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G. F. KIMBALL, EDITOR.

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Job Printing of all kinds done in the most artistic manner, and at lowest prices.

Kansas will raise 15,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.

It will be a highly colored campaign—red bandannas and the bloody shirt.

The wheat harvest is upon Kansas, and a good crop generally will be realized.

His enemies say that new wrinkles are already marking the face of Judge Thurman. It was a good wrinkle in the democratic party to recognize a man like Thurman. He should have headed the ticket, however.

Mr. Carl Schurz, who is yet in Germany, and was recently entertained by Prince Bismarck, is preparing a thorough study of Bismarck's career and of its bearings on the political situation in Europe. It will appear in an early number of the Forum.

We have this week been favored with much needed rains. Favorable reports come from nearly all parts of the state. Corn is late, but looks well, and there is plenty of time for it to come out. A cool May is better for wheat, while a warm July makes the corn.

More attention to business, and less political folly would be better. It will make very little difference who is elected president, since the same general line of wire pullers control everything. It would be a good thing if the ringsters could all be broken up and driven from the country.

There has been such a demand for complete sets of the Forum by libraries and by persons who desire to keep a contemporaneous summary of important discussions, that many of the early numbers were for a time out of print. The Forum Publishing Co., 253 Fifth Ave., New York, has now reprinted them.

The democratic platform, in one sense, is an improvement upon democratic utterances heretofore made. It ignores the saloon. It does not re-affirm its anti-sumptuary law nonsense. It does this in response to a southern demand. The saloon is to be eliminated from our politics. No party now dare risk its life in defense of the saloon. It is a great step for the democracy, and is proof that it is progressive.

There can be no doubt about the statement that President Cleveland is much stronger than he was four years ago. While party ties are just as strong with the politicians, there is a very perceptible falling off among the people. Expressions are often heard to the effect that Cleveland has made a very good president, and the old argument that a change may have a bad effect, is now made in his favor, by those who used it against him before.

Gov. Martin's Testimony.

We take the following from Gov. Martin's speech before the State Temperance Union.

During the past four years I have had, I think, a fair opportunity to learn what has been accomplished in this state. I have visited nearly every section of it, and have talked with officers or citizens of every county. I have watched, with interest, the course of events, and the development of public sentiment touching the temperance question. I certainly have no reason to misrepresent the condition of affairs in Kansas. I have never made any secret of the fact that I voted against the prohibition amendment, and I cannot, therefore, be suspected of a desire to vindicate my own original judgment when I declare, as I do, that in my opinion this state is to-day the most temperate, orderly, sober community of people in the civilized world. I realize, fully, the force of this statement and am prepared to sustain it, here or anywhere.

First—I assert, in the most positive language, that the temperance laws of Kansas are enforced as earnestly, as fully and as effectively as any other laws on our statute books, or as are the criminal laws of any other state in the Union.

Second—I do not believe that there is to-day an open saloon within the limits of the state of Kansas; nor do I believe that such a saloon has existed within the borders of this state for more than a year past. I do not mean to say that intoxicating liquors are not sold in Kansas. But I do assert, with emphasis and earnestness, that the open saloon, as it existed here at the capital three years ago, and as it is known to-day in all other states where liquor traffic is legalized or licensed, has been banished from Kansas utterly.

Third—I assert that whenever or wherever liquors are sold in Kansas at all, they are sold just as all other crimes are committed, namely; in secret—just as houses are robbed or horses are stolen and by men who live in daily and hourly terror of the law.

Fourth—I affirm that, as a rule, arrests of those who violate our temperance laws are swift and certain, and their punishment, when arrested, as sure and full as are arrests and punishments of any other class of law breakers or criminals.

Fifth—I believe and declare that, as a result of the enforcement of our prohibitory laws, and the banishment of our open saloon, fully nine-tenths of the drinking and drunkenness prevalent in Kansas eight years ago, has been abolished; thousands of men who were then almost constantly under the influence, more or less, of intoxicants, are now temperate and sober; and that in thousands of homes, all over the state, where want, wretchedness and woe were then the invited guests of drunken husbands and fathers, plenty, peace and contentment now abide.

Sixth—I assert that, in every town and city throughout the state, arrests for drunkenness are annually decreasing, notwithstanding the fact that their populations are steadily increasing.

Seventh—I affirm that public sentiment in nearly every section of Kansas has been steadily strengthening in favor of rigid temperance laws and their rigid enforcement, and that this growing sentiment is due to the plainly apparent and now generally conceded fact that our temperance laws have largely abolished drinking and drunkenness, and the poverty, wretchedness and crime of which the open saloon is the fruitful and certain cause.

I assert that this development of public sentiment has made drinking unfashionable. The abolition of the saloon has practically abolished the American habit of treating. Young men in Kansas no longer regard drinking as an assertion of manhood. They know that the use of intoxicating

liquors is more or less a bar to confidence, employment or preferment, and especially to political preferment. The way to office does not lead, as it did eight or ten years ago, through the open saloon. The saloon as a potential factor has been eliminated from our political system. Society does not make excuses for nor coddle the man whose breath smells like a distillery. Men of confirmed drinking habits are, as a rule, ashamed to be seen drinking, and the bad example of their habits is thus not flaunted before the public eye, to seduce and debauch young boys and callow youth. All these things have had their influence, and have wrought the happiest result in making drinking not only unfashionable, but, in large measure, unpopular and discreditable.

And the effects are plainly seen in the marked sobriety of a Kansas assemblage of any character, civil, military or political. Public sentiment is often more powerful than statutes, and in Kansas, law and public opinion unite in regarding sobriety as the highest virtue of manhood.

The republican national convention will run a far less risk in giving some recognition to the temperance or anti-saloon movement, than if the democratic platform had in any way declared in its favor. As it is the saloon politicians cannot turn to the democracy as their avowed champion, even if the republicans declare against them. If republican statesmen are willing to forego the chances of present success, which are exceedingly minute at best, and build for the future, they will now recognize the prohibition wave that is advancing. It is present policy that now dictates otherwise.

The dairy business of Kansas is growing. Almost daily we hear of new creameries being started.

Death of E. A. Taft.

The announcement of the death of Mr. Edwin A. Taft was a shock to the community in which for many years he had been a prominent and highly respected citizen. Few even of Mr. Taft's intimate friends were aware of his illness until apprised of his sudden death.

He had been on the streets but a day or two ago, and we think it was not generally known that he had been sick, at least not seriously. He came to this city a few years ago we think from Providence, R. I., and much of the time since his arrival has been engaged in the mercantile business. He leaves a wife and one child, who have the sympathy of the community.

Mr. Taft was a man of splendid physique, rarely during a life of nearly three score years and ten having been confined to his bed with any illness. Up to the attack he appeared to be in robust health, making the shock to his friends extream.

Mr. Taft was a man of pure and upright character, of a gentle and genial disposition, a Christian, gentleman, blessed with the respect and esteem of all who had relations with him.

The north side Rapid Transit is true to name.

To answer a fool according to his folly would sometimes require the use of very dirty language.

Horace J. Newberry has resigned as business manager of the Leader, the third party organ in this city. The paper is not paying.

Pension agent Glick yesterday received a draft for \$350,000, the amount yet due necessary to pay pensions on the present quarter.

WANTED—a young lady mentioned in newspaper personals who is not perfectly "charming"

W. W. CURDY,

419 & 421 Kans. Avenue.

IS THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

4TH OF JULY GOODS,

AND SAVE DOLLARS.

Our June Clearings of Summer Goods,

Is of interest to consumers of merchandise. Prices reduced on everything that must go. We never carry over goods from one season to another, but make prices that will insure a clearance of everything.

35c French Sateens closing for 19c.
White Goods, Lawns, Batistes, &c reduced in price.
All summer clothing,
" " Shoes, low cut. Etc., " " "

Gent's Nobby Hats and Fine Furnishing goods,
Straw Mattings, Carpets and Curtains, Parasols, Fans, Laces, and Embroideries, Straw Hats, Fine Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Suspenders, and Every thing to make Fourth of July interesting and comfortable at

W. W. CURDY'S

Dry Goods, Carpets, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Etc.

SOMETHING NEW

The * MCCORMICK * TANK * FILLER.

The best article ever made for the purpose and should be used in every house where there is a gasoline stove, for the following reasons:

1st,—Because you don't have to carry your five-gallon can into the house.

2nd,—You can fill your stove and not spill a drop of gasoline, and you don't need a funnel.

3rd,—You can see any dirt, settlings, or water that may be in the gasoline.

4th,—You can pour the gasoline in the stove tank and throw the dirt, settlings or water away, and thus save the expense and inconvenience of having your stove cleaned, which often costs \$1.00 or more.

5th,—It secures safety to your property and your lives.

6th,—The price is only 20c, and everybody can afford to have one.

7th,—It is invented and manufactured for your special benefit, and if you don't think it well worth 20c, your car fare will be refunded to you. Call and get one and see other specialties, including our famous bread toaster.

My ovens are warranted to bake well or money refunded.

Tin with Russia Iron Bottoms, \$2.00

All Russia Iron, \$3.00

Yours respectfully,

J. I. MCCORMICK,

728 KANSAS AVENUE.

P. S. Buy your gasoline and headlight oil of the

RED TANK WAGONS

They pass your door every day and carry the very best goods in the market. Telephone 201.

HOW HE FOUGHT INDIANS.

The Romance and the Reality of Scalp-Lifting.

A Search of the Army Lists Would Explain a Good Many of These Cases of Mysterious Disappearances—Too Much Dime Novel Causes Many a Young Man to Run Away and Enlist.

He was a young man—scarcely more than 27 years of age—but he had a fund of reminiscences that would have done credit to an older settler. He had before him a little of the fluid that has the reputation of cheering, and he was looking over a copy of the *Tribune*. Presently something among the small advertisements caught his eye. He scanned it closely, and then, handing the paper to the reporter, said:

"There is something that reminds me of the time I left home to go knocking about the world."

It was just a little advertisement asking for information as to the whereabouts of—, who had mysteriously disappeared.

"A number of years ago," he continued, "I was described in an advertisement similar to that one, and my relatives searched for me everywhere, except in the right place. Perhaps if the advertiser in this instance knew where to look some trace of the missing one might be found. Of course this is only a surmise, because there are really many mysterious disappearances that cannot be explained in the way I refer; but I happen to know that a good many others can be."

"To what do you refer?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I think that if the records of enlistment for the United States army were examined a good many of these disappearances could be cleared up. I know mine could have been and it was about as strange a one as any of them. I just walked out of the house one morning without saying a word to anybody and I never came back—at least not for a good many years. The main trouble with me was a rush of dime novels to the head. I had read any number of these, and when, finally, a friend of mine was killed in an Indian fight I made up my mind that no less than a dozen Indian scalps would satisfy my thirst for gore. But how to get to the front was the great question. I finally solved it by enlisting in the United States cavalry. I had no great time to swell around in my uniform, but was sent at once to the frontier. I reached Bismarck, D. T., one dark, cold, rainy night, and with a number of other recruits, was rushed aboard a Missouri river steamboat. I will never forget that night. We were driven like a herd of cattle over a muddy, slimy bank that we had to slide down as best we could to get to the boat. When we got down we were hustled on to the hurricane deck, and there we lay without anything to shelter us from the cold and the rain. All the romance and revenge were taken out of me. I wasn't looking for any Indian scalps, but I was sighing for the nice, warm bed I had left. And somehow it did seem to me as though I never had read in any of my novels about any such experience; everything had been about killing Indians and nothing about cold and rain.

"But I managed to live through it all, and after fifteen days of travel arrived at Fort Buford, only to find that I had some 560 miles to march to reach Fort Custer. It took us three months to make the trip, for it was winter, you know, and the thermometer was way below zero. We buried three men on the trip, and often never got into camp until 9 or 10 o'clock at night, and then had to hustle for wood in a blinding snow storm. The number of Indians I had set out to kill had gradually decreased until I was willing to go home without a single scalp; but I couldn't.

"We arrived at Fort Custer, M. T., one morning in December, and took up the regular routine of a soldier's life. It was not sport either. At that time of the year it consisted of chopping wood and cutting ice, with twenty-four hours' guard duty once a week, as a sort of variation. I hadn't read anything about this in my novels and it discouraged me more than I can tell.

"But at last the long expected event came. We were booked for an Indian fight, as the redskins were reported raiding the settlers. I will confess candidly that when the time came and the bugle sounded 'boot and saddle' I was not so anxious for an Indian fight as I had been when in the states. But we had to go. Our company was made up mostly of recruits, and we didn't like the idea of turning out in the middle of the night to scour the country for Indians. We were all after scalps, but we preferred to take them in daylight when we could see the Indians. But Uncle Sam doesn't run his army to suit youthful scalp-hunters—I trust some of your readers will bear this in mind—so we had to go.

"Well, forty-five men strong, with six Indian scouts, one guide, eight packers, and twenty pack mules laden with ten days' rations, we started, and the first day traveled forty-five miles without rest. Each man was armed with a rifle and a revolver, and with our overcoats and blankets, it made a load that was not particularly comfortable for such a ride. A man can't realize the weight and bother of these accoutrements until he has tried such

a ride. And, do you know, my novels had never pictured such an affair. They had always told about the man riding bareback, with nothing but his saddle and gun. They hadn't said anything about fifty rounds of ammunition around his waist jumping up and down so that they chafed his hips raw. Everything was glory there, but this reality—and it was almighty stern reality—was all hardship and no glory. However, the second day out our scouts found a cattle ranch, and on approaching were greeted with a volley of bullets. But they threw up the butts of their guns (a sign that they were friendly). The settlers would not believe in their friendliness, though until they saw the soldiers coming up behind them. Then they threw open their cabins, and told us of an Indian raid. Five dead horses outside of the cabin confirmed their story and we immediately started in pursuit. We went into camp that night on the ground where, the old timers said, the Indians had been the night before. On the strength of that information we recruits didn't sleep well—at least I didn't.

"The next morning the Indian scouts were sent out to hunt up the trail of the hostiles, while we anxiously awaited results. We didn't have to wait long, for in a short time after they had left we heard firing in the direction they had gone. Of course we had made up our minds that they had come upon the hostiles unexpectedly, and in a moment we were in the saddle. We prepared for action as we rode, dropping our blankets, overcoats, and in fact everything except our arms and ammunition.

"As we neared the first bluff we heard a yell and from behind it came a lot of Indians arrayed in their war paint. I didn't stop to count them, but I was satisfied that there were more scalps there than I really cared for. You see, it just began to dawn on me that I hadn't lost any Indians and consequently had no object in hunting for any. In other words, I was frightened, the cold perspiration started out all over me, and in the next few seconds I did a wonderful lot of thinking—not about the glories of Indian fighting, either.

"We grasped our six shooter and dashed for them, but we didn't fire. It is a wonder that we didn't excited as we were, but our captain managed to restrain us. He discovered just in time that they were our scouts returning. The mistake arose from the fact that they had thrown aside the clothes they wore when they left camp and were riding in true Indian style, nearly naked.

"And the firing"—the story teller chuckled—"the firing was done by these seven Indian scouts, who had caught one poor Sioux in bathing. They had fairly riddled him with bullets and then cut his scalp into seven pieces. That night they had a war dance over it, and that was not the worst of it either. That affair actually went down on the records of the war department as an Indian fight, and I know men who got red ink on the back of their discharges for being in it. What is red ink? Why, the engagements a man has been in are put on the back of his discharge in red ink. And Uncle Sam recorded the killing of that poor Indian as an engagement. Funny, isn't it?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

A Matter of Business.

Judge.—"It appears from the evidence that you swindled this man out of twenty-three dollars and thirty cents."

Prisoner.—"I admit it, your honor, but I beg to call your honor's attention to the fact that it was simply in the way of business."

"In the way of business?"

"Yes, your honor. We have formed a swindling trust."

