SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL. EDITOR.

Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance Or Two copies #1 00.

Man Made ef Brickbats.

No doubt most of our young readers have read the fable of Deucalion and his wife Pyrras. The story is that after Jugater, with the aid of Neptune, had covered the earth with water, Mount Paranssas only, of all the mountairs, was above them, and here lived Descalion and his wife Pyrrha, of the race of Propagthens, or here they had gone as the waters spread over the face of the world.

He was a just and good man, and she a pious woman. So when Jupiter saw that they alone remained on the earth he commanded the North winds to blow and drive away the clouds. Septume ordered Triton to blow on his staff and sound a retreat to the vaters,

When this was done the givers returned to their channels, and the seas to their tools. But the world was without people. So Denealion and Pyrrha went to the temple and asked the gods what they should do. The oracle commanded that they should, "Depast from the temple with heads veiled and garments unbound, and cast behind them the bones of their mother."

At first they were everence with astonishment. They did not dare disobey, nor did they days deserrate the tomb of their parents. So they retired to contemplate over the command of the oracle.

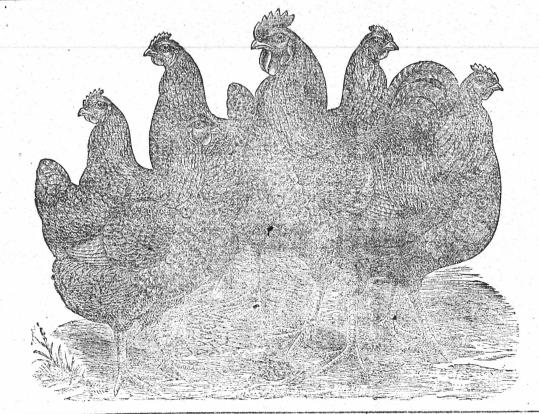
Then Descation decianed that they would not be ordered to do a wrong. Finally he thought how the earth was mother of all. Then the stones and est to the people of this country and rocks must be her bones. So they it is one that should be the least went out and began to east stones over abused. It becomes the laboring their heads. As they were thrown men of this age to see that they are they began to take human shape. not their own worst enemy. Those thrown by Deucanon grew it to little boys, and those thrown by Pyrrha, into little girls, and thus the world became peopled again.

This is the story of Greek Mythology. It corresponds with the Bible story of the flood. •

We were telling this to the children the other night, when little Emma broke in with, "Oh! now I know what made Mr. Ray's head so red. They threw a brick but when he was

from the sunay southland. We are time not long ago. He is meeting glad to note the fact. About a generation ago there was a bitter antagonism between the south and Kansas. They would not then have welcomed house in North Topeka, Friday night. anything from Kansas. And Kansas He has, made five speeches in the was just as bitter against the South. state this week. Happily this feeling has so died out that the boys and girls of this generation know very little about it. It is now the duty of all good people to unite the two sections in fraternal love. The Southland is a beautiful portion of our country, and the people are generous, hospitable and more sober than in the north. In the great temperance movement that is now going on they give promise of outstripping the northern states. Georgia has now as genuine prohibition as Kansas.

Miss Anna C. Gordon, of Evanston Ill., assistant superintendent of Juvenile work for the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has is very interesting reading, but no compiled a little volume of Marching other city paper has thought it worth Songs for Young Crusaders, which publishing. will be published by G. C. Hall, Manager of the Publication Association, Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents. It is plated. It is to be issued from this an attractive work filled with cheery, city and will be independent and outinspiring songs.



CATALOGU

The fine Plymouth Rocks shown in mother place, are from the yard of Mr. Geo. H. Hughes of this city. For general purposes there is probably no better fowl than the Plymouth Rock.

The last number of the Anti-Mono polist of Enterprise is calculated to give one a better idea of a Kansas manufacturing town than anything we have yet seen.

The cause of labor is the one near

The resolutions against the Commonwealth were not passed by the late labor meeting in this city. The regular chairman refused to entertain them as not pertinent to the purposes of the meeting. After adjournment a knot of persons got together and passed them.

Mr. J. V. Admire, of the Osage City Press has set about raising a fund to replace Col. Prouty's press! We are getting many subscribers that was burned out for the second with success.

Gov. St. John spoke at the opera

The New Year came in with the heaviest snow storm of the season. December was mild but our Shawnee county prophet, C.C. Blake says January will be colder and it looks as if he had again hit it.

The Carthage Mo. Banner says that Sedalia, once a thriving business city, is now paralyzed by the unreasonable action of labor organizations. Trade is slagnated and laborers are forced to ask help of the citizens.

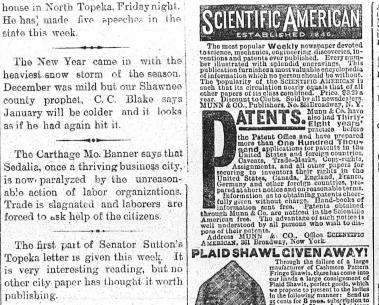
The first part of Senator Sutton's

A new prohibition paper is contem-

GREGOR







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Special Announcement.

that we have secured the exclusive the next day's work. I dreaded that clubbing agency of the CHICAGO WEEK-Ly News for Shawnee County, upon just enough to feel that the bright such advantageous terms that we are enabled to offer our paper and the dreaded to tear the mask away. She Blush CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS at the very looked so beautiful, Topeka did. I low price of \$1.25 per year for the two would gladly have left her the beautifirst time that a metropolitan weekly I wanted to know the truth. has been brought within the reach of subscribers at so small an additional cost. For this comparatively small amount our readers can place themselves in command of the whole situation. All features of interest, local, national and foreign, will be presented completely and promptly by one or the other of these publications. The Chicago market quotations will be worth to many of our readers more than the additional amount involved in the clubbing price.

To those who are not familiar with the character of the CHICAGO WEEKLY News we would say that it is the best of the large metropolitan journals a themselves of this unusual opportuni-

LETTERS FROM KANSAS.

What He Thinks of Prohibition.

Special Correspondence to the Chicago Tri

Topeka is the city that has closed her saloons, and you can imagine my desire to see it. Topoka is about as large as Leavenworth. I arrived Sunday at 1 o'clock in the afternoon; and a brighter, sunnier November day never was seen. I sought a genial hack driver and took a drive through the town. I wanted to see the city worse than I wanted my dinner. I wish Prof. Fellows and Mrs. Woods, and Mrs. Aldrich, and Mrs. Foster could have been with me. Yes, and Mrs. Sibley too. I wish they could all have been along as as we drove down the avenue-Kansas avenue-I believe that is the name of the principal street. It is three miles long, and I undertake to say that the like of it is not to be seen in any other city of this size in the world. It is along a the world like a book looks for all the world like a book of blank high, even ridge, with beautiful business blocks on each side. It is wide, as are all the streets that cross it. There are a hundred applications in From one end to the other it is clean about the size of a promissory note and bright. There is not to be seen There are a couple of blanks to be even the picture of any ancient Teuton filled, then the applicant signs his nor a sign of "Lager Beer." There name and gets his whisky. Then at the end of the month the druggist hundles up his books and takes them locks like one. How I wish that the good people I have named had been with me. It would have been a feast they lie there in the judge's office for to see their shining eyes, and to hear them exclaim, "Glory to God, a city without a saloon!" They would have gone to their rooms that bright Sunday, and embroidered "God, Home, and Native Land" in brighter colors than ever before. They would have proclaimed to the world, "Topeka, Topeka, the Virgin City of the West!'. Well, I was not so sure of the virgin, so after dinner I sought the colored porter. He was a round, fat, jolly darky, with eyes and teeth as white as ivory. "Sam," said I, "can you get me a couple of bottles of beer?" how that was, that was during the "You bet Ise can," said he. "Well, soldiers' reunion." That settled it; Sam," said I, "I am not sick." "No, old veterans had come together to I knows that." said he. I gave him a fight their battles over again, and to silver dollar, and I was hardly in my sing the old songs, and drink out of room before he was at the door with room before he was at the door with the same canteen. the beer. "Sam," said I, "what did you tell them?" "I didn't tell noth-such a day and Mr. Wiltscheck was in'," said he. "Dich't you have to not the man to do it, and he fixed the sign a paper?" said I. "Sign nothin'!" said he. "Boss, we don't have to do that here. O, sometimes we do; but, if they knows a feller, he don't have to sign nothin'." If the good people I have named had been with me, I would have spared them the sight of the beer. I would have spared them the darky's words. I spared them the darky's words. I spent the balance of the afternoon in the sight of the pidge has not revoked Mr. Wiltscheck's permit. This of course was an unusual day, and an unusual day. writing till after supper. I then unusual sale. It would be unfair to-make this a specimen day. I want, however. to set out just one specimen

such scenes as I witnessed in Leavenworth; but instead I saw men, women, and children, well dressed and happy, wending their way to church. I followed them. I went to church. I listened to excellent singing and to a good sermon, and went to my hotel for a good night's rest preparatory to py, wending their way to church. We take pleasure in announcing for a good night's rest preparatory to day's work. I had seen and heard face Topeka had was a mask. I papers. This is beyond question the ful Queen that she first appeared; but

