant! Irene, it will be the joy of my life to provide you with what ever may gratify yonr slightest whim. You can never make a request of me that I would not rejoice to anticipate and grant beforehand."

"And you would be willing to spend all your evenings at home?"

"My angel, I would not want to spend them anywhere else."

"You would never break my heart by joining a disreputable club or becoming a drinking man?"

"Hear me, Irene. I promise never to do either."

"Let me see," said the young lady, meditatively; "I think that is all—O! You will agree to have the word 'obey' left cut of my part of the marriage service, will you Mr. Hankinson?"

"Obey! Ha! Ha! Why, my own, certainly. I am ever willing to promise to obey you."

"Then, Marcellus," said the lovely girl, as she lifted a full grown phonograph off her lap, locked it carefully in a drawer of the secretary that stood against the wall, turned up the gas and beamed in a sweet yet businesslike manner upon the terror-stricken young man, "I am yours."—*Chicago Tribune.*

ROMANTIC HISTORY

Of the Parentage of Vice President Wilson—A Brother in the City.

The telegraphic columns of this paper announced, a few days ago, the death and burial of Winthrop Colbath, a brother of the late Vice President Henry Wilson, It is just learned that there is another brother—Richard—who lives in this city, and is in business on Adams Street.

The family had a romantic and interesting history. The mother was the beautiful and accomplished daughter of an English nobleman, who fell in love with and married Colbath, a servant in her father's family. The couple eloped and came to America, followed by the anathemas of the aristocratic Englishman, who was nearly grieved to death over what he considered the eternal blight upon the fair and far-famed name which he bore.

The happy pair settled in Niagara county, New York. To them were born three boys—Winthrop, who was recently burried in East Saginaw; and Jerry, the eldest, to whom a Massachusetts gentleman became greatly attached while visiting in the neighborhood, and begged that he might adopt him. The request was granted and Jerry went to Massachusetts and was legally adopted under the name Henry Wilson and became Vice-President of the United States under Grant.—*Toledo Blade.*

Pasteur Should Have the Prize.

Pasteur's ideas on the disemination of disease seems to be more successful than those concerning prevention. When the government of New South Wales offered a prize for the best means to exterminate the rabbits that devastate the country, Pasteur wrote to the London *Times* proposing to propagate chicken cholera among them. He had just made an experiment upon the subject. Near Chalons, France, was a colony of rabbits which had outlived every means hitherto employed to exterminate them. On Dec. 23, M. Loir, Pastuer's nephew, had a bunch of hay spread near the rabbits' burrows, and poured about six quarts of broth on it, in which cultures of microbes of chicken cholera had been raised. On the following days some forty dead rabbits were found about the fields, and since then the creatures have entirely disappeared. An examination of their burrows discovered a large number of them dead. Thus, Pasteur seems to deserve the prize promised for the murder of the rabbits of New South Wales.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Our pocketbook is now in such a feeble condition that it can not stand a loan.—*Orange Observer.*

It is the men who write poetry when they don't have to that the public can never forgive.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A good way to get the cents of a meeting, it would seem, is to take up a penny contribution.—*Detroit Free Press.*

We are unable to understand how a man can look at a full spittoon and continue to chew tobacco.—*Atchison Globe.*

Our presidential ticket is Conkling and Lockwood, the Apollo and Belva dear of American politics.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

A rose by any other name would smell as swell, but its price would probably increase about fifty per cent.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The man who threatens to call another man "a liar, to his teeth," can do no great harm. The teeth may be false, anyway.—*Picayune.*

The youth of this country needs to be taught less about music and free-hand drawing and more about handling a trowel or a jack-plane.—*Alta California.*

A brass band has recently been organized in the Nebraska insane asylum. Isn't this carrying the principal of "like cures like" a little too far.—*Utica Observer.*

The public takes kindly to plays which have water-tank scenes. There is always a hope the bad actors will be drowned in them some night.—*New Orleans Picayune,*

It is a fact worthy of note that a Reno county man dug a cyclone hole last week without discovering either coal, salt, or the bones of a mastodon.—*Topeka Capital..*

It is understood that the governor of West Virginia will make colonels of the Hatfields if they are ever returned to the bosom of their native state.—*Louisville Commercial.*

Company never disturbs me. If rich people come to see me, I know they have good enough at home. If poor people come, I know I have as good as they have.—*Rural New Yorker.*

There are 70,000 different sorts of insects in the United States, and how foolish it does look in a full-grown man to jump out of bed at midnight and go pounding around the room to take the life of one poor, hard-up mosquito in search of a supper.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The sugar trust's first step was to put out $40,000,000 of scrip, which is nothing but water; its second step was to push up the price of sugar to the consumer, in order to pay dividends on this scrip. So much the New York investigation has already brought out; and it is enough to condemn this trust, and all others of the monopolistic brood.—*Toledo Blade.*

With the state militia shooting at a Springfield target and burying its bullets in a farm-house off in the next county, a squad of Chicago policemen empting their revolvers at a fleeing burglar and not even frightening him with the whiz of their bullets, and Oscar Knownitz, of West Jefferson street, shooting at a dog and hitting a neighbors ear, it is manifest that what the young American idea needs is to be taught how to shoot.—*Chicago Times.*

Pat and the Bustle.