"A swindling trust?"

"Yes, your honor. I will explain it to you. Formerly we used to swindle a man out of \$500. Now we swindle ten men out of fifty dollars apiece. Our profits are the same, but we relieve the individual and distribute the burden, putting it lightly upon the shoulders of ten instead of heavily upon one."

"I perceive."

"So you see, by forming a 'swindling trust' we are really benefactors of our fellow man; the many come to the rescue of the one. It is harder work with us, to find ten men with fifty dollars than one with five hundred, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have put the burden of one upon the many. Moreover, we have broken up all other combinations of swindlers and the community is safe from every one excepting ourselves. I therefore ask your honor to look upon the matter in a business light. We are a trust and as such we look not for interference, but protection from the law."

"Of course if you call yourselves a trust—"

"We are, your honor."

"Organized for the benefit—"

"Of the individual, your honor."

"Yes, and as you are the individual and the society the many—six months in the House of Correction. Mr. Clerk call the next case."—*Boston Courier*.

The Ruling Passion.

Defunct Jerseyman (to Charon, this side of the Styx)—"What's the fare to heaven?"

Charon—"Two bits."

Jerseyman—"And to the other place?"

Charon—"O, we take you there free."

Jerseyman—"Be that so? Let her go down stream, then."—*Philadelphia Call*.

The Cow Before Calving—Her Needs.

John Tucker says in the *Farm Journal* that "Many people complain of lumps in the teats of their cows and of obstructions in the udders. To prevent these troubles there must be more care in drying off the cows, and in feeding and care when they come in. We milk our Jerseys the year around except three or four weeks before the calf is born. They are never dry, and their udders are all right. It is a bad plan to leave milk in the udder to dry up. This means that the water in the milk will be absorbed and leave the cheesy matter and other solids to form into lumps or to settle in the glands and cause irritation swelling and thickening of the membranes, which press outward and stop up the ducts or passages through which the milk flows.

"When the udder is swollen and hard it must be fomented with hot water or some strong liniment to reduce the inflammation as soon as possible before any thickening of the muscles or membranes take place, or there will be a permanent injury. Exposure to cold, heating foods, or excess of food will cause inflammation of the milk vessels. The cow should be fed lightly before calving, and for a week afterwards. All her drink should be warm, and she should not be exposed to the cold in any form."

Some cows will not give good milk for, perhaps, two months before calving, as it will have a salty taste, or be stringy. This is not so apt to be the case, if the cow be fed the proper foods to build up the body structure of the calf. If the cow does not have these foods, and also foods to make milk, nature will rob the milk of its elements; for the first law of nature is to feed the young in the womb and when born from the mammalian organs.

There can be no arbitrary rule about drying off cows. We keep cows for the profit there is in them, and to let the whole herd go dry three, or four, or five months as many do, because we, or some one else, had a cow that gave bloody milk or stringy milk or milk that was not good in some way, at these periods before calving, is nonsense. All cows are not alike in regard to these things and the care of food has a great deal to do with it.

The rule must be in a man's brains more than anywhere else.

Now right here let the remark be made, the successful dairy-man must make up his mind to know more. He must study up and understand more of the reasons of things. The cow must have good food to make muscle and bone to develop the calf, or in other words, calf material; and if she is to give milk good for anything she must have food for this also. Another thing, if she has these foods they must not be consumed in a fight for life, on account of exposure to the cold by day and by night. Such is too often the case. A cow can eat enough, if she has a chance, to grow a perfect calf in the fetus, and at the same time give a good mess of milk up to the very day of the birth of the calf. We have had cows do this, not intentionally ever, but because we did not know when the calf was due and there were no signs to indicate the nearness of its birth. We do not recommend it; but rather than attempt to dry the cow off at least from four to six weeks before the calf is due. It may be necessary to dry up some cows sooner, and some cannot be dried at all. These are the extremes. In no case should the milk be allowed to harden in the udder, when the cow will not dry up, let her be milked at least three times a day up to the last week before coming in, and then let her udder fill up.

During this period she should be fed lightly on carbonaceous foods to keep down fever and to make milk and be fed only on nitrogenous foods of the lightest character, such as brand. This will be ample for the calf. At the same time she should, if possible, have some succulent foods, such as roots or good silage, to promote full secretion in all parts of her body. This will aid in parturition and prevent retention of the placenta, which often occurs when cows are fed altogether on dry and heating foods.

Poverty of food unfits a cow for the ordeal of bearing young. The placenta often retained because of the lack of the mucous or softening elements required to perform this work. A cow should always have succulent foods and a small amount of linseed meal a month or more before calving-time. If this cannot be done let her have slop mixed with a decoction of tea from mucilaginous foods, flaxseed, comfrey root, slippery elm, arrowroot. When these pains are taken, there will rarely be any trouble. Starch is good. *Our Country Home*.

At a Military School.

One after another they move out upon the field, facing west, the infantry on the right and nearest us then the battery, in two lines, its gun carriages to the front, then the long single rank of the cavalry battalion, stretching to the far southern edge of the field. Well out to the west, in front of the center, is the commanding officer with his staff, and presently, as the white plumed adjutant gallops down the line, turns toward his chief on reaching the center, then halts and reins about, there is a simultaneous crash as arms are presented, and a long line of steel—the sabers of the cavalry—springs into the air. Then review order is taken, ranks are opened, the battery unlimbers and whirls its black muzzled guns to the front; another present of the line to the exalted

person who receives the review, and is hailed with a flourish of trumpets and the simultaneous droop of all the standards, another movement and the line becomes an opened column; another command, and with a triumphant burst of music from the band the whole array moves as one man: the passage in review has begun.

In quick time the band leading, they come jauntily toward us, changing direction at the upper corner and swinging past the animated groups of spectators. Front after front the sturdy infantry trudges by, the student officers hidden as file closers behind their companies and wishing for this occasion that they only belonged to the cavalry and could command and be in front of their men instead of trailing meekly after them, as required of their infantry "sub." Well they know that they cannot by any human possibility look half so picturesque in this position as their rivals and contemporaries of the cavalry on their "prancing charges" and in front of their platoons. All the same, they have their sympathetic admirers in the throng, and so they pass us by. And then with clamping bits and tossing manes come the platoons of horse. The battery quickens its gait on the marching flanks and the girls wonder how these gunners sit so straight with folded arms and never make hysterical grabs at the bars or at each other, as they would do under the circumstances. The cavalry, too, comes around at a trot, the young platoon commanders full alive to making the most of their golden opportunity, looking vastly martial and striving not to look as though they very well knew just where "she" happened to stand among the groups of the fair ones under the shade trees.

Down the long field goes the glistening column, officer after officer saluting as he passes the reviewing point, and then the infantry reappears, tramping up the eastern edge. Like some perfected machine, the long array wheels into line to the left, and ranks are dressed; then brought once more to review order. Again the trumpets flourish, the standards droop and arms clash to the present. Then comes brief rest before some one of the three commands is summoned to the front to show what it can do in the maneuvers of its particular arm. It may be a stirring skirmish drill, covering the entire valley, by the bright plumed cavalry. It may be a dashing series of battery maneuvers, with much smoke, noise, and odor unlimited of "the villainous saltpetre." It may be rapid evolutions of the soot battalion; but in each and all the student officer must take his part.—*Charles King, U. S. A. in Harper's Magazine*.

Household Chats.

No matter how much men ridicule woman's love of dress, no true woman should neglect herself in this particular. Clothing the body, like the utterances of our ideas, is a good rule whereby to index character; and the student of human nature can rarely fail to read in a crowd by the garb not only the character, but the occupation of the greater portion of those he meets. Indifference to personal appearance often arises from indolence, and there is nothing more repulsive, especially to those where neatness and taste is not only a virtue, but an intuition and a positive necessity. It is perfectly right, and proper that married women should be just as tasty and carefully as young ladies, in doing the best they can with whatever articles of dress they are able to have, and in every way possible to make the most of their appearance. Too often do we see women, broken down by the cares of maternity and household drudgery, lose all interest in themselves and their looks. This is wrong. It is really more incumbent on the wife and mother to soften the inroads with which Time is furrowing her brows and roughening her cheeks than it is for young girls to beautify their faces and adorn their forms. While the latter dress for their own pleasure and the desire of admiration from the crowd, the former must not only be laying from day to day, fresh siege to the oft times fickle fancy of her husband but be storing away seeds of memory in the minds of her little ones, who will some day in the future remember how "pretty mamma was to be, and how nicely she used to dress." The love of dress, if not carried to too great an extreme, not only interests and amuses, but refines the tastes and habits of those who are able to indulge in it, and is a source of pleasure and satisfaction not only to one's self but to others. There is scarcely any man, whether in the city or country, but that loves to see an orderly house and a neat, well dressed woman presiding over the evening meal when his day's labor is done. And whether the garb be of simple calico, instead of costly silk, there is still a grace which can light up with little touches here there, a bit of lace, a bow of ribbon and a delicate flower that gives a ripening touch, and lighens up the brow which might otherwise be lowering with frowns. The true farmer loves a neat home and a neat wife. So, by all means, let us dress the best we can and take pains not only to adorn our bodies, but do all we can to adorn and beautify our homes. —*Practical Farmer*.

Where They Had Met.

Judge (to prisoner)—"It seems to me that I have seen your face before."

Prisoner—"I shouldn't be surprised, Judge; I used to tend bar down at the Bald Eagle."—*Texas Siftings*.

OUR BASEBALL LITERATURE.

Bill Nye Grapples with the New Style of Reporting Games.

I am extremely sorry that Matthew Arnold did not live to read more of our American baseball literature. I think he would have liked us better if he had done so. In saying that we were a vulgar people and that the American humorist was a national misfortune I think he criticised us hastily, for he was only in this country a little while and judged our humor largely by the supply he read while here and which he brought with him in his trunk, but if he could have seen the baseball word painting of our glorious country he would have loved us.

If he could have read that Richardson went out, Irwin to Farrar, that Foster hit safely and stole second, that Welch fied out to Wood and all about Tierman's scratch hit and Ewings failure to sacrifice and Ward's miss of a grounder that went through him, Mr. Arnold would have said that he had done us an injustice.

We do not claim much for our long line of ancestry, and those of us who came over in the Mayflower try to conceal it as quietly as possible, but here in this wild and savage land we are trying to build up a classic style of writing up our national game that will make the mother country tired.

I admit that I cannot understand it at all yet, but I am striving to do so and I am willing to work hard.

I sometimes wish that Lord Tennyson could come here for one summer and sit with me on a bleaching-board, with his numerous hair hanging over his topcoat, while I explained to him "that it looked rather squally for the Giants, for instance, till Slattery jolted merry thunder out of the horse-hide, tore the tar out of the willow, smashed the leather, and then, while the Phillie fumbleers were pulling dandelion greens beyond the Harlem, the Metropolitan infielder lit out like future punishment beating tank-bark, accumulated a one-bagger, a two-bagger and a three-bagger, straightened himself out like a long-waisted jack rabbit across the plate and made his royal red home run just as the New York Central got in with the ball and the band played 'Tommy Make Room For Your Auntie.'"

I think that Alfred would like that. If me Lord likes a vivid and searching style he would find it here. I am only beginning to write in this way, and it is new to me, but I think I can ultimately give a description of a ball game that will appeal to every heart. When I began I would have said, for instance, that O'Rourke swatted at the ball and missed it, till the pitcher hit O'Rourke's person with it and then he went to the first and gradually got to the third base, but now I would say that O'Rourke, the Gothic extended catcher for the Giants, strove to belt the blooming ball to windward, maul-ed the atmosphere two times and concussed the life preserver on the right leg of Umpire Daniels, was presented with one base as a mark of esteem, and with a blister as big as a hornet's nest where he had tried to bisect the orbit of a hot ball with the bosom of his knickerbockers, he bungled a second, and while Hallman was muffing the orb, catching invisible crabs, balking everything in right and corking himself generally, O'Rourke lit out like a scared-to-death bobtail cornet, fell forty feet horizontally, and with his ear full of hot ball, a blister across his meridian, a fractured thigh and his mouth full of sand, hoarsely ejaculated "Judgment!"

There is a description that appeals to every heart. There is a literary moss agate that ought to tickle a man like Tennyson, unless he has a foolish prejudice against American writers.

My ambition is some day to write the lurid description of a baseball game which will go snorting down the corridors of time, along with Balaklava, Marco Bozzaris and the stubborn youth who stood on the burning deck. I want to write it so that it will be bright and jaunty in style, and yet I would like to rock a little sadness in it, a description that would be rich in coloring, and yet free from information, a carefully and professionally prepared gem of literature that would contain about a column and nothing else whatever.

The London *Saturday Review* says "what America wants is a literature that shall smack of the soil." Here is the opportunity. Let the umpire take down the remarks of a Giant who has tried to reach nine feet and catch hold of the third base with his front teeth, and then demand judgment before spitting out the north end of the Polo ground.—*Bill Nye, in New York World*.

Skin Painting.

An obscure one-line announcement in a daily paper reads, "Handy will paint your skin." If the casual reader who happened to fall upon this gem did not know that the average society woman deems dame Nature a very poor artist in complexions and is fain to supplement her efforts with palette and brush, the intent of the advertiser might be missed. As a matter of fact, the institution does a flourishing business, and has about as many customers as it can take care of. The increasing style of wearing wigs of various shades is responsible for a good deal of trade. A lady will be brunette to-night and blonde to-morrow night, and the complexion has to be made over to harmonize. How large a percentage of the lovely women one meets on a promenade owe some of their charms to the deft fingers of a skin-painter probably no one knows.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

FARM TOPICS.

SMALL FLOCKS OF SHEEP.

Until we know more about the tariff on wool few farmers will care to invest largely in sheep. But under any circumstances it is a wholesome caution to be moderate, at least, in beginning with sheep. Small flocks always do best. Sheep are apt to huddle together, and if foot rot or other disease breaks out it will quickly spread through the entire flock.

SOURD MILK AS FEED.

Many people can safely drink sour milk, while their stomachs are too weak to digest that which is still sweet. This is true of animals. The calf put upon a diet of slightly soured milk may sour, but it is usually not from the sourness of the milk, but from its low temperature. A painful or half full of cold, sour milk chills the digestive organs, and diarrhoea is the only way in which the stomach can dispose of its incubus.

THINNING APPLES.

It is easily possible in seasons of abundant blossoming for one-half the set of fruit to make more bulk of apples than the whole. The codling moth thins, and usually too much, but does not do it the right way. The apples are half or two-thirds grown before they drop and fall. The true way is to spray the tree with Paris green to destroy the worm, and then hand pick the fruit before it forms seeds, and thus exhausts the vitality of the tree.

FEET OF WESTERN HORSES.

A horse dealer remarked not long ago that he did not like to deal in Ohio bred horses, because most of them had feet easily lamed. He attributed this to the soft dirt roads on which, outside the cities, the horses of that State mostly travel. Their feet do not become accustomed to hard roads while young. Kentucky is only across the river from Ohio, but it has excellent hard roads on all the chief thoroughfares, and on these its fine trotters get the practice that makes them excel.

FRESH EGGS FOR SETTING.

When setting eggs from one's own stock it is better to use those laid the same day, and if put under the sitting hen while still warm it will be all the better. In early Spring eggs are often chilled to their injury, and some of them added when set, because of this. Placing them in pans or on plates in cold rooms is wrong. If a sitting hen is not ready lay the eggs on a piece of flannel in a moderately warm place, and at night cover them with another piece of flannel. If those who sell eggs for hatching would use this precaution they might have fewer complaints early in the season.

GRAIN TO COWS AT PASTURE.