AT THE COUNTY JUDGE'S. After breakfast I went to the office of the County Judge. I found Judge Harvey a very genial gentleman and very accomodating. I told him I wanted to see the permits granted by him to sell intoxicating liquors to the druggists of Topeka. He got me the the other of these publications. The record and I copied off forty-five single feature of full and trustworthy names. I said to the judge: "Is it necessary to grant forty-five permits in a city of 30,000 to sell intoxicating liquors simply for medical purposes?"
"Well," said the genial judge, "some of them are revoked," and, said he "you will see the revocation marked on the margin of the record in reink." "Yes," said I, "I saw that, and I have crossed those off." "Well" representative of independent journalism in the West. It is a large 8-page, 64-column paper, "cram full" of telegraphic and general news, short not have a right to sell unless they and pithy editorials on the topics of the day, written in a familiar yet in-cisive style, and without the verbiage not have a right to sell unless they and fine writing which render so many me; and before I got through it looked funnier still. The judge crossed out some more names whose permits "weariness to the flesh." FACTS, not he said had been revoked but not yet words, appears to be its motto. We on the record and then he crossed off trust that all our readers will avail all the clerks, and that left thirtyeight about which there was no question. I said "Judge isn't that a pretty of securing the best metropolitan ty large number?" He smiled and weekly in America at so trifling a said, "Yes, it does look pretty large." cost. Specimen copies of the Chica"Lincoln" said I, "has only one place
so weekly News may be seen at this
to each 1,000 inhabitants where liquors are sold, and they sell for all pur-You have about the same number here to sell only for medical purposes." "Yes," said the judge, it looks pretty large, but when one go a permit they all wanted one and I had to serve all alike." "And then," said he, I have been bothered to death. There has been a perfect craze here for permits to sell liquors for medical purposes. Men would come with their petitions, and the owners of the buildings they intended to occupy would come, and they have nearly badgered the life out of me." "It must be very profitable," said I,
"this sellingliquor for medical purposes?" "well," said the judge,
there seems to be a good deal of it."
"That's what I thought," said I. And now I want to see just how much there has been of it. Will you please let me see the report of the sales filed by your druggists for September and October of this year?" "What, all of them?" said the judge. "Yes all of them, if you please. You see the druggists are now permitted to sell under the simple statement of the party wanting is, in writing that he wants the liquor as a medicine. Once each month these applications have to be filed with the county judge, and

the judge gets a fee of five cents for each application. Judge Harvy fitted me up with a notes. The making of these books in Kansas is a business by itself bundles up his books and takes them the inspection of the world.

In looking over these books I found what seemed to me a remarkable days work. It was from the store of Wiltscheck. It was the 30th day of September last. He made 159 sales of pints and half-pints of whisky and of heer in lots from one bottle to six bottles. The diseases for which they were sold were "colds" "malaria" lung trouble," "colic," and "dirarhea" and, strange to say, there was about

A REMARKABLE DAY'S WORK.

the same number of sufferers from each complaint. "Judge" said I "do you think all that was for medicine?" He smiled and said: "I'll tell you who could find a word of fault? The

of a days work in a Topeka drug store. I can't ask space to set out a day's work in Topeka in detail, for that would take the broad side of the Sterne & Son for Oct. 31st 1885.

ONE DAY'S 'SALES IN ONE DRUG STORE Pint for lung disease, to William

Younger. Half-pint for dyspepsia, V. R. Half-pint for billiousness, J. C.

Half-pint for dyspepsia, H. Young One bottle beer for female weak one bottle beer for female weak-ness, W. A. Legimore. Half-pint for chills, William Warn. Half-pint for ague, C. H. Haggerty. Half-pint for billiousness, John

Half-pint for nurse, L. Banta. Half-pint for general debility, M

Half-pint for chills and feyer, C. Half pint for general debility. V

Pint for chills and fever, C. Smith Half-pint gin for kidneys, Kent.
Half-pint for chills and fever, Tho Gourley Half-pint for rheumatism, S. Frank

Half-pint for cold, L. Johnson. Pint for chills, John Wade.

Quarter-pint for cold, C. H. Will Half-pint for ague, A. Sylvester. Quarter pint for malaria, R. Henry Pint for palpitation of heart, M

Half-pint for malaria, C. S. Brown One-ounce whisky for chills, John Half-pint for dyspepsia, J. E. Bot-

Half-pint for lung disease, C. M ${f Taylor}$

Pint for rheumatism, W. H. Gill. Half-pint for general debility, J Henderson.

Pint for lung disease, Wm. Taylor. Half-pint for chills, S. Lawrence. Half-pint for neuralgia. C. Mather Pint for indigestion, C. S. Dyke. Pint for cholera-morbus, Georg

Carnes.
Half-pint for practice, C. McGif-Pint for rheumatism, H. White.

Pint alcohol for bathing, Mary Mitchel Quarter-pint for bowel complaint, Half-pint for rheumatism, R. Van-

orn. Quarter-pint for female weakness, Charles Rouls

Pint for rheumatism, Green Wheel-Pint brandy for chills, J. S. Bay-

Pint for cold, A. Cochran. Half-pint for mixture, J. W. Russ-

Half-pint for cholic, G. Johnson. Half-pint for malaria, Mrs. Martin. Half-pint for chills, S. C. Smith. In addition to this Sterne & Son sold beer to eleven different persons in bottles, or fifty-nine sales all told. The Judges fees amounted to \$2 95.

and the days sales, at the prices given to me by be \$28 10. several druggists, would P. M. Sutton.

RETRIBUTION.

The Sad Condition of the Man Who Pre-dicted an Open Winter. Some would-be passengers were waiting at a station up in Wisconsin for a

thawing himself out by the stove, inquired of the station agent: "Ain't yer road open yet?" He was informed that the road was effectually closed to traffic for that day at least. Next day he came in again. The passengers had dispersed, but the

agent was on duty.

"Ain't she open yet?" he inquired, as soon as he could pull the icicles away from the front of his mouth.

"Closed up tighter than a mackerel."
The third day he reappeared, took off his boots to see if his feet were frozen, and put a little sweet oil on his frost-bitten nose before inquiring:

"Open yet?"
"Naw, and ain't likely to be before

spring."

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" exclaimed the inquirer, disgustedly; "by the great horned spoon, but this is tough. It sarves me right, though, sarves me right."

"How's that?"

'How's that?" "How's that?"
"Wall, you see, it's a clear case of retribution. That's what it is—retribution. My well is froze up, the creek on my place is closed solid, I can't cut through the ice on the lake, and my stock is sufferin' for water. There's so tarnal much snow 'round my barn I can't git the doors open, and I have to walk into town, seein's I can't get my walk into town, seein's I can't get my horse out. They can't keep the school-house warm and that's closed up. Any-how, my children couldn't git out o' the house this weather. All the 'taters in my cellar is gone, and those I buried down in the patch are under ten feet o' snow. I'm out of terbacker, an' when snow. I'm out of terbacker, an' when I went to the only place in town where I've got any credit that was closed up, too, prob'ly because there wa'nt no trade. By gosh, everything seems to be closed up, even yer old railroad. Am expectin' my wife on that train o' your'n that snowed in down by Jones' Crossing. It's retribution; that's what it is."

'Retribution for what?" "Why, darn it all, stranger, I'm the man that predicted an open winter."— Chicago Herald.

From a partial report of the receiver of the Mississippi Valley Bank at Vicksburg, Miss., it appears that the assets will fall about \$90,900 short of the habilities, and that most of the loss will fall upon poor

ROOT CROPS AND HOGS.

Prominent Breeder's Opinion of the Value of Roots as a Factor in Raising

Hogs gorged with corn are stupid and They hardly stir enough to ill their lungs with pure oxygen, and is many of them are kept they never do i, for pure air they never breathe. The lumes of filth, manure or decaying cornumes of filth, manure or decaying corniobs always tint the surrounding atmosphere, and this they breathe always. Out in a pasture the air is
surer, and this of itself helps wonderiully in making a perfect body. Such
hare makes appetite, and hogs will
sat coarser food with more varied elemonts and so all nexts of the system. ments, and so all parts of the system will be built up. This doubtless sounds like simple talk to a man who shovels the corn from a double-boxed wagon on top of cobs two or three feet deep and his hogs on top of them, but it is a system which enables me to rear each year, at a profit, from one to two hun-

ired hogs.

This winter I have twenty-six breeding sows and a lot of shoats, and last year only raised an acre of corn. My taith in roots is sufficient to convince me that this year the farm must pro duce twice as many as last year. These are led to the hogs from the time grass fails in the autumn till it comes again. They are cooling and appetizing and food They are cooling and appetizing and food enough for a hog one year old. I kept a lot of breeding sows one winter on Sweedish turnips sliced and fed raw, and they all had strong pigs and did well. One or two feedings on grain with the roots is better and makes a more complete food. I only speak of this as showing the possibilities of roots. this as showing the possibilities of roots, and of a kind the chemists say are nine-ty per cent. of water. If this is so the water is better than they suppose. Does it never occur to our American farmers that their British neighbors have a way of making mighty good beef and mutton out of the same kind of water? It is certainly better than lots of the water found in the holes hogs are compelled to drink out of. This is more of a question than our farmers think. They make light of it, and compel their hogs to live on corn, and drink water full of all sorts of poisons, vegetable and animal, and they wonder at disease coming among them. I believe that such courses often produce epidemies, and one started they extend to other hogs which may be apparently healthy. The fattest hog is not always the strongest, but, on the contrary, it may have the

Where this forcing system is kept up for years it must result in constitu-tional weakness. It is called "early maturity," and under this popular and delusive guise fat is piled on just as though it contained elements of sow, always poor because closely kept, always has strong and healthy pigs, and the farmers who buy them come back for more. Making pork and rearing breeders are two separate affairs and call for different systems. The eye is made the basis of style and looks for the breeder, whereas it should be the head, or the sense which should be in it. The pig which is kep growing, with a perfect development of all its parts, and not filled up with fat, will not look so well when it reaches the point of shipment, but in the end it will give better satisfaction if the breeder has philosophy enough in him to look ahead and take in results.—F. D. Curtis, in Breeder's

IORSE STABLES. ondition and Health of a Horse Dependent Upon the Condition of Its Stable.

