

SPIRIT OF KANSAS

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For temperance twaddle Albert Griffin can beat the Dutch.

John H. Bass, the most extensive manufacturer in Indiana, says he don't want any tariff protection. The Printer's Register, just received from the St. Louis Central Type Foundry, the largest in the world, has a paragraph saying they want no tariff protection, and declares that only shoddy manufacturers, who have no faith in the merits of their own goods, are afraid of the world's competition. We need a properly adjusted tariff, but the introduction of the tariff issue into politics is a blind.

The Hugoton prisoners and guards went home last night. The prisoners are confident that nothing can be done with them. Confessedly it is the fact that they cannot be tried for murder. The murders were committed in a region over which no United States court is supposed to have jurisdiction. Their defense, presumably, to the charge of "conspiracy" will be that the United States has no jurisdiction as "the conspiracy" if any was conceived in Stevens county and the court of that district alone can have cognizance—a trial there, of course, would result in acquittal, unless the whole jury was picked in Woodsdale. It is hinted, however, that the murderers may be reached by the military law. No Man's Land may not be in any described and bounded judicial district of the United States, but, for all that, it is a part of the military department of the Missouri, General Wesley Merritt commanding at Fort Leavenworth, and it may hold good where there is no civil jurisdiction. At any rate, Attorney General Bradford, having had it suggested, is going to look up this phase of the case, so that so diabolical a crime may not go unwhipped of justice.

An attempt was made a few nights ago to get up what was called a third party prohibition mass meeting in this city. It was a great failure because there is no demand for anything of the kind. There are quite a number of our citizens who favor the prohibition national ticket and who believe that prohibition can only be had through a new party. But these people are reasonable. They are not soreheads. They have no private axes to grind. They are not seeking office nor notoriety. They are ready to take the good wherever they find it. In this state they cannot ignore the fact that we have secured effective prohibition, and they realize the absurdity of keeping up a perpetual racket about it. While the leaders of their party outside of Kansas are pointing to this state and its wonderful prosperity, as the strongest evidence of the beneficial effects of prohibition, they are not disposed to deny it by reiterating within the state, that it is a failure and to keep up a useless issue with the old parties that have both practically accepted prohibition as one of the settled issues. The republican party especially has directly expressed its adherence to the principle, and stands committed to it in Kansas as firmly as the prohibition party in the nation. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that no third party enthusiasm can be worked up in Topeka. This is a practical age and a practical community. It is not the time nor place for new demagogues. We have too many old ones.

The present campaign will mightily help out a certain shrewd patent medicine man who makes Log Cabin Bitters, and Tippecanoe stuff. Some men are lucky and this one is fortunate in having a great political party to help advertise his goods free of cost.

It is said that an attempt will be made to induce Gen. Harrison to come to Kansas during the reunion. This would be poor policy. His time is most valuable, and if his friends want him to be elected they should be anxious for him to put it in where it will tell. He could not help his cause in the very least by coming here. Kansas would like to see him, and would give him a royal Kansas welcome. But every blow should tell if he is to be elected. His own state is doubtful. Even Illinois is doubtful, and so of others not usually so considered. No effort should be wasted.

If large-sized and well-matured pears are expected it is absolutely necessary that the fruit be thinned on all trees that have on them pears in clusters, only one pear should come from one blossom bud, and the fruit should be so thinned as to leave the pears to hang singly, and several inches apart when fully grown. To thin pears as they ought to be requires practice and courage. Very few fruit growers at first have courage to pick off these pears where they leave but one, but on many trees where the fruit sets well this should be done, if first quality fruit is to be secured.

It is not to the credit of these United States that there is a portion of the country within its borders where men may be shot down in cold blood, before witnesses, without fear of punishment. The assassins are arrested on a charge of conspiracy, because there is no authority to arrest them for murder. They are taken four hundred miles to this city as a joke; they are allowed the freedom of the train; are met and lionized by Kansas women while their hands are moist with blood; are taken to first-class hotels and allowed to register as guests; are given the freedom of the city; then allowed to become bondsmen for each other, and then dismissed with the confessed understanding that no case can be made against them. The United States invites murderers to entice their victims to No Man's Land before robbing and murdering them. It is the safe way to do. No Man's Land is south of Western Kansas. Why not call it Murderer's Paradise, or the Outthroat's Elysian Field? If Kansas has no right to go over the line to capture assassins, or no right to arrest those who go there to do their bloody work, is it in the power of Congress to grant a remedy? If so, is it asking too much for it to give us a little of this kind of protection? We want no free trade in murder in any event.

The corn fields of Kansas cover an area greater than the whole state of New Jersey. The wheat fields contain 400,000 acres more than the state of Delaware, and the pastures more than the state of Pennsylvania.—Ex.

What would we have thought of the people of the south if they had organized an Abolition party favoring the abolition of slavery after slavery was abolished? It would have been about as sensible as organizing a Prohibition party in Kansas after we have prohibition in the state.—Wichita Republic.

Senator Ingalls says the tariff question is not of as much weight as the fly on the cart wheel. He never said anything better than that. The tariff is a miserable, false issue.

The political parties are fishing with all their tact for the labor vote, whatever that may be. Most of our voters are laborers. What they need to ignore most is the scheming town politician. They can safely vote against his wishes about every time.

A Clean Campaign.

One of the satisfying things about this presidential campaign is that it is to be a clean one. The three presidential candidates are good, clean, able men. No attempt will this year be made to smirch the character of Cleveland. He has lived down the miserable attacks that were made up on him four years ago. He is proved to be a strong, growing man, equal to every occasion that presents itself. Opposition to him will be opposition to the political principle he represents.

Gen. Harrison and Gen. Fiske may be classed together as men of the highest type, against whom no moral censure has ever been heard. They are both pure men, cultivated, refined, christian, men. Gen. Fiske, like Harrison, was a union general. He was, until four years ago, a republican. He left that party because, as he believed it was not so morally progressive as the people had a right to ask of it. When it refused to place itself against the liquor traffic as it had done against the lesser evil of slavery, he left it. Both men are representing party principle, and on this line the issue will be made.

Of course, an ocean of irrelevant matter will be brought into the campaign. There will be artificial issues like that of the tariff, labor reform as claimed by both parties; there will be excitements of all kinds incident to the warmest campaign. Money will flow liberally. When it is over, it will be found that these artificial stimulants have offset each other, and the result will be the average voice of the people.

The state central committee met and organized on Thursday by electing Henry Booth, of Larned, as chairman, and Bion Hutchins, secretary. During the meeting Mr. Perkins, of Olathe, said that Governor St. John having been referred to, he had a word to say about his claim of the prevalence and strength of the third party in Kansas. The speaker was a townsman of Gov. St. John, and having heard that he claimed Johnson county to be strongly prohibition in the sense of supporting the third party, he wanted to relate an incident which he hoped would be given wide circulation. Almost six weeks ago the third party people of Johnson county held a meeting, a mass meeting in Olathe, to secure delegates to the state convention at Hutchinson and select county candidates. There were only twenty-one in attendance, and the convention was adjourned. Two weeks ago another convention met with twenty seven in attendance, and there not being enough to make up a ticket, the project of a county ticket was not advocated. This is the way Johnson county is for the third party, exclaimed the speaker. It is for prohibition, but the republican party as well, knowing prohibition will be best realized in that party.

No two persons in this country on the side of Albert Griffin and Ellen Foster can be bamboozled so easily as they.

Albert Griffin is quite sure that the temperance plank in the Chicago platform is salt on the republican tail.

Albert Griffin is out with another letter explaining that temperance plank. Albert will die of inanition when he can no longer force himself upon a suffering public.

The Topeka DEMOCRAT announces that its subscription list is increasing so rapidly that its press facilities cannot accommodate it, and therefore it has doubled its price in order to check the increase; but at the same time it hopes that the advanced price will not deter any one from subscribing. Perhaps the Democrat is edited by the son of the man who was so strong that he had to break an arm or a leg every few days to prevent him from doing too much work. Oh, wind, why art thou so windy?—TROY CHIEF.

Governor Martin in speaking, yesterday, of the Stevens county troubles, said he thought the presence of the militia would restrain the people and give them the opportunity to reflect upon the policy they had pursued and the damage of the county. Already he had learned that the farmers were continuing to resist and put down "cussedness" of Hugoton and Woodsdale. They had grown tired of the contention and had determined to discountenance and prevent any further outbreaks. The governor said the militia would remain as long as required, but he anticipated that the new sheriff, Herman Cann, of Fortrees, would soon be in shape to appear in court. Cann was spoken of as a cool, determined man of good judgment, and the governor said he expected and hoped much of him.

Attorney General Bradford in his report to Gov. Martin says of the Stevens county murders: I believe that they are guilty of murder in the Neutral strip, commonly called "No Man's Land," and hence could not be charged with murder in the state courts of Kansas. I do not believe as others have estimated that there is a territory in the United States so large as what is commonly called "No Man's Land" at the south of Kansas, over which none of our courts of the United States have jurisdiction. I do not believe that that question has been so presented to the courts and adjudicated, as to state with any degree of certainty that such is the case, and in this case I think it ought to be tested, and the parties should be arrested.

All boys will enjoy the frontispiece of the August Wide Awake, "The Crisis," a wild Canadian river-scene, also the accompanying story of peri and pluck, "Sav-d on the Brink," by Macdonald O'Leary; and both boys and girls will have great fun over James Otis' complete serial "A Neck-tie Party," for it is a jolly story. In "The Elephant of an Indian Prince" Miss Riskey Seward offers the young folks the most entertaining elephant article ever written, all from her own experience with the finest elephants of Asia. "Pets in Artist Life," by Eleanor Lewis, has some beautiful pictures and some very amusing anecdotes. Edward Everett Hale writes about Boston Common as it was in Revolutionary Days and the article has Henry Bacon's famous picture of "The Boston School Boys and General Gage." Dr. Garnett has a witty Chinese story called "The Rewards of Industry." "Double Roses," the serial by Mrs. Sherwood, relates the overthrow of Phyllis and Bluebell, and the training-ship serial by Mrs. Crowninshield, "Plucky Smalls" shows how the Government decorated Plucky with a medal—this story is altogether delightful. There are many other attractions—a pretty paper by Mrs. Daisy, written among English daisies, an article on Hans Anderson, an account of the baby Buddhas in Tibet by Mrs. Leonowens, instructions how to make a "handy microscope," together with Tangles, Letters from Children, poems, prize-questions and pictures.

20 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

C. W. Whitcome, fire marshal of Boston says: "Much skepticism has always existed as to the possibility of 'rats and matches' being a bona fide cause of fires. Personally, I have not the slightest doubt of it, although I believe there has always been a tendency to attribute to them many fires which may have been the result of other causes. My conviction in the matter is the result of experience and experiments made during the year. Three rats were procured and placed in a large wire cage, six feet square, constructed for the purpose; various kinds of matches, single and by the card, were left with them over night. Morning invariably found the cage strewn with charred and partially consumed lucifers. The experiment was continued three weeks. On one occasion, in the presence of three witnesses, a match held through the wires of the cage was seized by one of rats, the phosphorus end taken in his mouth, where it was lighted by gnawing and partially burned before being dropped. The disastrous fire which destroyed one of the city's finest school houses a year ago, in all probability, owned its origin to rats and matches, traces of both having been found in the waste basket where the fire apparently started. In the experiment previously referred to, none of the safety matches were disturbed by the rats. The reckless practice of keeping the ordinary phosphorus match here, there and everywhere, can not be too severely condemned. They should always be kept in a pail or some vessel of like character."

Gen. A. P. Hovey has been nominated by the republicans for governor of Indiana.

In the early history of Meade county S. N. Wood was one of the inhabitants and Sam Robinson was the city marshal of Meade Center. As the gentlemen were being brought to the city from Hugoton, Stevens county Tuesday, the old acquaintances of Mr. Robinson gathered around him when the train stopped and told him if he had let them hang Wood when they wanted to that they would never have had the Stevens county trouble and would not now be on the train.

Another phase of the Stevens county conflict materialized yesterday in the person of colonel S. N. Wood. It had wired to him that a warrant was out for his arrest, so he repaired forthwith to this city and yesterday surrendered to United States Marshal Jones. Taken before the United States commissioners he was released on bonds. Warrants are also out for the arrest of Ed Short, A. A. Dummire, William Presley, R. R. Wilson, William Reid, Noel Legg and A. R. Kilgore. All are Woodsdale men and they are charged on the oath of William O'Connor, city attorney of Hugoton, with having "conspired to injure, oppress, threaten and intimidate C. E. Cook, Sam Robinson, O. J. Cook, A. M. Donald and J. B. Chamberlain, law abiding citizens of Stevens county, contrary to the constitution of the United States."

The soliciting committee are expected to meet on Monday, August 13, and complete the canvass, and make their report on Wednesday evening, August 15. The necessary funds should be subscribed and business men are urged to be liberal. This is a state reunion and the department officers are working hard to make it the largest gathering of old soldiers ever held in the west. Much depends upon the citizens, and it is to be hoped that all will do their duty and contribute as liberally as their circumstances will allow. Members of soliciting committee who have reasons for not serving, and will notify T. J. Anderson at once that their places may be filled.

Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia of Knowledge and Language.

One of the most extraordinary literary enterprises of the age is the work which bears the above title. The specimen which the publisher sends free to any applicant, shows the type which is used—a good clear-face Brevier; also the form, "Ideal" for convenience, easy for the eye, handy to hold. There will be several thousand illustrations no "mere pictures," but everything of importance that will serve to explain the text.

THE MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA is much more than a "Cyclopaedia of Universal Knowledge"; it embodies also a Dictionary of the English Language—containing every word which has just claim to a place in the language. How often you have consulted Appleton's or Chamber's or Johnson's Cyclopaedia and failed to find the titled you were looking for—then consulted Webster's Unabridged and were successful; the word belonged to the Dictionary rather than to the Cyclopaedia. Or you have consulted Webster, and found little more than a mere definition of the word—you must go to the Cyclopaedia for details of knowledge. Or, more probable than either of these suppositions, you do not own either a first-class Dictionary, or only one of the two because of their prohibitory cost so you "consult your imagination" and "go hungry" for lack of the few lines of print that would satisfy you! In the MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA you will find a survey of all knowledge which is illustrated by the English Language, and the cost is hardly more than commonly charged for a Dictionary alone. Editorial talent second to none in America, in experience and skill is engaged in the conduct of the work; the publisher's past experience in Cyclopaedia making (notably in The Library of Universal Knowledge, now known trebled in price—as the International Cyclopaedia) is good basis for the pledge he makes to his patrons that THE MANIFOLD shall be inferior to no other Cyclopaedia in any of the important qualities of a popular guide to knowledge. Specimen pages free, or a specimen volume may be ordered and returned if not wanted; 50 cents per volume for cloth, 65 cents for half Morocco binding; postage 10c extra. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

There will be a million more voters in this election than four years ago. As so these "first voters" so goes the country. Many more now than in 1884 are boys of old soldiers who will vote as their fathers shot.

A farmer in Kingsley, Iowa, claims the largest ear of corn yet raised. The ear has thirty six rows.

The Spirit of Kansa

TOPEKA, - - KANSAS.

MR. WALTER BESANT is a small, mimated, black eyed and black haired man, fond of the theater, claret and a pipe.

RIAZ PASHA, the new prime minister of Egypt, is a Mohammedan. His predecessor, Nubar Pasha, was an Armenian Christian.

A LADY of Knoxville, Tenn., was somewhat overcome by being made a grandmother, and all on the same day, by each of her three daughters.

LONGFELLOW, the poet, was once a member of the old "Portland Rifles," and paraded in a brilliant green uniform. But he soon found that his natural vocation was to sing rather than fight.

THE father of Mr. Blackburne, the great chess player, is a professional phrenologist, and predicted of his son, when the latter was a child, that he would become exceedingly proficient in chess.

LAST fall a bug flew into the ear of Henry Bolton, of Frederick township, Montgomery county, Pa., rendering him entirely deaf on that side. A few days ago the bug dropped out and his hearing almost immediately returned.

UNCLE ELIAS HARPER, of Blakely, Ga., is 94 years old, but still quite hale and active. He is a veteran of the war of 1812 and preserves as a keepsake a Spanish dollar, minted in 1777, the first money he received for his services.

KING KALAKAUA, the versatile monarch of the Sandwich Islands, has written a learned treatise on the Diametrical Physiognomy of the Earth. The article is based on observations of the volcanic phenomena for which the Hawaiian group is noted.

MAYOR FITLER, of Philadelphia, is a rope-maker, and he sometimes exhibits to his friends a curious rope cable that he keeps in his office. It is made of kangaroo's ropes, each strand having been taken from a rope by which some poor criminal's neck was broken.

COUNT MAURICE ESTERHAZY has been put under guardianship to check his mad extravagance. He owns, free and clear of incumbrances, more than 200,000 acres of land in Hungary, and can travel in a straight line more than fifty miles without quitting his estate.

For some time past Mr. W. D. Howells has abandoned pen and pencil in his literary compositions, using the typewriter instead. Mr. Howells sits back leisurely in his chair, thinks out his train of thought, carefully fashions his sentence and as each is completed transmits it to paper, striking the keys with one hand. Many other authors are following Mr. Howells' example, but for a long time there was a prejudice among literary people against the typewriter. They imagined that work done with it was stifled and formal. This opinion has since been abandoned by many writers.

A CURIOUS story about the Japanese emperor's opinion of dancing is told by *The Tokio Dempo*. That journal relates that recently a minister of state, while in audience, touched upon the subject of dancing, whereupon his majesty expressed the opinion that the revelance of such a voluptuous custom was a sure indication of the decay of the nation. The state minister in question, hearing his majesty express such strong views on the subject, upon retiring from his presence immediately gave private orders to those engaged in the construction of the new palace to dismantle the dancing salon in the new building, which was already completed.