If a cow is at all fit for the dairy she will bear good feeding with grain any time after her calf is a week old, and she shows no symptoms of fever or caked bag. Grain is especially needed after she is turned out to pasture. The succulent grass stimulates a large flow of milk, but there is little substance in it. The cow must furnish the fat from herself to make the milk rich enough. A really good cow will not fatten, no matter how highly she is fed during the first flow of milk, but it may make her yield so largely as to require that her milk be drawn three times in in twenty-four hours. This is often done with high fed cows, though it is extremely exhaustive to milk if a cow is poorly fed.

SCATTERING MANURE IN BARNYARDS.

We assume that the bulk of the Winter-made manure in the barnyard has been drawn out. But where teams are hurried toward the close there will be more or less manure that can not well be got on the wagons. This should be scraped into heaps, if possible under shelter. Left exposed through the Summer, scattered over the yard, little of it can be collected by Fall, and that little will not have much value. If the manure is fine enough, as the scatterings often are, it may be drawn, after Spring plowing is finished, as a top-dressing for the meadows. The grass will shade it from the sun, and the manure will keep the ground under it moist and rich. None of it will be in the way by the time the grass is out, as it will be washed down by rains and decayed by contact with the soil.

WHOLE GRAIN FOR SMALL CHICKENS.

Much of the feeding of chickens is of soft food. It is easily picked by the little fellows, and they can quickly fill their crops from a dab of wet meal thrown on the ground before them. This too rapid eating is one of the worst evils in artificial feeding young chickens. They gorge themselves, become surfeited and die. We have found whole wheat grain much better, beginning for two or three days by breaking the grains in two pieces. It does not matter, however, if the little fellow is forced to do this work himself. He will struggle with a wheat or oat grain two or three minutes, and at last, after a desperate struggle, swallow it. The very hardness of the whole grain keeps his food from compacting in his crop. We would not, however, feed whole corn to very young chicks, nor indeed corn ground into meal as their principal diet.

THE STOLEN PUMPKIN CROP.

We have pretty steadily maintained that nobody ever gained anything by stealing, even if it was only a crop of pumpkins among his corn. It is a quite common practice, and an Ohio farmer writes that where he grows the most pumpkins his corn is also best. This has not been our experience. In the best years for corn the pumpkin crop never amounted to much. But doubtless something depends on methods of cultivation. Our practice has been to till shallow all through the season. With this the late cultivation is almost always a benefit. But in

places where severe droughts abound, and a big plow is run deeply between the rows as the only means of cultivating the crop, it may easily be an advantage to have pumpkins or something else in the way to keep the plow out of the field. In that case the fields where the pumpkin vines were plentiful might have the fewest corn roots destroyed.

HOW DRAINING WARMS SOIL.

It is the loss of heat by evaporation that makes wet soil always cold. This evaporation goes on faster when the sun shines and warm winds are blowing, and thus neutralizes their warming effects. A man wrapped in woolen thoroughly saturated with water will chill none the less quickly for being placed in sunshine or in a draft of warm air. Many people have lost their lives from not understanding this fact. A man exposed to rain all day is often less likely to take cold than one who merely gets wet and then dries suddenly by the warmth from his body causing evaporation. This process of evaporation cools the soil in just the same way, only fortunately the clouds are insensible to the cold. But seeds and the roots of plants are not thus insensate. It makes a great deal of difference to their growth whether water in the soil is evaporating from the surface, or is sinking down through drains followed by currents of warmer Spring air.

PROFIT FROM DAIRY COWS.

It is a pretty good native cow that will make 300 pounds of butter a year, averaging seven pounds a week for nearly ten months of that time. If the butter can be sold for twenty cents per pound it gives a larger average profit per acre for the land required to keep the cow than can be got from grain growing at present prices. If three acres are required to feed a cow through the year, this is \$20 an acre profit, leaving skim-milk for the pigs and manure from the cow to pay for the labor. But there are ways to greatly increase this profit. With fodder corn as a basis of the ration and the purchase of wheat bran, cornmeal and other meals as accessories, a cow may be kept most of the year on a little more than an acre. Better still, by the addition of improved blood the cow may be bred to produce much more of both milk and butter per year. Examine closely the records of milk and butter of the Holstein-Friesian stock, and determine if this be not the true road to success.

SPRING SNOWS.

When snow falls in the Spring, delaying plowing and seeding, it is not an unmixed evil. It is popularly called "the poor farmer's manure." The general notion among farmers is that it absorbs considerable amounts of ammonia from the air. Being porous it does probably absorb more than rain, though all the latter must have first passed through the lower air to the clouds as steam or insensible evaporation. A very little ammonia where the roots of plants can get at it has a wonderfully stimulating effect. But the greatest advantage of these Spring snows lies in the fact that they fall as a mantle on the soil, without packing it as the same amount of water in drops of rain would do. On ground that has been disturbed this Spring a light fall of snow under an April sun melts by noon, and before night the surface seems nearly as dry as before it fell. If a field has been plowed through several days it should generally be left in the furrow until it is ready for seeding. After dragging down smooth, if either heavy rains or snows come, the soil will be unfit to work for several days.—*American Cultivator.*

A Cosmopolitan Woman.

She went round and asked subscriptions
For the heathen black Egyptians
And the Terra del Fuegians,
She did;

For the tribes round Athabasca,
And the men of Madagascar,
And the poor souls of Alaska,
So she did;

She longed, she said, to buy
Jelly cake, and jam and pie
For the Anthropophagi,
So she did.

Her heart ached for the Australians
And the Borriobool-Ghalians,
And the poor, dear Amahazger,
Yes, it did;

And she loved the black Numidian,
And the ebon Abyssinian,
And the charcoal covered Guinean,
Oh, she did!

And she said she'd cross the seas
With a ship of bread and cheese
For those starving Chimpanzees,
Sure, she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian
And the poor half-melted Feejeean,
And the dear Moleuca Islander,
She did;

She sent pie and canned tomato
To the tribes beyond the Equator,
But her husband eat potato,
So he did;

The poor helpless, homeless thing
(My voice falters as I sing)
Tied his clothes up with a string,
Yes, he did.

—Judge.

A Self-Made Man.

The late William Webster, the Thames embankment contractor, left a fortune of more than \$655,000. He began business as a day's laborer and for some time after he became a contractor was unable to write his name. His work and perseverance gave him a fair education and a handsome fortune.

You can't always judge the size of a man's bank account by the artistic beauty of the picture on the outside of his office safe.—*Barnesville Journal.*

A new paper called the *Lamp* has been started by a couple of ladies. Devoted to "light" literature, it is presumed.—*Norristown Herald.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

HAM CROQUETTES.

One cup of ham, two cups of potatoes, one cup of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of butter and one egg. Make in balls, roll in bread crumbs and fry in hot lard.

OYSTER PIE.

Make two rich crusts, bake them in a pan with a cloth between to hold up the upper crust. Stew the oysters lastly, beat in two eggs and a spoonful of cracker crumbs. Lift the top crust and pour the oysters in.

GRAHAM GEMS.

Take one egg, two tablespoonfuls of sour milk, a tablespoonful of salt and enough graham flour to make a somewhat stiff batter. Bake in greased iron gem-pans.

FRIED EGG PLANT.

After peeling the egg plant cut in slices one-half inch thick, pepper and salt them, and lay one slice upon the other, leaving them to stand ten or twelve hours. Drain off the liquor, dip in flour and fry brown.

COCOANUT COOKIES.

Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, one cup of grated cocoanut, two tea spoonfuls of baking powder, flour enough to make a dough; roll out, cut in shape and bake.

WAFFLES.

To make good waffles take one pint of buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teacup of flour, the yolks of four eggs and a small pinch of salt; beat the whites separately to a stiff froth and add them the last thing. Have the waffle tins well greased and very hot, pour in the batter and bake brown. When taken up spread with butter and keep warm.

MARROW PUDDING.

This pudding may be made in various ways, but it is best with half a pound of ladies' fingers cake and a quarter of a pound of beef marrow, chopped fine, a quarter of a pound of currants well cleaned, half an ounce of candied lemon peel, a little nutmeg, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, a saltspoonful of salt, and half a wineglassful of wine or brandy. Put these on a dish and fill up with custard, having previously put a border of paste on the rim; add half an hour will do it.

OMLETTE SOUFFLE.

Break six eggs, place the yolks in one basin and the whites in another; add to the yolks three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one-half tablespoonful of flour and a little vanilla essence. Beat well together, whip the whites, beginning rather slowly at first, increasing by degrees until it forms a stiff froth, then add the yolks, very gently beating the whites as you add them. Have ready a silver or plated dish (for want of either use tin), and butter it well; place the mixture on it and put it into a hot oven. Look that it rises, if so, run a knife round it, sift some sugar on it, place it in the oven again and serve, when well raised, immediately.

Some Figures About Steady Drinking.

"How many drinks of whisky do you average a day?" said one gentleman to another, as they were enjoying a social glass at a resort on Cotton avenue yesterday afternoon.

"Oh, taking the year around, I presume my average would be about ten a day."

"And how long has this been going on?"

"Straight along for twenty years, I guess; but it never hurt me any, and I can attend to my business just as well as I ever could."

"But how much whisky, taking your own statement for it, do you suppose you have drunk during that time?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I never thought about that."

"Well, let us take another nip and then figure on it," and they did, and here is the result of their work:

"Ten drinks a day would be 70 drinks a week, or 2,640 drinks in a year. In twenty years that would give the enormous number of 52,800 drinks. Now, the average drink in this country is said to be 60 to a gallon. Then divide this 52,800 by 60, and you will find that you have consumed 1,213 fraction gallons. Now, there are supposed to be, on the average, 36 gallons to a barrel. Divide 1,213 by 36 and you find that you have drunk just about 36 barrels of the stuff."—*American Recorder.*

Solved by Science.

A Meriden clothing dealer recently offered a spring overcoat to any person solving the "anti-rattle-box" puzzle.

This consisted of a short cylindrical wooden box, securely sealed. The point was to shake the box without rattling the contents. On the box was printed: "You can't do it; but it can be done." Those who got hold of the boxes, after shaking them in different ways, cut them open and found the contents to consist of pieces of tin of different shapes. As no method of doing the trick could be thought of, it was generally supposed that the puzzle could not be solved. Charles M. Fairchild, assistant to Supt. Fitzgerald, of the Meriden Electric Light Company, came into possession of one of the boxes. He dissected it, noticed the bits of tin, thought a moment, and then, taking a piece of magnetized iron, replaced the cover on the box and applied the magnet to one end. It was strong enough to attract all the small pieces of tin and hold them fast to the end of the box however violently it was shaken. He got the overcoat.—*Hartford Times.*

Heart Complaints.

The heart is inclosed within a membranous sac (pericardium) which secretes a lubricating fluid to prevent friction between it and the chest. Pericarditis is an inflammation of the sac.

It may be acute or chronic. In both forms the fluid is altered in character and generally increased, in acute sometimes to a pint or more; in chronic it has measured over a gallon. Of course it greatly interferes with the action of the heart. The acute tends to recover by absorption of the fluid. The fluid sometimes becomes purulent, in which case it should be drawn off.

The cavity of the heart is lined with a somewhat similar membrane, called endocardium. This membrane, and especially that part of it which forms valves, may also be inflamed (endocarditis). This gives rise to little roughnesses—sometimes as large as a pea; to a thickening and subsequent shrinkage of the valves; to a growing of the valves to the heart wall; and later, to a fatty degeneration and calcification of the roughened membrane. The valves thus become contracted and otherwise rendered insufficient. Both pericarditis and endocarditis are most commonly due to acute rheumatism but sometimes Bright's disease.

Sometimes the muscular substance of the heart is inflamed (myocarditis), resulting in an abscess, or an undue growth of fibrous tissue which weakens the wall. In both cases death may result from rupture of the heart.

The above changes in the valves and other instructions to the flow of the blood generally gives rise to enlargement of the heart. This enlargement for a time is a help, as it enables the heart to keep up the normal flow. But it may proceed so far as to cause a dangerous dilation or thinning of the walls at some part and an increase of the valvular incompetency.

Sometimes the muscular fibers of the heart are changed to a fat (fatty degeneration), thus rendering the heart very feeble. Death may result from either rupture or paralysis of the heart.

Angina pectoris may be due to heart disease, though often wholly dependent of the latter. When due to it, it involves liability to sudden death.

The great arterial arch leading from the heart (the aorta) may, at some point, become distended into a large pouch (aneurism). This is liable to burst, or it may become fatal by pressure against the windpipe or other vital parts.

In many cases of heart disease the disorder is purely functional. Though the symptoms are peculiarly marked and distressing, there is really no organic disease. It is due to various disturbances of the nervous system.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Season for Rabies.

The mad-dog season has been opened in New York by a worthless cur which bit four little girls before a policeman could perforate his carcass with a bullet. This incident will afford another opportunity for public remark by critics who do not recognize hydrophobia as a disease, but who regard the so-called rabies in human beings as the result of conjured terror. These critics will indirectly accuse the victims of rabies of surrendering to death during a paroxysm of fright, and hold up to ridicule people who believe hydrophobia is a constant menace.

Against these theories there stands the incontrovertible fact that scores of children have died of hydrophobia—inocent victims whose minds had not yet matured to an extent sufficient to permit the harboring of fear as to the result of a bite of a pet dog. There was no conjuring of fear in the minds of these little victims; no nervousness and frenzy brought on by imagination.

But admitting that only one in ten of the reported deaths from rabies are the result of genuine hydrophobia, there is yet ample reason for warfare on the thousands of curs that are permitted to snarl and snap at people in the streets. The pleasure afforded by the ownership of a million of curs is offset a thousand times over by the horror of one death from hydrophobia.

There are oftentimes too many dogs for human comfort in large cities. Thousands of curs are owned by people who make no effort to provide the animals with food and drink; and in the heat of the summer season it is not surprising that some of them "go mad."—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

Buzz-Saws.

A poor pencil, like a dull boy, is hard to sharpen.

A fine epitaph won't help a man in the next world.

The moth always looks on the bright side of things.

A haughty carriage is often a mighty inconvenient vehicle.

The man who is always afraid he is going to get left never gets there.

The postage stamps that won't stick on a letter will stick together hard enough when carried around in the pocket.

It is no use to put on the brake when the wagon is upset.

The canary never sings his best when you are trying to sell him.

When a man is anxious to buy he gets the worst of the bargain.

It is a bad thing for the clerk when he begins to think he knows more than the boss.—*Judge.*

A LOCOMOTIVE RACE AFTER A BABY.

An Exciting Chase, and the Infant Finally Recovered.

Twenty years have passed since a certain Bath sea captain, entering the port of New York, telegraphed to his wife at Bath to join him at the metropolis prepared for a sea voyage. Accordingly, a day or two after the arrival of the message saw the wife embarked upon the through train to Boston, accompanied by an infant child scarcely 2 years old. This car was shunted on to the end of the Portland train at Brunswick, and, leaving the child asleep, the captain's wife seized the opportunity to fill the baby's bottle with milk in the depot restaurant.

While the mother was intent upon her errand the train slipped quietly out of the station, and when the mother emerged from the restaurant door it was fast disappearing under Spring street bridge.

Eagerly she explained the situation the sympathizing group of railroad men who gathered around. Baby and purse, containing all her money and ticket, were in the fast disappearing train.

A hurried council followed and a plan was instantly formed.

Old No. 23, "the Brunswick," was sidetracked, waiting the passage of the train just gone. Uncle Thompson, the station baggage-master at the time, ran hastily to this engine and asked her aid to overtake the flying train.

The general Charles, ever ready to aid the cause of any female in distress, volunteered to catch the robber. Hastily filling the fire-box with wood from the tender, while Thompson assisting the woman to mount the engine, with the command to the switchman to "give us the main line," with hand upon the throttle, No. 23 flew quietly over the switches and commenced her run. An empty engine chasing up "Oak Hill grade," which extends four miles straight away from Brunswick, has an easy task and before they covered more than half that distance they could see ahead the object of their pursuit.