Gazette

The condition and health of a horse depends very much upon the kind of stable it is kept in. There are horses which suffer from disease of the eyes. from coughs, from scratches and other skin diseases, all of which are produced ing at a station up in Wisconsin for a train which didn't arrive, because it arrive, because it arrive, because it arrives and others who have horses was buried in the snow sixteen miles away. A farmer came in, and, after and harness protected from the strong ammoniacal air of the stables lest the leather, may be rotted or the varnish dulled and spotted; and at the same time they will wonder why their horses cough, or have weak eyes or moonblindness, or suffer from other diseases, which, if they would only think for a few minutes, they would readily perceive, are due to the foul air the animals are compelled to breathe every night in are compened to breathe every hight in the year while confined in close, badly-ventilated stables. The remedy is very easy. The stable should be kept clean; this will prevent the greater part of the mischief; and it should be well ventilated. The floor should be properly drained, so that the liquid will not remain on it, to be absorbed, and decompose, and produce the pungent vapors of ammonia, which are so injurious to the eyes, nostrils, throat and lungs, and this liquid waste should be carried away to some place where it can be absorbed and utilized. The floor should be washed off at least twice a week with plenty of water and then liberally sprinkled with finely-ground gypsum (plaster) which will combine with the ammonia, and fix it. A solution of cop-peras (sulphate of iron) will have the peras (sulphate of iron) will have the same result. Lastly, the floor should be supplied with absorbent litter, which should be removed when it is soiled. Ventilation should be provided in such a way as to avoid cold drafts. Small openings, which may be easily closed with a slide, may be made in the outer wall near the door and similar ones. wall near the floor, and similar ones near the ceiling, or in the roof, through which the foul air can escape. Pure air wanch the foul air can escape. Fure air is of the utmost importance to the well-being of horses. As an instance of it may be mentioned the fact that in the English cavalry stables a complete system of ventilation reduced the average loss of horses from the deadly disease glanders, from one hundred and thirty two per thousand, yearly, to nine in the thousand; and when a similar improvement was made in the French army stables, the percentage of death was duced in a similar ratio, with a still larger decrease of milder ailments.—
American Agriculturist.

Water may be as clear as crystal and yet carry typhoid fever from a hamlet on one side of a mountain to dwellers on the other, as in the cele

prated case of Lausanne, Switzerland.

SNIPE IN WYOMING.

the Kind of Game Found in the Far West

There are a good many kinds of game n Wyoming. Prominent in the list are intelope, deer, elk, sage hens, bear, inrequent buffalo, illusive Indians, curory cowboys, philanthropic rattle makes and confiding tenderfeet.

The cowboys hunt all the different rarieties of game mentioned with great success, but the emerald-hued tender loot is their meat. They would rather bag one tenderfoot than a dozen griztlies or a brace of Indians. The danger s vastly less, and there is heaps more

As for the tenderfoot, he would rather be chased all day, and even caught and bitten, by an antelope than be corralled for an hour by a cowboy on the war-path. The danger to the tenderfoot lies in the fact that while there is something fiere and blood-curdling in the angry glances of the antelope, the cowboy is as mild-mannered and sweet-voiced as a summer's breeze. The tenderfoot may escape the rattle-snake, and even by great dexterity clude the antelope, only to be gathered in by the cowboy. When the tenderfoot sportsleaves the train at Cheyenne or Rawlins, disguised as a walking arsenal, he is at once spotted and marked down by some friendly cowboy for a "sniping"

expedition.

"Didn't know you had snipes out here," snys the tenderfoot: "I'm going in for grizzlies, buffalo and that sort of thing."

"Any fellow can out-wrestle a griz-zly, or knock over a dozen buffalo," re-sponds the cowboy: "but if you want sport that is sport, you just want to go 'aniping.' It takes a rustler from Rus-tlerville to get snipe out here. Game? That's no name for it!"

In the end the tenderfoot, who wants to see "all there is to it," gladly ac-

epts.
Then the cowboy, with a party of hi friends, takes the tenderfoot under his kindly care. They outfit him with either a broken-down or a bucking either a broken-down or a bucking broncho, and astonish him with the information that he must leave all his artillery behind. They don't capture snipe with guns—they know a trick worth several gross of that. The only load they allow him to take is whisky, which they generously insist on helping him carry—at his armen. ing him carry—at his expense. After ong, hard trip through sand and brush, they pause at nightfall at the mouth of a gloomy canyon, or possibly in the edge of a wood—although timber in most parts of Wyoming is as hard to capture as a grizzly or a paying gold-

They dismount and prepare a primitive camp for the night. Then they take a weary, devious tramp to the here the snipe are said to be It is now dark as a pocket olenty. There is a lantern in the outfit, or else a torch is provided. A meal-bag is produced, and the mouth of it is fastened open by the insertion of an improvised

hoop.
"What does all this mean? How in

"What does all this mean? How in thunder are you going to catch your snipe?" asks the tenderfoot.
"Snipe are just like fish and moths and sich," says the cowboy; "the light attracts them. It's about time for them to take a rise, and then they will fly straight for this ere blaze. Now you that the translation and held the translation. just stand here and hold the torch and the bag, and when you hear 'em coming you just clap your bag over 'em, and there they are."
"But who's to stay here with me?

Where are you all going?" asks the tenderfoot, as all the others show evident intentions of going ahead.

He doesn't want to say he is afraid to

be alone, but he feels that way. "Oh, we only leave one man in a ace. Two would scare off the birds; place. so we just scatter along, and when our bags are all full we come back over the trail. We'll be here before you get your bag crowded, unless you are spryer 'n most new men.'

Then they go on, and soon he can hear no sound of them, no matter how hard he strains both his ears. Present ly he does hear the wail of coyotes that he mistakes for wolves drawing nearer and nearer, till his hair rises and his back-bone feels like an icide.

Like an inspiration it suddenly occurs

to him to take a good stiff drink to brace himself up, only to make the agreeable discovery that the cowboys have evidently forgotten to leave even his own private flask. The situation is not of a character to superinduce hilarity. He holds bag and torch until cold or fear or common-sense—causes him to drop it. The snipe do not appear—neither do his friends. He is unarmed. He knows no more which way to go than the man in the moon. He shouts, but receives no answer. There are wild beasts prowling about. He doesn't know whether terror has caused him to exaggerate the danger, or ignorance to understand it. At this stage of the game he fully and comprehensively appreciates how many kinds of blanked fool a tenderfoot is who goes "sniping" with

cowboy.
Usually he escapes alive. Sometimes

Usually he escapes alive. Sometimes the party returns for him about midnight. More often he is left to find his own way back to camp by daylight; and if he gets lost, the outfit turns out and finally rounds him up.

"Sniping" in Wyoming is rare sport—for the cowboys. If you are a tender-foot, and think of going there, cut this out and show it to the first cowboy that invites you to hunt that sort of game in that sort of way.—Winthrop, in Puck.

—Cellars in which apples are kept over winter are fruitful breeding places for codling moths. The worms leave the apple in the spring, make their cocoons under the barrel hoops or other secure places, and with the first warm weather hie them to the orchards to continue the work of propagation.—N. Y. Herald.

—A couple of colored children of Danielsville have long names. The first is a girl who is named Myrtie Ross Zillie Jennie Vanduzer Pussy Satterfield Addie Belle, and the boy is named Jimmy John Hazletine Judge Atkins Fox Galloway Picaninny Flora.—Satterned (Ga) News mah (Ga.) News.

The mouse a woman never fears-mous-tache.—St. Paul Herald.

A REMARKABLE FIND.

The Tablet Lately Recovered from the Ruins of the Temple at Jerusalen

While many ruined cities have been explored, and various memorials of the past brought to light, Jerusalem, the Holy City, has been passed by. To do away with this reproach to a Christian people, and in order to make a scientific exploration of the Holy Land, the 'Palestine Exploration Fund' was formed in England, and a party of Royal Engineers was sent out to explore the ruins of Jemisalem

Much of interest was the result of this investigation, but very few memorials of the past, or inscriptions were brought to light. On examining the east wall of Herod's Temple, on one of the stones were found three letters painted in red. On stones in other parts incised characters were seen resembling the letters H and J.

On making this discovery the explor-ing party communicated with the Palestine Exploration Fund, and the late Emmanuel Deutsch, an Oriental scholar then employed in the British Museum, was sent to examine the inscriptions. He pronounced the characters Phoenician, some of which were quarry signs. but the exact meaning could not be determined.

The most important discoveries was made by Clermont Ganneau, who was a Commissioner of the Society. While examining a portion of the Temple, he had occasion to pass through a graveyard near the spot and noticing a slab on the ground, he cleared away the soil on its face, and found there an inscription in Greek, not pure Greek, but such as was used in Jerusalem. On deciphering the inscription he found it read: "No foreigner to proceed within the partition wall and enclosure around the sanctuary; whoever is caught in the same will on that account be liable to

incur death. Josephus, in describing the Temple, ays: "When you went through these first cloisters into the second court of the Temple, there was a partition made of stone all around, whose height was three cubits; its construction was very elegant; upon it stood pillars at equal distances from one another, declaring the law of purity, some in Greek and the law of purity, some in Greek and some in Latin letters, that no foreigner should go within that sanctuary, and was ascended to by fourteen steps from

the first court.' Here, then, after being buried nineteen centuries, came to light once more this warning tablet of Herod's Temple, which forbade all foreigners to penetrate beyond the Court of the Gentiles. this court were the animals required for the sacrifices, and other sacrificial requirements which were sold for the purpose. The money-changers sat here, and once when they intruded beyond the limit the Saviour drove them out of

the Temple. On one occasion Paul took with him o Jerusalem an Ephesian named Trochimus. It is not known whether he or not, but this was the supposition of the Jews. A great uproar ensued, and Paul was roughly handled by the mob, being rescued with great difficulty by the Roman guard.

This tablet explains a passage in the

Epistle to the Ephesians to the effect that Christ had "broke down the middle wall of partition between us," that is, Christianity was offered to Jews and Gentiles alike. Paul had seen this tablet threatening death to all strangers that dared to pass beyond the partition which separated the Court of the Gentiles from that of the Israelites. The tablet, placed on the partition, was plainly visible, and doubtless was in the Apostle's mind when he used the

simile In the Temple of Solomon only Jews were admitted, but when Herod rebuilt the Temple, anxious to conciliate the Egyptians, Romans and Greeks residing in Jerusalem, he added an outer court in which they could assemble, but the warning tablets prepared them for the consequences if they penetrated be-

yond. It will be seen, by reference to the ablet, that all the letters are in capitablet, that all the letters are in capitals, and, with few exceptions, the words are not divided, but run into each other. This tablet is the most important of the discoveries yet made in Jerusalem .-- Demorest's Monthlu.