Some Norwich boys found a woman's bustle last week, and being inspired by some lower power put it in a coal carrier's basket in place of the canvas shoulder pad he had been acustomed to use. When the coal carrier went out the next morning with his first load of coal his eyes fell upon the strange thing for which he could find no name.

"What is this, Moike?,' he said to the driver, and although both of them were family men, they were sorely troubled. Mike replied:

"Sure, I donno. I never seed the likes of it before."

Not finding his shoulder protector the coal carrier saw in it a novel substitute and said:

"Begorra, Moilke, I have it! This is a patent shoulder piece the boss has got me!" and he put the old bustle on his shoulder and finding it was a fair fit, tied the strings around his neck. He worked with the new shoulder protector all day, to the amusement to all who recognized the bustle in such high use. Pat noticed that the new protector made him a source of curiosity, but he did not learn the truth until he showed it to the boss in the evening, when, thanking him for the gift, he said:

"The inventor of this ment well, but he never carried coal. These wire cords are that narrer that they cut like a knife; but, begorra, the thort is a good one, I can make one of it that'll worruk."

His employer informed him that he had been subjected to a practical joke; and that his shoulder protector was a bustle that had seen its day and had been laid away.

Mike, the driver, smiled and said: "It's never seen a greater day than this. Twenty tons of coal have been on it. And I bet a better man never wore one than Pat Donegan."—*Norwich Bulletin.*

A Fresh Cure.

For the benefit of those who are getting tired of "Truly rural" as a cure for stammering the following is respectfully submitted: Pronounce rapidly, "She sells sea shells; shall she sell sea shells?"—*Meridan (Conn.) Republican.*

Current News.

MONDAY:—A man in Welland, Ont., begins the search for $250,000 in gold dropped in 1812 from a British vessal into Chippewa river when pursued by Yankees. Great excitement but no money found yet.——A jealous German in Denver shoots, but not fatally his divorced wife, then kills a boarder, and ends by blowing out his own brains.

TUESDAY:—Gen. Badeau, once Gen. Grant's secretary, concludes to sue Mrs. Grant for services.——A foot of snow reported in some parts of Texas. ——James France, a Wyoming bankker, fails for $143,000 and intent to defraud suspected, he is arrested.—— J. W. Tate, treasurer of Kentucky, suspended on suspicion of heavy defalcations said to be from a quarter to a half million.——In the tally sheet forgery cases, Columbus, O., the jury failed to agree.——All Kansas City roads but one agree to handle Burlington freight.——The friends of the late Gen. Hancock purchase a fine house in Washington for his widow. ——The Burlington company telegraph east for no more engineers to be sent there, as they have enough. ——A negro miner in Birmingham, Ala., shot by a mob who took him from the officers having him under arrest.——A big land steal in Oregon unearthed in Congress.——Attempt to be made to unite the two labor parties, and the greenback party with the grangers and the woman suffragists into one great reform party.

WEDNESDAY:—The Missouri river floods the country in Montana.—— Three men frozen in the blizzard at Kit Karson, Col.——The Indiana boy preacher, eleven years old, goes to Kentucky and creates wonderful excitement by his powers.——Miss Clara Blalock, a young teacher and last year graduate of the high school at Columbus, Kans., confesses to being secretary of an organized gang of horse thieves and burglars, and that her two brothers were the murderers of Constable Gordon.——Fearful hurricane passes through eastern Tennesee, causing great damage and loss of many lives.——A Dubuque National bank fails. Loss half a million.

Tho republicans certainly hope to see Cleveland re-nominated. He has less positive strength than almost any other man the democrats have on their slate.

J. Q. A. Peyton withdrew from the race for county judge in the face of the colored troops, and so lived to fight on another day. It is a beautiful sight to see chronic office seekers withdraw as soon as they learn they are not wanted.

There is a difference in Democratic mayors. Hewitt, of New York, refused to run up the green flag of Ireland on St. Patrick's day beside the stars and stripes. O'Brien, of Boston, is another Democratic mayor. He not only put out the green flag, but he closed the public library, which has incensed many people

The editor of the Abilene Gazette thinks the democratic party ought to give Samuel J. Randall the grand bounce. When the young man learns a good deal more about politics and matters in general, he will discover that without Sam Randall and the element that he represents, the democratic party would be of less use than a pair of old pantaloons stuffed with straw.