To sound his whistle, calling the attention of the trainmen to the chase, and thereby stop the train was not part of the programme. Fearing he might run over them should he suddenly stop. So quietly running along, the roar of the train deadening the pursuit, he is soon immediately behind them. Then his tender—for they are running backward—rubs against the rear platform of the train, and while the engineer holds her there, Thompson assists the woman over the tender down upon the platform of the car containing the baby still fast asleep, the mother clasping tightly the bottle of milk which cost such effort.

The captain tried to reward the men who came to his wife's relief so nobly, but they, with true nobility, refused to accept money for such a service.

Tomulus and Remus Not Rare.

The *Zoologist* reprints an extraordinary pamphlet, entitled, "An Account of Wolves Nurturing Children in their Dens." This pamphlet was printed at Plymouth in 1852, and has long been out of print. On the wrapper of a copy in the Zoological library of the Natural History museum at South Kensington there is the following memorandum in the handwriting of the late Colonel Hamilton Smith: "This account, I am informed by friends is written by Colonel Sleeman, of the Indian army, the well-known officer who had charge of the Thug inguities and who resided long in the forests of India." The writer records a number of cases of children who are said to have been nurtured by wolves in India. In one instance a large female wolf was seen to leave her den followed by three whelps and a little boy. This happened near Chandour, ten miles from Sultanpore, in the year of 1847. The boy went on all fours and ran as fast as the whelps could. He was caught with difficulty and had to be tied, as he was very restive, and struggled hard, to rush into holes and dens. When a grown-up person came near him he became alarmed and tried to steal away. But when a child came near him he rushed at it with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it.

When cooked meat was put near him he rejected it with disgust; but when raw meat was offered he seized it with avidity, put it on the ground under his hands, like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near him while he was eating, but he made no objection to a dog coming and sharing his food with him.

The trooper who captured the boy left him in charge of rajah of Hasunpore, who sent him to Captain Nicholls, commanding the first regiment of the Oude Local Infantry at Sultanpore; and some interesting notes as to the boy's habits are given on this officer's authority. He died in August, 1850; and after his death it was remembered that he had never been known to laugh or smile. He used signs when he wanted anything, and very few of them except when hungry, and then he pointed to his mouth. When his food was placed at some distance from him, he would run to it on all fours, like any four-footed animal, but at other times he would walk uprightly occasionally. He shunned human beings, and seemed to care for nothing but eating. If the pamphlet can be proven to be perfectly trustworthy, it certainly deserves to be carefully studied by anthropologists.—*London Nature.*

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

June 16, 1898.

A Cheap Country Paint.

A method of painting farm buildings and country houses, while by no means new, is yet so little known and so deserving of wider application as to warrant a description. The paint has but two parts, both cheap materials, being waterlime or hydraulic cement and skimmed milk. The cement is placed in a bucket, and the skim milk, sweet is gradually added, stirring constantly, until just about the consistency of good cream. The stirring must be thoroughly done to have an even flow, and if too thin, the mixture will run on the building and look streaked. The proportions cannot be exactly stated, but a gallon of milk requires a full quart of cement and sometimes a little more. This is a convenient quantity to mix at a time, for one person to use. If too much is prepared the cement will settle and harden before it is used. A flat paint brush, about four inches wide, is the best implement to use with this mixture. Lay it on exactly as with oil paint. It can be applied to wood-work, old or new, and to brick or stone. When dry, the color is a light creamy brown, or what some would call a yellowish stone color. Neither expression describes it well, but it is a very good color for a country building. A pigment like ochre may be added to change the color, but it is very difficult to do the mixing so thoroughly as to give an even tint. If attempted, the cement and coloring matter, in carefully weighed proportions, should be first run through a paint mill. This skim milk paint, well mixed, without added color, has a good body, gives a smooth satisfactory finish on either wood or stone, and wears admirably. A friend of mine used this paint for a set of farm buildings, which have since passed through three winters, and are now looking fresh and well. One building was new and the covering boards imperfectly seasoned; others had been white-washed, some repeatedly for more than half a century. All appeared equally well. The older buildings were prepared by scraping off the loose and scaly white-wash, the scraper being a curly-comb, it was not much work to do this. The expense of this piece of painting was surprisingly slight. A laborer at \$1.50 a day did the work, and he covered a two-story, twelve-room house in six working days. He laid on from three to four gallons a day, the whole quantity used on this building being less than a bushel of cement, costing fifty cents, and twenty-two gallons of skim-milk, worth less than a dollar on the farm. The whole cost of satisfactorily painting a good sized house, brush included, was less than \$12.

This painting mixture, so easily and cheaply prepared, was described in receipt books years ago, but a knowledge of it was revived by Gen. Le Duc while he was U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture. He mentioned an instance of a country house within his personal knowledge, the body of which was covered with skim milk and cement, and the trimmings with lead and oil paint, forty-five years before he described it; during this period the trimming paint had been renewed several times, but the cheap body color remained well preserved.—H. E. Alvord, in American Cultivator.

- No wood ashes should be wasted. They are far too valuable.
-Water for poultry can best be kept pure if put in earthen crocks,
-Pekin ducks are said to be invariably free from lice and other vermin.
-If the apple tree is well established in the soil, yet bears inferior fruit, graft it.
-Fowls confined at this season should have plenty of fresh earth in their coops.
-The Nebraska State Fair is to occur next September, beginning on the seventh.
-A wise man learns by the failures of others to avoid similar blunders himself.
-If hens are kept in confinement plenty of fresh clover and grass should be given them.
-As many as ten thousand quarts of strawberries have been grown on a single acre of land.

A distressing scene occurred during the morning services at the Independence avenue Christian church, Kansas City, Sunday. Rev. Dr. John A. Brooks, the pastor, and the recently nominated Prohibition candidate for Vice President, was preaching upon the subject, "Christ as a young man," and was drawing a pathetic word picture of the suffering of Mary, the virgin mother, as she looked upon the form of her idolized son nailed to the cross, when Mrs. Agnes C. Chanslor, a member of the congregation, sprang to her feet and screamed: "O, stop! stop!" and then fell back in a swoon. This interruption of the services created intense excitement. Mrs. Chanslor was removed as quickly and quietly as possible and the congregation dismissed. The unfortunate lady was immediately conveyed to her home, corner of Brooklyn avenue and Eighth street, by her husband and Dr. Hudson. There she was attacked with convulsions and went from one spasm into another so rapidly that for a while fears were entertained for her recovery. The cause of this strange scene has since developed and puts a still sadder phase upon it. About two years ago Mrs. Chanslor's son, a bright young man 16 years of age, died. The mother was almost heartbroken, and ever since the date of her bereavement has carefully avoided contact with scenes or people that would recall the thought of her loss. She had even refrained from going to church, and last Sunday was the first time she had ventured there. When Dr. Brooks announced his theme and began to speak upon it her husband noticed that she showed signs of emotion. As the preacher warmed up to the subject and graphically described the mother's love and grief, Mrs. Chanslor moaned once or twice, and then springing to her feet, cried out to him to cease. After hours of hard work Dr. Henderson and Mr. Chanslor succeeded in partially restoring her to consciousness, and she became quiet. She rested very little during the night, however, and several times sat up in her bed, screaming and moaning in the most heartrending manner. Monday she was somewhat better, and the doctor said that, though a very sick woman, he thought her out of danger.

The Farmer's Wife.

The success of the farmer, like the success of every man, depends largely upon his wife, although this fact is too seldom considered. If she be extravagant, careless, untidy, wasteful, negligent or ill-tempered there can be no success on the farm; if she keep a merry heart and cheerful countenance, is prudent, careful, industrious and frugal, the farm will succeed even if the man be lazy and unfitted for his work. This being true, it is only half fair to speak of any man's success as a farmer if his wife's co-operation be not at the same time recognized.

Taking more than her share of the labor she merits a generous allotment of praise. With the day dawn, throughout its busy hours, and at its close, her work should receive acknowledgement, her burden be lightened, and her life brightened as much as possible. The farmer has a hard life of labor, but while he works he is surrounded by the great world and is broadened and helped unwittingly, while his wife toils on unceasingly within the narrow confines of the house, and lives in the kingdom of home, a life as broad and deep and far-reaching as his, if she has ever as the limits of her horizon, the pure, strong love of her husband and children. If that be denied, even seemingly, a narrow, confined existence will be hers, whose only boon is, that death will one day set her free.

When this is fully realized a happier state of things will exist. She will not be expected to cook things for others which she detests, without in turn receiving little delicacies which she alone cares for. Her taste for music and flowers and home decoration will be encouraged, and it will be deemed as essential to furnish labor-saving machinery for the home as for the farm, and the farmer's wife become what she should ever be the true helpmate of her husband, the honored queen of a happy home, which, because of her, will be the dearest spot on earth to every member of her household.

- Nothing about the farm secures ready cash more easily than a well-managed poultry yard.
-The only sure way to battle with weeds is to destroy them the instant that they appear.

ST. JACOBS OIL FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Gen. RUFUS INGALLS, Quarter-Master General, U. S. Army, To whose Department the purchase and custody of all Army Horses and Mules belongs, and whose fac-simile signature taken from his testimonial is here shown, testifies from his personal knowledge as follows: "St. Jacobs Oil is the best Pain-cure ever used." Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere. The Chas. A. Vogeler Co., BALTIMORE, MD.

Hard wood lumber is constantly increasing in demand so that the forestry question is pertinent.

There is more abundant feed in the cattle ranges south of Elko, Nevada, now than for six years.

Milking cows should be done regularly. At six o'clock morning and evening seems the best hours.

Poisons necessarily used about the farm should be carefully put out of possible reach of animals.

Asparagus roots are cheap and no farmer should neglect to supply himself with a bed of this delicious vegetable.

A good draft horse is the most valuable of all horses. If you have such a horse keep him and take care of him.

When you notice a caterpillar nest on the roadside or field destroy it. If neglected, your orchard will suffer.

The farmer is rare who can wisely adapt his work through successive years to the weather that is probable.

Look a man's stock over and you have a certain decision as to what the man himself is. Nothing else can be needed.

Ostrich farming in South Africa has depressed so much that feathers formerly selling for \$1.25 are now selling for \$7.50.

These are busy days, yet it cannot be economical to neglect little repairs about the place, necessitating greater ones soon.

It is said by one, who has tried spraying with kerosene oil on peach trees that it will kill the lice and also the trees.

The Nebraska horses are suffering from glanders, perhaps aggravated by erroneous treatment, on the part of the doctors.

The aim of committees should be to have the horse racing at agricultural fairs in the hands of the farmers rather than jockeys.

In attempting to raise a good colt it is absolutely essential that he be kept growing well until he is two years old.

Filthy stables are always disease breeders, but particularly so in hot weather, when the purifying influence of the frost is missed.

If there is plenty of green food at the disposal of poultry it will not be necessary to give them meat at this season of the year.

It is a good plan to make all the butter possible now, as the grass never was finer and if a cow ever can give milk good for butter, it is now.

The scale is being turned again by the Raecode Brothers of Wanhegan, Illinois, who are soon to start for Europe with a car load of horses.

Feed all young animals. If from lack of proper food their growth becomes stunted in youth it will be difficult to overcome the loss afterwards.

The planting of fruit trees in the vegetable garden is most unwise, as the trees will shade the vegetables as to make their healthy growth impossible.

Sweet peas should be grown on every farm. Of course not for eating but for their beauty and fragrance and for the general enjoyment they will bring.

A strange theft reported is that in which John Cooper, a farmer living near Abilene, Kansas, had the fruit trees that he had set out one day stolen the following night.

An expedition is soon to leave Chicago for Texas, to capture alive the few buffaloes left in order to care for them and perpetuate the race almost extinct. A rather late American afterthought.

FACT AND FANCY.

The 88th division army has invaded Vicksburg, Miss. A white swan was on exhibition at Mount Vernon, O.

The pay of circus clowns ranges from \$20 to \$50 a week. Forty-eight charcoal ovens are in operation at Decatur, Ala.

The school population of Hot Springs, Ark., is two thousand. There are said to be thirty thousand blind people in England.

The corn crop of Mississippi is estimated at thirty million bushels. Fig trees are bearing a second crop of fruit near Tallahassee, Fla.

The Gila and Salt rivers, in Arizona, are reported to be very full. Dressed frogs sell at \$2.50 a dozen in the San Francisco markets.

Twenty cotton compresses will be operated in Mississippi this year. The landlords of Birmingham, Ala., have raised rents 50 per cent.

The sum to be raised by taxes in New York city this year is \$31,803,174. Monkeytown is the name of a new postoffice in Yazoo county, Mississippi.

A tree planted to the memory of Charles Darwin in Cambridge was recently stolen. The October exhibition at Little Rock, Ark., will embrace exhibits from seventy-five countries.

The Indians of the first canton of the state of Jalisco must begin wearing pantaloons after Sept. 1. A mill-owner at Ripley, Tenn., ships weekly 300,000 feet of poplar and oak lumber to northern markets.

The Salt Lake Tribune thinks ground will be broken for the railroad into Nevada within twenty days. One of the sights at Coney Island recently was a bulldog wearing a linen collar and flashy necktie.

The melograph is an invention by which persons can improvise on a piano and have the music recorded. There is a movement in France to declare the day of Joan of Arc's entrance into Orleans a national holiday.

It has been discovered that eight out of every ten boys in Dayton, O., carry a revolver, dirk, or slingshot. What is the difference between a high churchman and a Baptist? The one uses candles and the other dips.

A dispute over 25 cents ended in the death of Jesus Leon at the hands of Filomena Ruiz at Tucson, Nev., Sunday. One million bushels of edible oysters, it is estimated, were caught in the waters of Long Island sound during the past year.

The water from the Daniel spring, Georgia, is said to be a natural hair dye. Bathing gray hair with it will change the color to black. The martins at Martinsville, Va., have made systematic war upon the English sparrows, and completely driven them out of the place.

A cashier takes the bookkeeper's place at Warren, O., after serving five years in the penitentiary for stealing \$100,000 from the bank. The less business a California town has in these times, the more it feels the want of a board of trade, says The Virginia City Enterprise.

In a Hebrew school: Teacher: "What crime did Joseph's brother commit in selling him?" All the pupils in chorus: "They sold him too cheap."

The night watchmen of the city of Queretaro, Mexico, struck for back pay last week. The strikers lost their positions, and were locked up in prison. Reports from Lake county, California, state that the hop crop in that vicinity is greatly damaged by hop vermin, and in many cases the picking has been abandoned.

A watermelon weighing sixty-two pounds was among the crop of big melons raised on mining slickens ground on H. B. Nichol's ranch, Nevada county, California, and without irrigation. Funeral director is the name now given to the undertaker. A call has been issued, so it is said, for the assemblage of all of those in Richmond in September to form a state association.

A church member in Oakland was rebuked for doing a real-estate transaction on Sunday. He excuses himself by saying that if land, like bread, will rise on Sunday it must have attention. Newspapers are so fond of praising dead men that any man of prominence gets a good notice the moment he departs this life. In this way some mighty mean men may possibly get to heaven.

French toy manufacturers are complaining of the crushing rivalry of the Germans, who are charged with making false custom house entries to secure low duties, and with imitating French goods. The amount of bacon used in the American navy floats up over one million pounds per year. How fifteen or twenty men manage to get away with so much is none of the business of foreign nations.

So much trouble is experienced by Boston business men in handling telephones and with district messengers that they are talking of going back to old and sure methods of transacting their business. A Tennessee 5-year-old was taken by his mother to witness a hop at a hotel for the first time in his life. Noticing an elderly musician playing on a harp the youngster looked into his mother's face, saying, "Mamma, is that David?"

A little 6-year-old, doubting a statement by her uncle that the moon is made of green cheese, was advised by the divine to ascertain for herself. "How can I, grandpa?" "Get your bible and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "Begin at the beginning." The child sat down to read about the creation of the stars and the animals, and came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery: "I've found it grandpa!" "It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

A Good Time to Live In.