-Among the signers of the remon-strance sent to the Massachusetts Leg-islature against the further extension of the suffrage of women are President Eliot and eleven professors of Harvard, Bishop Paddock, Rev. Henry M. Dexter, of the Congregationalist, and over fifty other clergymen, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Boyle O'Reilly, William Endicott, Jr., O. B. Frothingham, Alexander H. Rice, and Henry Cabo; Lodge. -Boston Transcript.
-''I'm going to C!'' she remarked.

as she commenced to climb up the vocal scale in a manner which, if not musical, was progressive.
may be lost," murmured murmured the young man on the sofa to himself as he stopped up both ears and edged toward the door.

Detroit Journal.

-...What in the world are you staring at that young married couple so intently for?" asked one young lady of another, in a railroad train. "Oh!" exother, in a ranford train. "On!" ex-claimed her companion with a start and a sigh. "It's so natural for us girls to contemplate matrimony, you know!"— Burlington Free Press."

—Bob saw the pale outlines of the moon in the daytime and told Rob about it. "Ob. no," Rob protested; "you can't see the moon till dark." "Oh, yes," Rob persisted; "and there it is." "Well," said Rob, as he caught sight of it over the tree-tops, "it isn't lighted, anyway."—Golden Days.

-A lady advocating woman suffrage recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no yote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, John, will you exercise the franchise? he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?' —Ex

Anson Murray, a former journalist and a man of considerable fame in the anti-slavery movement from its inception, and also a writer upon religious questions, died at his home near Cincinnati recently, aged seventy-eight.

TO ADVERTISE and meet with suc tion JUDICIOUSLY CONSULT LORD AND THOMAS NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THIS PAPER may be found on the at Geo. P. vertising Bureau (10 Springs St.), where privertising contracts may be made at 11 1N NEW YORK.

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H. J. Canniff, Notary Public, 295 Railroad St. North Topeka.

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Use Lamaster's Hog Chol. remedy as a preventive and cure. For sale at Arnold's drug store, North Topeka.

We are prepared to do the neatest kind of commercial and small job print ng and can discount any office in the state in precs.

Bankrupt.

Goods at northwest corner Sixth and Quincy. Private sales every day auction every night.

Hendrick & Co. have opened a new Boot & Shoe store, and are selling goods way down. They also have a good work shop attached. They are between railroad and bridge. Give them a call and you won't regret it.

A Waterbury Watch.

Most of our readers know what this watch is. We will give one to ny person sending us ten names at /5 cents each for the paper one year.
We also give a Watch to every tenth subscriber who sends 75 cents for one year, with request to be put on such list. In this way some one in every ten will get the paper and Watch for 75 cents.

In future the Spirit of Kansas will devote its columns more to local and state matters, and less to pelitics. Further announcement of its future policy may be given in detail in the next number. For the present, at least, the North Topeka News and the Spirit will be united, and but one paper issued. This arrangement is not intended to be permanent, but will continue until the arrival of new type, which is necessarr to enable us to get up the two papers. It is the purpose to make the NEWS-a local paper purley, while the SPIRIT is intended for general circulation.

Happy Wedding.

The ceremony which made R. H. Cooper and Emma J. Snider one, was performed last evening by the Rev. J. H. George at the parsonage. A few chosen friends were present at the ceremony, after which the happy couple repaired to the home which the husband had prepared for the reception of his bride at No. 74 East Sixth street, where they will receive callers and friends. Mr. Cooper is well known in Topeka as a promising hand. young business man. He is the manager and proprietor of the Office Block drug store, and through his energy and gentlemanly courtesy has made it one of the foremost in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper have the best wishes, for their future welfare, of the Journal and their many friends in this city.-Journal.

Buy the Boss Zinc and Leather Ankle Boots (Others become worthless as soon as wet, other zinc Anea bowl keeps the boots in shape and place in wet wather, and last a lifetime Sold by Harness Makerson 60 days trial. Man ufactured by Dexter Curtis. Madison Wis,

It is charged that a Kansas Brewer owns one of the Topeka drug stores.

Hog Cholera Remedy.

The following endorsement of the La Master's Hog Cholera Remedy, manufactured by La Master and Ferguson, Topeka, we clip from the Free Press at Osage City:

Some time ago the agent of the La Master's Hog Cholera Remedy left some of the remedy with the editor of this paper, whose hogs were dying of cholera, on trial. One hog, especially was so near dead that it was decided to kill it and get rid of it. Two doses were given that day, according to directions, by drenching, and the next day the hog was better, and finally got well and sound. He hands just one day only. Perhaps was so low when the first dose was administered that he could scarcely stand, his eyes were closed by the effects of the fever, and he had not drank a drop of water or eaten a mouthful of food for three or four days. The remedy was used afterwards in the pen, and only one hog wards in the pen, and only one hog died. Several were sick when we began the use of the remedy, and they had been dying at the rate of from one to four or five per day. All the hogs, about thirty in number that had been left when we began the use of this remedy, except the one mentioned, got well and as healthy as ever. We believe the remedy is a good

We believe the remedy is a good We promised some weeks ago to give the result of our experience with this remedy and we have done sc. We can conscientiously recom-

The CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS is all neat, no wind or gush. It is conent to state FACTS, leaving to others the monopoly of verbose writing and The Magazine of American Histoy. tiresome platitudes. See our clubbing offer \$1.25 for the two papers. We have control of this county in clubbing with the NEWS.

Now is the time to raise clubs. We send out a great many copies to those not subscribers, hoping they may be come such, and induce others to unite with them. We will send 52 numbers for 75 cents, or two copies for \$2 20 to any address.

Remember that we club with al most any paper so that you get our

Do you want a magazine? Do you want a story paper? Does your father want a farm pa

Does he want a newspaper?

We can send you the great Chicago Weekly News and this paper one year 104 numbers of both papers for \$1.25. Send to the News Chicago, for a sample of the weekly. Six complete stories every week and all the news of the world. We give the great American Agriculturist and our paper both for \$1.50 the price of the Agriculturist alone.

The Prominent Men of the Civil War Period will also constitute a series of brill series of will also constitute a series of brill series of the subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from time to time during the months to come. Separate subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from time to time during the months to come. Separate subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from time to time during the months to come. Separate subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from time to time during the months to come. Separate subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from time to time during the months to come. Separate subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from time to time during the months to come. Separate subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from times to time during the months to come. Separate subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from times to time during the months to come. Separate subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from times to time during the months to come. Separate subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from times to time during the months to come. Separate subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from times to time during the months to come. Separate subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from times to time during the months to come. Separate subscriptions may begin at any interesting papers, to be published from times to be miles and the papers and the papers and the published fro go Weekly News and this paper one the Agriculturist alone.

Or one dollar gets this paper year and the practical dictionary advertised elsewhere.

Where else can such bargains be

Wanted—A good girl wishing to go to school, or work for her board, call on or address, Mrs. E. E Metcaf's millinery store, 239 Kansas Ave.

Silver Lake.

The western Star Dramatic company presented their effecting drama the 30 inst. and it was acknowledged by all who witnessed it to be the best organized troup that has ever visited this little village. The hall was filled and better order never has been than they had that evening. The play was well rendered by the company, and every character connected with the drama was well adopted to their part. Success to this Star company at all places they may visit.

Mr. E. Hewett, the Silver Lake restaurant pie has taken his departure. It has been said that he has gone back to N. Y. to visit his wifes' folks.

The Masquerade ball given at Entsminger's hall on New Year's eve, passed off very nicely with plenty of fun and dancing.

Mamie Palmer has returned to Topeks where she is attending

Tom. Neiswender has returned from Indiana

Frank Mitchell is unable to be in his shop He has a cancer on his

Mr. H. Koons has gone to Topeka, and engaged in the barber trade. His numerous friends here are glad to know he is going no farther away

Great Clearance. Sale of winter millinery regardless of cost at Mrs. Metcalf's 239 Kansas Ave, must close out this month and will sell at any price. Don't miss it.

Tecumseh.

A. Kisinger lost a fine three year old mare.

T. H. Parks spent Christmas in his new house.

J. B. Randall will soon have his new house completed.

The colored church gave a Christmas tree Christmas night, and received eight dollars as admission fees. The expect to have another on New

ask the advice of - before invoic-

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them fading.—Philadelphia Press.

-The growing of mustard for seed Is said to be very profitable, as the seeds not only produce an excellent quality of oil, but can also be utilized after having been pressed.

—On setting out fruit trees they should be bent slightly toward the prevailing winds and then well staked; but as the stakes are lifted by freezing and thawing they should be looked after in winter and spring and reset.—N. Y. Herald.

Our Literary Table

The Magazine of American Histoy.

The current number completes the furteenth volume of this admirable illustraed monthly.

The growing interest in the former policis, affairs and events which have contributed owards making this young nation one of the foremost in the world, is a matter of prile and cengratulation to this periodical—with was the first in the land to make American history popular. Within the last few monts it has multiplied with such marvelous rapfity that it has required second and third editions. The broad field of American political and war history, whice belongs strictly to his has been entered by the others, accelerating their progress and material prosperity allo. This condition of the public mind shows that there is no lack of appreciative intelligence and good taste in America, and promises well for the future culture of rising generations.

For the coming year, as in the past, the publisher will continue to advance, extend and improve this periodical, dealing with every problem in American history from the most remote period to the present hour, and with the continued promise of contributions and subscriptions from he most eminent historians and cultivaters readers in all parts of world. While aiming to make its pages readable and interesting for the general reader, whose desire for information is hardly less than that of the specialist and antiquarian, fancy will never be indulged at the expense of historical exactness and symmetry; and no efforts will be wanting to render it authoritive and of permanent and priceless value. On all matters where differences of opinion crists, both sides will be presented without prejudice or partiality.

The Prominent Men of the Civil War Period will also constituta a series of brilliantly written; instructive and interesting

Literary Notes.

The University, Chicago's critical Journal, in its issue of Jecember 5th, contains a timely thoughtful and trenchant article on the mind cure, and physical research, crases by Dr. John Dewey, of the university of Michigan. He calls attention to the many glaring a bsurdities perpetrated by this new order of scientists, and to the necessary, inherent futility of most of their investifations.