MR. W. H. H. MURRAY has started on an exploring and hunting expedition in the most secluded place and east visited regions of the Rockies, north of the Canadian line. He will be gone about six months and intends to cover about 2,000 miles in the saddle, visiting regions as yet unexplored. The Canadian government has granted him the protection and assistance of the mounted police and the Hudson Bay company has given his expedition its support. An experienced artist will go with him for the purpose of procuring illustrations to accompany his letters to the press and his magazine articles. A great part of his explorations will be in the valley of the Peace river, or which even the Canadian government knows almost nothing. This region lies about 6 degs. north of the Canadian line and east of the Selkirk.

A DREADFUL DEATH.

Hydrophobia Carries Off a Prominent Jerseyman.

After suffering for four days the most dreadful agony, Charles R. Fenimore, a prominent Democrat and ex-Collector of Burlington county, N. J., died at his residence near Delanco of hydrophobia, says a dispatch in the Cincinnati Times.

On the night of March 31 Mr. Fenimore was aroused from his slumbers by the sound of dogs fighting in his front yard. He stood the racket as long as he could and then went down stairs to drive the dogs away. One of them, a black Newfoundland, stood his ground and showed fight as Mr. Fenimore approached, but the latter was not in the least alarmed and made a motion to kick the animal. Then with a fierce growl the brute sprang at him and seizing him by the wrist almost tore the flesh from the bone.

The wounded man strove to get away but the dog knocked him down and bit him frightfully all along the fleshy part of the arm and face inflicting no less than seventeen wounds. By a sudden effort Mr. Fenimore broke away and rushed into the house where he fell fainting to the floor. It was at least two weeks before he thoroughly recovered from the effects of his injuries. The dog was afterward shot by a neighbor who noticed that it displayed symptoms of rabies, and was biting and snapping at everything that came in its way. Mr. Fenimore, who was fifty-six years of age, felt a little nervous over the probable consequence of the wounds, and thought it might be advisable for him to take a trip abroad and put himself into Pasteur's hands, but his friends ridiculed the idea.

Many said there was no positive evidence that the dog was suffering with rabies and advised Mr. Fenimore to dismiss the subject from his mind, so he said no more about it. While out in the harvest field on Thursday watching the men at work he got caught in a shower which drenched him to the skin. He went directly home for a change of clothing and was seized with a chill. That night the first symptoms of hydrophobia were manifested when he attempted to drink a glass of ice-water. As soon as the liquid touched his lips he was thrown into a convulsion that lasted several minutes. Upon recovering he realized at once the dreadful character of the malady and remarked to a member of his family: "When I told you I feared that dog was mad you laughed at me, but you can now see that I am dying of hydrophobia."

From that hour he grew steadily worse. His eyes rolled from side to side, the pupils were dilated, and he suffered from intense thirst, but the attempt to swallow water always brought on a terrible convulsion. A current of air, the slamming of a door, or any unusual noise had the same effect. His mouth was filled with a thick saliva that almost choked him, and at times he became so violent that it was impossible to keep him in bed, and the members of his family were afraid to venture near him. The end came last night. An attendant had just handed him a glass of iced-tea, but before he could swallow it he was taken with a frightful convulsion, in which he died. Dr. A. W. Taylor, of Beverly, who was in attendance upon the patient, said it was clearly a case of hydrophobia.

The Old Egyptian Tombs.

Armed, therefore, with a stock of photographic plates, and with the far more essential stock of paper for making molds or squeezers from the stone, I began work on the temples of Thebes. In most cases the sculptured surface has lost all trace of its coloring, and it may then be washed and soaked without any harm. First drenching it with water, a sheet of paper is then laid on it, and worked into the hollows by the fingers; next this is beaten with a brush until it is thoroughly pulped into all the carvings, and even into the very grain itself. Every line and chip and flaw must receive the paper as closely as a coat of paint; then after any broken parts of the sheet have had extra pieces beaten on over them, another sheet is laid on and beaten until the two seem like one layer of pulp. In a couple of hours or so this will be dry, and the sheets, light and unchangeable, except by wet or heavy pressure, may be packed up and carried in parcels without any damage. In many cases the great battle scenes or rows of captives cover whole walls up to twenty or thirty feet from the ground. Here it was needful to hang a rope ladder over the wall from the top, and enjoining my Arab above to stand steady on the end of it, and not to let go on any account whatever, I then scaled up, gripping the long brush, with the paper wound round it, between my teeth. Hitching an elbow in over a step to keep myself up, I unrolled the paper, and brushing over the stone with a wet brush, spread the sheet out and beat it on. In other cases a high stack of boxes served for steps and contained my collections afterward. On reaching England the paper impressions were soaked with wax upon a stove plate, and were thus brought into a state for making any number of plaster casts. From a set of casts the photographs were at last taken, far better and more easily than if taken direct from the stone; the lighting can be precisely arranged, so as to give the right extent and direction of shadow, and the scale can be made uniform. This first complete set of casts, after exhibition at the South Kensington

Museum, will be preserved in the British Museum.

Besides the sculptures, there are many painted tombs, which are equally important. In one tomb, that of a governor of the Soudan, are portrayed all the southern races over which he ruled; the several chiefs, with their followers bearing bags of gold dust and precious offerings as tribute; boats with negroes seated on them; herds of cattle decorated with hands—probably of metal—on the end of their horns, and a green queen in a chariot drawn by two piebald bulls (like the modern Abyssinian breed) with the state umbrella over her head. * * * These tomb paintings, when near the entrance, can be sufficiently lighted by successive reflectors of tin plate for good photographs to be taken; but for those deep in rock hewn chambers, hundreds of feet from the outer light, magnesium is needed. The powdered metal is mixed with an equal amount of chlorate of potash; the camera is adjusted; the plate is put in and left exposed, and then, lighting the paper on which the powder lies, a single flash, bright as a sunny day, and a dull, heavy thud that rumbles through the long passages tell that the work is done, and looking around in the blackness a faint patch of yellow shows where the candle flame is. Some of these magnesium light photographs are among the most successful.—*Harper's Magazine*.

The Fly Screen.

I am the screen,
Calm and serene
In every window I am seen;
Through meshes fair
The light and air
I pass, but keep the flies out there.
And yet,
You bet
The flies can get
Around my shield of fame and net.
A little bit
I do not fit,
And in each crooked place they fit;
In with rain and sun
I warp like gum
Before the summer's well begun;
And now and then,
By careless men
I'm shoved clear out to smash again.
And oft the boy with careless kick
Thrust through my breast the window
stick,
But patient woman's faith in me
By mild, warp, or cavity,
Can never shaken be.
With splitting ticks she mends my bars,
Pastes letter paper on my scars;
And half the summer time is spent
In making straight what still stays bent;
In picking me up from the ground
Where once or twice a day I'm found,
In striving hard to make me fit,
In windows I won't fit a bit,
Until at last I am in doubt
If I can't do this thing the best—
Coax in the flies that yet are out,
And keep them in with all the rest.
—Robert J. Burdette.

Tales of Three Tale-Tellers.

In his latest novel *Rider Haggard* says: "There is no doubt that if through any cause—such, for instance, as the sudden discovery by the great and highly civilized American people that the seventh commandment was probably intended to apply to authors among the rest of the world—the pecuniary rewards of labor," etc. It is suspected that Mr. Haggard got mixed on the numerical features of the Decalogue.

At a literary dinner in Paris one of the guests had set the company in a roar by relating a droll story of an impetuous individual who had contrived to borrow money from a creditor on questionable security. Dumas the younger, who was present, positively screamed with delight. "Are you aware," whispered his neighbor at table, "that the person alluded to is your father?" "My father!" retorted the author of the "Demi-monde." "Impossible! Do you suppose for a moment if he had been the hero of the adventure that he would have missed chronicling it in his *Memoirs*?"

After the revolution of 1848 Lamartine was overwhelmed with applications for place hunters. One vacancy, however, remained unclaimed; and a fortnight later his Secretary asked him if he could give him any information respecting "Citizen David, appointed French Consul at Bremen." "David?" said Lamartine, "I do not know him. Let me look at the list." And taking out his pocketbook he discovered on one of the pages "David" inscribed in large letters. Suddenly he remembered that a few days before his accession to power he had written it himself to remind him of a particular passage in the Psalms, and amicably reproached his subordinate for having unconsciously transformed the King of Israel into a republican Consul. This singular mistake was rectified as follows in the next morning's *Moniteur*: "Citizen X. is appointed Consul of France at Bremen in lieu of Citizen David, deceased."

Destruction Wrought by Insects.

The annual loss to productive industries in the United States caused by insects is estimated at \$150,000,000. Here is a fair battle between man and another sort of earth occupiers. They are smaller, but if they can whip us, have undoubtedly as good a right to the world as we have. As civilization advances, new insects make their appearance, marching sometimes eastward, but generally westward. There are few, if any, forms of vegetation that have no parasites that devour either foliage or fruit. The loss to the cotton crop is estimated at \$15,000,000 a year, while that to the apple crop is not much less, and that to the potato crop at least one-half as much. But the estimate is not a fair one until into the loss is counted the time spent in fighting to secure the proportion that is saved.

THE RIVER HORSE.

A Congo Explorer Says a Good Word for the Hippopotamus.

One of the circus companies now traveling in this country, says the *New York Sun*, is in the habit during the performance of turning its immense hippopotamus out of its cage, and the unyielding animal follows its master around the hippodrome track with as much docility as a pet dog could exhibit. It is evident that in captivity the hippopotamus is anything but a precocious animal, and the stories that Von Francois, the Congo traveler, tells of him as he splashes about in his native waters or suns himself on the sand banks indicates that the hippopotamus, though not a beautiful beast, still has his lovable traits. Von Francois is the German explorer whose observations for altitudes and for geographical positions in the part of the Congo basin he has visited are regarded as more accurate than any others that have been made. He has conceived considerable affection for the hippopotamus.

"I am not sorry," he says, "that I have not taken part in hippopotamus hunts. It seems a pity, without any good reason, to shoot these harmless beasts as they huddle together on the sand banks. These animals are almost incredibly innocent and unsuspecting and they seldom take the trouble to move when they see a hunting canoe approaching. Though great numbers of them have been shot, the idea that the hunting canoes bring danger never seems to dawn upon them. "Unless some restriction be soon placed upon the hunting of hippopotami in those waters the great beasts will become so scarce as to be curiosities there. It is to be hoped that the Congo state will soon give its attention to this matter. The evil would not be so great if better use were made of the skin of the animals. Their valuable hides are seldom taken, and their giant bones, which might serve a variety of useful purposes, are left to bleach on the shores. Often, too, the river affords a grave for the unfortunate animals."

The prediction of this explorer seems rapidly to be coming true. Letters from Leopoldville this year say that the hippopotamus hunters now have to travel many miles for their prey, which was formerly found in great numbers within easy reach of the station.

A Chinese Trick That is Vain.

It was an evil day for China when her tea merchants began to tamper with the quality of the commodity which has long formed her principal article of export to the Western world. The progressive deterioration in Chinese teas has encouraged the production of that article elsewhere to such an extent that India and Ceylon have every year been growing more formidable rivals of the Celestials; and if the consumption of Assam and Ceylonese teas goes on increasing in the future as it has done in late years the tea trade of China will ere long be of secondary importance, so far as foreign tea drinkers are concerned. In addition to the East Indies, a new rival has just appeared in the colony of Natal, in South Africa. It is only some six or seven years ago that an enterprising English settler there planted a few acres with tea. His first crop, produced in 1881, amounted to only about 500 pounds weight. Last year the production had so increased that Natal sent about 100,000 pounds weight of tea to market. The new industry is, in fact, proving so profitable that it is fast spreading in the colony, and ere long we may expect to find Natal teas competing with those of India, Ceylon and China in the London Market. The tea trade of China, however, far from being yet irretrievably ruined; but unless the native authorities enforce with rigor the recent ordinances against adulteration, the exportation of Chinese leaf to the Anglo-Saxon nations will be inevitably doomed.—*London Standard*.

Atlanta During the War.

The dudes had no end of trouble in those days. A young man put on his best coat and forgot to take his pass from the pocket of the other one. He carried his sweetheart to a reception, and after a pleasant evening was returning with her, when a soldier brought the butt of his musket down on the pavement with an ominous thud, and said:

"Halt, and show your papers."

An explanation was made, but it was useless.

"I must arrest you," said the soldier.

"But, my dear sir—this young lady—I must see her home."

"All right," was the reply, "I will walk behind you."

"And the stern soldier in gray followed the couple home, and then accompanied the wrathful citizen to his boarding-house, where the required pass was produced.

—And this was the experience of hundreds.—*Constitution*.

A Wife's Little Joke.

She: "I'm so glad you can stay to tea. Such a joke as I'm going to have on my husband. He's always growling about my cooking, and to-day his mother happened to drop in, and I got her to make some biscuit. Won't he feel cheap when he begins to criticize and then find out his mother made them herself?" Half an hour later. He: "My dear, you're becoming an angel of a cook. These biscuit are as fine as my mother makes."—*Omaha World*.

HERE AND THERE.

Plunk-eye is destroying valuable horses in Cornish, Me.

Saw dust in Sweden is used in bread and found digestible.

There has been a big fall in Panama Canal shares in Paris lately.

The pig iron export from Birmingham, Ala., is steadily increasing.

The order of Knights of Labor is extending into foreign countries.

A huge shark, weighing 400 pounds, of the man-eating species, was caught in a wire off Cotuitport, Mass., the other afternoon.

Sir Isaac Newton's autograph in the shape of a letter brought \$313 at a recent sale in England. It was bought for Trinity College, Cambridge.

Near Chambersburg, Pa., a five-week-old baby was attacked by a rat and so severely bitten on the mouth and gums that it is feared the child will die.

At a recent sale in Paris \$7,600 was paid for a velvet pile Persian carpet. A less fine one went for \$4,000, and tapestry of the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries realized extraordinary prices.

At Elm Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, John Condon, the Chestnut street tailor, as an amateur horticulturist, has succeeded in raising some stupendous strawberries that run forty to a box.

Three statues of Roman art were discovered at Athens on May 29, one of the Emperor Hadrian, another of Antonius, and the third a small one of Bacchus. All three are well preserved and of excellent workmanship.

There is a boat club at Webster, Mass., whose members must always be able to pronounce its name, both after as well as before races and banquets and club meetings. The name is "The Chaubunagungamauch Yacht Club."

The gold mines of North Carolina are again being vigorously developed, and exceptional rich yields are reported from most of them. At the Mann-Arlington, in Nash county, some men who work over the talling merely are said to make \$24 a day.

The other day, while the great Michigan storm was at its height, the town of Norway was so badly on fire that the engines were powerless to control it, and the downpour heavy enough to extinguish it seemed to the inhabitants a veritable godsend.

A farmer near Walpole, N. H., recently plowed up what is declared to be the skeleton of an Indian who was killed in the famous "Kilburn fight" in 1755. It was at this fight that two men, two women, and two boys defended themselves for six hours against 400 Indians.

Near Covington, La., the four-year-old daughter of Mrs. Mabey fell into a forty-foot well with eight feet of water at the bottom, and, upon coming to the surface, caught hold of the lowered bucket, clambered into it and was drawn out only a slight bruise the worse for her fearful experience.

There have been twenty-six suicides from the Clifton Bridge in England in the twenty-four years since it was built. The jump is 200 feet, and death is presumably easy, which accounts for the popularity of the route. The last person who went over it was a young man who was to be married in a week.

The big Nova Scotia timber raft, whose owners are not alarmed at the fate of the Leary raft, will soon be launched and started on its way for New York city. It is made of 30,000 sticks bound together, making a raft 700 feet long, with spars run 25 to 175 feet in length. It will be towed, but will also be manned and rigged to sail.

Thomas R. Butler, who recently died in England in his ninety-first year, before the time of railroads conducted the bullion wagons between Dover and London. His books show that over twenty millions of specie had been under his care. The last consignment of which he had charge was too and a half tons of silver en route from London to the East Indies.

The first decision of the status of a life insurance policy, where the wife, for whose benefit it was taken out, died before the husband, has just been made by Judge Seddon in St. Louis. He holds that where a man insures his life for the benefit of his wife and then survives her the policy will insure to the benefit of the children independently of the insured's creditors.

Several years ago a valuable calf belonging to E. O. Bancroft, of Warehouse Point, sucked a diamond ring from his finger as he was teaching it to drink milk. The calf grew and became a valuable cow, and the other day died mysteriously. A post-mortem examination showed that the ring had recently become detached from a muscle, where it had hitherto remained harmless, and had been the cause of death.

John Carwell, a deacon of the Scotch National Church at Bloomsbury, England, was recently fined \$5 in a potter court for assaulting the wife of Johnson, a village painter, in the church. The evidence was that he struck her with the pedestal of the offertory box and pushed her so that she became ill and had to leave the church. The assault was a part of a row between the church officials and the pastor, Rev. J. Mackie.

The popular idea that a razor needs rest occasionally has a scientific foundation in the case of fine razors. The grain of the best Swedish razors runs in a diagonal direction from the upper end of the outer point toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain sets up and down and steady use draws the grain still farther over. When it gets into this condition it cannot be kept sharp, but if laid away and left alone for awhile the grain will resume its first position and the razor be as good as new again.

The other day a party of tourists in California asked a tall, thin man, who was digging in Joaquin Miller's garden, near Fruit Vale, to show them over the poet's little ranch. The man dropped his spade and did as they desired, showing them the crematory, the wolf pen, the water works and other sights. But they were much disappointed at not seeing the poet. "Look here, my man," said one, "What sort of a looking fellow is Joaquin Miller anyway?" "He looks a good deal like me," said the man. "Like you? Looks like you?" "Yes; I am Joaquin Miller."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Plenty of Fodder Corn.