There has been a vast increase in centenarians of late. Formerly a person who reached the age of one hundred years was a rare curiosity; now there is hardly a county in the country that cannot boast its centenarian. An eminent German physiologist maintains that there is really a hundred years' wear in every healthy human organism, and that all persons who die before their first century is completed fill untimely graves. According to this theory (which we will not stop to examine too closely), every person who dies before he reaches the centennial mile-post tempts his fate by rough and improper usage, and unnecessary wear and tear.

But, at any rate, the longevity of the race is undoubtedly being very rapidly increased by the increased conformity to hygienic laws, and by modern appliances of comfort and cleanliness. It has been too much the habit of old men to glorify the hard-look of the men of their youth, and the sturdy development which they imagined resulted from the constant battle waged with hardships and discomforts. They boast of the feat of sitting through long, nineteenth century sermons in unheated churches in the depth of winter, and of going out into the snow bare footed, in their early childhood, and climbing up to bed into a rickety garret from a ladder on the outside. They love to boast of the stalwart men, developed from those children who slept directly under a roof that failed to stop the snow.

But the conclusion that exposure makes people more hardy is passing away. The poet Whittier, in a recent review said that his constitution was undermined early in life by these early exposures. The biographers of Lincoln, in a recent chapter of this most interesting history now running in the Century Magazine, speak emphatically about the mortality and diseases, which resulted from the exposures and hardships of the early pioneers of Illinois. Rheumatism, the inevitable penalty of exposure, and the varied diseases developed by its weakening effects on the system brought many naturally strong men to their death on the wrong side of the fifty mile-stone. To-day a business or professional man is considered in his zenith at fifty, in vigorous working trim at sixty, and many hesitate to yield up to the active duties of life at seventy-five or eighty.

This increased vigor and longevity is doubtless due to the increased comforts of life, shorter hours of labor, a better knowledge of the laws of health and (though we know our elderly readers will vigorously dissent) to a higher plane of morality and correct living. Again the people of to-day do not worry so much over non-essentials. They have no such superstitious reverence for signs and omens, no dread of the supernatural terrors of ghosts and witches, no helpless anxiety about hopeless and unsolvable theological problems, no such bitter partisan rancor in politics. Though the activities of life are increased there is not so much friction. People are more tolerant and less disagreeable in their convictions. There is more color to life, more atmosphere, a greater diversity of amusement and greater opportunities of self-entertainment.

Benjamin Franklin used to mourn because he was not born farther ahead in the future, that he might become a contemporary witness of the inevitable improvements and progress of the race. No such wish is justifiable for a citizen of the present age. In short the conviction must be forced home upon every man who stops to consider the subject, that we are in a better age than has ever preceded it. Our lines are cast in pleasant places. We have a goodly heritage.—Yankee Blade.

Neglected Sympathy.

"Mama," said a little girl to her mother. "Do you not sympathize with those who are afflicted?" "I do indeed," she replied. "For a man who has no feet?" "Certainly, my child!" "For a man who has no arms?" "Yes." "For the deaf and dumb?" "Indeed I do, and for all who are afflicted in any way." "For anything that is blind?" "To be sure I do." "The child hesitated a moment and then broke out with: "You don't cry much over the window blind, do you mama?"—Pretzel's National.

He Didn't Get It.

Traveler (to paper boy)—Here, gimme a Century. Paper Boy—Cut or uncut? Traveler—Dc they come both ways? Boy—Yep. Traveler—Then gimme one with the war articles out.—Life.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

June 16, 1898.

Kansas-Boston Enterprise

Considerable speculation having been indulged in lately as to a movement prompted mainly by Boston capital and an enterprise for the utilization of sorghum on a larger scale than ever before in the production of sugar, a Journal representative yesterday was enabled to gather the correct particulars in an interview with Mr. Stillman F. Kelley, of the firm of I. O. Whiting & Co., who is the chief projector and president of the National Sugar Manufacturing company.

"What is the object of the company?" he was asked. In reply he stated: "This is a corporation organized under the laws of Kansas, with an organized capital of manufacturing sugar and molasses out of sorghum."

"Who are the leaders in this enterprise?"

"I am the president and the board of directors include Messrs. G. B. Wilbur of Boston, J. W. Converse of Boston, Irving O. Whiting of Boston, W. W. Pusey of Wilmington, Del.; W. L. Parkinson of Fort Scott, Kan.; Magnus Swenson of Fort Scott, Kan.; and Charles A. Wilbur of Larned, Kan.; also Stillman F. Kelley, of Boston. The Boston members are too well known here to need any remark as to their standing. Mr. Pusey is the head of the firm of Pusey & Jones, whose works in Delaware are very extensive. You may remember that the yacht Volunteer was produced at this establishment. It was necessary, in accordance with the source of our charter, that three of our directors should belong to Kansas. One of these is Professor Swenson, whose improved process of producing sugar and molasses from sorghum we are to operate."

"What is the special advantage of the improvement?"

"It will enable us to extract three times the amount of sugar that has heretofore been possible, and the extract will be of an improved quality."

"How is this done?"

Instead of crushing the cane between the rollers, the juice is taken out by the method known as diffusion, warm water being used. In the work of crystallization the losses arising from inversion are avoided by the Swenson process."

"Have you established your factory?"

"We have established two factories—one at Topeka and one at Fort Scott in Kansas."

"What is the grade of sugar that you produce at present?"

"It resembles the old fashioned white Havana sugar, testing 94 to 98."

"Have the factories large capacity?"

"They are capable of using about 500 tons of sorghum cane per day."

"Is there special advantage in location in Kansas?"

"Yes; we think the soil and atmosphere better adapted to the proper growing of sorghum than any other in the country. The atmosphere is an important thing, as the saccharine quality depends largely upon that."

"Does your company intend to produce as well as manufacture?"

"No. We make contracts with the farmers to raise the cane. We have not formed any conclusion to become growers ourselves."

"Will it be profitable to the farmers?"

"Yes. They can all raise from 10 to 20 tons of sorghum cane to the acre, and their crop can be perfected in 90 or 100 days."

"Are there any by-products of the sorghum cane which can be turned to profit after the sugar is extracted?"

"Yes, the by-products form an important addition to the main profits. In fact, these were sufficient to meet all the operating cost last year."

"What are these products?"

"They are the seed, the cane chips, the leaves and the seed heads."

"How are they utilized?"

"The seed are used for grain and for glucose. The seeds are available only when the sorghum cane is cultivated for the sugar yield. There is an average of 2½ bushels of seed to a ton of cane. They are fully equal to corn for grain purposes, and for glucose they are superior. The cane chips are used for paper pulp, and also for fuel; the leaves for fodder and ensilage, and the seed heads are a substitute for hay."

"What is the average sugar yield of a ton of cane?"

"The average outcome of a ton is 102 pounds of first sugar, testing 94 to 98, and in addition 15 gallons of molasses."

"Has the sorghum crop any special advantage over the sugar cane as produced in Louisiana?"

"One important advantage is that it is three months earlier, thus gaining much in the time of reaching the market."

"Have you any purpose of doing sugar refining in Boston?"

"Well that is one of the things that we have not yet thought out. Naturally there is a decided advantage in doing the work on the ground where the raw material is produced."

"Is there any other advantage in your present location?"

"Yes; Kansas being the central part of the United States there is a great saving transportation. We have made special arrangements with the railroads, and have every facility for freight transference there."—Boston Journal.

Teh Mosier Ice Co. at their Factory on 2nd and Polk, are turning out a fine quality of pure crystal ice. This company have put in excellent machinery at great expense and will deliver to you, an article that after careful analysis by the City chemist has been declared perfectly pure and healthful. Give them a trial.

The prevalence of Malaria in large section of country where, until recently, it has never been known, is not easy of explanation. If you are a sufferer, it will be more interesting to you to know how to get well. A few doses of Shallenberger's Antidote will do the work, and do it immediately. The medicine is prompt in destroying the poison, and always safe even for young children. Sold by Drug-gists.

The City Library.

The city librarian says in his report for the month of May: "The large increase in circulation over one year ago, noted in my report for March, has been surpassed by the corresponding gain in May. During this month 3,391 volumes, were issued for home use, an increase of 576 volumes, or over twenty per cent more than the circulation for May, 1887. As there is no apparent reason for this increase, since no books were added and there was no new catalogue to select from, there seems to be a steady increase in the public interest in and appreciation of the library, and it is very much to be desired that this should continue."

Sixty three new cards were issued on a guaranty, this being the largest number in any one month under the new rules. Only three cards were issued on three dollar deposit, and none on the five dollar deposit. Appleton's Annual Cyclopaedia for 1887 was purchased in two books and seven periodicals were given to the library during the month.

The number of readers in the building continues to be as large as in the winter, although there is usually a marked fall, owing off in the use of libraries as summer approaches. During the month 163 books were issued, on 120 applications, for use in the building; and 497 periodicals, were given out on application; \$16.43 was received as fines on overdue books. In every respect the use of the library has been very encouraging to the librarian. OLIN S. DAVIS.

For the next thirty days N. F. Conkle offers great inducements to purchasers of dry goods, summer underwear, millinery etc., men's and boys hats at a big discount.

Pianos, Organs.

J. H. Lyman & Co., 805 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, are agents for the world renowned Mason & Hamlin Pianos and Organs. Sold for cash or on monthly or quarterly installments. Their pianos now, as their organs always have, stand unequalled for purity of tone, perfection of action and durability.

Portraits.

For oil, Crayon and Pastel portraits from life, a specialty. Studio at 320 Kansas ave. Studio open every day for the present. A. E. PECK, artist.

Great Inducements

SALES IN MILLINERY ON THIS WEEK AT Mrs. Metcalfs 803 Kansas ave. where you will find the latest and most elegant goods and wonderful bargains.

To Consumers of Gasoline and Oil.

The Cooke Fuel company are large dealers in coal, gasoline and oil. Our gasoline and oil tanks are blue. We have large tanks in the Consolidated Tank line, company's oil and gasoline yards, and sell their products.

The Cooke Fuel company sell nothing but the best gasoline that comes into this market, and guarantee it fill up to 74 degrees, double deodorized. We do not offer rewards to people who will explode gasoline, as we believe this plan only encourages people to be careless handling it. But we will deposit one thousand dollars (\$1,000) in any bank in Topeka, and give it to any dealer who sells better gasoline than the Cooke Fuel company. The blue tank wagons pass along every street in the city each day, and if you want the best gasoline that can be had, stop them and get it. The above is not a humbug to catch people, but are facts. F. E. COOKE, Secretary and Treasurer Cooke Fuel Co. Office 725 Kansas avenue. Telephone No. 163.

Cheap Excursions.

The Union Pacific will make a rate of one limited first-class fare for the round trip, from all stations to the following points:

National Republican Convention at Chicago, Good, going June 16th to 19th and returning till June 25th.

National Democratic Convention at St. Louis, Good, going June 2d to 5th and returning till June 11th.

Meeting Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias at Cincinnati Ohio. Good, going June 8th to 13th returning till June 19th.

Dunkard Meeting at North Manchester, Ind. Good, going May 17th to 24th and returning until June 2th.

These rates are open to all.

Secure your tickets of F. A. Louis, City Ticket Agent 525 Kansas Avenue, or of J. F. Gwin at depot.

Vestibule Trains To Chicago.

The Vestibule train is a new factor in western railroad transportation. It is claimed for these trains that on account of their being connected by steel wheels all danger of telescoping in case of accident is removed, the train being practically one long car. It is certain that the oscillation of the cars is greatly reduced, and it is also certain that the vestibule trains afforded the greatest comfort yet known travelers. The adoption of this style of train by the Chicago Santa Fe & California Railroad between Santa Fe and Chicago is a strong bid for the passenger traffic between the West and Chicago. This new road is in many particulars, ahead of any of its older competitors, and will undoubtedly be the popular road to Chicago.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

The Art of Making Them Nearing Perfection.

"I wouldn't exactly say," remarked a manufacturer, "that people can get along as well with artificial limbs as they can with artificial teeth, but the art or industry is fast approaching that stage of perfection. Men and women can eat and drink, play the violin, write, and do various kinds of light work with artificial arms and hands, and they can dance, skate and run with artificial legs."

"The proportion of those whose misfortunes require the use of artificial limbs is about one in 12,000 of the population. Of these, 25 to 30 per cent are women. Of the limbs lost, the legs are in the large majority—about 75 per cent."

"A great many are under the impression that the war made most of the cripples now living. The fact is that for one person who lost a limb in the war twenty to twenty-four lost theirs through some accident on the railroads, or in some other manner entirely disconnected from warfare. The railroad is the great source of our business, probably one-half the cases that come to us being attributed to railway accidents."

"I suppose," said the reporter, "that you meet with some queer incidents in the course of your business?"

"Yes. I remember a customer coming to me not long ago for his second artificial leg. He has worn the first for a number of years. He said that he was in much trouble of mind. He was going to get married, and had been courting his intended for a year and a half, and she did not know but that he was entirely sound. The question in his mind was whether to tell her before or wait until after marriage. I advised him to inform her beforehand, as otherwise she might have legal ground to apply for an annulment of the marriage on the ground of deception. He told me afterward that he followed my advice, and the lady concluded that she loved him none the less on account of his misfortune. Another singular incident, but of a different character, was in connection with the collision of two steamers, one of which had just started from this port to Europe, and had to put back again on account of the damage. None of the passengers were injured by the accident, and a friend of mine remarked in my presence that I would not doubt be greatly disappointed that there was no loss of limb, as I would therefore get no revenue from the occurrence. Strangely enough, the day following a man from Ohio walked into my office and said he wanted an artificial leg. He related that he had been a passenger on the steamer which had to put back on account of the collision, having started from his home in Ohio to pay a visit to Europe. When the vessel returned to port he concluded, on reflection, to give up his European trip and to expend the money he had reserved for the trip in providing himself with a new artificial leg in place of the one which he then wore. So it seems that the collision of those two steamers brought business after all."

"Who supply limbs for the soldiers?"

"The business is distributed among different manufacturers, nearly if not all in the large cities of the Atlantic coast. No union soldier who has lost a limb in the war need be without an artificial one. Northern manufacturers also supply a good many artificial limbs to confederate veterans on the orders of states of the south that have made provision for the maimed of the lost cause; but a great many of the southern veterans are unprovided, for the reason that the appropriations for their relief are not sufficiently frequent and adequate."

"Of private cases, do the greater number come from the city or country?"

"I think the dangers of city and country life are about even, so far as the artificial-limb trade is an indicator. The mowing-machine is a fair set-off to the horse-car."—New York Sun.

Only Praotising.

They were sitting on the sofa in the dim twilight, when he gently stole his arm about her waist. There were a few minutes of silence, she probably waiting for him to make the long-looked-for proposition. It did not come, so she murmured:

"Did you think it right to put your arm about my waist?"

"Yes, I see no wrong," he replied.

"You have a purpose, then, in it?" she whispered.

"A selfish purpose, perhaps," he returned. "I am praotising, so that when I come to the proper person I will not be awkward."

"You will remember, sir, that familiarity breeds contempt," was the angry retort.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The boy in Washington society ought to be made to go.—Baltimore American.

Historical Trifles.

The first British writers were Gildas, Nennius and Bede, in the seventh century.

Amarath I was the founder of the power of Turks, and reigned from 1357 till killed in 1390.

The London Gazette, the earliest English newspaper, was commenced at Oxford, Nov. 7, 1665 where the Court was then residing on account of the plague.

The star chamber tribunal in England was instituted in the third year of the reign of Henry VII., and abolished in the sixteenth year of the reign of Charles I.

There is a difference of eighty-one years in the time which the Jews spent in Egypt in the account of Exodus and that of Josephus, the former making it a period of 430 years, and the latter 511.