The Library Magazine.

Aidens Library Magazine is quite the peer c'the great \$4 monthies, in the amount and h. h quality of the literature which it press. is; though the cost is only the nominal sum of \$150 a year. Among the contents in current number are articles by such noted authors as Canon Farrar, Max Muller, the bishop of carlislie, Cardral Newman, Phillip Schaff, and others. This magazine ought to have a circulation of a hundred thousand. You can get a specimen from the publisher. John B. Aiden, New York, for the price of 15 cents.

"Elia" and Charles Lamb,

"Elia" and Charles Lamb,
A unique genius, that of Charles Lanb; just
like nothing that ever appeared before them,
or has since appeared, are the quaint and delightful Essays of Elia, a new edition of which
has recently been issued by Alden, the Literary Revolution publister of New Yotk. Turn
to any of your cycloped as and they will tell
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charming essayists that the Eng ish language
has ever known, and also that his essays of
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not merely the first work of their class, but,
like Pilgrim's Progress and Robinson Crusoe,
they constitute a class by themselves. The
volume is certainly one of the mest dellightful of the hooks described in Mr. Alden's 143page illustrated catalogue, which he offers to
send for 4 cents, or the 16-page catalogue
which is sent free. Address B. Alden, publisher, New York City.

Two Reliable Papers.

Two Reliable Papers.

The Rural World, established by Hon. Normon J. Colman thirty-eight years ago, is the oldest and most aggressive and popular agricultural stock paper published in the west, it is a large, eight-page, seven-column weekly, devoted to every farm interest and industry, and will be found an acceptible visitor to every family. It is publiseed at \$150 at year by D. C. Colman and will be sent with our paper for \$150 a whole year the price of one. Sample copies will be sent free. Address, Colman's Rural World, St. Louis, Mc.

As every cultivated family now-a-days must As every cultivate family now-a-days must have some practital art magazine, we have made arrangements with the Art Amateur, the leading publication of its class, whereby we can furnish that periodical, together with this journal, including postage, for \$400 a year, if paid in advance. The regular price for the Art Ametur alone is \$4.

Gen: Beauregard will give a history of the Shiloh Campaign in the January number of the American Review. He claims that Gen. Algernon Sydney Johnson acted only as a corps commander at Shiloh. Gen. Beauregard emphatically asserts contrary to the common belief that he was the ole commander on both days, and, without naming them, controverts the reports of Grant and Sherman as to the nation's forces being taken by surprise.

nation's forces being taken by surprise.

The Woman's Magasine for December has a delightful Christmas story of brave Heeo, the young Norse home defend r, by C. F. Warner; a Yule Tide poem, by Adelaide C. Waldfon;—papers on Home Decoration, by Hester M. Poole, and Kenelm D. Forgeron, a new writer of much talent, and a pleasing variety of stories and discussions on practical topics. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. Frank E. Housh, publisher, Prattleboro, Vt.

The Woman's Magazine for January will contain the first of a series of papers on the New Chivalry; or, the School Mistress Abroad, by Miss Francis E. Willard, written in her most delightful and versatile style, and the opening chapter of a new serial—Lights and Shadows of Farm 1/16; as Seen from the Kitchen Window. Both will be of special interest to young women.

Demorest Magasine for January, 1886, is unusually bright and entertaining. Julian Hawthorne's story is completed, and a serial entitled That Other Person, by Mrs. Afred Hart, is commenced. Other articles are Victor Hugo, the City of Skulla, and an Orange Grove. A plea for the Jig-saw and Jack-knife, will clain the attention of those who desire to beautify their homes inexpensively. The department devoted to fashion, art, end household decorations are very full, and the pictorial illustrations are excellent. The frontispiece, Naughty Boy, is a method og photogravure; and the admirers of Raphael will be pleased to see an engraving of his fine painting. St. John in the Desert, which adorns this number.

B. F. Murphy and wife are enjoying their honeymoon living with his mother.

W. H. Crydler has received the agency for all the Patent Medicine.

The Murphy Bros., Store changed hands just one day only. Perhaps next time they will think it will pay to ask the advice of —— before invoic-

Cents.
G. W. Studley, Publisher, 28 Hawley street
Boston Mass.

The January St. Louis Magasine is full of Christmas and New Year stories, papers and poetry, accompanied by several full page illustrations. The "Light Moods" humorous department and contributions by Mrs. Clars J. Denton and Editor De Menil. Send 10 cents for specimen copy with a set of gold colored cards, to New St. Louis Magasine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The North American Review for December contains an article on Halleck's injustice to Grant, by Col. F. D Grant; the progress of Texas by Governor Ireland; Motley the Monarch, by Robert Ingersoll; Rome and inguistions, by Alfred K Glover; an acquaintance with Grant, by General B. Fry; A chapter on monetary policy, by S. Dana Horton, the capture of John Brown, by Isreal Green; the mistake of Grant, by Gen. W. S. Roseorans, and a remarkable article concerning the laws of the state of Delaware, cutiled a distranchised people, by the editor. This, together with other notes and comments, make up an average number of the New North American Review.

Babyhood for December which is the first number of its second year, contains a quantity of timely Christmas suggestions as to what to buy for baby, etc., and reverts to the subject of Compulsory Kissing, this time in its medical aspect. Rocking baby to sleep, is the title of on of many interesting letters in the mother's arliament. Dr. Cyrus Edsen, of the New York Board of Health, writes on preserved milk, exposing certain processes employed by anscrupulous dealers, and giving directions for testing milk to ascertain if it has been chemically tempered with. The queries and answers in the department of nursery problems, are unusually numerous. Babyhoou offers liberal terms to canvassers, many of whom have met with marked success in procuring subscriptions. 18 Spruce street, New York. 15 cents a copy: \$1 a year.

The December number of the Decorator and Furnisher is one of the most elaborate of all the Christmas magazines, and one of the best in an artistic and practical sense, that this publication has given us. In this number there is a beautiful colored plate, showing an apartment decorated in Moorish style. There are articles on furnishing country houses, picture frames, art events curiain hanging, and a vast number of other valuable and interesting pieces. Published at 30 and 32 east 14th street, New York.

THE OCEAN CATTLE TRADE. Reasons Why the Dead Mont Trade Should

Putting other considerations aside, there is one reason, and that a very strong one, why all humane people should wish to see the importation of live cattle from distant countries re-placed by the dead meat trade. This is, the horrible sufferings too often enthe horrible sufferings too often endured by the miserable animals during heavy weather. A gentleman who has just landed at Liverpool from New York gives his experience of what happened en route "in a well-ordered steamship." Sire had on deck when leaving port one hundred and thirty-two fine beasts; only sixty-seven of these were landed alive. All the rest perished in a succession of gales, being rolled about the deck with every lurch of the ship. The filmsy sheds which had been constructed for their protection were soon washed away, and then ensued a most horrible scene. "Their horns were broken off at the root, and horns were broken off at the root, and horns were broken off at the root, and you could see them hanging from the head with the blood pouring out. Their knees were raw, their legs broken and their sides gored as they tumbled against the iron winches and bulwarks of the ship. For a whole week this went on, and, to make matters worse, cometing an entire day alersed with sometimes an entire day elapsed with out food or water being given to the poor creature. The Captain and crew did all in their power to mitigate their sufferings, but the raging sea was more merciful still when it swept away the wounded and put them out of pain. Owing, too, to the great weight of the animals, they gradually battered wide gaps in the ship's bulwarks as they dashed from side to side, and through one of these openings the boatswain was washed overboard and drowned. Whether cattle should be allowed to be carried on deck in trans-Atlantic steamers during winter seems open to grave question, but there can be no question at all about the imperativeness of so seeuring them as to prevent their becom-ing shuttlecocks whenever stormy weather sets in "—London Globs.

"Embossed Leather."

Hundreds of men, women, and even boys, in New York are engaged in the "business" of collecting old boots and shoes, which they take to the wallpaper factories, where they receive from five to fifteen cents per pair. Calfskin boots bring the best price, while cowhide ones are not taken at any fig-ure. These boots and shoes are first soaked in several waters to get the dirt off, and then the nails and threads are removed and the leather is ground up into a fine pulp. Then it is pressed upon a ground of heavy paper, which is to be used in the manufacture of "embossed leather." Fashionable peo-"embossed leather." Fashionable peo-ple think they are going away back to mediaval times when they have the wall of their libraries and dining-rooms covered with this, and remain in blissful ignorance that the shoes and boots ful ignorance that the shoes and boots which their neighbors threw in the ashbarrel a month before now adorn their walls and hang on the screens which protect their eyes from the fire. Carriage-top makers and book-binders also buy old boots and shoes, the former to make leather tops for carriages, and the latter leather bindings for the cheaper grade of books. The new styles of leather frames with leather mats in them are entirely made of the cast-off covering of our feet.—N. Y. Sun.

covering of our feet .- N. Y. Sun. Coal! Coal!

Attention Farmers.

I am selling the best Cherokee coal for \$4.50, Osage \$1.00, and Scranton \$3.75 per ton, at South east corner of Sixth and R. R. street. Now remember the place and come and see me. W. C. AMEISE.

HAVE YOU CARES?

Read OUTING, the superbly illustrated maga-nine of recreation, and discover how to lighten

Is Life a Pepetual Grind?

Learn how to find time for proper recrea-ton, and discover the meaning of recreation nits broadest and best sense by reading how ther people let in the sunshine upon their

Read Outing

Aside from the enloyment afforded by the persual of its bright pages, it is worth ten times its price in the mere saving of doctors' bills. The New York Tribune says: "OUTINE" is as wholesome in its spirit as the breath of a pine forest, and a constant inspirer of a love of nature," Delightful narritives of travel and adventure, practical out of door articles, by well known contributors, freshest poems and stories, by popular magazine writers, interesting communications, articles, and records relating to every phrase of recreation and gentlementy sports. Papersupon fishing and hunting. Exquisite illustrations, by the best strikts and engravers.

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HANGED BY A MOB.