No farmer can afford to do without a good supply of fodder corn, even though he may have a good supply of the very best of hay, milch cows are very fond of fodder corn, and it helps very materially in increasing as well as maintaining the flow of milk during the cold, wintry months. It is the nearest approach to green food they can have, unless it is ensilage, which we do not consider very profitable for the average farmer. To get a good crop of fodder corn, a well-cultivated and clean piece of ground should be chosen as early this month as practicable. Have it well plowed and harrowed, though we would prefer not to harrow until the corn is sown (if sowed broadcast), as it can be covered better by harrowing afterward. To prevent the birds from levying tribute take the corn, moisten it with warm water and drain it off; to a bushel of corn pour over, in a thin stream, about a table-spoonful of warmed tar, after which thoroughly mix up the mass till every grain is coated, when ashes or plaster should be applied to dry the corn and handle easily. The birds will not bother this corn, and it will sprout as readily as any other. It should be sown rather thickly, to make a good stand and better fodder. The land should be rich as possible, to force a heavy growth. It should be cut just before it commences to shoot its tassels or top, thoroughly seasoned, then tied into convenient-sized bundles and stored away for use. This is a good food for the driving and other horses, as it is sweet, nutritious and much relished by all stock.—*Practical Farmer.*

Poor Horses.

Of all stock kept upon the farm, poor horses may be considered the worst as well as the most unprofitable. Poor cattle, sheep or hogs can be fattened and marketed. We can take a lot of poor calves, shoats or lambs in the fall, winter on roughness if reasonably well sheltered, giving enough grain to keep in a reasonably thrifty condition, and let them have the run of the pastures until a sufficient growth can be secured, when they can be fattened and marketed. They may not pay us as large a profit as if we had kept better stock, yet when they are ready for market they can be turned into cash. But a poor horse—commence when but a colt you may be able to feed him cheap enough while he is growing, but after he has matured and is ready to be marketed there is no demand. He can not be turned into cash and a trading horse can not be considered as being valuable property, because in a majority of cases we must either take another trading horse of less value, or pay the difference between what we own and what we trade for, and this we may not always find profitable.

Good horses are nearly always in demand at fair prices. They cost but little if any more to feed and keep. They can be turned into cash, and for this reason may be considered as being valuable property, but a poor horse that can not be sold for cash and must either be kept or traded for another horse of the same kind, is certainly poor property. Poor stock of almost any other kind can be fattened or marketed or used to an advantage, but a poor horse must either be kept or traded, and for this reason cannot be considered as profitable property. And yet the larger number of farmers continue to raise what, under reasonable circumstances, we can not but consider as being poor horses.—*Western Agriculturist.*

Food for the Cow.

Hundreds of cows are kept in each county simply for supplying the family with milk. In such cases the owners have no opportunity of grading up their milch cows, as the animals are kept on limited areas and often pastured on hired pasture. As a rule such cows are inferior to those used for dairies from which large quantities of milk are sold, but they should be superior in every respect. One of the great obstacles is that no regard is given to the quality of the milk, the value of the cow depending on the quantity she yields. Science, however, has come to the aid of those who are endeavoring to secure the largest return at the least cost, and teaches that milk is a substance varying in its composition, and that its value does not depend on the amount of fluid yield, but on the relative proportion of solids contained therein, including the fat. The value of the milk, therefore, depends greatly on the food, as foods also vary in their composition. A cow may give as much as sixteen quarts of milk per day and yet not provide the family with as much nutrition as one fed differently and giving a less amount. Nor do the solids always designate the value according to the quantity, for they, too, vary, and it becomes a matter of judgment in feeding. The cow can not manufacture something out of nothing, and any deficiency existing in the food will also exist in the milk. These matters are important, especially when the milk is intended for very young children, many of whom pine away for want of some element that may be lacking in the milk which constitutes their sole food. The cow that is compelled to secure the greater portion of her food here and there can not give rich milk; and what is intended by the term rich milk means something more than the cream, and it is often much easier for a cow to give milk richer in cream than in the essential elements of food. She should

be a machine for rendering soluble the foods that contain nitrogen and the phosphates, as well as mineral matter, which are really the nutritious properties of milk. A mess of cornmeal, with a bare pasture, will not supply her. She should have an abundance of bulky food, with grain of various kinds. To select a good cow without trial is a difficult matter, but the best cows are hearty feeders, and convert their food mostly to milk and take on fat very slowly. They should milk up close to their period of calving, and should be gentle and easily managed.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Farm Notes.

Sleep will need very little care now, as they can find abundant subsistence in the young grass and weeds that come up. As they graze close to the ground they will find something to eat on nearly all kinds of waste places. They should have a dry place at night, and not be let out in the fields, as dampness is injurious. If the feed be scarce on the grazing ground, a half pint of oats to each sheep may be allowed at night.

You can not get two crops from the land without doing injury unless the land be highly manured. The custom of securing a crop of hay from the orchard robs the trees. The more hay the less fruit. The fruit crop needs as much attention as any other. All crops grown in the orchard other than the one desired from the trees simply retard the growth of the trees and lessen their bearing capacity.

When the pigs are confined in the summer they can be advantageously used as manure makers. Everything that can be converted into manure should go into the pig-pens, so as to permit the pigs to work it over and mix all the materials together. They will also at the same time consume much of the material that would otherwise be wasted.

All kinds of vegetables can be canned in glass fruit jars and stored away in a cool place for winter use. Peas, corn, beans, tomatoes, etc., are very easily prepared and canned. Pumpkins, squash and apples may be cooked to a sauce and canned for ready use in winter.

The more cabbage plants are hoed, the better they will thrive. The cabbage plant is a plant that succeeds best when given clean cultivation and plenty of manure, as it is a gross feeder. During dry seasons the loose earth around the plants assists in retaining moisture.

The Household.

AN APPETIZING CURRY.—Slice to onions, one apple chopped fine, a deserts-poonful of curry powder well sprinkled amongst the onions; fry in 2 ounces or more of butter or good dripping till the onions are cooked and brown. If your meat is uncooked fry it at first with the onions; if already cooked, flour and brown it when they are nearly done; dredge in sufficient flour to take up the butter, and fry a nice brown; add sufficient gravy or hot water to moisten the whole. A few chopped raisins are added, and if apple is not liked, a small quantity of chopped pickled gherkin or cauliflower answers the purpose. Simmer all together for twenty minutes, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and, where easily obtainable, a small quantity of grated cocoanut. Serve with rice.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING.—Line a deep and buttered pudding dish with slices of sponge cake; cut some pineapple in very thin slices, and put into the dish; cover a layer of pineapple with a layer of cake, and so until the dish is full; scatter sugar plentifully over the pineapple; the top layer of cakes should be moistened with water and have sugar scattered over it. If you are the happy possessor of a pudding dish with an earthen cover, put this over the pudding; otherwise cover it with a dinner plate, and bake slowly for one and three-quarter hours. The cover or plate should be buttered.

CHERRY CORDIAL.—Take one quart of the best Catawba or California brandy, one quart of the juice of the best of cherries and 2 pounds of the best pulverized white sugar; add the sugar to the juice, and stir it until it is thoroughly dissolved; add the brandy, and then filter through blotting paper.

TRY THIS WAY OF MAKING RICE CUSTARD.—Soak half a cup of cold cooked rice in one pint of hot milk until every grain is distinct. Add the yolks of two eggs, beaten with a quart of a cup of sugar and a pinch of salt, and cook like soft custard. While still hot stir in the whites, beaten stiff, and set away to cool. Or turn the hot custard into a dish, and when cool, cover with a meringue of the whites. Brown slightly and serve cold.

FRUIT PRESERVED WITH CUT SUGAR.—One of the newest California methods of preserving fruit whole and without sugar is as follows: Fill clean, perfectly dry fruit jars with fresh, sound fruit; add nothing, not even water. Be sure that the fruit is closely packed in. Wrap a little hay or cloth around each jar and stand them in a pan or boiler of cold water. Let the water reach not quite to the shoulder of the jars. Bring the water to a boil over a moderate fire, and then boil gently for ten minutes. Seal the jars and replace, setting them upside down as the water. Boil fifteen minutes longer. Take pan and all off the fire, and let the jars cool in the water. If the fruit sinks too rapidly, less time may be allowed to the boiling. This is a recipe every housekeeper will require to test in small quantities to become familiar with the necessary length of time for different fruits before using it extensively.

ANNOYING HABITS.

Some of the Funny Things Absent Minded or Worried Persons Do.

"Just look at that girl!"
"Yes; it is Miss Blank. What about her?"

"Don't you see her tongue?"
"Oh! Yes. Isn't it perfectly dreadful? They say she always sticks it out like that when she's thinking about anything."

The young woman in question was promenading on West Fourteenth street early one morning recently, attired in a bewitching costume and between two lips of the description known to novelists as coral, says the *New York Mail and Express*. "Yes," said one of her feminine acquaintances, "she always does that when thoughtful or worried. It's one of those terrible habits which, when once contracted, stick closer than a million brothers. Miss Blank began it when a child, and no one ever took the trouble to break her of it. Now, poor girl, it mortifies her terribly to be told about it, though, of course, she is anxious to cure herself. But then every one has some curious little habit which he would be very glad to break if he could; some trick more or less unpleasant caused in the first place probably by nervousness. We all know the man who is perpetually pulling up his collar. Then there is the girl who is always rubbing one eye as if in search of a stray eye-lash, and the man who can't be happy without a more or less fragile article to twist and bend and turn about in his fingers. Any thing and every thing from your finest lace handkerchief to your new and extremely delicate paper cutter is sacrificed to the demon of nervousness which possesses him, and yet you can't find it in your heart to rob him of his plaything. He is quite happy and at his ease so long as he is allowed to twirl and twist as much as he wants to, but bereft of the temporary object of his affection he would be abjectly miserable, and you know it. Many a man can talk fluently and well while winding something—anything—about his finger, who, without it, would be constrained, awkward, silent."

"One of the most annoying forms of this disease is the incessant tatter which some people keep up on their knees or the table, or whatever happens to be the most convenient keyboard. I have noticed that musicians usually indulge in this habit, and it is very trying one, though I don't know as it is worse than 'twiddle your thumbs.'" There are lots of other curious little ways peculiar to individuals. I know a man who, when embarrassed, always taps the side of his nose with his little finger, and a girl who is so given to pushing her hair behind her left ear that she has worn a bald spot there."

A New Subscriber.

Lester, of the *Brunswick* (Mo.) News furnishes the following, which he says is reliable:

I got a new subscriber to-day. When I answered his knock at the door, he sailed in, removed his hat from his woolly head and remarked: "Is dis de newspaper shop?"
I told him it was.

"An' is you de boss fo'eman ob de wuks?"
I satisfied my colored visitor that I ran the ranch, and he continued:

"I fotched in some 'bacca to-day, an' I promised Ebaneazah—dat's my eldest chile—I promised dat boy I'd prescribe for a paper. He kin read, he kin, an' he's allers pesterin' de ole 'oman an' me f'or books an' papers. Is 'spos we orter 'carriage de chile's dispenstry. How 'd'ye sell yo' papers?"

"Dollar and a half a year."
"All de same price?"
"Yes."
"Let me observe one ef you please, sah."

I handed him a paper and he unfolded it upside down, scanning it critically on both sides.

"Looks like dar war a sight o' letterin' in dat, I done forgot my spectacles de mornin', an' I can't prezactly see if it's de 'Merican language."
"It is American."
"In de democratic or 'publian branch, sah?"
"Republican."

"Dat's de kind of a book Ebaneazah graduated in, an' I s'pose dis paper 'ud suit him well as enny. Dollah an' a half a year, you say, sah? How much is dat a month?"
"About a bit."
"Is not de man to min' expenses whar de propah eddicatin' of my chile is consarned. I hol' dat it's a pusion's duty to cultivate his offspring de 'tend ob his 'ableness. Prescribe de name ob Ebaneazah Snow on yo' books. Dat's it. Ef you'd jes' put a few pic'ers in Eb's paper it 'ud please de chile in mighty. Here's six cents, sah. Send de paper 'long, an' if it gibs sensafix on I'll drap in an' prescribe fo' a full month. Good mornin', sah."

A Sunday Rebuking Party.

On Sunday afternoon.
Minister—Do my eyes deceive me, or is that a ball game in progress over in that held?

Sexton—It's a ball game, sir.
Minister—Don't you think I ought to go over and rebuke them with my presence?

Sexton—They are the best clubs in the village, Mr. Thumper.
Minister—Come on! We will rebuke them to-morrow.—*Judge.*

A Maiden's Pocket Money.

"I have only an allowance of \$10 a week for pocket money," said the daughter of a millionaire in a confidential moment the other day. "Papa has such an idea of money, you know, and he thinks I am wildly extravagant to spend that small amount on candies, flowers, novels and theater tickets. Mamma orders all my clothing, you know, and, so, of course, I do not have to buy anything that I really need."

To many a young girl \$10 a week would seem sufficient for pocket money, and indeed, how many hundreds of pretty and clever girls are there who cannot earn more than that amount even by working hard each day of the week? But the average fashionable society girl has so many demands on her purse that \$10 does not go far.

It is said that J. Gould very generously allows his pretty daughter \$25, and with this she not only supplies her own little wants, but gives to most of her small charities.

Cornelius Vanderbilt and Elliott F. Shepard allow each of their six children a certain amount of pocket money each month, and they are required to keep cash accounts and present them to their papas the first of the month. The amounts are not large, and are given more to make the little millionaires understand the value of money than anything else.

Willie K. Vanderbilt's three children are allowed plenty of pocket money, but are fined heavily for all misdemeanors. They dine in a pretty little room adjacent to the great dining room, and if a tiny drop of any coffee, milk or wine is spilled on the snowy cloth the offender is fined 25 cents for each offense. A glass of water knocked over or a dish left fall on the floor brings a fine of 50 cents to the culprit, and all the fines go to the foreign and home mission.

"What do I do with my \$20 a week?" said an only daughter of a Fifth Avenue millionaire, when asked the question. "Well not always the same thing. Last week I spent every cent of it on a lovely new parasol, to carry at the coaching parade, and then after all my trouble it poured rain. I generally purchase my flowers—you know I must have a fresh corsage cluster of violets every day—and they cost \$1 a cluster.

"Then bonbons, soda, chocolate and those little trifles come to about \$5, and a couple of matinee tickets, tea for my old women at the Home for the Aged, new music and papers, use up the rest. I am fearfully short sometimes and I draw in advance and then forget to pay back, don't you know? Papa used to allow me so much each quarter for my wardrobe and maid, but I was always in deep water. Now I order what I want and have the bills sent to him."

"I do not think that the wealthiest New Yorkers are more than liberal in allowing pocket money for their daughters," said the principal of a very fashionable up-town school. "My pupils are most of them daughters of millionaires, and yet they have seldom enough for their many little wants. It is wisdom, not meanness, on the part of the parents, I think."—*New York Journal.*

Gladstone and Ingersoll.

The spectacle of so reverent-minded a man as Mr. Gladstone standing helpless in the pelting rain of Mr. Ingersoll's blasphemous epithets was not pleasant. But it was not dignified. Any small and malicious boy can disgrace a beautiful statue with mud if the police are not looking.

Mr. Ingersoll flung his mud and shot off his rockets at the serene and majestic argument of Mr. Gladstone. An irreverent public might laugh with Mr. Ingersoll, but not at Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Ingersoll can not be argued with, if he must be met at all he must be met in fight. He presents the powers of darkness and anarchy. To start out by saying amiable things to him is to be. And he knows that very well. He does not attack with kid gloves what in his ignorant and superficial mind stands for Christianity. He takes a bludgeon and goes for it, shrieking with joy whenever he fancies he makes a good stroke. Of all the talkers against Mr. Ingersoll commend us to Father Lambert. He has his bludgeon and is not ashamed to answer a fool according to his folly or not, as occasion demands it.—*Freeman Journal* (Catholic).

The Folly of Haste to be Rich.

Chancellor Howard Crosby, one of the best preachers and best thinkers in New York city, has an article in the Forum for May, in which he says: "The greatest need of our land today is an education away from the fearful danger of a haste to be rich, a cultivation of the quiet and improving arts, an encouragement of genial and benevolent lives, a preservation of some virtues, a teaching of the truth that moderation best serves the cause of happiness, and a demonstration that in helpfulness to others, man best helps himself.

"While wise laws can do much to suppress some of the worst features of the gold hunt, it is to the press, the school, and the church that we must look for the inculcation of the purer and loftier ideas that will meet and overcome the materialism which the peculiar conditions of our country have fostered, and which the thoughtless minds of our youths so readily accept." Contended minds are more conducive to happiness than riches, glory or fame. In our life work let us remember that it will profit us but little if we gain a world of wealth and lose contentment and happiness.

VERMONT TOWN AROUSED.

Female Minstrels Call Forth Resolutions of Rebuke at a Town in That State.

Barre, Vt., is a quiet, religious town of the strict New England variety, says the *New York Graphic*. No soulless, sinful show ever billed itself in that village until last week. Then a brazen-faced advance agent appeared, and flaming posters on every fence in the town next morning announced the coming of a female minstrel troupe. In two hours after sunup a church meeting was called, and the local chronicler fairly revels in the details of the meeting.

The first speaker was Sister Maria Smith. She stated that a collection of bold, forward young women were coming to town and proposed to exhibit themselves on the opera-house stage in Greek slave overcoats and hectic flushes; that the agent of the minstrel company had spread posters all over town bearing pictures of young women whose dresses did not come down as far as the knee; that it was a crying disgrace to the town to permit such things where there were so many young people growing up, and that it was the duty of the society to prevent these traveling sinners from disgracing the town with their presence.