Cicero relates that the Chaldeans and Baotrians claimed celestial observations for 470,000 years; but, taking a day as an astronomical period, it becomes 1800 solar years, or, taking a moon lunar, 82,000 years.

Julius Cæsar was born 100 B. C.; became a member of the Triumvirate with Crassus and Pompey the Great in 60; in 45 assumed the title of imperator or perpetual dictator, and was assassinated in March of the following year.

King John of England was forced to grant the Magna Charter, June 15, 1215, when the great seal was affixed thereto at Runnemed, a meadow between Staines and Windsor. The original Magna Charta is preserved in the British Museum.

Till the fifteenth century no Christians were allowed to receive interest of money, and Jews were the only usurers, and therefore often banished and persecuted. In England, under Edward VI., interest was forbidden entirely from religious motives.

A Crazy Old Hunter.

Col. Bob Patterson, who has just returned from a sojourn in the Sierras, brings news that Abe Ritchie, the old mountain trapper, has gone crazy and has been sent to Stockton. Abe was well known to all old Comstockers. Some years ago he came to this city quite frequently with the dressed skins of foxes and other animals, queer stuffed beasts and queer yarns. He had a complete suit of furs, in which he was wont to parade the streets, to the delight of the rising generation and the amusement of our ladies of fashion. As Abe was his own tailor, when dressed in his ill-fitted and angular suit he looked not unlike Robinson Crusoe. He and R. M. Daggett had a great scheme for the acquirement of a large share of the filthy lucre floating about in the world, which was nothing less than the starting of a fox ranch up in the high Sierras, somewhere near the Calaveras Big Tree Grove. They were going into the breeding of silver gray foxes. They would get about \$60 for each skin. With a stub of a pencil, and a small bit of paper Mr. Daggett could easily show that there were millions in a fox ranch. But Daggett was appointed minister to the Hawaiian islands and went away, leaving the arithmetical conundrum—on the back of envelopes and other stray scraps of paper—with old Abe, and we fear the study of these may have been what at last landed the poor old fellow in Stockton.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

He Had Seen no Stray Horse.

A morning or two ago a certain grammarian of this city, of whom it is said that his refined and sensitive ear the braying of a donkey is melody compared with an uncouth expression, was met on the street corner by a countryman, when the following conversation was commenced by the latter:

"Mister, you haven't seen no stray horse pass this way within a short time?"

"You are mistaken, sir; I have."

"Which way was he going?"

"Which way was he going?"

"The horse."

"What horse?"

"The horse you saw pass here."

"I have seen no horse pass here."

"You just said you had."

"Well, I say so still."

"I asked you a civil question, I believe," said the countryman.

"You asked me no question at all," replied the pedant. "You accosted me by saying I hadn't seen no stray horse, and you must allow me to persist in my declaration—that I have seen no stray horse pass this way."

After scanning the scholastic individual for a moment with a look that seemed to say "There's something wrong about that fellow's upper story," the rural gentleman walked off to institute further search for the stray animal.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The world may expect more from an industrious fool than an idle genius.—Arkansas Traveller.

Gems of Thought.

Philosophy is the art of living.—Plutarch.

There is nothing useless to men a sense; clever people turn everything to account.—Fontaine.

Virtue is the first title of nobility.—Moliere.

No falsehood can endure touch of celestial temper, but returns of force to its own likeness.—Milton.

There is more of good nature than of good sense at the bottom of most marriages.—Thoreau.

That benedicent harness of routine which enables silly men to live respectably and unhappy men to live calmly.—George Eliot.

Proverbs are potted wisdom.—Charles Buxton.

There is no arguing with Johnson; for if his pistol misses fire he knocks you down with the butt end of it.—Goldsmith.

Keep cool and you command everybody.—St. Just.

The trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world.—Antoine Lemaire.

The iron chain and the silken cord, both equally are bonds.—Schiller.

Musc can noble hints impart, engender fury, kindle love, with unsuspected eloquence can move and manage all the man with secret art.—Addison.

An outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused.—Gibbon.

According to the security you offer to her, Fortune makes her loans easy or ruinous.—Butler-Lytton.

The right of commanding is no longer an advantage transmitted by nature like an inheritance; it is the fruit of labor, the price of outrage.—Voltaire.

If I were to deliver up my whole self to the arbitrament of special pleaders, to-day I might be argued into an atheist, and to-morrow into a pick-pocket.—Butler-Lytton.

Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise; it may exist without the breath of a word; it is a recognition of excellence which must be felt, but need not be spoken. Even the envious must feel it; feel it and hate it in silence.—Washington Allston.

That all who are happy are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher.—Johnson.

Nature is the armory of genius. Cities serve it poorly, books and colleges at second hand; the eye craves the spectacle of the horizon, of mountain, ocean, river and plain, the clouds and stars; actual contact with the elements, sympathy with the seasons as they rise and roll.—Alcott.

Bismarck and the Ladies.

Prince Bismarck is less fortunate than Mr. Chamberlain, who finds that the Birmingham holiday-makers never do any harm to his walks and orchid-houses. The Chancellor has been obliged to close the fine park of Friedrichsruhe to the public. The devastation daily wrought in it by the imbecile tribe of relic-hunters has rendered this measure an absolute necessity. This year the pillage was particularly shameless. The flowers all disappeared long since, and the trees, or at least every bit of green on them, bade fair to follow in their wake. Not many days ago the Chancellor came upon a party of ladies hard at work stripping a fine elm of its branches. "Ladies," said the Prince, taking off his hat, not only out of politeness, but to give point to his observation, "if every one who comes in here were to follow your example, my trees would soon be as bare of foliage as my head is of hair."—St. James's Gazette.

Prince Ferdinand's Mother.

"Prince Ferdinand's mother," writes a correspondent, "a restless, intriguing and busy old lady, with an immense 'hand' to her face and blinking eyes that don't dare to look straightforward lest they would reveal the 'managing' soul behind them, is causing prayers to be offered up for her son's success at all the lady chaplains of Upper Austria, and sending a gift to Lourdes to secure the protection of the Virgin of that shrine for Ferdinand. She has great confidence in Marien Zell, a holy place up high in the mountains on the road from Vienna to Trieste. Pilgrimages were made to it by her mother, Queen Caroline of Naples, who was once the most debauched and most superstitious woman of her time, and by her great-grand mother, the Empress Maria Theresa. Prince Ferdinand's wealthy mother, who adores her youngest son, is prepared to launch him as a sovereign in a manner becoming his rank."—Modern Society.

The Spirit of Kansas

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

ACCORDING to statistics there were in India in 1881, 20,980,626 widows, of whom nearly nineteen million were under nine years of age.

It is a somewhat singular fact that of all the Christian nations the United States of America are alone represented by Protestant Christian missions in Persia.

A DOG at Racine, Wis., tried to jump through a swiftly revolving fly-wheel, and, it is said, "partly succeeded. A part of him got through and other parts went off in different directions."

A ROBBER got into a farm-house in Iowa without disturbing the sleeping people, but a big dog tackled him and bore his throat so that he bled to death. He was identified as a Justice of the Peace.

AN eagle flew through an open window into an Omaha business establishment the other day, and was captured by the employes after a vigorous battle. It was seven feet from tip to tip of the wings.

AN ingenious moonshiner in Kentucky concealed his still in a cave in such a manner as to allow the smoke to escape through a hollow tree. In this way he eluded the vigilance of the revenue officers for over a year.

AN automatic gas extinguisher has lately been patented by Joseph Heroux, of Yamachiche, Canada, which shuts automatically when the gas is extinguished. The mechanism used is based on the lineal expansion of metals.

A VIENNA engineer has just taken out a patent for a new smoke-abating process. By means of electricity he proposes to condense the solid part of the smoke as it arises from the coal, the carbon thus formed falling back into the furnace.

THE remarkable finish of American papers is imparted by the addition of a mineral called agalith, a silicate of magnesia somewhat resembling asbestos in texture. It is found only in the United States.

THE Chicago liquor law prohibits saloons within 200 feet of a church or school house. A policeman recently complained of one that was immediately under a Lutheran church. The proprietor was found to be the pastor of the church upstairs.

THEY are not troubled with breach of promise suits in China. When a future Chinese belle is about three days old she is formally betrothed to the scion of some acceptable neighbor, and when she is about fifteen she is carried and left there, and that ends it.

WILLIAM MCPHERSON, of Greene county, Ohio, has four young hogs that can't hear it thunder. They will stand perfectly still while a gun is fired right over their heads. They have no ears and no signs of any though in other respects they are well-shaped pigs.

A SMALL trout with two heads has been discovered recently in the fish hatchery at Iona, Mich. The heads are perfectly formed and the bodies unite at the back fin. The little fellow is described as looking like an animated boot-jack, and as lively a wriggler as any fish in the pond.

JOHN COLGON, of Hartford City, Ind., is the possessor of four young foxes that have been adopted by a cat on the premises, that seems to manifest as much maternal solicitude and motherly fondness for them as though they were her own. The foxes have accepted the situation in a spirit of meekness, and are seemingly satisfied.

A FARM hand, popularly known as "Tony, the Dutchman," had a desperate encounter near Scranton, Penn., with a wildcat, which he finally clubbed into insensibility after the animal had torn his clothes and badly scratched his face. "Tony" subsequently procured a gun and shot the beast, and the latter has since been stuffed as a memento of the struggle.

YELLOW or orange stain for wood is one of the most sought for in ornamental or cabinet work. A beautiful result is reached by digesting 2.1 ounces of finely powdered turmeric for several days in 17.5 ounces of 80 per cent alcohol, and then straining through a cloth. The solution is applied to the articles to be stained.

AN ADDRESS TO DEATH.

BY CHARLES S. BLACKBURN.

Stand back, you coward! Why assail these, who do not offend you—these, all free of sin? Your field is large; this holds a helpless few, Who tempt you not, nor bid you come within.

Go, thrust your knife into the rotten side Of boasting vice; pull tight the rope around The neck of knaves; your pale horse mount, and ride In ghastly glee o'er glory's battle-ground: Go, slay the son of Cain, before he kills His brother; the assassin, while he plots; The crowned autocrat, whose edict fills Foul goals, wherein confined, best manhood roils.

But touch not these: sweet lips and sparkling eyes, Pure bodies, hearts, and unstained souls were made To live and make of earth a paradise: Let fall not over them your awful shade. —*Arkansas Traveler.*

Reached Through My Guardian.

It is perhaps worthy of remark in connection with this tale that time and time again a life has been sacrificed to the guillotine. Not only has the testimony given been considered by both judge and jury as more than conclusive, but the public at large has nodded its approval; and when the verdict, which is justifiable by such testimony, has been pronounced, satisfaction has, in most cases, been expressed on all sides. Nevertheless, great wrongs have sometimes been committed, and innocent parties have suffered for the crimes of the guilty.

Curious murders have taken place, not only in out-of-the-way places, but in our midst; the community has been startled by some horrible outrage that has caused for a time the wildest excitement. At no time during life can we feel perfectly safe, for some of the most revolting of crimes have taken place when no motive could possibly be assigned, and a fear, in consequence, that has not wholly been without cause has deprived many of the more agreeable pleasures which an abundance of money could afford.

In writing this tale for publication, I have weighed the undoubted threats of the populace which will be levelled at me; yet my purpose is not to draw your attention to me as a criminal, but is, as I have intimated, to place the facts before you, and in a measure, to curb that obliquity of judgment which is every day becoming more atrocious in its results.

I have struggled successfully for years to live down all thoughts of the ghastly occurrence as it happened. I may as well tell, too, that in guarding myself against giving vent to the latent knowledge of mine, I have used means before which the bravest among you would pale.

The saddest heart has been buried beneath the appearance of gaiety; a false aspect has been given to a murderer's eye; mirth has been introduced where not the phantom, but the reality, of hell was to overcome; and to all the world the buoyancy of thought, the lightness of touch, the familiarity of action, has been a sin, because untrue.

When I did it I had no thought; yet a strange cunning possessed me, for I not only mapped out how I should do it, but I contrived that the guilt should be fastened on another. It was not the knowledge that his wealth should be mine that prompted me. Oh, no; I enjoyed his money now; but I meant that Regneoir should suffer for me! It would teach me a lesson, too; but he would be in the horrors of death ere he told it. I promised myself this much.

My guardian should die, but Regneoir, and not I, was to pay the penalty. I had no grudge against the old man; he had always been kind to me. It was the thief—the villain who stole my secret—to whom death would come.

The old man was to suffer but little. I had arranged all that. He could die at one time as well as another. The trap had all been prepared, but the time had not yet fully arrived when I should do the deed.

Regneoir would not come to-night—he was away, and he had my secret with him—I knew that. He thought to gain by it, to become famous—to have Irene love him for his discovery—and for this he should die—yes, die, but not by my hand. Ah, I was too acute for them! They would hang him for the murder of the old man.

I had labored hard, but I had found what I sought, and it would go forever. They had all failed, but I had found it! Had I not seen what I discovered? That finger with the tip of flame had traced it on the wall as I lay asleep, and from this had I copied. That one piece alone was wrong, but all was right now. Fool that I was too show it to him! He saw that when it was balanced it started of its own accord, and went smoothly, not pausing and jerking and twitching as before. He laughed for joy, and I—ah, such mad delight as then possessed me.

I recall now that I heard him chuckle; but he had been a brother to me, and I did not doubt him. I imagined that he loved me so much as to be glad of my success; but I see it all now. He was thinking, "It shall be mine; I will steal it from him," and the low chuckle involuntarily escaped him. But I fooled him finely. Ah, I was cunning!

I knew Regneoir would come that night, but I did not prepare for him. That had been completed long before.

What if his wine were drugged? He stole my secret from me, and had been with Irene. But mine was clear. Ha, ha! He thought I drank it. No, no, my friend, I did not touch it; you knew it before the fatal drop, before that knot was placed beneath your ear; but it was too late—too late even for hope. They thought him crazy when he denounced me; but we knew, and I was happy.

Ah, how noiselessly I crept to the old man's chamber! His door did not lock that night—I had seen to all this before. So when he had gone to his chamber I followed, and Regneoir was drugged.

I lay still for an hour, much like a dog at the door of his master, and when the first long respiration told me that he slumbered, I entered and did the foul deed. I then sought Regneoir in the room below. A moment passed ere he awakened from the effect of the drug I had placed in his wine. He was not fool enough to tell him.

I sent him home after a time—it was only a few doors away—and then I crept to my own room. I could not sleep; the Thing haunted me, and I suffered pain. But I outlived it.

I slept till late the next morning. It was the custom of the servants to awaken my guardian in time for breakfast. It was past his time coming when I entered. I knew I should not meet him as I usually did—that no greeting would be extended me from those radiant brown eyes.

But what a surprise awaited me! Was that the old man, as usual, save for that bloody hand about his throat? I staggered forward; I clutched at the wall for support; but the apparition had vanished, and only the emptiness of the room had unnerved me. Fortunately none of the servants were present, and I took my place at the table, and awaited the result of their calling him. I knew well the tale they would bear on returning—how they had found his lifeless body. But I had nerved myself, after this first shock on entering, and I felt equal to the greatest sensation.

Five—ten. The minutes slipped slowly down the face of the old clock, and still no outcry, as I had expected. It was the calmness of despair that possessed me. What if I had failed?

The minute hand of the clock had slipped from the quarter past the hour to the half before anyone appeared. It was I, the waiting-maid. I saw how pale she looked, and the inward terror she was struggling to subdue.

She looked at me; the very floor seemed sinking from beneath my feet. I know there was no reason in my expression. She raised one hand slowly upward to her face. Before a word had escaped her, I had risen to my feet.

"The master has been murdered!" was all she said, but it was sufficient to bring the reaction, and I was myself again—calm and business-like.