Negro Lynched at Girard for an Outrageous Assault Upon a Young Girl.
GIRARD, KAN., July 7.—Late in the afternoon of the Fourth of July a girl thirteen or fourteen years old was waylaid, outraged and horribly mutilated near Baxter Springs in Cherokee County by a colored boy named John Lawrence who was arrested for the crime, and for fear of being lynched was taken to Columbus on a hand car that night. A mob followed and in some manner a young white man by the name of Wolf was shot and killed near Columbus. The colored boy was lodged in jail and the next morning brought to Girard and put into the alleged county jail which is nothing but here mere shell. Heavy irons were kept on one of the boy's ankles. the 11:29 train arrived from the south yesterday, about forty men got off at or near the station and scattered through the town. At about twelve o'clock the Sheriff received a telegram from the Sheriff of Cherokee County, which read: "Get our little nigger out of town before the Gulf train gets there." Half an hour later a number of the country when the country we have a deaf day for the initial country. ber of armed men made a dash for the jail, ber of armed men made a dash for the jail, broke down the iron door, took the prisoner out, marched him up one of the main streets, untied a horse hitched to a wagon in front of a business house, threw the colored boy in and drove off, armed men surrounding him and keeping the citizens from interfering. They took the nego about two blocks west of the jail and hung him to the rafter of a house just being completed by Arthur Sharp. One of them, said to be the father of the girl, emptied his revolver into the body, three or four bullets striking it. The raid was so unexpected that the people here were entirely taken by surprise and those who did try to interfere had revolvers pushed uncomfortably close to their persons and were warned to stand back. A coroner's jury was impaneled and after hearing testimony rendered a verdict that the "colored man, whose name is unknown to the jury and whose age is supposed to be about the back and the total his death by broke down the iron door, took the prisoner the jury and whose age is supposed to be the jury and whose age is supposed to be about seventeen years, came to his death by strangulation, caused by hanging by a mob composed of from twelve to twenty men, at least two of whom were from Baxter Springs, Cherokee County, State of Kansas, and whose names are H. C. Tripp and Captain Price, and that the act was felonious." The body of the victim was then cut down and buried by the city authorities.

WEST POINT.

The Board of Visitors Commend the Man-

west Point, N. Y., July 8.—The Board of Visitors to the West Point Military Academy have submitted their annual report to the Secretary of War. The report states that the board found the discipline strict yet reasonable, and well calculated to reach regularity and system, and cheerful obedience to orders, because they are orders. It recommends that increased opportunities and instructions be given with a view to obtaining the highest excellence in the use ghest excellence in the use The board say that the of small arms. The board say that the quarters for the families of enlisted men quarters for the familles of enlisted men are very indifferent, and new ones are needed. The board further recommend that the Chief of Engineers be made inspector of the academy and that the number of appointments at large be restored to ten per year. The report includes communications from the professors of the academy in regard to the time devoted to mathematics. The majority of the professors, say the time is not disproportionately great. The board calls the attention of the Secretary of War on this subately great. The board calls the accu-tion of the Secretary of War on this sub-ject, and recommends that the Academic Board be asked to take into consideration the relative value of the various subjects now taught at the academy. The Board of Visitors consisted of John Bigelow, of New Visitors consisted of John Bigelow, of New York City; C. R. Codman, Boston; Gov-ernor George Hoadly, Columbus, O.; Prof. E. S. Holden, Wisconsin; General Fitz Hugh Lee, Virginia; George L. Miller, Omaha, Neb., and General J. C. Tappar, Arkansas; Senators Beck and Hawley and Representatives Blount, Kelly and Mills.

HOWGATE COME FORTHI

The Government Hopeful of Shortly Laying Hands On the Fugitive Captain Howgate

An Intimation As to Why He has Not

Been Captured Before. WASHINGTON, D. C., March 23.—One of the victories expected to be achieved by the administration within a few days will be the capture of Captain Howgate, the fugitive from justice. Captain Howgate's defalcation amounted to over \$300,-000, as ascertained, besides an indefinite amount not yet known, and it is strange that he has not been recaptured. The district authorities, it is said, were alone responsible for his escape, and the War Department claimed the sole right to act in recovering him.. It is asserted that a good percentage of his stealings went to sertain merchants in this city, who helped him to make fraudulent vouchers. It was easy to do this. A merchant with an account of say \$900 might be induced to sign a voucher in blank which could be filled in to represent \$9,000 or \$19,000,

ior that matter.

This Howgate matter would, it is alleged, show the necessity of an absolute and sweeping change in everything reand sweeping change in everything re-iating to the prosecution of crime in this district. Howgate's companions and in-limate friends were connected with the business of prosecuting crime. General Myer, the former Chief of the Signal Of-fice, turned the entire business over to Howgate, and never thereafter paid the alightest attention to its accounts. Myer was an honest man, but unsuspicious He was a different man from Howgate. Shortly after he was retired Howgate resigned, knowing that an overhauling of his accounts would lead to detection.
According to popular gossip, he got his
stolen money in a bag, threw a few greenbacks around to certain officials, and then

stolen money in a bag, threw a rew green-backs around to certain officials, and then quietly walked away with his mistress on his arm.

Myer's experience was different. He had every reason to anticipate a long and happy old age. His wife had an enormous fortune, and a few years before the General's death had purchased a very handsome house on I street, which was so long occupied by the British Legation. John Chamberlain bought the house for \$200,000, and tried to make of it a hightoned gambling establishment. The attempt was a failure. Mrs. Myer bought the house from him under a forced sale. General Myer had settled down in this beautiful home, expecting to devote the last years of his life to writing. He died October 21, 1880, and Howgate's frauds were not discovered until about six months after. were not di

—A man running a race looks not at the admiring witnesses, but only at the mark.—Y. M. C. A. Watchman.

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STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD." More Money Needed.

The Committee in charge of the construction of the pedestal and the erection of the Statue, in order to raise funds for its completion, have prepared, from model furnished by the artist, a perject for similar miniature Statuette, which they are delivering to subsoribers throughout the United States at

RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary,



KEYS.

Long ago in the old Granada, when the Mocra were forced to fice, Each mean locked his home behind him, taking in his flight the key.

Hopefully triey watched and waited for the time to come when they Should return from their long exile to those homes so far away.

But the mansions in Granada they had left in all their prime Vanished, as the years rolled onward, 'neath the crumbling touch of time.

Like the Moors, we all have dwellings where we vainly long to be. And through all life's changing phases ever fast we hold the key.

Our fair country lies behind us; we are exiles, For no more shall we behold her. Our Gra-nada's name is Youth.

We have our delusive day-dreams, and rejoice when, now and then, Some old hearistring stirs within us, and we feel our youth again.

"We are young," we cry triumphant, thrilled with old-time joy and glee.
Then the dream fades slowly, softly, leaving nothing but the key!

—Bessie Chandler, in Century.

IN THE WRONG NICHE.

How a Devoted Wife Passed from Darkness to Light.

Halstead Swinger, having tried almost everything else, and finding nothing to his taste, took unto himself a wife. He did not exactly love Rose, but he was confident that she loved him, and on the whole, he reasoned, the next best thing to marrying one whom you love is marrying one who loves you. Rose was a village girl, fair of face, devoid of experience, but with a great capacity for loving. She was the daughter of nobody in particular, as her husband averred; that is, of course, he made haste to add, nobody that anybody would care to know or descend from. Nevertheless there was one creature who presently took it into his head to descend from this obscure nobody, and that was no less a person than Halstead Swinger's son. It was a great pity that he arrived at that inopportune moment, for his father had just come to the conclusion that he was in the wrong niche as a newspaper reporter, and that his real vocation was the law.

"The law," he said to the admiring Rose, "is in this Republic of ours the only sure way to distinction. Look at the cabinet ministers,—the President and the foreign ministers—they have studied law, at sor every one of them." at some time or other.

But are you sure, Halstead dear, have a talent for the law? that you queried Rose, timidly.

queried Rose, timidly.

"Talent, did you say?—talent!" exclaimed her husdand, pacing up and down the floor, rumpling his picturesque hair—"talent, my dear Rose? Do you mean to say that you doubt my ability? Alas! and to this I have come, that my character is questioned and aspersed in my own family!"

"But my dear"! But my dear!"

"But, my dear." Rose remonstrated, iderly, "there is no one here who has tenderly, "there is no one here who has said a word against your character—is there, baby dear?" she cooed sweetly, stooping down and rubbing her face caressingly against the baby's chubby

"Speech, Rose, speech," he went on, somewhat pacified, "is what moves the souls of men. I have felt from the hour of my birth that fate destined me for an

of my birth that fate destined me for an orator. To sway great masses of men by the power of my speech—that has always been my idea of happiness."

"But that you can do by means of your pen, too," Rose observed quietly; for since baby had arrived she was afraid of encouraging Halstead in further changes of profession.

"My pen!" cried Mr. Swinger; "did you 'v my pen? The living word lies in the pen, and is henceforth but an

in the pen, and is henceforth but an inky pen scratch. Must you reach the heart of humanity by reporting prizefights and family scandals for the fights and fami Weekly Bassoon?

Rose made no further remonstrance for she always, at heart, agreed with Halstead in almost everything he said. It was undoubtedly true that if he only got into his right niche he would make the world aware what a man he was, and honors and distinctions would shower down upon him. She therefore agreed, after an all-night's talk, to have him give up his place on the Weekly Bassoon and take up the study of law She could take in sewing in the mean while, and perhaps get a little writing to do for the papers, for she had a tew modest observations to make concerning things in general, and was anxious to get a chance to print them.

in a certain outlying quarter of Brooklyn, where ash barrels, ancient shoes and decrepit hoop-skirts play a predominating part in the scenery. Halstead Swinger prepared himself for his forensic triumphs. He made Rose long speeches on foreign and domestic politics, and Rose's foolish little heart swelled with pride in her bosom. She sent him in fancy to Congress, to foreign courts, and even to the White House, and saw baby as a handsome young man marching down the Fifth avenue, proudly erect in the conscious-ness of inherited distinction. She ran her needle into her finger occasionally in her self-forgetful zeal, and sucked a drop or two of blood out of it, while Halstead addressed an imaginary Con-gress on the subject of Indian wrongs. Her index finger was, indeed, so perforated with needle points that it was horny and ragged, and seemed to have normy and ragged, and seemed to have lost all sensation. It was a great relief to her when she could write. But that she could never do except when Haistead and baby were in bed, for otherwise they would both persist in interrupting her. Haistead's eloquence was always overbrimming, and of course the poor fellow needed some one to listen to him. As for her stories. to listen to him. As for her stories, y were naturally of no account, as amiably declared, and she had, indeed, no conceits about them. They

vere bona fide pot-boilers. lessed to be nothing else. But they paid the rent for the two little rooms, and a good many other things besides. Hal-stead could not be expected to make any money while he was studying; but when he had finished—when he had

when he had finished—when he had electrified first the bar, and then the public, by his fiery eloquence—then, ah! then she would reap her reward.