Deacon Wilkins said that he did not believe in those kind of shows, but he thought Sister Smith was too severe in her denunciation of the posters. He had seen them and thought that if the pictures were true representations of the originals the young women had no need to be ashamed of their shapes. This mild protest brought down a storm of wrath on Deacon Wilkins' head and he went out hastily to see a friend.

Sister Smith said that the remarks of Mr. Wilkins were ridiculous; that it was a pity to think that a man as old as he was should display enthusiasm over a lot of vulgar pictures. She recommended that the society communicate with the manager of the itinerant business and advise him not to visit Barre, for if he should they would request the authorities to prevent their exhibition. If the young women could be made to wear skirts, however, they would be permitted to perform. All of these arguments were approved by the members of the society present, and the following resolutions were drawn:

Resolved, That this society protests against the intended performance of a troupe of bold young women known as "female minstrels," and that the society do all in its power to prevent their performing in Barre.

Resolved, That this society deprecates the morals of the bill poster who covered the fences about the town with objectionable posters.

Resolved, That we petition the legislature to pass a law making it an offense for a minstrel to wear on the stage a skirt less than twenty-eight inches in length.

Whereas, Deacon Wilkins has seen fit to uphold the action of said minstrels in placarding Barre with vulgar posters, and has made sundry improper remarks about "shapes."

Resolved, That we regard with pity and sorrow this conduct on the part of Deacon Wilkins, and recommend that he resign from the church.

Then the meeting adjourned, and when the show opened in Barre it had the biggest house the troupe had played to in New England.

The Flannel Shirt.

If a man desires cool raiment during the heated term, and warm raiment when it becomes cool, let him cast aside the "billet" or white shirt and take to flannel.

In the summer season flannel should be the only common wear. While it actually protects from heat it also protects from the sudden changes to which the climate is subject. It is the rational garment for the season. And flannel shirts are becoming popular, too. Even the swells and dandies are wearing them. They can be stylish as well as comfortable, and he who wishes to be dressed the best, for work or for play, can find his happiness in them. They are Jeffersonian, also.

It is that statesman of wordly wisdom, Polonius, who says:

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not expressed in fancy; rich, nor gaudy, For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Those who adopt the flannel shirt fully come within these maxims, for it is neither rich nor gaudy, and it is an apparel which at once proclaims its wearer to be a man of sense.

During these days, while the dog star is raging, let the flannel shirt have full sway. The health and happiness of the wearers will be all the better for it.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

- O vision fair
- Of angelic signs
- And golden hair!
- O darling mess
- Of Greek and Latin roots
- And muslin dress!
- O union sweet
- Of dictionary words
- And dainty feet!
- O double prize
- Of stern and lofty thoughts
- And gentle signs!

Sweet roses now fling a sweet odore a-wing, And sweet the bird sings to his mate; But the sweetest thing that June doth bring Is the sweet girl graduate.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Taking the Safe Side.

Mr. Isaacstein (at Coney Island): "Was you bound to go into dot water, Rebecca, mit dot dangerous undertow?" Mr. Isaacstein: "Ya, Jacob, vot for I puy myself a pating suit?" Mr. Isaacstein (nervously): "Vail, Rebecca, you choost leave dose diamond rings mit me."—*New York Sun.*

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

August 11, 1888.

At the Bismarck Fair they will have five big days.

Welcome rains from southern and southwest Kansas are reported.

The weather is doing its part and corn will be crowned king sure.

If we judge from some of the portraits the next governor of Kansas is to be a negro.

The third party prohibitionists of Minnesota have nominated Hugh Harrison for Governor. He gave \$15,000 last winter to circulate the New York Voice, and \$5,000 more this summer. He was converted from republicanism two years ago and has an immense influence in his state.

Albert Griffin says that the passage of the temperance resolution by the Chicago convention will make thousands of votes for the ticket; that it will kill the Third Party in New York, and make that state safely Republican. So says an exchange.

The truth is, Griffin's opinion isn't worth a row of split clothes pins. That resolution is building up the third party in New York as never before.

Advices from Kiowa, Clark and Comanche counties, Kansas, indicate a general rainfall over the entire western portion of the state. The corn crop is in such condition through out that portion now that it will do well if no other rain comes for ten days. Advices to the board of trade from Chicago show that the rains have been general, and corn has dropped in consequence.

The salary of the United States Commissioner of Agriculture has been increased from \$4,000 to \$5,000, and the sum of \$500,000 set aside in the Agricultural Appropriation bill recently signed by the President, for the uses of the Bureau of Animal Industry during the current fiscal year. Six hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars is appropriated to the various agricultural experiment stations.

This everlasting abuse of bankers by the Labor Union leaders makes us tired. Banking is just as legitimate business as any other and in proportion to the services performed its profits are as small as those in any other legitimate business. Of course we do not include among banks any institutions that do not deal in exchange, receive deposits and make loans; nor do we include any that loan on real estate.

The number of negro outrages reported is getting to be alarmingly numerous. A few days ago a young lady was assaulted by a negro soldier from Jefferson Barracks. Fortunately she escaped with no other injury than two broken legs. The fellow was able to escape, but was afterwards put into the guard house and will be turned over to the civil authorities.

The prohibition candidate for governor of Minnesota is named Harrison. He had a grandfather, but he was never president of the United States. He was, however, a very prominent man in Southern Illinois—a great manufacturer, and an earnest anti-slavery and temperance man, and an old-time republican. There are few single families in the west of equal influence to the one that bears his name.

The weather has been favorable during the past week over most of the Central West for sowing the hay and grain crops, and the growing corn has had the benefit of seasonable temperature and more than an average percentage of sunshine. The condition of corn is good and in nearly all portions of the West the prospects are more favorable for this crop than last week. In some localities there are complaints of lack of sufficient moisture for the corn, and this is especially the case in the chinch-bug areas in Southern Illinois. The oat harvest is nearly completed in this region. Some threshing has been done in Central and Southern Illinois, and the yield and quality is good except where the crop was damaged by the storms. The condition of grass lands is up to a seasonable average in most localities, although in some sections pastures are reported as needing rain.

The support of a third party prohibition ticket in this state, where we already have the best exemplification of prohibition, cannot fail to work an injury to the cause. It is convincing proof that those active in the movement are not inspired by principle but by prejudice and bigotry. The support of the national prohibition ticket would be consistent.

It is not good policy to revile or depreciate the character, the ability nor the strength of John Martin and David Overmeyer. The letter of the latter may be treated lightly, but it is by no means a light paper. Judge Martin forfeits the support of many prohibition voters by still declaring, unnecessarily, that he is not a prohibitionist.

We clip the following from a sheet that booms Osborn for Senator, and that tries to direct the Republicans what to do.

Here is a summary of the Republican platform: "Free tobacco, free bogus butter, free whiskey, free Chinese labor."

They are all coming over to Cleveland and tariff reform.

And now the thrifty Scandinavian is coming over to democracy and reform.

Then follows this republican editorial:

Eighty thousand majority for the Republican state ticket this fall.

How proud the party must be of such an organ. It is as big as the brain that controls it.

Few people will question the statement that Indian corn is in many respects the most remarkable plant now cultivated by man. From the time the tiny green spears appear to mark the corners of the checker-board squares into which the field is divided until harvesting season it is a continuous source of gratification to one who has the least spark of love for the beautiful. Just now as the stalks are shooting the tassels there is a tropical luxuriance about a field of corn that nothing else grown in the temperate zone can approximate. One cannot appreciate this from a distance as he passes along the roadside; to realize it in its entirety a walk must be taken into the swamp of green until one is lost in the wilderness. The moist, cool climate of England gives her pasture fields a greenness and luxuriance that we can not hope to equal, but the hot suns which dry up our pastures and brown them into uselessness often in July and August build up the corn plants until they are giants. To properly appreciate this plant we must bear in mind that it is a grass just as truly as is timothy or blue joint.

The number of votes cast for president in 1884 was 10,051,851. It will probably be nearer 12,000,000 next November.

White huckleberries are grown in Sussex county, New Jersey, and in no other places in America.

Joseph Lippincott, of New York, for more than \$1,000,000 has purchased the business of the Edison Phonograph Company.

The inhabitants of Iceland, regarding themselves on the verge of starvation, are emigrating in great numbers to Manitoba.

Jerome Prince, of Milford, Mass., has perfected an invention for lighting and heating railway cars by electricity at a nominal cost.

Canada has a smaller population than the state of New York, yet its debt is \$24,000,000, while New York's debt is \$7,000,000.

Mrs. Warren, wife of Bishop Warren, of the Methodist church, is known as the Colorado Cattle Queen, and is said to be worth ten million dollars.

Mrs. J. P. Tully, aged twenty-two years and known as the handsomest brunette at Niagara this season, lost her life by going over the rapids there, a few days ago.

J. G. Smith of La Grange, Georgia, cut from three quarters of an acre, recently five thousand pounds of Lucerne. This is only the first crop and it can be cut monthly throughout the summer.

The Great Eastern still remains whole and there is a prospect that she will be used for the transportation of cattle.

The lumber mill hands at Gravenhurst, Ontario, have ended the great strike and gone to work under the old conditions.

4,808,000 letters found their way to the Dead Letter Office at Washington last year. Owners were found for one third of these.

Bossism got a severe blow at the state convention. It also got a little blow at the county convention.

J. P. St. John cannot do better than to stick to the Prohibition party, for he still gets his \$50 a night for speeches.

If Judge Martin meets Senator Humphrey, and if David Overmeyer meets Tom Ryan in joint debate, there will be fun on the boards.

J. Ellen Foster still sticks to the republican party, but Helen M. Gougar has shaken its dust off her feet, because of its dodging the temperance question.

Chief Justice Fuller will not qualify until late in the fall, as there will be no session of the Supreme Court until October. In the meantime he will close up his extensive law practice.

A meeting of the business men of the north side will be held at the engine house to-night. It is said the same men will also meet at the court house on the south side to form a protective union.

Judge Martin is honest. He insists that he is opposed to prohibition, although his record as judge led people to think otherwise. His honesty in setting them right will cost him lots of votes.

While England preaches free trade she does not practice it. Her statesmen stand precisely where ours do. When it is to the interest of the government to have free trade no duties are laid. In other cases they put on the tariff.

Governor Martin has done just the right thing in taking effective measures to suppress the silly war in Stevens county. If the orders which he has issued are carried out, the outrages are at an end.

A paper in the last Forum by Congressman W. D. Kelly, would make the best campaign document for the republicans that we have yet seen. It is powerful in argument and presents some new lines of thought.

Prof. Elisha Grey has obtained letters of patent for a combination instrument designed for transmitting messages by wire between distant points, by the sender in his own writing, thus doing away with skilled operators.

The county convention proceeded with its work on Saturday just as if there had been no county central committee. The convention was democratic enough to believe that the people are to be heard rather than a disgruntled committee. The tickets nominated are good ones.

There is no danger that the Mills tariff bill will pass the Senate and it ought not to pass. Its very introduction and passing in the house, however, is evidence enough as to what would happen if its friends had the power. The bill itself is not so bad in principle, but it discriminates very unwisely.

W. E. Sterne would have met with less opposition if he had consented to be blackmailed out of \$250. When he refused to be a victim the support that was so strongly given to Mr. Brubaker, a very deserving man, by the way, did him as much harm as it did benefit to Sterne.

The wonderful Albert Griffin is out with another letter. If possible it is weaker than anything he ever wrote before. We are pained when we think of what Albert will have to do next year. By the way, we see that the anti-saloon headquarters in New York have been moved down to the neighborhood of Castle Garden.

Reports of the terrible ravages caused by grasshoppers in the surrounding districts are daily reaching Ottawa, Canada. Farmers complain very much of the depredations caused by these insects. A local naturalist, who visited the infected districts, was curious enough to make a calculation and estimate the number of the creatures on each square mile. This calculation showed that there were on each square mile of territory upward of 100,000,000 of grasshoppers.

There may be christianity in christian science, but there is not much science.

It is feared Stevens county will go democratic this fall if the war is not suppressed.

The people do not rule in any country, although they are made to believe they come nearer to it in this country than in any other.

The Capital has a correspondent who makes the Stevens county troubles a full blown southern outrage. The bad fellows are southern democrats who have settled there.

Harvest Home. We acknowledge a receipt of a copy of the premium list of the National Fair association, for their ninth annual exposition at Bismarck Grove, Lawrence, Kan. September 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Each year the managers of this popular Kansas fair out-do their previous efforts in securing unequalled attractions in all departments. By the liberal policy and energetic methods of the management the Bismarck fair has reached a high rank in the agricultural expositions of the country, and stands today as a monument to Kansas pluck and enterprise. It is indeed an institution in which Kansas is proud.

We can assure any reader that the expectation this fall, in view of the glorious crops now made certain to our state, will be something ahead of all previous fairs at Bismarck. The glorious fruits of the soil and the peerless products of our green pastures will join in a grand exposition of our wonderful agricultural paying resources.

Corn is still king in Kansas and Bismarck is the court where all assemble to pay homage to the monarch, at the festival of the "Harvest Home," September 3 to 8.

THE MIDSUMMER AMERICAN MAGAZINE abounds with interesting and timely literature. Dr. W. F. Hutchinson presents the fourth of his illustrated article "Along the Caribbean," dealing with Trinidad. Another entertaining paper "Where Burgoyne Surrendered," in which is described the Saratoga Monument soon to be unveiled. Frederick G. Schwatka, the Arctic Explorer, tells about "The American Arctic Savage." Mary Agnes Tinker's novel, "Two Coronets," is continued, and shows great strength. Additional poems are "An Indian Love Song," by E. M. Allen, "Frederick III. of Germany," by Edna Dean Proctor. The short stories, which are particularly bright and suitable for hot weather, are a feature of the issue: Anna Vernon Dorsey writes on "A Summer Episode in Washington," Dr. A. S. Isaacs has an amusing sketch entitled "She Would Write for the Magazines," and Mary W. Kramer furnishes an entertaining story on "Father-in-Law"—a companion picture to the much abused Mother-in-Law. The Departments under the general caption of "Our Cabinet" are filled with useful and interesting matter. The Editor's Study is devoted to questions of the day. Dr. Hutchinson has his regular monthly special treat.

Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia of Knowledge and Language.

One of the most extraordinary literary enterprises of the age is the work which bears the above title.

The specimen which the publisher sends free to any applicant, shows the type which is used—a good clear-face brevier; also the form, "Ideas" for convenience, easy for the eye, handy to hold.

There will be several thousand illustrations no "more pictures" but everything of importance that will serve to explain the text.

THE MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA is much more than a "Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge"; it embodies also a Dictionary of the English Language—including every word which has just claim to a place in the language. How often you have consulted Appleton's or Chamber's or Johnson's Cyclopedia and failed to find the titled you were looking for—then consulted Webster's Unabridged and were successful; the word belonged to the Dictionary rather than to the Cyclopedia. Or you have consulted Webster, and found little more than a mere definition of the word—you must go to the Cyclopedia for details of knowledge. Or, more probable than either of these suppositions, you do not own either a first-class Dictionary, or only one of the two because of their prohibitory cost, so you "consult your imagination" and "go hungry" for lack of the few lines of print that would satisfy you! In the MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA you will find a survey of all knowledge which is illustrated by the English Language, and the cost is hardly more than commonly charged for a Dictionary alone. Editorial talent second to none in America, in experience and skill is engaged in the conduct of the work; the publisher's past experience in Cyclopedia making (notably in The Library of Universal Knowledge, now known as the International Cyclopedia) is good basis for the pledge he makes to his patrons that THE MANIFOLD shall be inferior to no other Cyclopedia in any of the important qualities of a popular guide to knowledge. Specimen pages free, or a specimen volume may be ordered and returned if not wanted; 50 cents per volume for cloth, 65 cents for half Morocco binding; postage 10c extra.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher.

393 Pearl Street, New York.

Now is the Time. Send your subscription for the Kansas City Weekly Journal, or apply to your postmaster who will gladly do it for you. The best family paper in the west, full of interesting matter, as well as the latest news. 328 columns of good reading only one dollar a year, postage-prepaid.

The following is the monthly crop report of Hon. M. Mohler, secretary of the state board of agriculture.

Reports from 600 correspondents representing nearly every county show that while the wheat and oats crop are yielding a higher average the corn crop has naturally suffered from the effects of drought and hot winds during the last ten days of July.

Wheat—In many counties considerable wheat has been thrashed and the average yield per acre is found to be higher than was estimated a month ago, making an average of eighteen bushels. From a breadth of 1,000,000 acres the estimated average will give a total wheat product of 18,000,000 bushels.

Oats—The average yield of oats per acre as estimated by our correspondents is 32 bushels. The average as estimated a month ago is 1,655,000 acres making at the average yield reported 52,960,000 bushels as the total oats product.

Corn—The outlook for corn has undergone a change since our last report, especially so in the last week of July and a serious damage has been done.

Rainfall and Chinchbugs—The following counties report a sufficiency of rainfall during the month of July and their corn is in good condition:

Shawnee, Douglas, Wyandotte, Atchison, Jefferson, Brown, Doniphan, Jackson, Nemaha, Republic, Pottawatomie, Wabawsee, Johnson, Linn, and Osage. The remaining counties for the most part report dry weather for the latter part of July. Many counties report local showers so that while some portions of a county had good rains other portions are extremely dry. Hot winds have prevailed in many sections of the state, especially in the western portion and this is the chief cause of damage to the corn crop.

The extent of this damage cannot be estimated at this date but it is to be hoped that the general rains which are now watering our state may yet bring to life much corn which is now thought to be beyond redemption. Chinch bugs during all this dry weather are reported generally as doing but little damage and in many instances they seemed to have disappeared entirely. M. MOHLER.