I ordered a search of the outside premises; I called the police; I placed a watch over the room and its contents. Henceforth I had a part to act. I felt some relish in thus deceiving them—the astute guardians of the peace. My breakfast I did not touch; I did not need it. I breathed the delirium of excitement, yet I was wonderfully cool and clear. It was remarked afterwards with what composure I bore myself through it all.

When the police arrived an immediate search was ordered, the exclusion of the members of the household being rigidly enforced.

"Now," thought I, "for the result of my labor."

Nor was I disappointed in it. I had done everything I could; I had seen to the funeral arrangements; I had offered a reward of a thousand pounds for the apprehension of the murderer; I knew it would never be paid, but I had to make some show of anxiety.

You may think that I turned pale, faltered in my speech, or perhaps was speechless altogether, when a police agent called on me, the evening of the day of the crime, and confronted me with a warrant for my arrest. But no; it was a part of the intrigue—the plot I had laid. I, of course, showed some signs of surprise to the officer, but inwardly I was elated, for with what precision had I planned it all! His manner towards me was formal—befitting his position. I was taken to the mairie, and no bail was allowed. For one night I occupied the merited cell.

But can it be of any interest to you to know how I fastened the crime on Regneoir? How the bowl of my meerschaum pipe, found in my guardian's chamber, had caused my arrest? Part of these things have already been made public through the papers. To tell them would only add insult to injury. With one broad sweep would I clear my soul. I have told my method; the details can be imagined. That I succeeded in accomplishing my preconceived desire is a matter of fact that I proved beyond a doubt that Regneoir was the last to use my pipe on the night of the murder. The files of the Paris papers of December 18, 187—, will show. That the dark red spot found on the sleeves and lining of his coat, and analyzed in connection with drops of blood taken from my guardian, were identical, the testimony of Paul Zaiger, the expert chemist, fixed beyond argument.

But I will not ask you to heed me longer. To-day I am wasted, and not worth the knife of the guillotine. On the morrow, the depth of death will divide us.

Conductor (on California train some years hence)—"All out for Pitholegille!" Real Estate Agent (entering car)—"Orange groves and apple orchard two for a penny."—*Omaha World.*

BRACELETS MADE OF PAPER.

Novelties in Programmes Designed by the Skilled Stationer.

New novelties every year. This refers more to the stationer's trade than to any other in the world, not even excepting the milliner's art or the modiste's profession. Upon novelties alone do the stationers flourish. This year the styles vary more than ever from the efforts of former years.

Here are a few of them: A novel ball programme consists of a neat, thin card-board band, 1½ inches in width, edged with gold, which encircles the wrist like a bracelet, and is easily closed and unclosed by means of the thin silken cord which suspends the pencil. "Dances" is inscribed on the overlapping flap, the date and residence below, and the dances in rotation all around, with space left for the gentleman to write his name or initials. These novel "bracelet programmes" can be had in white, pale blue or pink, and stamped to order at short notice.

This is another. It is a menu. It is also a bracelet, and is fastened by a dainty colored ribbon bow after the menu is stamped or written, and passes over the folded napkin. These are in white or delicately tinted card; and are pretty and novel. They can be stamped with crest if required, close to the bow, where "Menu" is written in gold.

And here are other novelties in the same line. There are some French menus, with pen and ink sketches, which are uncommon and consist of sets of six, issued fresh every month. Among the subjects are scenes at race meetings, visitors to art galleries fashionably attired female figures stepping out of a large broken egg in various positions, others caught in the rain, &c., all artistically and quaintly drawn. Two slits are cut in the paper and the menus are slipped in, so that they can be used as often as they are not carried off by the guests, which is so frequently done.

This does not finish the new menus by any means. A series of spring menus, beautifully colored with buttercups, daisies and violets; another of Watteau figures, each one a picture; an old English one in imitation of discolored aged parchment, with narrow double ribbons run down the sides holding the seal, and "Ye Lyste of ye Dysches of ye Refection" illuminated above in old characters; others to fold up, representing a natural looking slice of toast, &c., are all popular designs.

Any one who can not be suited with this must be hard to please indeed.—*New York Mail and Express.*

One King James's Books.

A very curious book has recently turned up in a very curious way. Nearly everybody knows that King William III. landed at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June, 1690, and readers of Malcaulay know that he halted at a "white house" near Belfast, on his way to the Boyne. There was a sale recently of the contents of an old house, which stands in close proximity to the mound still known as "Fort William," and among a collection of old books then disposed of was found King James II.'s own copy of "The Office of the Holy Week." The book has been purchased by, and is in the possession of, Mr. Francis Harvey, St. James's street. It is finely bound and very elaborately "tooled" in the Louis Quatorze style, and on both sides of the cover has the royal arms of England. It is probable that when James II. fled, after his disastrous campaign and crushing defeat at the Battle of the Boyne, this book, with other personal effects, was abandoned; and now, almost two hundred years later, it has turned up, nearly on the very spot where the Prince of Orange made his first halt on Irish soil.—*London World.*

A Novel Ark.

The *Temesvarer Zeitung*, in its account of the floods at Temesvarer, reports the salvation of an old gypsy fiddler upon the quaintest boat, probably, that has ever been seen. The old man lived at the extreme end of the Farkler-platz, in a wretched little cottage. He went home about midnight in a very jovial humor, lay himself down to sleep, and awoke about 7 o'clock in the morning. When he opened his eyes he made the unpleasant discovery that his hut was flooded, and that the water had forced its way into his bed-room. He had no movable goods except an old bedstead, a stool and his great double bass. He coolly placed his monster of a "Bassgerge," his beloved bread-winner, upon the surface of the water, seated himself astride it and paddled to "dry land" with one of the boards of his bed, amid the cheering and laughter of a number of gypsy comrades.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Here's Her Address, Boys!

An 18-year old Blenheim girl, whose nearest neighbor lives a quarter of a mile distant, kept house for her father and mother to make a visit a while ago, stayed all alone day and night, took all the care of a yoke of oxen, a horse, three cows and a hog, a large flock of sheep, and hens and chickens too numerous to mention. At the same time she did the fall spinning, and harnessed her own horse to take her butter and eggs to market. Last summer she picked and sold \$25 worth of berries and made trousers at twelve cents per pair, enough to clothe herself.—*Ellsworth (Me.) American.*

HERE AND THERE.

Modjeka will make America her home. Salvini will make an American tour next season.

Lawrence Burrett has his life insured for \$120,000.

Secretary Whitney favors the Naval Reserve bill.

Pliny Kendall was killed by a thunderbolt near Carlo, Ill.

Uriah Dabbes, philanthropist, is dead at Columbus, Wis.

When a man loses \$5 and \$10 on bets he's certainly V-Xed.

A Ilmberger cheese trust at Barthage, N. Y., is a bad color.

They say fruit in Southern Indiana is badly injured by frost.

Toledo will open her "Coney Island" with Gilmore's full band.

Mrs. Mary Porter, wife of ex-President Porter, of Yale, is died.

W. W. Corcoran's personal estate has been appraised at \$807,113.03.

Michigan produces forty per cent on the salt used in this country.

About 4,000 women are employed by the Government at Washington.

Sir Andrew Clark, Gladstone's physician, received \$25,000 for a journey to Italy.

The grave of Charles Lamb in the churchyard at Edmondston is very much neglected.

Some scientists think the Asiatic cholera will pay the United States a visit this summer.

Doun Platt has recovered his health and has returned from Washington to Mac-O-Cheek.

Dr. Wm. Taylor, Bishop of Africa, arrived in New York Sunday, from Africa, after four years' absence.

Gladstone prides himself on his excellent digestive powers. But he dares not eat oysters or sweet breads.

An effort is making to introduce congregational singing in the Roman Catholic Churches of New York.

The American Theosophical Society, in session at Chicago, adjourned Sunday to meet in Cincinnati in April, 1889.

Pope Leo has a civil list of \$3,000,000, but his expenses are \$0 large that his household has to practice petty economies.

Hon. Charles Gayarre, who was a member of the United States Senate fifty-three years ago, is still living in New Orleans.

A blind physician, of Pensacola, Fla., has a large practice, and is able to find his way, unaided, about the principle streets of the town.

At Augusta, Ga., a tramp in the Police Station astonished the officers by repeating from memory several chapters from the Bible.

Cadet Davis, of New York, who hit his superior officer at West Point with a baked potato, is to lose his summer vacation by way of punishment.

When Queen Victoria wished to recognize her daughter Victoria as Empress of Germany she sent a telegram of only four words: "My daughter; my sister."

Capt. C. E. Dutton, of the United States Geological Survey, expects to have his monograph on the Charleston earthquake ready for the printer by June 1.

Some unknown person struck Red O'Leary, the noted crook, in New York Saturday night, on Sixth avenue. Leary is now lying in the hospital not expected to live.

The Boston artist, William Willard, has been commissioned to paint an ideal portrait of Shakespeare's "Jessica"; a beautiful young Jewess of that city having consented to sit for it.

Dealers in hard wood furnishings say that sycamore wood is rapidly coming into use. It "works" well, makes an excellent finish and is much cheaper than birch, maple or oak.

White paupers are buried at Atlanta, Ga., by colored undertakers, because the white undertakers will not inter the bodies for less than \$10, while the colored ones charge only \$2.50.

George Francis Train has contracted for a lecture tour with the provision that twenty or more minutes of each lecture shall be devoted to exploiting the history and purposes of the city of Omaha.

"For hiccough, hold the breath," writes a gentleman who pretends to know what to do when other people don't. Will the gentlemen please tell us how to let go of the hiccough long enough to get a firm grip on the breath?

"Don't you believe the milk I sell you is pure?" asked a milkman of a customer who complained that the lactical fluid looked rather blue. "I won't tell you what I believe," replied the customer, "but I know your milk makes my mouth water."

Teacher (infant natural history class)—"You will remember that, will you, Tommy, that swamps lie in a torpid state all winter?" Tommy (with an air of retrospection)—"Yes'm, an' I'll try an' remember that they make up for it in summer."

Miss Frances A. Willard is in New York begging a pittance of \$250,000 to be added to a like amount already subscribed in Chicago for the erection of a temple to temperance twelve stories high with a bronze lady on top, the whole structure to cost \$800,000.

In the country registration list at Savannah are some queer names. "Green Moors" is the cognomen of a negro blacker than midnight. "Toast Jackson" is another, who is not a brown "Toast," but a jet black. A third bears the name of "Sulphur Bowen," but the color of his cuticle is far from sulphurous.

A man in New York lost his little daughter and applied to police headquarters to have the authorities search for her. They did so, and the expenses incurred for telegraphing in order to find the child were 87 cents. The father promptly refused to pay that much for the recovery of his daughter.

A small brass statue was discovered recently near the Acropolis Museum, Athens. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and the figure bears a close resemblance to the Apollo of Canachos in the British Museum. This statue is the best specimen of workmanship in brass that has yet come to light in the excavations at the Acropolis.

JOAQUIN MURIELA THE BANDIT.

His Life and Adventures Told by Bancroft, the Historian.

Until quite recently, says the *San Francisco Alta*, California has been cursed at times by the presence of regularly organized banditti. They were made up of desperate Mexicans or their California cousins, who pursued their career of robbery and bloodshed till exterminated by the outraged community. By far the most renowned leader of these was Joaquin Murieta, whose audacity and daring exploits have given rise to many romantic stories, without color of truth, but the facts, as recorded by the Pacific coast historian, Hubert Howe Bancroft, are startling enough. Joaquin, having passed his majority by only a few years, was active and athletic, and very graceful movement. A high forehead gave his face an intellectual cast. Long flowing hair of glossy black fell on his shoulders and on his upper lip a thin, silky moustache appeared, as though untouched by a razor. His manner was frank and cordial, his voice silvery, and though so youthful in appearance, there was that about him made him both loved and feared, and which impressed both friend and stranger alike with profound respect.

Joaquin was always splendidly mounted; in fact, much of his success depended on horses. It was the special business of a certain portion of the brotherhood to keep the company well supplied with the best horses in the country. There were also members living in towns among peaceful inhabitants and pursuing honest vocations who were spies and kept the officers of the band advised on matters which were to their interest.

One evening Joaquin was sitting at a monte table in a small town when an American boastfully offered to bet that he would kill the scoundrel Joaquin the first time they met. Joaquin, carried away by one of his dare-devil impulses, sprang upon the table, and, thrusting his pistol in the man's face, he cried: "I take the bet; Joaquin is before you." Then tossing the corner of his serape over his shoulder, he jumped down, strode out of the room, mounted his horse and rode away, with some of his henchmen at his heels.

Riding along one day the chief met young Joe Lake, a playmate of his boyhood. In the course of their conversation Joaquin revealed his present mode of living, and said: "Joe, you are the only American who good opinion I crave. Believe me my friend I was driven to it by hellish sorrows." "Why don't you leave the country and abandon your criminal life?" answered Joe. "Too late, Joe; I must die now as I live, pistol in hand. Do not betray me; do not divulge having met me here. If you do I shall be very sorry," significantly tapping the stock of his revolver. Lake deemed it his duty to apprise the authorities of Murieta's presence, and the usual precautions began. The next morning a portly ranchero came up to Lake, and saying, "You betrayed me, Joe!" plunged a knife into his breast and rode away unharmed.

In the early part of March, 1852, Joaquin, unattended, visited a large Mexican camp, presenting the appearance of a dashing cavalier, with plumed sombrero, gold-laced cloak, and gayly caparisoned steed, as he slowly rode down the principal thoroughfare of the camp, tinkling his spurs to the measures of some lively fandango, and was the cynosure of many admiring glances from the eyes of the señoritas. Pausing in front of a saloon, he called for a drink and was just lifting it to his lips when an American, one of two who were standing together and recognized him, drew a revolver and fired a shot that cut the plume of the brigand's hat. Joaquin wounded one of the Americans in the arm and the other in the abdomen, and galloped away without a scratch.

Among the many parties organized to hunt Joaquin and his band was one headed by Harry Love, who, with eight of his rangers, came one day upon a party of Mexicans encamped in the hills. Six of them were seated round a small fire, where preparations for breakfast were going forward; the seventh, a richly dressed man, with slender, graceful figure and blooming in the pride of manly beauty, was washing down a superb bay horse at a little distance from the fire. Joaquin was unknown to the rangers, who dashed into camp before they were discovered and succeeded in cutting the robbers off from their horses. Captain Love rode up to the one standing by his horse and inquired where they were going.

"To Los Angeles," the chief replied. Turning to one of the others the captain put the same question, but received an entirely different answer. Joaquin hid his lips and spoke up angrily, "I command here; address yourself to me." He then moved a few steps toward the fire, around which lay the saddles, blankets, and arms of the party. He was ordered to stop, and when he did not heed Love cocked his revolver and told him to stand or he would be shot. The chief tossed his hair back scornfully, while his eyes blazed, and stepped backwards to the side of his handsome steed resting his jeweled hand lightly on the mane. At this critical moment Lieutenant Byrnes, with whom Joaquin was well acquainted, moved up, and Joaquin, realizing that his game was ended, called out to his followers to save themselves as best they could. He threw himself upon

the back of his horse, and without a saddle or bridle dashed down the mountain. He leaped a precipice, falling with the shock, but, regaining his feet in a moment, remounted and dashed on. Close at his heels came the rangers firing as they rode. Soon the gallant steed, struck in the side, fell to the earth, and Joaquin ran on afoot. Three balls had pierced his body, when he turned with a lifted hand toward his pursuers and called out: "It is enough; the work is done." He reeled, fell upon his right arm, and, sinking slowly down before his pursuers, gave up the ghost without a groan.

ANOTHER BOY PIANIST.

A Performer Who Is Quite as Wonderful as the Little Hoffmann.