The only thing that troubled her was her eyes, which seemed at times to be full of sand, and caused her no end of antoyance. She spoke to Halstead about them, but he told her cheerfully to hold them onen in cold water and they them open in cold water, and they would be all right. She tried it, but it had no effect. It seemed to her too after awhile, as if her mind was beginning to run dry. She had, in the stress for natter, written articles in which she nad given advice about a hundred things which she knew nothing about. She had written about babies and maternal had written about babies and maternal duties until that subject, too, seemed fairly exhausted. Her "Hygiene in the Nursery" and "Advice to Young Mothers" had been quite successful, though she had scarcely tried or practiced a single rule that she recommended. Her accommodations were too poor and her life too busy. In fact, she was too tired to see even the humor of her own situation as the experienced adviser of huntion as the experienced adviser of hundreds who probably knew more than berself. No doubt Halstead, who had more of a sense for humor, would have seen it if he had ever had the time to read her articles. But he was at the law school all day long, and when he cam home at night he liked to talk of pleas ant things, particularly to expatiate upon the brilliancy of his prospects. It was, indeed, delightful to listen to him, and she could never forgive herself for having once fallen asleep during his dis-course. But then she had been so very

European politics. The day when Halstead came nome with his diploma as Bachelor of Laws with his diploma as Bachelor of Laws was a great day in the annals of the family. Rose sat at the window and cried for very joy. She had grown so pale and haggard and red-eyed of late that it was not to be expected that he would come up and kiss ben as he would have done in days of old. He was so absorbed in the weighty affairs of life now that it would be absurd to expect of him that he should think of such pect of him that he should think of such trifles as kissing his wife. And yet if he had happened to think of it, it seemed to Rose that her cup of happi-ness would have been full. Now Hal-stead was at last in his right niche and

their trials would soon be over. He hired an office down-town and had his name inscribed upon his window-pane in neat gilt letters. Rose and baby took a trip across in the ferry to see how it looked from the street. She was a little surprised when she found her husband alone in the office. She had expected to walk proudly, through a throng of clamorous clients. He ex-plained to her, however, that until he had his first chance to appear in court he could scarcely expect any rush of clients. She blushed at her own folly and thought that Halstead was right, as always. When she got home she had to sit down and cry, though she could not for the world have told what she cried for. She had, to be sure, only twenty cents in her purse, and that would be scarcely enough to get dinner for Halstead when he should get home. She had given him the last dollar she had to pay his office rent in advance. In sheer desperation she sat down and scribbled off a story which she mailed to a well-known story paper in the city. When Halstead came home at six o'clock and found only bread and cheese for dinner, he scolded like a Turk. Poor fellow, he did need something strengthening, if she had only had it to give him. The next day she pawned her shawl for three dollars, and he ate his beefsteak with relish, and rewarded her with a discourse on civil-service rerm. It was a wonderfully fine dis was, indeed, a pity that a man like Halstead should be staying here and wasting his genius on an ignorant creature like herself. Of course she was happy to listen to him, but others, no doubt, would have given much for this privilege which she was daily enjoying. she ventured to suggest this idea to

"The fact is, Rose," said he, pacing up and down the floor with a cigar in his mouth, "that I have often thought that very thing myself. But, to be frank with you, there is a great deal of jealousy in our profession, and when a man of exceptional talent makes his appear-ance, the others combine to keep him down. I should have had a dozen case before now, and securely founded my fame. If a miserable clique of envimy fame. If a miserable clique of envi-ous intriguers had not conspired to keep me out of court. Their only chance of success, you see, depends upon their making me invisible."

Rose could so perfectly well under-tand that! Human nature, she had stand that: Human nature, she had heard her pastor say, was envious and desperately wicked. She learned presently that it was Mr. C——, one of the acknowledged leaders of the New York bar, who, trembling for his ownlaurels, had organized the clique against Halstead. She had always admired this man's wit and eloquence, and was heart. man's wit and eloquence, and was heartily sorry to hear anything so bad about him. Yet she doubted not that Hal-stead, with his indomitable energy and power of speech, would in the end spre-

stead, with his indomitable energy and power of speech, would in the end prevail.

It was a week of miserable suspense until she heard from her story. When the manuscript was returned to her she came near fainting. The editor wrote her a kind letter in which he told her she had unquestionable talent if she would only turn it to right account. He

of a canary that was trying to imitate yet thunder. It was she who was in the some man, with a clean-sparence wrong-niche, being compelled to sacrifice her conscience for bread. But there fice her conscience for bread. But there about in his chair, what can I do for the same word, and disregard her scruples—temporarily a least—until he should have conquered Everything depended upon his being able to keep his head above water until he could get a chance to appear in court. Her eyes swam and her head was dizzy; strange pains shot through her brain. But she wrote on desperate ly, heaping horror upon horror. When she heard Halstead's step upon the stairs she hid away the manuscript and rose to meet him. But her feet suddenly refused to support her; she reeled across the floor, stumbled over a chair and struck her head against the edge of the door. As Halstead entered he found

door. As Halstead entered he found her unconscious. Blood was flowing from an ugly wound in her temple.

"Now, no capers, my dear," he drawled, as he stooped over her. "I am too old a bird to be deceived by those fainting tricks. It is what women always resort to when they want to excite sympathy." cite sympathy.

She opened her eyes, after awhile, wearily. Perhaps it would have been better for her if she had never opened

IV.

The story about the wicked people persecuting innocence troubled Rose a good deal after she had dispatched it to the editor. And her conscience was not soothed by the fact that she received thirty dollars for it. After a long struggle with herself, she inclined to the view that God could scarcely be hard on her when He considered for what purpose she had suspended her con-science. A conscience was, after all, a tired! He had been mortally offended, costly luxury which not everybody could afford to entertain. Another bloodher for three days afterward, and she and thunder tale, more harrowing than had cried and upbraided herself until the first, was composed amid tears and he finally took pity upon her, and gave ner his views upon the complication in desperately bad to Rose's child-like desperacely and to kose's child-like soul, though I doubt if it contained wickedness enough to corrupt a kitten. She sat up night after night scribbling away for dear life, heedless of the pains which shot like needle-points through her eyeballs. The thought that she was thus enabling her husband to persevere in his struggle against his enemies, that she was helping him along the road that would surely lead him to the road that would surely lead him to honor and glory, stimulated her fancy to the boldest invention, and chased her hand feverishly over the paper. This time she received forty dollars and much encouragement. But such a hor ror seized her, as she painfully deciphered the editorial compliments, that she dared not be alone, but ran out into the streets, and clasped her child convulsively in her arms.

"You will love mamma, even though

"You will love mamma, even though she is bad, won't you, baby?" she whispered, huskily, as she hugged the

good mamma," said the boy, with

She took him by the hand, and led him into the sitting-room, which was also the kitchen. For a long while she held him upon her lap, telling him the most moral of Sunday-school tales, hoping vaguely to accumulate something to her credit in the dreadful book of the Recording Angel. But the boy grew restive after awhile, and begged to be allowed to run out again. Then she was again alone with the terrible thought: Was she selling her soul for the hope of earthly glory? was she forfeiting her eternal salvation for her husband's sake? Ah no! God was good. He would not condown her good; He would not condemn her, knowing how she had worked and struggled and suffered. She had only to make one effort more, to persevere a little longer. Then there would be no more need of sacrifice. Then she could

afford to be good and conscientious. Halstead brought many distressing tales when he came in the evenings in those days. It appeared that his enemies were redoubling their efforts to crush him; particularly that unscrupulous Mr. was weaving his subtle net, and form. It was a wonderfully and she only wishcourse, she thought, and she only wished all the world could have heard it. It
out up by the constant repetition of this
out up by the constant repetition of this
out up by the constant repetition of this news. She was overflowing with sympathy for her persecuted husband; yet so great was her faith in his ability that she felt confident that in the end justice would prevail. She writhed under the necessity of composing another of those horrible and demoralizing tales, but it was surely to be the last; because now that Halstead was in his right niche, he would certainly get a chance to deliver one of those masterly speeches of his, and then the rest was plain sailing.

When she woke up the next morning it was pitch-dark in the room.

"Why don't you get up and make the fire?" said Halstead, turning over and composing himself for a little ma-"It must be very early," she answered; "it is pitch-dark.

Stuff and nonsense! It is bright daylight.' He gave a snort, and slumbered peacefully. She arose cautiously, and fumbled for

her clothes.
"Halstead," she cried, with a voice that pierced through him like a knife "I am blind!"

He stumbled out of bed, and stared at her in vague bewilderment.
"Nonsense," he said; "your eyes look all right; go and dip them in cold

water.

A neighbor's wife was called in, ba-cause Halstead did not know how to

Rose took a few steps forward, and kose took a few steps forward, and stood directly facing him. He observed that she was blind, and a soft look of pity stole into his face. He saw how pale and haggard her features were,

and he saw, too, that once they had been beautiful. "I am Halstead Swinger's wife," she said, huskily, endeavoring to fix her wandering eyes upon him. He knitted his brow for a moment, and looked puzzled.
"I know no such man," he replied,

presently. "Perhaps it is my partner, Mr. Bullard, you wish to see. He may know Mr. Swinger. She stared blindly about her in helpless bewilderment; then sank down at the lawyer's knees! "Oh, have pity on

my husband!" she cried, bursting into tears. "He is working so hard to make his way, and if it were not for you he would succeed. Oh, I know he would succeed!"