A Topeka Artist.

In the show window of Mr. W. L. Trumbull, No. 704 Kansas avenue, there is on exhibition a collection of beautiful pictures executed by a Topeka artist, which is attracting much attention and eliciting general admiration. They consist of life and three-fourths life-size oil portraits, and miscellaneous subjects, from the brush of Miss C. M. Laurent, who left for California a short time ago.

These pieces of artistic work show deep study and thorough knowledge of the art of drawing and painting and are undoubtedly the finest specimens in that line of art ever produced and exhibited in Topeka by a home artist.

Miss Laurent returned about a year since from Europe, where she studied under the best masters. The portraits now on exhibition were executed here just before the artist's departure for California, where she went to open a studio. It is to be regretted that California climate could induce an artist of so high a type away from our city, where every encouragement should have been offered her to remain.

However, Topeka is ever proud of her daughters' success and hopes that whatever Miss Laurent may locate she will win the laurels which she so rightfully deserves.

The collection on exhibition contains a fine life-size crayon of Mr. Laurent, the father of the artist, also a life-size portrait in oil of her sister Mrs. J. B. Billard, which is an excellent likeness of the lady. The handling of the draperies in Miss Laurent's pictures shows marked artistic taste. One specimen of still life in oil, is particularly noticeable as a work of merit. Those who admire good artistic work will find in this small collection of Miss Laurent efforts worthy of examination and study.

Minneola White was yesterday taken to the county jail to identify if possible the two negroes who have been arrested on suspicion. She was taken into the corridor where Grimes, the boy arrested at Wamego was together with twelve other colored prisoners. She failed to identify him; she was then conducted to Ed Ramsey and stated that he looked more like the man but could not positively identify him because his face was bandaged up. During all the time Miss White was at the jail she was very nervous and about half sick. Her father remarked yesterday that he would rather the brute had murdered the child.

Good Investments.

The original investors in Bell Telephone stock are considered fortunate because the value of it has increased tenfold. It was, no doubt, a very pleasant surprise to them, but they could not express their satisfaction in more earnest words than do the purchasers of "Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense," hundreds of whom write that it is worth from ten to one hundred times its cost. An editor writes: "It contains more value than any book on my shelves." A physician writes: "It is without doubt the best and most interesting book I ever consulted." Here is a chance to invest \$1.50 for something that you will soon find will rise in value, and be worth many times its cost. It is especially interesting to those just married or about to be, and to persons "who enjoy poor health." Contents table free. Murray Hill Publishing Company, 129 East 28th Street, New York.

Physicians are justified in denouncing proprietary medicines which claim to cure everything. A medicine, for instance, that will cure rheumatism in one person, will not necessarily cure it in another, for the condition causing it may be different; but Malaria is everywhere Malaria, and Shallenberger's Antidote will destroy it in the system in every case. If you are suffering from Malaria you will know it, and this medicine will certainly cure you. Sold by druggists.

Good soaking rains every night.

Even the best of party men are doing a good deal of healthy kicking.

There are some things in our politics, county, state and national, that need the attention of the people.

The corn crop is all right. The sugar crop is all right. The wheat crop is all right. Everything in Kansas is all right.

The death of Gen. Sheridan Sunday night, while not altogether unexpected, was sudden enough to fill the nation with sadness.

The man who attempts to depreciate the character, the ability or the manhood of John A. Brooks, has little to or does not know what he does.

The liquor men of Kansas City are not a little alarmed. They are conscious of the growth of the prohibition ider, and realize that even in that city they may be driven to more reputable business.

Can any one explain why the city of Topeka should be allowed a vote on the nomination or election of county superintendent when he has nothing to do with city schools? Why should the city be a dictator over the country districts.

A serious accident occurred Monday morning on the Santa Fe, three miles west of Lawrence, owing to a broken rail, caused by rains. It was the Atlantic express going east, and the faithful engineer, Mike Meyers, was instantly killed at his post.

The Rev. J. M. Hanford, Indian teacher and missionary, at St Stevens' mission, who married Chaska and Miss Fellows, was thrown from a mowing machine, in Dakota, a few days ago. He was bodily mangled, and bled to death before assistance could be procured.

When is Judge Martin going to begin the task he assigned to himself at the Leavenworth Convention—that of making a decent democratic party in Kansas. So far he has only given one pointer toward the great reform, and that was to declare himself opposed to prohibition, and in favor of resubmission. Certainly there was nothing decent about that. It has a bad old odor. It was a Glick egg laid so long ago that it has become badly addled.

The latest "bad break," the latest terrible political crime, the latest and most stupendous piece of party capital, is a statement by John A. Brooks prohibition candidate for vice-president, who thanked God that "I have never been a republican. I will never have that sin to answer for." We have often thought it a great credit to be a republican—have been proud to be one, but never thought it a crime not to be one. Is any body catching at straws?

Mr. Jay Gould is happy. He has lately returned from an extensive trip through the West. He found the crops flourishing. He says that "the condition of affairs agreeably surprised him, and that he returned home satisfied and much more encouraged than when he went away." The Good Book says, "Moreover the profit of the earth is for all, the king himself is fed from the field." In these days the profit of the earth seems to be for all, except the farmer who produces it. Verily the kings of our country are fed, and build their millions from the "profit of the earth." Millions were never being accumulated so rapidly as now; commerce, trade and manufactures are all "booming;" the "profit of the earth" is for them; for not in the history of the country has our agriculture been so depressed as now. Unequal laws, unequal taxation, discriminations, combinations, "trusts," are absorbing the "profit of the earth." They are happy, and "satisfied and encouraged" at the bountiful crops of the year, but they are leaving the producer "poor, indeed." Farmers should think of these things. Grumbling and complaining of the situation will never bring a remedy. Intelligent, united action will alone bring relief. In the words of an old English poet of years ago—
"Say to these lords of land and money,
They shall not treat the poor like bees,
And rob them of life's honey."

It took the militia boys from Friday to Sunday to march from Liberal to Hugoton, forty miles. They could do better after a years practice.

Kansas will be pretty thoroughly corned this year.

Congress may adjourn in October, but this is not official.

A vote for Harrison will be the next thing to a vote for Blaine.

Hay fever creates a great demand for bandanas than any political boom.

There are too many trusts. Our merchants trust more than is healthy for trade.

The politicians must be pretty hard up when they have to make capital of the remark of John A. Brooks that he is thankful he never was a republican.

Within eighteen days \$10,000 were earned by grasshopper hunters in Otter Tail county, Minnesota, where a dollar a bushel is paid for grasshoppers.

The late abundant rains covered every county in the state, and were very timely. In some parts a few days more of drouth would have been disastrous.

Hutchinson salt is now found in all our markets. In a few weeks we can say the same of Kansas sugar. As for corn and beef, we can supply the nation.

There is more news and good reading in the New York Weekly Post—25 cents for the campaign—more for the money than in any paper we know of.

It is said that the prisoners brought here from Stevens county, who committed the cold blooded murder of citizens, are in the best of spirits and are sure that nothing can come of their trial. It is hoped that they may yet learn murder is a crime.

The prohibitionists, under the mismanagement of one Richardson, have imported into the state some unknown adventurers, to publish a party organ which is issued now and then, as the money can be raised. The fellows are not well posted on Kansas affairs and are constantly getting into trouble.

The prohibition party in Kansas is making itself ridiculous, hypocritical, and inconsistent. It is crazy mad because we have prohibition in this state, and it did not help secure it.

It is proved that Senator Voorhees is inconsistent. A year or two ago he was almost converted to the idea of protection. Now he is on the other side. In a late speech he charged the republican party with degrading the greenback—and by the way there is truth in it. But he voted in 1862 against Thad Stevens' amendment to make them full legal tender, including customs duties. But politicians of all parties will always be just what serves them for the time being.

Two maiden ladies, Maria and Viretta Reeves, living near Davisville, West Virginia, shot and killed one burglar, and mortally wounded and captured another. The encounter happened about midnight. One of the sisters saw a man in her room, seized a revolver, and fired, killing him. He was shot through the temple. The other sister was awakened, seized a weapon, and sprang on the other burglar as he was trying to escape through a window. He was too late, as he fell to the ground with a bullet through his groin. Both burglars were strangers in these parts, but are supposed to be old timers.

The two heroic ladies are being lionized by the neighbors. They are generally supposed to keep a large sum of money in their house.

The tariff views of John A. Brooks, candidate for vice-president on the prohibition ticket, are made public. After speaking of the honor conferred upon him, etc., he denounces in the strongest terms monopolies and trusts which he says are against a wholesome revision of the tariff. He says the country will hold each of the great political parties to its platform, and that the platform of the prohibition party is the wisest of the three. He does not hesitate to declare the surplus in the treasury is a constant menace to the business interests of the country. The propriety of removing the tax from whiskey must depend altogether upon the purpose intended to be accomplished by such removal. The tariff itself pleads a right to existence upon the grounds of its recognition by the government and the revenue it pays into the public treasury. Strike down this defense and an outraged public would not long suffer its continuance.

The prohibition party would strike off the tax that may soon destroy the traffic. The purpose of the republican party in the repeal of the tax, is to reduce revenues that they may not have "to surrender any part of our protective system." Prohibitionists would take this arch criminal out of prison to hang him, republicans to set him at liberty. Every Christian will approve the motive, prompting one and denounce the other as the condemnation of human selfishness and infamy. A protection of American labor and industries of the country commends itself to a majority of people, but of infinitely more importance is protection to our homes. He closes with a glowing tribute to the women who have so long upheld the cause of prohibition.

Silver Lake.

Mr. Enron.

Your remarks about the Republican Central Committee seem to be very appropriate to the present state of affairs. But it needs more such talk that it may be kept before the people until they give such rebuke to the impudent assumptions of that body of self-appointed directors of politics, that they will be led to see themselves as others see them.

We would like to know how long Mr. Crane and his associates propose to exercise their dictatorial powers? We would like to know by what means they grew so wise that they do not need the aid of the people to assist them in choosing county officers.

At Silver Lake one of the ring desired the polls closed to cut off some of the voters who were supposed not to be for the ring candidates. The judge hesitated to do so foul and unfair a thing, though evidently not averse to closing.

Mr. G. W. Petro, one of the central committee, was called on and he came and ordered the polls to be closed; and though several men were there offering their votes to the judges, they were denied the privilege of expressing their choice.

The central committee have evidently mistaken their functions.

Selected as drummers to beat the calls, they seem to imagine themselves major generals, with authority to order the people to do their bidding.

Not a few republicans are already disgusted with the mismanagement of the clique who have arrogated to themselves power and authority the voters never thought of bestowing up on them. If the people are not to be allowed to instruct delegates—if a township cannot regulate its hours of voting to suit the convenience of the voters—if no body can be permitted to be a delegate except he be known to be a purchasable commodity, acceptable to the central clique, then the people had best retire from politics and let the central committee appoint our county officers, without the farce of a primary, a convention and an election.

It is wonderful how big the office of committeeman can make a fellow. At Silver Lake we had the central committeeman, the senatorial committeeman, the district committeeman, all at once, trying to close their respective ballot boxes at five o'clock, while dozens of voters were anxious to deposit their ballots, and in the very act of tendering them to the judges.

Some committeemen probably don't know any better, but Mr. Crane certainly is too intelligent not to know that his committee has assumed altogether more than the people will grant or permit when their attention is directed to the matter. Ring rule is quite as odious as any party rule could possibly be, and no ring could possibly make itself more odious than by a persistence in assuming to itself such unwarranted authority.

What need of a primary when a committeeman can name the delegates and give them all needed instructions and send them to a convention to sell out to the highest bidder—'tis said somebody from Silver Lake got a cheap suit of clothing for his influence and his vote.

X.

County Superintendent MacDonald is to be credited with the following timely and excellent criticism:

The campaign is about to open, and an onlooker in philosophic mood sitting on the back seat feels moved to make a few suggestions. At the state convention recently in session here many speeches were delivered. In the gallery, behind and above each speaker, were about a hundred ladies. Yet in several addresses, profane stories with coarse garnishments, were introduced. A speaker would never dare to tell such stories in the presence of ladies in a parlor. It is surely time for us as a people to begin conducting political warfare in a decent, civilized manner. Speeches in which profanity, obscenity and blasphemous irreverence are conspicuous elements, should find no tolerance upon any public platform. For as surprising as it may appear to you, brethren, a cause is not strengthened but weakened, by speakers in whom a coarseness of vein is the characteristic feature. Ribald stories may excite the laughter of rowdism, but will receive the contempt and abhorrence of civilized people. "More forcible than elegant" is a common saying, but brutal coarseness of speech is not forcible in persuading men. The saying of the wise man of old, "How forcible are the right words," should be the motto of every public speaker, political or otherwise.

At the recent meeting of the National Educational association, Prof. Canfield responded to the address of welcome. At the close of his speech the vast audience cheered for several minutes. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and parasols, men stood on chairs and swung their hats. A bow of acknowledgment from Prof. Canfield was the signal for more and repeated applause, which appropriately wound up with "three cheers for Canfield and three cheers for Kansas." Our state has reason to be proud of the reception given to her gifted son.

The county commissioners met Monday afternoon. Howell Jones was appointed delegate to represent Shawnee county at the interstate deep water convention to be held at Denver August 25. A. C. Hale, commissioner of the poor, was directed to take charge of and bind out to suitable persons the children of Pat and Maggie Barrett, indigent, the probate court having authorized the board to make disposition of said minors. The tax of \$8.12 and penalties were remitted on Kuykendall tract in the northwest quarter of section 16, township 11, range 16. Several prisoners confined in the county jail for non-payment of fines were released on recommendation of county attorney, as they were unable to pay.

State Treasurer Hamilton has heard from the treasurer of Rawlins county, who has sent in the money he owes the state. Unfortunately it is not the old treasurer—Goodin, who is still missing and short in his accounts, but the new one appointed by the board of county commissioners, Mr. Simpson Flynn, who has sent down about \$400 to pay the interest on school bonds. There has been no word received as yet of the late treasurer's whereabouts.

S. H. Fairfield of Alma, reports that Friday night's storm was very destructive in Wabunsee county. At Alma, a store building was blown down, and the Old Fellow's hall and Limerick's grocery establishment were unroofed. It blew down awnings, trees, chimneys, barns, etc. The storm was worst at the new town of McFarland on the Rock Island, a terrific wind from the southeast and one from the northwest met and struck the McFarland Land company's store and took everything but the floor. The store was owned by Mr. Watson (son of George W. Watson of Topeka) and his stock was distributed all over the prairie, the loss being over \$6,000. Mr. Fairfield's office at McFarland was picked up and carried sixty feet in the air. The loss to the Land company and Mr. McFarfield is about \$2,000.

Topeka has a club of young lady typographical artists who have named their society in honor of a famous New York lady, the Leslie club. Miss Mary Abarr is the president and entertained the members at her rooms on Wednesday evening last.

Two weeks ago Mr. William Seely, aged fifty-two years, and residing two miles east of Valencia, was run down by a mad bull, having his leg and collar bone broken and one of his ankles put out of joint. Gangrene eventually set in and yesterday Drs. Roby and McIntyre amputated the broken limb below the knee. Although Mr. Seely is covered all over with serious bruises in addition to the wounds named, it is hoped he will pull through all right.

The clearings of the Topeka banks for the week, aggregated \$389,215, as compared with \$279,261, for the same last year.

Silas C. Robb, commissioner of forestry who resides at Ogallah Trego county, was in the city yesterday looking after the publication of his forestry report. He has two trial forests, one at Ft. Dodge and the other at Ogallah. In both places the trees are doing well. At each place ten acres are set with native trees. The other seventy acres are planted with tree seed. He has the most sanguine hope of success. He is a nurseryman of many years' experience and knows just how to proceed to gain the best results.

The monthly union holiness meeting was held Sunday afternoon, August 5, in the Wesleyan Methodist chapel, the pastor, Brother Wing, in charge. An increase both in attendance and interest in these meetings, held for the promotion of the distinctive experience of Christian holiness were noted. The meeting Sunday seemed an occasion of much spiritual enjoyment and profit to those present, one young man remarking that he had received more benefit from this meeting than from all the money he had made for six months past. "It gives some idea of how the meetings are appreciated. The next meeting will be held on the first Sunday afternoon in September in the North Topeka Holiness chapel. Everyone invited and made welcome.

A disgraceful squabble was had over the body of the negro Matthews who died from being run over by a train some days ago. Undertaker Barkley refused to turn over the body to Mr. Gibb who was engaged by the Knights of Tabor to give it burial. Barkley buried it in the potters' field on Sunday, and on Monday it was disinterred by Mr. Gibb, placed in a casket and funeral services were held to day. The action of Barkley is severely condemned, and it is not probable that the county will pay his bill and it ought not.

The Stevens county murderers were arrested by United States marshal Jones and brought to this city to day. There were six of them who had a part in the killing, which occurred in No Man's Land, rendering it necessary for United States officers to act in the case. If convicted the men may hang which would not have been the case if the killing had been done in the state.

Mr. H. Music, while running his front line about 6 o'clock yesterday morning, found the body of a man lodged against his line. The body was horribly decomposed, and when he grasped it by the arm for the purpose of dragging it into his boat the flesh slipped off, leaving nothing but the bones of the arm. In attempting to secure the body from its watery grave he almost capsize his skiff and was compelled to let go in order to save himself. He also found a man's shirt and fish box. Mr. Music said he was very much excited, otherwise he thought he could have saved the body.

M. C. Holman, in conjunction with Superintendent Littlefield, of the city railway and a gentleman from Kansas City, have about decided to have a summer kirmess, the operas to be given in Garfield park, by the members of the Modoc club.

The City Council.