Little Hoffmann has only just sailed away, and close upon his heels come the most wonderful accounts of little Otto Hegner another boy marvel of the piano, writes a correspondent of *The Boston Herald*. Private letters from several of my London friends are teeming with enthusiastic description of the boy's artistic playing, and even those stern judges, the critics, are unanimous in their praises of his undoubted musical gifts. I hear he may possibly come to America next season, and already one or two managers are negotiating with his friends for a concert tour in this country, to begin next autumn. One of the foremost London critics, who was present at his first public concert, says of the boy: "If the fortunes of the little Hoffmann were made by the adulation of the British matron and the gush of hysterical paragonists, Hegner seems likely to be carried into popularity by the hearty approval of professional pianists. There were several of them present at the recital on Thursday, and, although a prodigy always more less injures the credit to say that they could not help waxing enthusiastic about the 'young Liszt.' Hegner performed difficult transcription of the spinning song from Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman' as well as I have heard it played by any one save Anton Rubinstein, while his rendering of the Beethoven sonata, op. 22, showed an intellectuality and a capacity to give a distinctive 'reading' never expected in a lad of genius, and but rarely observed even in an adult.

In appearance, Hegner is a pretty boy, his curly black hair and intelligent face somewhat calling Napoleon, and piano-forte prodigy of many years ago. He is said to be eleven, though he looks a great deal younger. Whether he plays, eats penny ices, declines to kiss the girls, and enjoys the other amusements and luxuries in which prodigies usually indulge, the paragraphist will doubtless tell us hereafter; but at present, with rare good taste on the part of his seniors little Hegner has come before the public absolutely without a line of preliminary. Instead, he can boast six years of thoroughgoing training, mostly under the direction of Hans Huber, the distinguished composer of Bale, who declined to allow his protegee to be exploited until the child was master of his business. Whether Hegner becomes a drawing-room darling remains to be seen, but he will certainly be the pet of the concert-room."

It is Everywhere.

A gift to a public functionary, to secure a contract or official favor is called in France a *pot-de-vin*, which is a word corresponding to our term *bonus*. It is unfortunate both for France and America, that there should have been enough of this sort of gifts to give rise to a word to call them by; and it is fortunate for both countries that a higher standard now prevails, and that official briber, outside of some corrupt city governments, is far less common than it used to be.

After the first French republic was proclaimed, the *pot-de-vin* was called by a word which quite as completely disguised its meaning. Such official gifts were then known as "bouquets."

When "the great Carnot," grandfather of the present president of the republic, was minister of war, he once completed a contract with a large company to supply an immense amount of saddlery and horse equipments for the army. After the bargain was settled he was taken to one side by the agent of the firm, and a portfolio was handed to him.

"What is this?" asked Carnot. "It is your bouquet, sir." "And what is that, please?" "A little gift of fifty thousand francs to pay you for your trouble in this matter."

Carnot looked at the portfolio. "You have done well, he said, with a smile, "for you have advanced payment on your contract." He then took the portfolio in one hand, passed it into the other, and handed it back to the agent.

"You have now received fifty thousand francs on your own account against the government," said Carnot. "Please write a receipt, from the department of war, for that amount, and hand it to the cashier as you go out."

As it was not advisable for the agent to decline, he gave the receipt, which left the company fifty thousand francs poorer than it would have been if it had not made the attempt at bribery; that is to say, Carnot, as minister of war, had paid fifty thousand francs of the firm's bill with its own money. —*Youth's Companion*.

Chivalry Gone to Seed.

It is becoming rather an interesting question how far a man is bound to refrain from using force against a woman.

In many places for women to wield the horse-whip over men, even the public places. In New York it has happened on several occasions of late that women have thus assaulted men by mistake, or for some trivial offence. In Jersey City not long ago a reporter was ashed across the face with a whip in the hands of a young woman of unsavory reputation whose appearance before a police court he had reported in the regular course of his duty. A few weeks ago a married woman in New York met her husband walking on Fourteenth street with a young woman. The wife pulled a whip from under her cloak, lashed the man till he ran away and then turned her attention to the young woman whose face she lacerated in a horrible manner. An innocent bystander, who ventured a word of remonstrance, was treated in the same manner. Only last week a young actor was severely punished by a female member of his company, who, while intoxicated, fancied herself the victim of some trivial slight.

In each of these cases the man made no resistance whatever, being restrained by a mistaken sense of honor from using force towards a woman, even under those circumstances. But there is no ground for such a sentiment. The woman who will so far forget her womanhood as to resort to such measures has no claim upon any chivalric feeling among men. She who appeals to force has no ground of complaint if force be used against her. The man who would willingly strike a woman is a brute; but no man is called upon to endure passively the blows of the unsexed creatures who appeal to the horse-whip. Especially if, like the reporter and the innocent spectator who remonstrated, the man be blameless he has a perfect right to use whatever force may be necessary to protect himself. —*Boston Globe*.

"The Ruling Passion Strong."

In one of the coast States there live two men of very dissimilar positions, out whose similar taste in one thing led them to "meet together" on an occasion long remembered by many present. One was an eminent judge, and the other was the French keeper of a sailors' loft. The judge was holding court, and the loft-keeper was an important witness in a case before him. The witness was called, but he came not nor answered. "Where is Suson?" asked the judge, impatient at the non-appearance of the witness.

"He will not answer, your honor," replied the sheriff.

"Go and find him, and bring him into court!" cried the judge, sternly. The sheriff went to look for him, and found the Frenchman a deeply interested spectator of a cock-fight then going on in the village. Returning to the court-room, he reported to the judge: "Your honor, Mr. Suson is looking at a chicken-fight, and says that all the judges in the State can't bring him away."

Immediately a change came over the judge's feelings and expression, and in a mild but earnest and clearly heard voice he asked, "Is it true, sheriff, that the cock-fight is now a-going on?"

"It is, your honor," replied the sheriff. "Well, gentlemen," said the judge, addressing the jury and lawyers, "I very much desire to witness that fight myself. The court is adjourned for half an hour." —*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine*.

Chicago's Death-Rate.

Sanitary statistics show that March raised somewhat the average death-rate in this city, the total being 20.91 per thousand. Other cities for the same month were higher in some instances and lower in others. For instance, Milwaukee's rate was 19.3; that of Pittsburgh 18; Cincinnati, 18.20; New Orleans about 22.75; Toledo, 18.30; Davenport, 14.18.

It is to be seen that among these cities Chicago has a higher average death-rate than the others, a fact which ought not to exist. We are supposed to have the finest drinking water, the best drainage, the most careful sanitary supervision in the country, and yet our mortality reports do not warrant these conclusions. Last week the death-rate in this city rose to nearly 27, which is almost as frightful as that of the dirtiest cities in Mexico and South America.

The prevalence of east and northeast winds has probably had much to do with accelerating the rate, as they are depressing and apt to influence unfavorably pending maladies. Still, with the winds against us, the rate is much higher than it should be. The annual mortality should not exceed 14, or, at most, 15 per thousand. It is the fault of the municipal management when the rate rises above this point. For weeks all portions of the city outside the main business centers have been flooded with torrents and diphtheria whose effects on weak lungs and theretic cases must be disastrous. The alleys are filled with refuse, and but a small part of the streets has been reached by the shovels and cleaners.

Chicago must reduce its annual death-rate to considerably below 20, or else it will lose its prestige as a healthy city. —*Chicago News*.

He Was Rattled.

A very absurd story was recently told me, says a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Telegraph*, respecting the drawing of the Nice lottery. The first prize (\$100,000) was drawn by a workman of the great India-rubber factory at Langlee, near Montargis, which belongs to and is under the direction of Alexander Hutchinson, formerly of Connecticut, but for many years a resident of Paris. The lucky prize winner on coming into possession of his fortune, immediately bought himself a high hat and a handsome overcoat, and hired a carriage, in which he and his family went driving around the country. Up to the present time the chief acquisition he owes to his wealth is a severe attack of dyspepsia, for the form of self-indulgence to which he is inclined is that of good eating; he tried most of the celebrated dishes at the leading restaurants of Paris, with the result as aforesaid.

But the amusing history connected with the Nice lottery is not told of him but of a less fortunate ticket-holder who was one of his comrades. This latter individual was a very ignorant and stupid fellow, a thorough type of the uncultivated class of the English peasantry. He could not read, but on hearing that his fellow workman had won \$100,000 he contrived to decipher the numbers of his own ticket, which bore as did all those that were issued an announcement of the grand prize. He became wildly excited and rushed about the village, proclaiming to everybody that he, too had won 500,000 francs—it was on his ticket. "But that is on every one of the tickets," remonstrated his friends. He would not listen—every body was trying to cheat him, he declared, and he must find out how to get his prize paid over to him. "Take your ticket to the mayor of Montargis," was the advice received, "and he will tell you what to do."

That was all very well, but how was he to convey his ticket to Montargis? for, when he first bought it, fearing that it would get lost, he had pasted it on the door of his cow house and could not contrive to detach it. So finally he took the door off its hinges, hoisted it upon his back, and marched with it into Montargis a distance of some two miles, followed by a crowd composed of all the rabble and all the small boys of Langlee. The mayor could only give the poor fellow the same information as had already been imparted to him by his comrades, namely, that his ticket was worthless; and so he was forced to carry his door all the way back home again.

How To Preserve The Hair.

A young gentleman whom we never suspected of vanity, but whose evident tendency to baldness we have often deplored, asks how to preserve the hair. He requests that our reply be strictly confidential; but knowing the character of the postmistress of his town, we propose to run no risks, and accordingly answer in cold type.

There are several well creditable methods of preserving the hair. Personally, we have tried none of them, but have kept record of those recommended by our baldest friends. To avoid any invidious distinction between them we submit the several methods in alphabetical order.

A: Arrogate no authority in the household.

B: Be in every night as early as a shutter can be procured.

C: Carry up coal when requested.

D: Don't dictate.

E: Eat what is before you.

F: Fix the fire before going to bed.

G: Govern with wisdom the dog.

H: Hold your tongue when addressed.

I: Incline to instant obedience.

J: Join nothing—except stovepipe.

K: Keep off the carpet.

L: Look sweet when lulling the baby.

M: Make marry with the wood pile.

N: Never look a new bonnet in the bill.

O: Ostracize yourself when the sewing circle meets.

P: Practice perfect patience.

Q: Quash every querulous complaint.

R: Render yourself scarce in house-cleaning time.

S: Spend and be spent for the Sisters of Timbuctoo and the home for Incurable Hottentots.

T: Tend door.

U: Upset nothing.

V: Vanish when callers come.

W: Watch the kerosene lamp and don't let it smoke.

X: Explain when called upon.

Y: Yearn for mother-in-law.

Z: Zeus, remember, often and again gave in to Juno; and he had ambrosial locks. —*Burlington Free Press*.

Parents Rarely Think of This.

It would be a good thing if somebody would establish a walking school to teach little children to walk. The number of people who walk gracefully, putting the feet down squarely, and bearing themselves properly, is very small. But if the unfortunates, who cannot walk becomingly, had been properly instructed in their childhood, they might have become models of correct deportment. The art of walking should be taught before any other art, except that of telling the truth. —*New York Sun*.

The grass isn't green enough yet to make a freshman envious. In fact it is only just about green enough for a senior. —*New Haven News*.

POINTS OF HUMOR.

Customer: "This stuff is not fit for a hog to eat." Waiter: "All right, sor. Don't ate it." —*Texas Siftings*.

Dude: "Miss, will you allow me to accompany you?" Indignant female: "Sir, do you think for a moment—?" Dude: "Me think! Good gwacious, do I look as if I could think?" —*Mocking Bird*.

He: "Yes, Miss Ida, I am wedded to my profession." She (with a far-away expression and a sigh): "How I envy your profession." Then they both blush and change the subject. —*Peck's Sun*.

Polite clerk: "Would you like to see some nice ladies' wear?" Old lady (from the country): "Like to see some nice ladies' wear! No, nor hear 'em, either. Nice ladies never swear, sir. It's very unnice." —*Texas Siftings*.

Hedges has dined well and has offered his waiter \$1. Waiter, in a voice that reaches the desk: "No, sah; we ain't 'lowed fer ter tek no fees, sah." In a voice which does not reach the desk: "Drap him on the flo', boss." —*Tid-Bits*.

Patrick Brady boasts that he has worked in a powder-mill over thirty years, and has never been killed once. Unless Patrick's reputation for veracity is in a critical condition his statement is likely to be credited. —*Norristown Herald*.

"This is very strange," remarked Billy Bliven, thoughtfully, after he had tasted the contents of his butter-dish; "very strange indeed." "What is strange?" "That such delicate, pale butter should turn out to be so robust." —*Merchant Traveler*.

"Did your son take the valedictory in college?" said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability of her offspring. "No, indeed, he didn't," she replied with pride. "He didn't take anything. He is the healthiest boy you ever saw." —*Washington Critic*.

Little Pinkie wanted to go out to play. Her ma said she thought it was too cold, but she might go out and see. When she got out in the air the cold made her eyes water, upon which she returned and said: "I dess it is too cold. It makes my eyes sweat." —*Boston Courier*.

Dumley (who has been asked to carve the duck and is meeting with poor success): "Whew!" Landlady: "Isn't the knife sharp, Mr. Dumley? I had it ground to-day." Dumley: "The knife is all right, Mr. Hendricks; you ought to have had the duck ground." —*Harper's Bazaar*.

Miss Greatbrain (of Boston): "So Brother George has got married?" Omaha man: "Yes; it was an elopement; that is why the family were not notified." "Is his wife a woman of intellect?" "No, indeed; pretty as a picture and as sweet as a peach." —*Omaha World*.

Le Comte Gaston d'Orgue de Barbari (appealing): "Madame la comtesse! How grand eet sound, eet eet not?" Miss Smith: "Really, monsieur le comte, I prefer to remain plain Miss Smith." Le Comte Gaston, etc.: "Plain Mees Smeeth! mille fois non! Zay razzer ze beautiful Mees Smeeth!" She succumbs. —*Tid-Bits*.

"I am told that you bought Quimby's \$10,000 violin. Is it so?" "Yes." "What was your idea in doing that? You can't play." "I know I can't." "Then why did you buy it?" "Well, you know, Quimby lives next door to me." "What has that to do with it?" "I bought the violin so that he could play no more." —*Lincoln Journal*.

A Provencal who was making love to a beautiful woman, finding her indifferent to his addresses, said to her menacingly: "If you refuse to love me I shall tell all. I know what crime you have committed!" "What do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished woman. "I know that you have assassinated a gazelle in order to steal its eyes!" —*Paris Gaitois*.

Mrs. Penn: "William, I read an advertisement in one of the papers stating that for \$1 in stamps the advertiser would send by return mail a sure way to get rid of rats in the house." Mr. Penn: "Well?" Mrs. Penn: "I sent \$1 in stamps, William, and received an answer." Mr. Penn: "What was it?" Mrs. Penn: "William, the cheat told me to move." —*Philadelphia Call*.

Rustic Individual: "Did you find the fishing good, mister?" De Trouty (opening basket): "Gosh! an't they beauties." Rustic: "Gosh! an't they stunnars? I reckon they're worth about \$5 a piece." De Trouty (modestly): "Hardly as much as that, I guess." Rustic: "Well, as it happens as how the season doesn't open in this 'ere state until the 1st of May, and as I'm constable of this 'ere town, that's just what they cost." —*Town Topics*.

Tattooed Slang.

Antoine Rigoletta, of Portland, Me., is a professional tattooer. On Monday last he was engaged by an American sailor to illustrate on the broad chest of the applicant the story of Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit. Nearly a week was occupied in completing the job, which, while in the main is historically correct, has some novel innovations. Adam is pricked into the skin wearing evening clothes, and Eve is adorned with skirts and a bustle, while she is taking an apple from a platter. The serpent encircles a tree and from his mouth comes a scroll bearing the words "I'm onto you." The sailor will have the marks pricked out, if possible, with cream. —*Galveston News*.