W. P. Tomlinson. editor of the Topeka Democrat, who recently returned from a trip to New York and Washington, is fully convinced that his party cannot succeed in several doubtful states with Cleveland and the free trade policy. These doubtful states are manufacturing and protective states To go into a canvas in those state with a free trade policy would be like flying into the face of providence and would be courting defeat. The coming month will witness an able discussion of the tariff question in Congress, when the folly of a suicidal policy will become more apparent.

It is a confession of ignorance when one declares that the election of Grover Cleveland makes it any more possible for any man to aspire to be president than it was before. The idea was a part of Senator Ingall's late illtimed speech, and the inference is that Cleveland is less manly than some other presidents we have had. This is not true. Let us see. Public sentiment is worth something. In naming the streets of Topeka, they are called after the presidents. One only is omitted—that of Pierce. Will the name of Cleveland be omitted? If not he will stand higher in the capital city of Kansas than Pierce. He is an abler man than Polk, less given to political demagoguism than Van Buren, and quite as cultured as Taylor. There was neither wit nor wisdom in the sharp remark of Ingall's nor is there reason in its repetition. Cleveland is not the greatest, nor is he the smallest, president.

Dr. Slaugh of Louisburg, was found guilty last Saturday on the four counts of selling liquors in violation of law. The doctor claims the whisky was used in his practice, therefore he will take an appeal.

The Bell telephone patent is sustained by the Supreme court.

Because of storm and strike, the railway earnings of last week dropped off 19 per cent, compared with the corresponding week of last year.

Farther west the storm of Monday was quite severe. It was here a very gentle snow storm and Tuesday morning opened with a sunny smile.

Owing to the railroad strikes the state convention of republican clubs to have been held in this city next Wednesday, has been postponed till Wednesday, March 28.

The next time Prof. Dickie will not come to Kansas to teach the people their duty as prohibitionists, and St. John has bought a ranch in California and will make his home there.

What republicans want above any thing else is for the democratic party to support the Mills tariff bill and to endorse Cleveland and his recent message. Then will the goose hang high.

The United States Senate was a busy body on Monday. It passed fifty-five bills, among them two pensioning volunteer female nurses during the war $25 a month.

One J. Q. A. Peyton, who aspired to be a police judge, without any knowledge of jurisprudence, a citizen of but short standing, was complimented with 39 votes in the city at large. Some men have not the faintest idea of the proprieties of any thing but brass.

Last weeks St. Marys Gazette, like a good many other papers, has a good word for John MacDonald in connection with the office of State superintendent of public instruction. We may add that we, too, think a good deal of John MacDonald. He will do both as a man and as a school officer.

There is no little "kicking" against the nominations made at the primaries last Saturday. The opposition to Curran for police judge is outspoken and the Journal declares the nomination of Lull for alderman in the fifth ward to be a disgrace, and says he ought to be defeated at the polls.

Last Sunday in Kansas City every saloon was closed and no arrests were made for violation of the law. The ministers preached vigorous sermons on the subject. All the front and rear entrances were barred. Friendship and ropes were of no avail. If this can be done once, why not fifty-two times a year?

A Texas sheep raiser wrote to his Congressman protesting that the Mills tariff bill, if passed, would ruin his business. The next day he sold his sheep off and then telegraphed that the bill might pass for all he cared about it. It seems that he had no interest in the other fellow. It must have been a cash deal.

The Cincinnati Commercial thinks the Sherman boom is in excellent condition. Now a boom, like a chain, is no stronger than its weakest point, and if it is not seen now it is just as certain that there are some "powerful" weak places in the Sherman records, and they will show themselves just as soon as the genuine test is applied.

The local option bill recently passed by the New Jersey legislature imposes a fine of not over $200 for selling liquors in counties that adopt prohibition and it may be as much less as the court chooses. Of course, such a clause takes all the vitality out of pretended prohibition legislation. It is not easy to argue against a third party in such a state.

There are some brilliant lights in the United States Congress. Think of it. The Mills tariff bill takes off the duty on imported wool. The farmers from one end of the country to the other are protesting against it. The wise tariff tinkers in the house finally conclude that something must be done, and they offer a compromise. They will retain wool on the free list, but in compensation, they will take "sheep wash" from the dutiable list and put it also on the free list. Give the farmers the benefit of free sheep wash. This is a mixture to kill ticks But of what use will it be when the wool growers are ruined? This kind of wash is too thin.