The council met last evening, all present save Councilman Curtis, who is ill. A petition was presented from the First ward protesting against the occupation tax.

Petition from citizens residing on Central avenue for a sidewalk on the east side of the avenue to Logan street. Referred to committee on streets and sidewalks.

Petition of householders on Tyler street in the First ward for sidewalk on east side of the street from corner of St. John to corner of Grant referred to committee.

A petition from citizens of North Topeka says: Since the paving of certain streets in North Topeka the water is carried in large quantities and covers a low land on Park street, Central and Kansas avenues. The water district is made impracticable by the paving of Gordon and Laurent streets, the only streets leading east available as passage. They ask a sewer district extending from the river north as far as Morse street. Referred to the committee on sewers.

The monthly sheet of the electric light plant for July shows a total expense of \$668.66, an average of \$5.48 per month per lamp.

Superintendent Tweedale presented report for July as follows: Depth June 30, 1,467 feet; distance drill in July, 146 feet. At a depth of 1,511 feet obtained four inches of coal. At a depth of 1,572 feet obtain one foot of coal. At a depth of 1,614 feet, being 200 feet below where it was cased, the side of the hole caved in and the drill got fast, since which time they have been engaged in clearing out the hole preparatory to putting down additional length of casing.

The report of the city scales of the First ward shows \$33.80 collected.

The North Topeka poll tax collector reports \$183 collected, also twelve men have worked out tax.

The police judge's report for July shows fine imposed \$479; fine collected \$245.75; fine uncollected \$233.25.

Report of poll tax collected south side of Kaw river during July \$1,788.75.

The report for July shows arrests 118, convictions 64; turned over to state 7. Assessed \$469; collected \$250.75; worked out \$218.25.

A resolution was introduced by Councilman Gunn, that the city engineer be on Jackson street in the First ward so that owners of lots between Garfield and Grand streets may establish walks permanently.

Ordinance were passed appropriating \$200 to pay judgement recovered by Sarah A. Fisher against the city; for the partial payment of the current expenses of the city.

An ordinance appropriating \$1,046.60 to the Free Public Library and providing for the publication of the revised ordinances.

The mayor and Mr. Tillotson made their report of the communication referred to them. By it Mr. Neally is restored to his office. All office men he will suggest to the council, and they are to be approved by the council and the mayor.

Mr. Tweedale is made superintendent of construction. The man under him he must also present to the council for their and the mayor's approval.

The total levy for state, county and road purposes, 12 mills; against 17 mills for 1888, and 19 mills in 1886, showing an encouraging reduction.

Old man Nicholas commonly called "Santa Claus," a well known town character is in charge of the police. Nicholas is possessed of a fair amount of property but seems so much of an imbecile that he is not able to take care of his money or himself. It is proposed to ask the probate court to appoint a guardian to care for the old fellow.

The wind on Sunday blew down the barn of John Troutman, at the end of Monroe street, in Wilder's addition, and demolished the outhouses of I. W. Pack, who lives opposite.

Mrs. F. H. Traver of Tyler street, north of Gordon, met with a severe accident on Sunday. She was clearing the roof of a shed, adjoining the house, from limbs and branches that had been left there by the wind. While leaning over the side of the shed Mrs. Traver fell to the ground, striking on her head and shoulders. She was picked up unconscious and for a time it was feared that her neck had been broken, but she returned to consciousness on being taken to the house, when it was discovered that no fatal injuries had been received, though the fall had resulted in a very serious shock and ugly bruises.

The locusts are doing much damage in Algeria and the host of two thousand soldiers and sixty thousand laborers fail to conquer them.

There is less demand for American cheese in England than formerly, because it is claimed that it cannot be relied upon as pure in all instances.

The hard-working farm horse should be fed well, given plenty of pure water and clean bedding, while his sleep should not be disturbed by flies.

It is better to pick off part of the fruit and have the remainder of good size and quality, than to allow the tree to bear too heavily.

Poultry coops should be high enough to allow the fowls to stand up on their way to market; other conditions are cruel and fowls are often suffocated.

Throw the weeds taken from the ground into the pig-pen or hen-house where they will be relished. Don't leave them to wither unprofitably in the field.

Dr. Colher, of the New York Experiment Station, is to investigate a large number of doubtful questions concerning the growth and maintenance of cattle.

A VAIN QUEST.

We started one morn, my love and I,
On a journey brave and bold;
'Twas to find the end of a rainbow,
And the buried bag of gold.
But the clouds rolled by from the summer sky,
And the radiant bow grew dim,
And we lost the way where the treasure lay,
Near the sun's golden rim.
The twilight fell like a curtain
Pinned with the evening star,
And we saw in the shining heavens
The new moon's golden car.
And we said, as our hands clasped fondly,
"What though we found no gold?
Our love is a richer treasure
Than the rainbow's sack can hold."
And years, with their joys and sorrows,
Have passed since we lost the way
To the beautiful buried treasure
At the end of the rainbow's ray.
But love has been true and tender,
And life has been rich and sweet,
And we still clasp hands with the olden joy
That made our day complete.
—D. M. Jordan, in Century.

Tula Velasquez.

BY AD H. GIBSON.

Leo Gordon was a handsome young southerner, whose home was on the balmy banks of the Pearl River. He had served in the Confederacy with all the enthusiasm and confidence that characterized the most intrepid warriors of gray. It was not so much the discomfort he felt at the termination of the civil struggle, as it was the spirit of adventure, which had led Leo to abandon his southern home and seek that land of thrilling romance, Mexico. Leo found Mexico then in a belligerent state. Immediately on his landing, he joined the army of Juarez, who was fighting against Maximilian.

Many were the brave deeds of Leo Gordon, which won the respect and admiration of his comrades, and of the great chief himself. But it is not of his services in that struggle that we intend to write; but of a certain adventure, deeply rose-hued with romance, in which Leo played an active part.

With several of his friends, who had followed him from the United States, Leo went one night to the luxurious hacienda of a very wealthy Mexican ranchero, and asked the savage-browed master to grant them permission to pass the night there.

With a few crusty words in a surly voice, the ranchero refused the request. But the Americans persuaded, and on their saying, at last, that they were determined to stay any way, he gruffly and sulkily acquiesced to their lodging beneath his roof.

The hacienda had a somewhat rambling, partially furnished wing that was used by the ranchero's family, but had long ago been abandoned to the bats and spiders. This wing was assigned to the accommodation of the half-dozen adventurous Americans, who had insisted on passing the night at the hacienda. Here they would be wholly to themselves, save the stealthy gnawing that broke the silence of those unused rooms, and suggested a multitude of rats.

The moon was up and was filtering her silvery beams over the breast of the warm, delicious night. Leo was leaning out of one of the long, narrow windows of the wing, looking with sincere admiration at the ample and beautiful flower gardens of his host. The flowers, in the moon's wealth of pellucid splendor, with their rich perfumes tossed to him ever and anon by the bland, south winds, carried the young southerner's mind back to his home on the Pearl, with its flower-bedecked walks and balmy nooks.

So lost was he in the memories that the scene before him evoked, that at first, he did not observe a beautiful Mexican girl approaching the window from which he leaned.

As she drew nearer, the young soldier became aware of her presence. She was very handsome. Her form, which was plump, was richly clad. Her eyes were dark and intelligent. She looked searchingly at Leo, and as if satisfied with her swift scrutiny, she raised one soft, dimpled hand in warning and placed the forefinger over her crimson lips to enjoin his silence.

"This is mystery personified!" Leo exclaimed, within himself. But he preserved silence, and not a movement of the graceful girl escaped his vigilant eye. He did not even shift his attitude, fearing he might arouse his companions, who were resting on the couches of the long apartment, and he cared not to disturb them. What could be the meaning of the strange procedure of the lovely Mexican girl?

As she stood with her fingers over her lips, she glanced quickly over her shoulder to make sure that her movements were not observed by other than the young American. Assuring herself that she had not been suspected and watched, she glided up as close to the window as she well could, and whispered in a musical voice:

"Look, señor! I place this down here for you. Get and read it as soon as I am gone."

And as she uttered these words, she stooped and placed a note under a rose-bush. Then plucking several blossoms from the bush, to avert suspicion, if she should be seen in that quarter, she turned quickly and left him without vouchsafing him another glance from her dark orbs.

Leo's curiosity was deeply stirred. Here was promise of romance and adventure, beyond the spectre of a doubt. He gazed after the girl until she was

lost from view. He was fully satisfied that the girl was a lady of considerable refinement, but in some trouble from which, no doubt, she hoped he might be instrumental in effecting her release.

When they had ridden into the plaza that evening, Leo Gordon had noticed at the blinds of the casement, several feminine forms and faces. But so carefully had they concealed themselves, that the American had caught but a transient glimpse of them.

"I'm just in the right mood for an adventure," he uttered to himself. "I'll secure that note beneath the rose if the old duenna herself rules the flower-garden."

He stepped softly to the door, which stood ajar, and passed out. He looked about him circumspectively. Not a soul was in sight. The night was lovely and everything seemed to favor his plans.

With an elastic spring, Leo's strong, well-trained limbs carried him over the fence which shut out the garden from their quarters. Once over the fence Leo sauntered nonchalantly towards the bush where the note of mystery lay hidden.

Feigning to admire the roses, he stopped, and, with a dexterous grab, soon possessed himself of the mysterious epistle. He was walking leisurely back to his room with the delicately-scented note thrust in his breast, when his dignified steps were vastly accelerated by a huge Mexican blood-hound suddenly materializing among the bushes at the other end of the garden, and plunging head-long after him.

Leo felt that, perhaps, the eyes of the Mexican beauty might be following him, and would have fain preserved his dignity during the retreat. But he found it expedient to change his will after one sweeping glance into the capacious red mouth of the canine monster that had been so quick to resent an intrusion on his master's private grounds.

Leo, for once, bade dignity a hasty farewell and vaulted the fence in the very face of his savage foe. He just barely made his escape, and that was all. He congratulated himself, as he hastily entered the wing of the hacienda, that the Mexican dress he wore had no superfluity of coat-tails to have suffered an inglorious diminution in length.

Safe within the quarters which had been reluctantly assigned to him and his companions, Leo broke the seal of the dainty little note, and perused with eager eyes the following finely-written lines:

SEÑORS AMERICANOS—This is penned you by an unfortunate maiden, who, believing in your nobleness of soul, implores your help to save her from a cruel fate.

My father, the ranchero, who reluctantly permits you to pass the night here, intends to force me to wed, this night, an officer in the Army of Maximilian, a man whom I most vehemently detest; but he holds some great power over my father, and I am to be the victim to annul that power.

The man I truly love is El Capitán Eznelado, one of the bravest in the army of our chief, Juarez. I desire to fly to the protection of my lover, and I implore your aid that I may do so.

The ceremony is to be held at ten o'clock to-night, when that detested man, Col. Henrique Fernandez, will be here to claim me.

He dare not venture within the lines of Juarez except under the cover of deep night. The little chapel, which you may easily see from the wing, which you occupy, is the place where the marriage rites are to be performed.

In writing this, good, brave Señors Americanos, I appeal to your goodness of heart, and we beg to fly under your protection to that of my noble Eznelado.

TULA VELASQUEZ.

P. S.—My trusty maid, Zela, will have horses ready in the grove beyond the garden, and we beg to fly under your protection to that of my noble Eznelado.

Leo read the letter through several times, then he said to himself:

"Tula Velasquez! And this girl who appeals to us for assistance is the very same of whom I have heard my fiendy Eznelado speak so often in such lofty praise. Verily, it is all so strange! But I am willing to take any risk to protect a lad from such an unworldly fate as a forced marriage. This is promise of adventure," and he roused his sleeping comrades and read Tula's letter to them.

The party was composed of young men of adventurous spirits, and most of them knew the handsome Eznelado in Juarez's army and were ready to engage in any combat or undertaking, however daring, if in so doing they could serve that young officer or the girl he loved.

Accordingly, they made all things ready and waited for the hour of ten to roll round.

Leo was on his watch at the window, and when, at last, he beheld the bridal party moving swiftly and as silently as spectres towards the chapel, he gave the signal to his companions to follow him. They fled orderly out of the wing, and very soon the wedding party was joined by six unwinvied guests.

The ranchero, who was leading the lovely but unwilling Tula, halted near the door of the chapel and looked over his shoulder. Perhaps he had detected the tread of the Americans, though they had arrived almost noiselessly.

At the same time, a tall, middle-aged, grizzly bearded Mexican officer, Henrique Fernandez, the would-be bridegroom, who was a little in advance of the bride, became aware of the American's presence. The officer, Fernandez, was attended by two younger officers, and all were dressed in the most gorgeous uniforms. The party stopped. Fernandez, in an imperious voice, demanded:

"Don Velasquez, I particularly requested that this ceremony should be free from all intrusion. Who are the strangers?"

The moon, ere this, had lowered herself behind a cold range of mountains in the west, hence the dim out-

lines only of the intruders could be made out, but nothing of faces nor dress could be distinctly seen.

"It is the Señors Americanos," replied the savage voice of Velasquez. "Why are you here, señors?" he demanded.

"Don Velasquez," replied Leo, stepping boldly before the ranchero, you are cruelly forcing your child to marry, this night, one whom her soul detests, while her heart is in the keeping of the brave Eznelado of Juarez's army. It is to save Tula Velasquez from the evil fate you have selected for her, that we are here."

With a glad cry, Tula Velasquez tore herself away from her father's side, and rushed up to Leo, just as he struck the revolver, which the Mexican officer had leveled at him, from his hand.

Quickly leveling his own revolver in the face of Henrique Fernandez, he said: "You are my prisoner, Col. Fernandez. Stir from your tracks at your peril."

The Mexican officer knew that he was no match for the young American, and one glance was sufficient to show him that the least resistance would invite his death. But he had not been forbidden to use his voice, so he called to Velasquez, who, at first, was too dazed at the very unexpected attack to move.

"Don Velasquez, call upon your servants for help; inform my men without!"

The young officers who had accompanied Fernandez, had all they could do in a hand-to-hand struggle with two robust Americans. However, the struggle was of short duration, and the Mexicans soon surrendered.

The ranchero gave a weak call for help, which some of the men-servants quickly answered.

A sort of confusion by the little chapel door. Pistol shots rang out on the still night air. The women in attendance shrieked and fled through the garden. The priest, who stood unmoved in the chapel door, shouted in vain to be heard above the din.

In the height of it all, Leo, with a severe wound in his left arm, received he scarcely knew how, cut his way out, dragging Col. Fernandez, a prisoner still, with him. Tula Velasquez and Lela, her maid, were near him, and the other Americans soon came after, bringing the two officers that had been captured.

"Here, through the garden to yon grove!" whispered Tula to Leo. "We shall find horses there for our escape. Go not by the front entrance, as the soldiers left on the plaza by Col. Fernandez, will again oppose us."

It required little time to reach the grove pointed out by Tula Velasquez. As she had promised, they found their horses ready for them. Zela, with the assistance of her lover, one of the ranchero's servants, had attended to that part. They soon mounted and started briskly away through the grove, the shouts of the Mexican soldiers, who were trying to find their route of escape ringing in their ears.

When at last their track was discovered, the Mexicans gave them a hot chase for a short distance. But they had the prudence to relinquish the pursuit, as they were being drawn within a short way from Juarez's camp.

Leo and his companions dashed into camp, where the lovely Tula was placed under the charge of Eznelado, and the prisoners surrendered to Juarez himself, who found in Col. Fernandez, a foe whom he had long desired to capture.

Leo Gordon's wound was so obstinate in healing that he was compelled to leave the service. Before he had quit Mexico, however, he saw Tula Velasquez and Eznelado happily made one. Three years after, when Leo returned to visit his friends in Mexico, he met Eznelado's handsome and accomplished sister, Valletta. A love-spring up between them, and they were soon married, Leo bringing his bride to dwell on the banks of the Pearl.—*Sankey Blade.*

The Quick or the Dead.

It is a singular but certain fact that a fly when drowned can be brought back to life. The method is very simple, but requires particular and strict attention. If our readers doubt we would advise them to study the following recipe carefully and try it:

When the fly is dead take it from the water and roll it in table salt until it is entirely covered. Allow it to remain thus for about three or four minutes.

Remove the salt by blowing it. Do not attempt to rub or pick it off or you may send the poor harmless fly into eternity forever. When the fly is off take the fly in the palm of one hand, cover it with the other, and shake it as the boys do pennies when playing heads and tails. Place the fly on the table and it will either walk or fly away, or perhaps crawl up the wall to the ceiling and into the pretty parlor of the coaxing spider, unless it has been informed by older acquaintances that by so doing it is passing through the valley of the shadow of death.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Advice.

The birth of an affection is always the birth of a new life, and the beginning of a forever.

Growing isn't waiting for sunshine. It is real reaching after it.

It is good to put a bother away over night. It all straightens out in the morning.

There are two things for live men and women to do. To receive from God, and to give out to their fellows.—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

Lived a Better Life.

This strange story comes from Lawrenceville:

A few days ago a Georgian died in Hot Springs, Ark.,—died and was buried there. He had been for some years a trusted and honored citizen of that place. He had married there, had become rich, holding various positions of honor and trust, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. Yet that man was living in the shadow of a crime—was an outlaw from the state of his birth. It was Charles Clinton Ambrose.

The mention of his name will recall to the older citizens of Georgia, and especially Gwinnett county, the particulars of a sensational tragedy.

It was in the winter of '64-'65 that Bill Orr, a prosperous farmer near Lawrenceville, was shot and killed by Charles Ambrose. Both stood high in the community and the killing aroused a strong feeling. The cause of the killing was understood to be an insult offered by Orr to Ambrose's sister, and this, of course, tended to counterbalance the fact that the shooting was in cold blood. Orr had been shot down in the streets of Lawrenceville in broad daylight. The weapon was a gun heavily loaded with buckshot, found subsequently just where it had been fired, and leaning against a tree.