"My dear good woman," the lawyer responded, kindly, "I assure you I do not know your husband; have never even heard his name. If there is any-thing I can do for him, why, send him to me; and if he is in distress, who knows but I may be able to help him?"
She flung back her head. A terrible suspicion shot-through her brain, but she repelled it. "Oh, you are great and prosperous," she moaned, "and and prosperous, she moaned, "and yet you can trample upon those who are poor and unhappy. You have conspired against him," she shrieked, with sudden energy; "you have sworn to keep him down in the dust because you are afraid of him, because he would outshine you, and you know it."

Mr. C—, without rising, called to some one in the adjoining office. His partner, Mr. Bullard, appeared in the

"Do you know anybody by the name of Swinger-Halstoad Swinger?" asked, in a conversational tone.
"Swinger? Swinger? Oh yes Oh yes; he

"Swinger: on yes, no as that irrepressible young fellow who is always making a fool of himself at the meetings of the Bar Association."

"Ah! to be sure; I had forgotten."

Rose bowed her head. Her forehead rested upon the lawyer's knee. The Irish woman, understanding that something was wrong, put her arms about her and raised her up. A strange, dazed smile flitted across the young, haggard face. She rubbed her eyes as if she were striving desperately to see.
"What did he say about Halstead?"
she asked, faintly; "what did he say,

Mrs. Nolan?"
"Niver ye moind what he said," Mrs.

Nolan responded, reassuringly.

They reached home before noon. For an hour Rose sat, smiling vacantly and murmuring her husband's name. Mrs. Nolan put her to bed; she was burning with fever. All sorts of confused fancies flitted through her head about mur-der and kindred crimes, foreign missions and Congressional triumphs. At last she lay quiet, with half-closed eyes, sometimes whispering a prayer, some

times stifling a moan.

Evening came. It was growing dusk There was a sudden noise in the hall; Halstead burst into the room, flung himself down at the bed, and cried, "Rose Rose! I have got a case! My fortune is

"Did Mr. C-send it to you?" she whispered, listlessly.
"Well, now, if he did. Anyway, I

am in the right niche, as you shall see, "So am, I-in the-right niche," murmured, gave a little gasp, and was dead.—Hjalmar H. Boyesen, in Har-

WHY HE HESITATED.

er's Weekly.

The Innate Depravity of a Boy with Garden Hose. Yesterday forenoon a colored man who had a load of light ashes on his wagon halted so long at the corner of Woodward avenue and High street that had so far been successful in keep- a policeman approached him and sked

"Anything wrong with horse

wagon?"
"No, sah." "Waiting here for anybody?"

Yes, kinder."
"This is no place to stop to let your ashes blow away. Why don't you

drive on?" "Dasn't, sah. Look down High street. "I don't see anything but a boy sprinkling the street with the garden

"Dat's jist what ails me, sah. Lie bin waitin' a hull half hour fur dat boy to disabsquatulate into de yard."

"Why "Well, sah, Ize bin right dar seb'ial times. Dat boy has got his eye on disturn-out. I'll go drivin' 'long till I come opposite an' den de hose will slip an' de ole hose will git a dose in his ear, I'll yell to de boy and he'll make a trip an' a stumble, an' hull gallons o' trip an' a stumble, an' hull gallons o' water will come pourin' down on de back o' my neck. I'll hab a pint in each ear, ebery pocket afloat, an' it will take two hull days to git dis undershirt dried out."

"You go on," said the officer. "The boy sees me and he won't dare let a drop of water touch you."

drop of water touch you."

The old man hesitated, but finally climbed to his seat and drove on. The boy stood with his back to the approaching vehicle and made no move until the horse was almost abreast of him. Then he had to move the hose, and send water weather the stream against the and spat! went the stream against the

old equine!

"Hi dar! Hi, boy!" yelled the old
man as he pulled on the lines.

"Yes—didn't mean to—very sarry,
but she's gettin' away frum me!" "She" shot a

"She" got away. "She" shot a stream high in air and "she" shot others in various directions, and it was

PER SNAL, AND LITERARY.

-Mark Twain intends visiting Ere gland for the purpose of giving reddings -George Bancroft, the historian

visest man that ever fived. -The men and women who are born to write can not be kept from writing. The things they have to say competutterance.—Boston Herald.

-W. D. Howells says that all the female characters in his stories are taken from one model, his wife, whom

he photographs from different angles.

—M. Dallin who was given \$25,000 and two years' time to model the design for the Paul Revere statue for the city of Boston, did the work in three weeks. -- Boston Journal.

-Irving's Washington receipts for one week were \$14,850. Washington Irving's receipts for one week different. However, Irving isn't Irving. -Merchant Traveler.

-United States Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, and Senator Dawes, of Evarts, of New York, are cousins, both being grandsons of Roger Sherman, who died a Senator in 1793.—Troy Times.

-Osman Digna's original name was Alphonse Vinet, he being a full-blooded Frenchman. He was at one time sold as a slave to Mohammed Ahmed el Mehdi, but quickly rose in that prophet's favor and became his son-in-law. He is now about fifty-three years old.

-The report that Jefferson Bill, or Lyme, had been seriously injured at New Orleans was incorrect. His full name is Jetterson Davis Bill. The names of two of his brothers are Lecompton Constitution Bill and Kansas. Nebraska Bill. All are sons of Hon. James A. Bill, of Lyme. — Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

-The Princess Colonna's (Miss Eva Mackey) wedding outfit, all the fortythree traveling, town, concert, matines and dinner dresses, came from the skill ful hands of an obscure but artistic cou turiere. On this Mrs. Mackey is said to have wittily remarked: 'I like to employ a dressmaker for what she is worth, and not because she is 'Worth'

—A Georgia paper relates of William
Jones, of Hall County, who is ninetytwo years of age, that his hair has been
perfectly white, but seven or eight
years ago it began to change, and now is perfectly black and luxuriant, while his beard is still white. Mr. Jones was in the war of 1812, and served four years in the late unpleasantness.

HUMOROUS.

-Girls who wish to have small, prettily shaped mouths should repeat at frequent intervals during the day, "Fanny Finch fried five floundering fish of Francis Fowler's father.

-Edith: "They sat in the gloaming" means that they occupied one chair.

A gloaming may be obtained at any fashionable furniture store. No parlor is complete without it.—N. Y. Mail.

-"I say, Jim did your sister know you at the masked ball last night?" Well, I think she must have done so, for when I patted her on the shoulder she turned round and said "You donkey!"-Chicago Journal.

-When Mrs. Oleo, the boarding house mistress, was told that the in house mistress, was told that the inspector of provisions had seized 468 pounds of veal, 92 pounds of poultry, 52 pounds of bear meat, 37 lambs, six barrels of peas and 200 boxes of herring, she remarked: "Pretty good appetite; but nothing to some of my boarders. You'd ought to see them when they are good and hungry.—N. Y. Independ.

--Heroic Remedy: "I suppose I shall be an old maid all my life," sighed a young woman of twenty-fire. "That's a grievous complaint," responded an old bachelor. "Very," again sighed the maiden. "Do you want to cure it?" "Of course I do." "Take me.for a husband." "Do you mean it?" Certainly." "Well, desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and I guess I'll try you." They fell upon each others neck.—Merchant Traveler.

—There are some people who talk -- Heroic Remedy:

-There are some people who without thinking. Mrs. Beasly is that sort of a woman. Her husband one night recently dropped a quarter. "I can't find that piece of money I've lost," he said, groping around on the hall floor, when Mrs. Beasly opened the door. "Of course you can't, if you look for it out there in the dark. Why don't you hunt for it here in the light where you can see. Nobody can find anything out there in the dark."-Exchange.

-One of the crack military compan of Houston was out one day last week practicing target-shooting. One of the members was told to shoot at the door members was told to shoot at the door of a deserted barn. He did so, but missed the entire barn. The Captain was very angry and told the young man how bad it would be, in case the enemy were shooting from behind the door, that none of them would be hit. "Yes, but wouldn't the hostile enemies that were coming around the corner of the barn catch fitsp" replied this Texas barn catch fits?" replied this Texas Bogardus.—Texas Siftings.

General Gordon. While Gordon was in command of

the fort at Gravesend, previous to his representing England at the Conference held at Constantinople in 1871, he had occasion to read up his French with a professor, who relates the following incident, of which he was a witness: Toward the end of 1871 an ex-officer of the Chinese Legion presented himself at the Fort House and asked to see the General. On his card asked to see the General. On his card being given to Gordon, he threw it from him with disgust, and his anger was so great that for a few seconds he was speechless. When he was somewhat calmer, he expressed his feelings in the following words: "Tell that man to enter if he wishes me to blow out his brains." This would seem violent, but when it is known that the officer in question had deserted his the window, and stared with her sightless eyes toward the sun. She sat thus
she had unquestionable talent if she
would only turn it to right account. He
could not use such quiet stories; but if
she would write something sensational
with murders and other crimes, he
thought she could be of use to him.
She went to work at once. She wrote
out one harrowing scene after another,
inau frightened at her own terrible fancies. She wrote about polished and
villainous deceivers and brilliant murderers. But through all the desperate
wickedness which she conjured up her
own innocent voice sounded, like that

the window, and stared with her sightless eyes toward the sun. She sat thus
she sat thus
stream high in air and "she" shot
others in various directions, and it was
ther in various directions, and it was
the stream high in air and "she" shot
others in various directions, and it was
the various directions, and it was
ther in various directions, and it was
the rall old man was out of range
that the boy succeeded in getting
'her' under control and resumed his
suddenly, to her neighbor's wife, "will
you go with me to the city?"

"Hi! ossifer!" called the old man was
'Her' under control and resumed his
practice on the dusty pavement.

"Hi! ossifer!" called the old man was
in the following words:
"Hi! ossifer!" called the old man was
that the boy succeeded in getting
'her' under control and resumed his
practice on the dusty pavement.

"Hi! ossifer!" called the old man was
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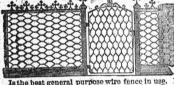
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