A question has been raised more than once as to the extent of Gen. Badeau's assistance in Grant's literary work. It seems to be now settled and not very creditably to Mr. Badeau. From a letter to him from Grant now made public for the first time, it seems that Mr. Badeau was employed in 1884, more as an amanuensis than otherwise. At a later day, after Gen. Grant had failed greatly in health, Badeau proposed that he be hired to finish the work at $1,000 a month, and an interest of ten per cent in all sales of the book, which was to be put up on the market in Grant's name. To this General Grant wrote a strong reply, saying that all their literary relations must cease. He would put forth no book he could not write himself. He could not, for a moment, listen to the proposition. So it must be considered settled that while he could not rob the great soldier's family of its means, neither can he rob his great benefactor of his literary reputation.

"Nasal Voices, Catarrh and False Teeth."

A prominent English woman says the American women all have high, shrill, nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans don't like the constant twitting they get about this nasal twang, and yet it is a fact caused by our dry stimulating atmosphere, and the universal presence of catarrhal difficulties.

But why should so many of our women have false teeth?

That is more of a poser to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory of deranged stomach action caused by imprudence in eating and by want of regular exercise.

Both conditions are unnatural.

Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail and end in cough and consumption, which are promoted by mal-nutrition induced by deranged stomach action. The condition is a modern one, one unknown to our ancestors who prevented the catarrh, cold, cough and consumption by abundant and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy and Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, two old fashioned standard remedies handed down from our ancestors, and now exclusively put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world-famed makers of Warner's safe cure. These two remedies plentifully used as the spring and summer seasons advance give a positive assurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadful and if neglected, inevitable consequences, pneumonia, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Comrade Eli Fisher, of Salem, Henry Co., Iowa, served four years in the late war and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors. He had frequent hemorrhages. After using Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy, he says, under date of Jan. 19th, 1888: "I do not bleed at the lungs any more, my cough does not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells." Warner's Log Cabin Rose Cream cured his wife of catarrh and she is "sound and well."

Of course we do not like to have our women called nose talkers and false teeth owners, but these conditions can be readily overcome in the manner indicated.

A lawsuit growing out of the settlement of water rates is imminent between the city of Atchison and the Atchison Water company.

Five carloads of seed oats have been disposed of in short order by the immigration society at Anthony Kan. Good seed is very scarce.

Marysville has raised about $800 as a starter for advertising purposes. This shows Kansas enterprise for such a small town as Marysville.

In a fit Mrs. Jane Baker of Armourdale fell into a tub of boiling soap suds and was terribly scalded, Wednesday. Her arms and hands were almost cooked.

The new board of trade hall in Wichita was dedicated Wednesday night by a grand banquet. Over fifty neighboring towns were represented in response to invitations.

Garden City is setting out 40,000 shade trees on her avenues. This number of trees added to the many thousands already growing on the streets will make that a forest city.

The first cash subscription toward building a Presbyterian church in Richfield was paid by a Chinaman, who probably has a keen appreciation of the value of advertising.

Leavenworth has a Catholic church composed of colored people altogether, and Topeka has the only colored Episcopal church in Kansas.

An April Shower.

American Agriculturist for April.

The note that is not due till two years will be harder on you than the note due in a year.

Counting our chickens before they are hatched would not be so bad did we first candle the eggs.

The successful farmer is the one that makes ten per cent. on the money he has lost through mistakes.

The horse with plenty of currycomb outside and oats inside doesn't show his ribs before midsummer.

It is a poor rule that won't work both ways; nevertheless, both lending and borrowing are profitable.

None but a good farmer can make eight percent on borrowed money; and he is the last farmer to do it.

Bad tempered cows, dull plows and weak fences ought to be evils unendurable, for they are not immovable.

The man who allows the rivulets to get his manure is always sure that the government is robbing the people.

Better have your heart in your work and eighty acres, than a quartersection and be at odds with your occupation.

What doth it profit a man if he keeps the weeds down on his farm and allows them to grow on the highway.

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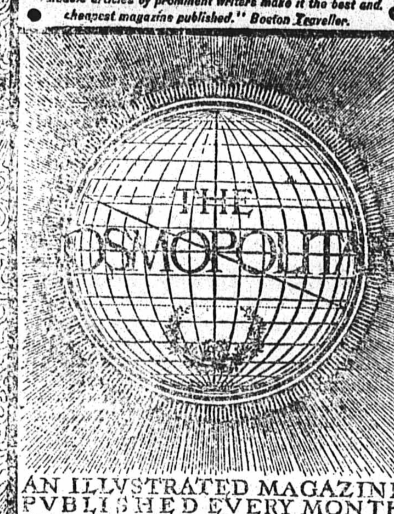

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State convention of county clerks this week. Some of them do not make so much as some railroad presidents, but it is to be hoped they will not strike.

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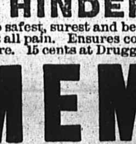
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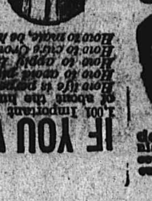

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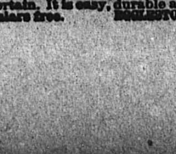
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