Ambrose, then a young man of 18 or 20, immediately fled the state. The story goes that the young man went, immediately after the shooting to a friend, and hurriedly explained to him what had been done.

"I need money," "and I have not time to go home after it. Will you let me have money now and risk the chances?"

A minute later the young man, already mounted on a fleet horse, was handed a cloth bag containing \$1,000 in gold. With a last backward glance toward the old homestead the young man dashed off, and from that day to this he never saw Lawrenceville again. At least everybody thought.

A reward was offered by the governor and this supplemented by rewards from other sources. Search was made far and near, but no trace was ever found. The story of the shooting became a war-time tradition and descended as such to a new generation.

Eighteen or twenty months after the killing the father of the boy left for Louisville, Ky., carrying his wife with him, on a business trip. Six months later another trip was made, and four months later another. Upon these visits the father and mother saw their son. And the son returned the visits; at least the story goes that he had made frequent visits to his own home—visits of which none but his immediate family were aware.

But the visits have ended. A few days ago Charles Clinton, a wealthy and highly respected citizen of Hot Springs, breathed his last. He died surrounded by a loving family. This was Charles Clinton Ambrose.

The Arkansas side of the story is briefly told. A man of excellent address, young and energetic, came to Hot Springs at the close of the war. He developed into a highly successful life, died at the age of forty-two, leaving his wife and children a snug fortune.

And this is the story which comes from Lawrenceville.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Physiology of Pleasure.

The question has often been asked as to what constitutes the greatest pleasure, and who is the happiest man, but it is obviously one that does not admit of solution. The intensity of the pleasurable sensation is a matter of temperament and surroundings, but, meters paribus, the happiest man is he who possesses the greatest sensibility, the most powerful imagination, the strongest will and the least number of prejudices. The men are rare who can by an effort of the will arrest the oscillations of sorrow and allow only chords of pleasure to vibrate. Pleasure is the mode of sensation, never the sensation itself, and it is not a paradox, but an incontestable physiological truth, to say that no pleasure exists which is essentially or necessarily a pleasure. The ideal of perfection in humanity would be to efface pain from the list of sensations, and to give all men the maximum number of pleasures. All the rest, as the philosopher said, is but a dream and vapor.—*Medical Press.*

Offered to Pull it Himself.

At the height of his troubles, when things went very badly, the expenses of the vaudeville theater being ruinous, Charles Mathews one morning saw a ballet-girl in a dark corner of the stage, crying bitterly, and evidently in pain. The ever-glib comedian at once sympathetically approached her (for nothing, seemingly, could dash his spirits), and said cheerily: "What's the matter, my dear?" The girl sobbed in reply: "Oh, Mr. Mathews, I am in such pain I've got such a dreadful toothache!" "Toothache!" said he, poor thing, I am so sorry. I'll let you off rehearsal; go and have the tooth out." "I can't, Mr. Mathews." "Can't; why not?" said he. "I o-a-n't afford it." blubbered the girl. "Can't afford it! Nonsense!" answered Mathews; "run round the corner to St. Martin's Lane, where you will get rid of it for a shilling." "But I haven't got a shilling, Mr. Mathews." "Not got a shilling?" he replied at once; "neither have I. But come into the green-room, and I will take your tooth out myself!"

POINTS OF HUMOR.

The rate that a ship travels at is not stated.—*Ocean.*
When the captain wants to stop the vessel does he hoist a stay-sail?—*Ocean.*

The young man with a slender salary should choose for his wife a girl of small waste.

It is the counterfeiter who always "pays a man in his own coin."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The centenarian may not be a musician, but it is certain that he is beating time.—*Dansville Breeze.*

Time waits for no man because some men are so long in coming to time, we suppose.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Brown—I understand you have had an addition to your family? Jones—Yes; and something to carry.—*Puck.*

The reason that birds clean out a fruit tree so quickly is that they take the fruit away a peck at a time.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Barber (to customer): "You are about the baldest man I ever saw, sir." "Yep; been married three times."—*Epoch.*

First Philadelphian: "Mr. Childs' time is very valuable." Second Philadelphian: "Yes, indeed. He has one clock that cost \$700."—*Life.*

A colored minister prayed the other lay that the indelicate might be delicate, the intemperate temperate, and the industrious dustrious.—*Nevada Democrat.*

According to an advertisement in a Brockville paper relating to a town contract a condition is: "The contractor to expire on the 30th April, 1889."—*Toronto Globe.*

Condemned murderer (to sheriff): "I say, sheriff, you have a strong pull; an't you use it in my behalf?" Sheriff kindly: "Certainly I will—when the proper time comes."—*Epoch.*

Young wife: "John, mother says he wants to be cremated." Young husband: "Tell her if she'll get on her things I'll take her down this morning."—*San Francisco Call.*

"And are you the captain's boy?" asked the old lady on deck. "Yes'm," he replied bravely. "Well, you don't look like him at all," she said, "and I never would have believed it!"—*Ocean.*

"Mister," he pleaded, "I have lost a egg, and—" "Yes, so I see. It's mighty provoking to lose anything. I lost a dog once that I had often tried to give away, but I was mad about it just the same."—*Epoch.*

Bobby: "I guess you must be a lady-killer, Mr. Sissy." Mr. Sissy (comically): "Aw d'ye think so, Clara?" Bobby: "You must be; Clara said that after you left last night she nearly died laughing."—*Epoch.*

"Do you believe there is any such thing as luck?" asked a young man of an old bachelor. "I do, I've had proof of it." "In what way?" "I was refused by five girls when I was a young man."—*Merchants Traveler.*

"Why, bless your heart, Erasmus, if your fortygraf ain't like you, no low. It makes yer look ten years older than you is." "Dat's all right, honey, I needn't get anudder token for de next ten y'ars."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sam Slick's Description of a Marriage.

"What firsts all you men are!" said he. "But, oh, my sakes! ain't that ere lovely?—just one mass of flowers. Hold me up, please, Mr. Slick, till I get a branch of that apple tree. Oh, dear! how sweet it smells."

Well, I took her in my arms and lifted her up, but she was a long time a-choosin' of a wreath, and that one she put round my hat, and then she gathered some sprigs for a nosegay.

"Don't hold me so high, please. There, smell that—ain't it beautiful? I hope I ain't a showin' of my ankles."

"Lucy, how my heart beats!" says I, and it did, too; it thundered like a sledge hammer—I acitly thought it would have torn my waistcoat buttons off. "Don't you hear it go bump, bump, bump, Lucy? I wonder if it ever busts like a blister—for holdin' such a gal as you be, Lucy, in one's arms ain't safe; it is as much as one's—"

"Don't be silly," said she, larfin' "or I'll get down this mink. No," said she, "I don't hear it beat. I don't believe you've got any heart at all."

"There," said I, bringin' her a little further forward, "don't you hear it now?"—listen."

"No," said she, "it's nothin' but your watch tickin'," and she larted like anythin'; "I thought so."

"You haven't no heart at all, have you?" said I.

"I never has been tried yet," said she. "I hardly know whether I have or not."

"Oh! then you don't know whether it is in the right place or not?"

"Yes, it is," said she, a pullin' of my whiskers; "yes, it is, just in the right place—just where it ought to be," and she put my hand on it. "Where else would you have it, dear, but where is it? But hush!" said she; "I saw Eunice Snare just now; she is a-comin' round the turn there. Set me down quick, please. Ain't it provokin' that gal fairly haunts me. I hope she didn't see me in your arms."

"I'll lift her up to the tree too," says I, "if you like, and then—"

"Oh, no!" said she; "it ain't worth while. I don't care what she says or thinks o's snap of my finger."—*Sam Slick.*

THE ARTICLE WAS GOOD.

But Somehow or Other It Didn't Please the Man It Immortalized.

Robert J. Burdette, whom every body knows, whether they ever saw him or not, used to run a little daily paper in Peoria, Ill., writes F. H. Carruth in the New York Tribune. I believe it was Peoria—anyhow, it was the paper he enjoyed running so much, because there was never any uncertainty about it. He knew positively every Monday morning that there wouldn't be enough money to pay the compositors Saturday night.

He hadn't written so much good humor then as he had since, but it used to crop out once in a while—he couldn't help it. One day a prominent citizen of Peoria got into trouble with a hackman about the amount of his charge or something, and took off his coat and fought him all around the block. He made it a red day for hackmen, too. The next morning Burdette had nearly a column about it. There had been so much space to fill and he turned his fancy loose and filled it. He had laughed about it quietly to himself all the way home that night after he wrote it, and in the morning read it over to see if the boys had got it set up all right, and smiled sort of inwardly to himself again.

About the middle of the afternoon the man who had the trouble came in. Burdette trembled a little at first, because he didn't know how he might have taken it, but the man wore a broad grin on his face and seemed to be very tickled over it.

"That was a good one on me in the *Zionist* this morning," said the man.

"Er—yes—do you think so?" said Burdette.

"Oh, capital!—took it off first-class Did you write it?"

"Oh, yes, I scratched it off in a hurry last night. We have to take some thing to fill up."

"Of course. But it was really good. I didn't know you could do as well as that," went on the man enthusiastically.

"Oh, I didn't think much of it," returned Burdette, modestly. "If I had only a little more time perhaps I might have made something out of it."

"Oh, you had time enough—plenty of time, I assure you. It was fine. Of course I didn't really do all you said I did."

"Oh, of course not. Certainly not. Got to have something lively in a newspaper, you know."

"I see—especially in a live local paper."

"You understand it?"

"I think so. Of course I didn't yell like a man with his foot in a lawnmower all the time I was having the controversy."

"Oh, no—we have to exaggerate a little."

"I see. And then I didn't raise the hackman up and pound the face of the earth with him till the police stopped me for wearing out the paving."

"No, not at all—had to make it lively, you know."

"Of course. Then I didn't chase him into the country half a mile, did I now?"

"I never heard that you did. I just slipped that in. You know a local paper."

"I understand. Then of course I didn't roar so coming back that people thought there was a hail-storm coming."

"Oh, you didn't roar at all. I made that part up to make it lively."

"I thought so. Then I didn't stand on the corner and howl till I was tired and say I could lick any hackman who ever looked through a collar, and go around the streets cracking my heels together and saying I was from *Bitter Creek* where it wasn't more than a foot wide."

"Of course not—nothing of the kind at all. I just put them in—got to in a small town with a daily paper, you see."

"I notice you have to. It was a funny piece, take it altogether."

"Y-e-s, I thought perhaps it was a little funny," admitted Burdette, a little uneasily.

"You say in it the hackman was a small man?"

"Why, yes, rather small, I understood."

"Probably not as small as you are?"

"Oh, n-no, I presume not. I'm not very big, you see. Pleasant weather we're having, Major."

"Y-a-e-s, very pleasant—a little cold for hackmen and some editors I know of. Probably, then, if I licked the hackman there wouldn't be any doubt but that I could lick you?"

"Oh, n-no, no, sir; not a particle of doubt. Going to the caucus to-night, Colonel?"

"I expect to be there, but you won't—you'll be in the hospital—on little, insignificant, one-horse country editor, and he reached out and got Burdette by the collar. "Chased the man out beyond the fair grounds, did I? Roared like the eight-thirty express coming back, did I?" and he began jabbing Burdette up and down like the dasher of an old-fashioned churn. "My actions would have made a fish laugh, eh? Howled around till I made the world's back ache, did I?" and all the time he was dancing around the office with Burdette at arm's length. "Oh, you're going to be the great American humorist! No doubt of it at all! You'll make the universe double up and roll on the grass some day! You're funny, oh, so very funny! Just give you a little more practice on me and you can start out lecturing!" and it's hard to tell what would have become of poor Burdette if a big pressman hadn't

come in just then, with his sleeves rolled up and ink on the side of his nose, and relieved him. The pressman fought the man ten minutes before he managed to tear his coat off and shut up both his eyes and fire him down the stairs and half way across the sidewalk. He accomplished it at last, however, and went back to work and Burdette gathered himself together and wrote up a solemn account of the death of the oldest Free Mason, who had just passed away.

Incautious Observations.

A lady whose garden happens to overlook the garden of her next door neighbor was out looking at her flowers the other morning. Her little dog, Rags, had accompanied her, and took it into his head to lie down picturesquely by the fence. His mistress, looking down at him as he lay curled up there, with his blue ribbon about his neck, clasped her hands in mock admiration, and exclaimed, looking steadily at him:

"Oh! don't you think you look awfully nice in your blue ribbon down there?"

Just as the words "down there" were out of her mouth, she noticed, to her horror, that the lady next door, whose acquaintance she had not the honor of, was exactly in the line of her vision, in the next yard, and that she wore a blue ribbon on her hair.

The lady next door looked up in indignation. Rags was invisible from where she stood, and she had no doubt the remark was addressed to her. She flared about with a fierce movement, rushed back to her house and slammed the door after her. The unassuming author of the insult in the meantime stood aghast and helpless.

Another incident of which this one reminds the Listener is as follows:

Up in New Hampshire, some few years ago, there lived a family who were engaged in farming, and who had employed a mysterious hired man, who gave no other name than "Mr. Smith," and was never called otherwise. He served his engagement faithfully, and departing, left behind him a pretty kitchen which he had picked up somewhere, and which was named by the family in his honor, "Mr. Smith's." "Mr. Smith" grew to catholic, and was a greatly esteemed member of the family, being affectionate and faithful, possessing all the fine virtues, so that when the family finally left the farm and moved down to Lowell they brought Mr. Smith along with them.

One Sunday morning, after they were settled in their new home, which closely adjoined another house, the head of the house stepped to the back door, and seeing the cat, saluted him familiarly—

"Ah, Mr. Smith! Taking your airing, eh? Your a fine animal, Mr. Smith!"

He noticed that a spruce looking man in the next yard looked up in some surprise at this remark, but said nothing.

Another day, later on, having gone out to call the cat, he again saluted him thus:

"Well, Mr. Smith, how do you like it down here? Do you get plenty of rats to eat?"

Glancing over he saw his neighbor appeared to be regarding him very intently, with a queer expression in his face. So he thought to propitiate him by a friendly salutation—

"Good morning, sir."

"Morning. But why in the world do you ask me whether I get rats enough to eat, and why do you call me a fine animal?"

"I—I didn't know I did, sir."

"Well, you did. I am the conductor on the Boston & Black Railroad, and my name is Smith. And you are always coming out of your door and calling 'Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith!' or making some such confounded remark as you did just now. I want to know what it means."

The explanation wasn't particularly difficult; but out of consideration for his neighbor's feelings, the owner of "Mr. Smith" has given up the use of that name for the animal out of doors.—*Boston Transcript*.

Russell Sage's Munificence.

The citizens of Calais were presented with the rare sight last week of a New York millionaire in the person of Russell Sage, a gentleman reputed to be worth between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000. He came to attend the sale of the Grand Southern Railway, which was advertised to take place on Wednesday last. He bid it off for the bondholders at \$101,000. Mr. Sage stopped at the Border City Hotel during his sojourn here. During the time, Stephen Gardner, one of the landlord's sons, put a span of nice horses in a handsome two-seated carriage and took the old gentleman out for a drive over the city, so that he might see what a nice, cozy little corner of Uncle Sam's dominion we occupied. He seemed highly pleased with the appearance of things generally and the attention paid him in particular. When they had returned and he was safely landed on the piazza of the hotel, to show the high appreciation of the courtesy he drew forth his purse and handed the young man the munificent sum of—10 cents, which he took and put in his pocket, not that he expected or desired any recompense for what he had done. He is going to have a hole punched in it and wear it on his watch chain as a memento.—*Calais (Me.) Advertiser*.

HE HAD A RIGHT TO SMOKE.

And so He Smoked in Spite of the Remonstrances of a Woman.

A railroad official, says the Boston Courier, who was somewhere in the neighborhood of the northern boundary of New England, not to be too definite, was suddenly summoned home, and, taking an engine with a special car attached, he started for Boston. Somewhere near the middle of the route the special train stopped for water, and the passengers waiting for a train due a few minutes later came crowding to go on board. They were of course stopped by the brakeman, but one woman, despite all representations and remonstrances, made her way by main force into the private car. The official for whose use the train was designed had gone to send a telegram ahead, and when he returned he found this intrusive passenger. Discovering how matters were, he chose rather to accept the situation than to have the woman expelled by force, and the train accordingly started with two passengers instead of one.

Retreating to the extreme end of the car the gentleman lighted a cigar and composed himself to read, but in a few moments his fellow passenger came bearing down the aisle toward him, evidently full of rage.

"What are you smoking here for?" she demanded. "This isn't a smoking car."

"No, but it is my private car," he responded.

"But smoking is offensive to me, and I can't have you smoke," the woman continued, with a superb disregard of his remark.

"Madame," the gentleman said, looking at her coolly, "you forced your way into this car when you were told that it was a private one, and it is only by my sufferance that you were allowed to remain. You are indebted to me for your passage to Boston, and I came into this end of the car so that the smoke should not trouble you. I choose to smoke, and if you don't choose to endure it you may step off at any moment."

The woman glared at him a moment in baffled rage.

"You are no gentleman," she hissed at length.

Then she retreated to the forward part of the car, and maintained a sullen silence until Boston was reached.

For Baby's Mother.

Never tickle a child. It is dangerous and reduces vitality. Any unnatural motion must be avoided. The more quiet and free from excitement a little child is kept the better for the child's health and strength and mental vigor.

If there is much sickness about the neighborhood boil the water which is used in baby's food, for boiling kills all the animalcules contained in the water. Cool it before using.

For headache or any form of indigestion drink hot water.

Give children oranges before breakfast in the spring time. It is better than sulphur doses or spring medicines.

Use cream with hot water and sugar in place of condensed or natural milk, as it is more easily digested than milk. If hot water is added then it will not require any warming process whereby it may come in contact with metal. Warm the food by placing the bottle or cup in water to heat it with the water. Be careful to have the mouthpiece of the bottle properly clean—first scalded and then rinsed with cold water.

In the spring let the child take his outdoor walks in the afternoon, in the autumn let him go in the forenoon. The spring morning partakes of the preceding season; the afternoon of the coming season. In autumn the morning is more like summer and the afternoons like winter.

The whole bath is to be preferred to the partial bath. Ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit must be the degree of heat, to be reduced as the child grows older.

If the child does not sleep well give him a bath before going to bed. It is an excellent sedative.—*Woman's Journal*.

Tender and True.

How easily bitterness may be produced by too much sweetness was illustrated the other day by a car incident. One little girl about five years of age leaned over the back of the seat in front and whispered in the ear of a small boy, "I love you." Having no reply she again said, "I love you."

"Yes," said the boy, "but don't say that again." "I will," was the determined answer of the girl. "You won't," replied the boy with equal determination, and thereupon began a fast and furious quarrel, which lasted until the girl was borne away by the nurse, her voice sounding shrilly down the car aisle. "I love you, I love you, I love you," over and over again.—*Boston Journal*.

A Sea Story.

An English lady, who visited America many years ago, used to tell the following story: On the voyage she was one day shocked by seeing a ship's officer knock down one of the crew, who was inclined to mutiny. So much did the sight affect her that she retreated to her state-room and did not again appear on deck until land was sighted. Then she perceived at the wheel the man who had received the blow. Approaching him, she asked, with deep sympathy, "How is your head now?" "West-and-by-nor, ma'am," was the answer.

The Wonderful Flea.

The wonderful flea is the subject of a sketch in the Swiss Cross. It says the legs of a flea are marvelous of strength and elasticity. They are joined to the body by long tendons that act like wire springs. In making its leap, which, it is said, can cover 200 times its own length, the flea draws the leg up close to the body and then throws it out with great force; but the impulse proceeds from the first joint alone, the others only increasing it by their stretch while the leap is being made.

Fleas are possessed of great strength. Mounet tells of a mechanic who made a gold chain, as long as his finger, that a flea dragged after him, and a golden chariot, which he drew also. Bingley writes of a watchmaker in the Strand who had an ivory four-wheeled chaise, with a coachman on its box, drawn by a flea. The same man afterward made a carriage with six horses, a coachman, four persons inside, two footmen behind and a postillion on one of the horses, all of which was drawn by a single flea. Latiella mentions a flea which dragged a silver cannon of twenty-four times its own weight, mounted on wheels, and showed no fear when it was charged with gunpowder and fired off. Kane says that he saw three fleas drawing a tiny omnibus; that a par drew a chariot and that a brass cannon was dragged by a single one.

Fleas are quarrelsome, and great fighters. When several are confined in a glass, they will stand on their hind legs, striking at their opponents with the others, and roll over and over each other, losing legs and antennae, and at last giving up their lives in the fight. There is a record of a flea which lived ten days after such an encounter, with no antennae, three plates of his side broken in, one eye gone, and with only four legs, and these cut off to the first joint.

Three New Professions.

There is good news for the persons who are always asking: "What shall my son be?" or "What am I to do with my daughters?" It is announced from Paris that a new profession has lately been started there. The French capital is celebrated for the strange callings pursued in it. It is not in Paris that the "quatorzieme" flourishes—the gentleman who sits in his chambers in full evening dress from 6 o'clock to 9 o'clock p. m. in hopes that superstitious diners will find out that they are about to sit down thirteen and will call him in to avert the omen? The new profession has also to do with dinner, but it is concerned with its preparation and not its consumption. It is that of dinner-tasting. The professor, an ex-chef probably, is engaged by the host to come and sample the dishes before they are submitted to his guests. Monarchs in the middle ages had, it will be remembered, a similar functionary, whose not over enviable duty it was to see that nothing poisoned was given to his master. The "dinner-taster's" duty is rather to see that everything is properly seasoned; that the soup has enough, and not too much, salt in it; that the champagne has not been leech out of all knowledge, and so on. The success which is said to have attended the profession of dinner-testing suggests one or two other kindred possibilities. Why, for example, should not some of our unemployed elegants, take to tending the white ties of their wealthier but less nimble brethren—for a consideration, of course? Our girls, too, might make a very pretty income by assisting hostesses to decorate their rooms in an artistic manner. If these suggestions should be carried out, we shall see an immense improvement both in personal and mental adornment, and at the same time the ranks of the unemployed will have been perceptibly thinned.—*London Globe*.

The Tailor-Made Suits.

"I say, old fellow," said Blakely, meeting his friend Harry D. on the street. "I saw you and Edith pass each other yesterday without a sign of recognition. I thought you were engaged!"

"I thought so too," said Harry, with a deep sigh, "but that's off."

"How's that?"

"Well, it's all owing to these infernal fashions some of the women wear now—hat, coat, vest, collar, and shirt-front, for all the world like those worn by the male sex. They'll make a raid on our pantaloon next."

"I don't quite understand—explain."

"Well, you see I quietly entered Bob Greenbag's law office about dusk one evening last week and saw Bob sitting behind a desk with his back toward me. I stealthily approached, gave him a vigorous and familiar slap on the shoulder, and cried: 'I have come for you old man. You must go with me down to Hatchlev's. Lots of gay girls will be there—that pretty little blonde you were mashed on in the ballet of the Black Theater—and I'm going for the Black variety singer—the one I had out to lunch the other night when we all got a little uproarious, you know. Come what-d'ye say? Is it a go?' and I tilted his hat down over his eyes, and that settled it."

"How settled it? Did Bob give you away to his cousin Edith?"

"Now, it wasn't Bob at all. It was the charming Edith herself, dressed in a tailor-made masculine suit, and the Arctic look she gave me as she swept out of the office without a word told me that my matrimonial prospects in that quarter were everlastingly blasted. Well so long!"—*New York Graphic*.

"ME KILL COMANCHE."

The Boss of the Pawnees at Philadelphia Subdued with a Lariat.

There was a big time at the Gentlemen's Driving park last night, says the Philadelphia Times. Tall Chief, the boss Indian of the Pawnee tribe, was howling drunk and made things interesting for Indians, cowboys, and everybody else. How he got the whisky no one knows. At first he was on his dignity and walked up to Trapper Tom, who has charge of the guns and ammunition, and said:

"Chief want gun. Me, big chief. Give um gun."

"You go to bed," said the trapper.

"What do you want with a gun this time of night?"

"Me big chief of Pawnee. All the boys do what I say. Me kill Comanche." "You will?" exclaimed Trapper Tom in surprise. "Now, you git away from here pretty quick or I'll make you think a cyclone struck you and landed you in a bear pit a hundred feet deep. Now, you git."

"Me kill Comanche, sure," muttered the chief as he moved a way toward his tepee.

In a few minutes armed with a fence-paling he crawled over to the Comanche camp and was about braining a big Comanche buck when Trapper Tom, who had watched him, yelled:

"Look here, Injun, you drop that club or I'll let daylight through you." The Indian turned and saw Tom's right arm extended toward him, and his old black pipe, which in the dark looked like a revolver, pointed toward him.

"Up with your hand, Injun, quick," said Tom.

Down went the club and the Indian's hands were held high above his head. Cyclone Jack, the expert lasso-thrower, who always wears a red shirt spotted with white diamonds and a big straw hat with a red feather in it, was taking a ride around the camp on a new mustang. He saw Trapper Tom's pipe, and, like the Indian, thought it was a pistol.

"Don't shoot! don't shoot, Tom!" yelled Cyclone Jack. "I'll git the Injun for you." In less than two seconds the cowboy's lasso went swinging through the air and fell over the Indian. Cyclone Jack dug his spurs into the broncho and pulled the big chief a few yards along the ground, the way the cowboys treat a horse-thief.

When the horse stopped and the lariat loosened all the fight was taken out of Tall Chief, and after Trapper Tom was done swearing at him he submittedly followed his squaw to his tepee. The Comanches now swear vengeance against the Pawnees, and Capt. Henry Horn carries a couple of revolvers and keeps a repeating-rifle near him. He told the Indians that the first one that started to fight would hear from him in a way that could not be misunderstood.

"I'm going to have peace," said Capt. Horn. "If I have to kill all the Injuns in camp."

Female Fighters.

Two well-dressed women and several men met recently to make arrangements for a prize-fight. The principals were Hat Leslie, who is doing a club-swinging act in a variety theater, and Alice Leary, a serio-comic. The articles of agreement signed are as follows:

"We hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up prize-fight with skin-tight gloves, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, to take place between August 10 and 27, 1888, place to be agreed on August 20, the fight to be for \$500 a side and the championship of the world. The fight is to take place within 100 miles of Buffalo. Half the stakes are to be put up August 20."

Hattie Leslie is 20 years old, five feet seven inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, and is muscular and well developed.

Alice Leary is six feet tall, 24 years old, weighs 180 pounds, and is also a brunette. She is very handy with her fists, and is quarrelsome. She has not as much science as her opponent, but she is more of a slugger. Her manager is Jack Kehoe, a Bradford sport. She will be trained by Kehoe and Charles Dwyer, and is to be put through a regular course. Hattie Leslie will not enter into training immediately because her club-swinging requires that she keep in good physical condition.—*New York Sun*.

Sherman's "Bummers."

Gen. Force tells some amusing stories of Sherman's bummers. He says these foragers acquired a perfect instinct for the ferreting out of provisions and good things, and that concealment only sharpened their preternatural powers, of which the following instances are given: One day a sergeant went into a country-house. The planter and his wife were there. After a little talk the sergeant, with great solemnity asked: "Has any one died here lately?" The planter quickly said: "No, body." "The sergeant gravely said: "I thought somebody had died here." The planter said: "No, sir." "His wife said: "Oh, yes; don't you remember, my dear, that colored boy that was buried yesterday?" The sergeant, with increased solemnity, said: "I only wanted to let you know that I have opened that grave and taken out the corpse." There were loud expostulations then, for this corpse, so called, was the plantation supply of ham.

R. L. Coffran should be our next mayor.

Willie, son of deputy constable Craig fell from his pony and broke his arm a day or two since.

Owing to street improvements in North Topeka, gondolas might be used on many streets and lots.

The street commissioner's expenses for July amounted to \$5,031.

The state capitol will be ready for occupancy within four years.

Colonel Holiday will soon build a hotel near the Santa Fe depot.

The boys of battery B, who went "to the front" are already tired of war.

Rents are higher in Topeka than in the most fashionable quarters of Chicago.

Our street car services is much improved under the management of Mr. Payne.

The state house commissioners should look after the sanitary evils of the capitol.

Topeka has fewer sunstrokes than Kansas City, because it consumes less liquor.

There are four and one-half cents profit in every glass of soda water sold, for five cents.

Forty long, weary months did he watch and wait.

For a chance to jump on the White House gate.

The Kaw river bridge is liable to cost our city considerable money before it is replaced.

Miss Mattie Payne is enjoying a vacation of four weeks. Her sister Miss Anna will take her place in the postoffice for the time being.

It will be unlucky for negroes minus two front teeth, for some months to come in Shawnee county.

Typhoid fever, and typhoid malaria are prevalent.

Parkdale had a prohibition meeting last evening. It was not a heavy third party affair, except in some of the speaking.

Sheriff Fuller took half dozen prisoners to the pen, on Tuesday.

The funeral of Mike Myers the engineer who was killed on the Santa Fe a day or two ago, was held in this city today.

Mrs. Traver, who fell from the roof of a shed Sunday evening and was quite severely hurt, is reported as much better this morning.

One or more "hill" horses should be constantly employed by the City Railway company at the steep grade between second and fifth.

Deputy United States Marshal Dan Wyatt has arrested a man by the name of Charles Dufrane, commonly known as "Shorty" for passing counterfeit money.

The Presbyterian parsonage is in course of erection at the corner of Sixth and Harrison street and will cost \$6,000.

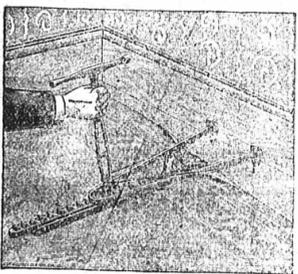
J. N. Stewart formerly of Silver Lake will start a soap factory in this city.

A new produce and commission store will be opened in the room formerly occupied by L. C. Kistler.

Can any one tell why the Moore-Norton case should have been compromised by the payment of the \$500 bond of one, and \$24 cost in the other case. Both bonds of \$500 each were good, and the probability is that they left in Topeka the money to pay both. Who got the benefit?

Garfield park could be much improved by the addition of zoological gardens. Such a beautiful natural grove and pleasant resort is a valuable adjunct to the points of interest in and about Topeka.

KEYSTONE CARPET STRETCHER



BEST ON EARTH!
The Most Perfect, Complete and Durable Stretcher Made.
FURNISHED with draw-heads, which draw to the floor at the base board, and a clamp by which a firm hold is taken on the carpet at the least danger of tearing or marring. It is stretched to the desired place by using a lever stretched to a complete hammer, which does all purposes in putting down a carpet. The only stretcher that draws the carpet close to the base board and into the corners.
Manufactured of malleable iron and wrought iron, making a tool that will last a life time.
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The Fire Record.

One of the greatest advantages a city can possess is a prompt, well drilled and capable fire department. One that is on time and can act with cool judgment under the most exciting, dangerous and trying circumstances. Topeka is the happy possessor of such a department. From the chief to the last man on the force each one is especially adapted for his place. The horses are as well trained as the wonderful Coup horses and all the appliances are the latest improved and most modern. All in all every day in the year home work the Topeka fire department is peerless. There is no city can show as small a ratio of damages to the amount of property endangered as the capital of Kansas. It will be interesting to note the cases of fire as they occur in this city.

CHILDREN AND MATCHES.

The fire record shows that from April 1, to August 1, there have been only 35 fires. Of this number eight were caused by children playing with matches, 22.2 per cent of all the fires. The property these children endangered is valued at \$3,700 and they succeeded in destroying only \$208 worth. Enough to buy books and amusements to last these same children a half decade.

Carelessness is the next most successful fire fiend having caused seven of the 35 fires. A large number of those which have been classed as accidental, being due to causes which should be preventable, might not properly be termed carelessness.

Next to matches, kerosene and gasoline have been the most destructive agents in point of the number of the fires caused either directly or indirectly by them which the firemen have had to contend with. Under this head however, nearly one-half were caused by the upsetting or needless taking fire of kerosene lamps or gasoline stoves. In all late cases of this kind, where an examination has been made of both lamp and oil, and although the former may not have been always of the most approved pattern in every instance, the blame may be attributed to the inferior quality of kerosene used.

The city ordinances provide for the prosecution of these sellers of under-test oil, but it is seldom enforced. If the sale of this low grade of kerosene, often more dangerous than gunpowder, is still to be allowed, the public must suffer the natural consequences and bear the responsibility.

Concerning fires caused by matches Charles W. Whitcome, fire marshal of Boston, says: "Twenty and one-tenth per cent of all the fires occurring in Boston during the past year owe their origin to the use of matches. Nearly three-fourths of these match fires were the result of pure carelessness, such as the dropping of lighted matches, etc., children playing with matches, etc., while the other one-fourth, being due to accidents, are classed as accidental, although most of these even might be preventable. The introduction of the lucifer match something over fifty years ago, although a great boon to civilization, has been, at the same time, productive of an enormous amount of irreparable damage. Defective construction is not infrequently a cause of serious fires. When fires occur in any building constructed in violation of building laws in force at the time of its erection, and owes its origin to such defective construction, the names of architect and builder connected with such illegal construction ought to be published in future reports.

The incendiary comes in for quite a share in the cause of fires. The incendiary appears to be actuated by various motives. Often it is revenge, malice or spite which impels him to apply the torch; sometimes he is the victim of his own innate depravity or unconscionable nature, in which case not infrequently drunkenness plays a part.

TOPEKA correspondent Kansas City Journal: Miss Mary Abarr, who some time ago gave notice to intruders that she would defend her homestead rights now carries a trophy to prove that she meant all she said. Her homestead is in Western Kansas, where she and her mother reside, although she is engaged in newspaper work in this city. While on her place with her mother she noticed, that in spite of her public warning claim jumpers frequently came over to the homestead to see if any one was there generally coming at night. Mary grew tired of these cowards, and laid for them. One night she observed three lanterns headed toward her dug out. She did not grow nervous. On the contrary she became indignant, and loaded her shot, went outside her dugout, and awaited in the dark the arrival of the men who were trying to steal a girl's home. When they arrived close enough to distinguish their outlines Mary blazed away at them, when they started on the run, one of them dropping his lantern. She followed them, loading her gun while on the run, and managed so as to give them another load as they were leaving her land. She then prayed for a breech loader, whose metallic cartridges would take place of the time consuming loose powder and shot of a muzzle loader, and her prayers have since been answered by a beautiful twist double-barreled gun, with 10 cartridges. The lantern dropped, a beautiful nickel plated one, now hangs over her desk in this city, never having been claimed by the owner. Miss Abarr is ready to give it up if he will only call for it, and will give her hand—over his ears—at the same time. "Our Mary" deserves the distinction of having been elected president of the Leslie Club, the first printer girls' association in the west.

The Misses Minnie and Nora Norris, niece and daughter of Robert Norris, left yesterday for Scranton, Pennsylvania. The ladies have many friends in this city who grieve very much at their departure. Miss Minnie will make her home in that city and Miss Nora is expected to return.

The democrats think of nominating ex-clerk Chas. Spencer for county attorney. He would make a rattling race.

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